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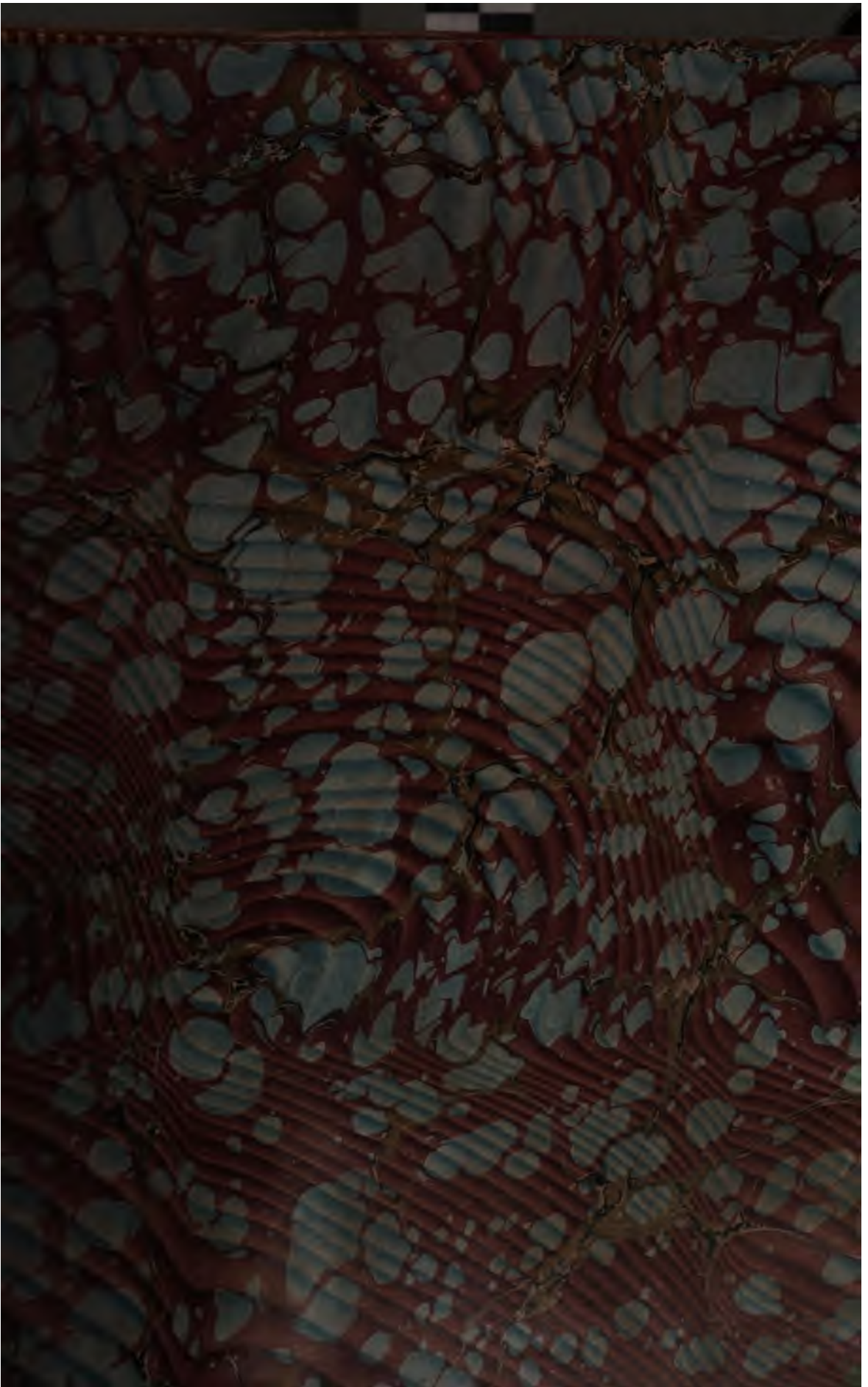
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SERGEANT EWART CAPTURING THE EAGLE AT WATERLOO (p. 62).

(From a Painting by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

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DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY,
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,

And other Well-known Writers

WITH A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE MORE IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CENTURY

VOL. I

WITH ABOUT 370 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 85 PLANS

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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS



"BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY"—the words are like a trumpet-call, summoning up in array before us a hundred familiar forms of great soldiers—Napoleon and Wellington, Grant and Moltke, MacMahon and Garibaldi—great soldiers of all nations—great soldiers long dead, and great soldiers still living. Let us glance for an instant or two, in this introduction, at the individual careers of some of the most famous of them ere we pass on to the pages which shall deal with their exploits, battle by battle, and shall tell in detail of their skill and prowess, and their fortunes of war, their victories and their defeats.

The earliest wars of the present century were the nursery of military reputations, and in them several great soldiers grew on to imperishable fame. Two figures stand out prominently, a head and shoulders above all the rest—Napoleon and Wellington. It is needless to compare or contrast them—Napoleon, the Emperor-General, sole arbiter of the fate of millions; Wellington, the loyal servant of his country, who put duty before mere glory, and whose first thought in his triumphs was the vindication of the national honour and the re-establishment of peace.

Napoleon was all for self; but this very

selfishness re-acted on his surroundings, and elicited an unbounded, unquestioning devotion to his person, which was the parent of many heroic deeds. Men suffered themselves to be cut to pieces to win a word of his approval; the wounded raised themselves in their agony to cheer on their comrades; the dying with their last gasp cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Over and above the glamour of his personal ascendancy, and his long-sustained prestige, Napoleon had a still stronger hold upon his followers, in that he held the supreme power in his own hands, the sole and exclusive right to reward or blame. Small wonder, therefore, if the soldiers of the First Empire were among the finest types of their class. No military régime has ever brought better men to the front or secured them more rapid advancement. Promotion to the very highest grades was to be had for the earning of it. How fast men rose from the lowest rungs to the top of the ladder will be understood from a few prominent cases. Marshal Ney was the son of an old soldier, and threw up a small appointment to enlist as a private hussar; Massena, the Prince of Essling's father, kept a wine-shop in Nice, and the marshal had begun life as a cabin-boy; Lannes' father was a livery stable-keeper, and Augereau the son of a mason. Junot was a sergeant of artillery at the siege of Toulon, who first attracted Napoleon's attention by his coolness under fire: a round shot kicked up the dust close to where Junot was receiving an order in writing, and the young sergeant, unmoved, merely said, "That will do to dry the ink."

Wellington could not have made use of such incentives to valour as Napoleon did,

even if he had had them at his command. But he did not need them. It was with the British rank and file as with their generals: they did their best because it was their duty, and it was there to do. They fought because they were expected to fight, and fought well, because they liked it. So it was that throughout the long campaign in Spain the British were almost invariably successful. Wherever they met the enemy, they beat them. Even at Corunna, after a long and disastrous retreat, overmatched by numbers, led for a time by Napoleon himself, Sir John Moore turned on his pursuers, and snatched a difficult victory at the expense of his own life. He was struck down just as the French were repulsed, but his troops, undismayed, continued the action, which ended entirely in our favour, and permitted us to re-embark without loss. Moore's death on the battle-field has been honoured in song; it was a hero's death, and to the last moment he would not surrender his sword, although the hilt had entered the wound. His body had to be buried on the battle-field; and it is greatly to the credit of a chivalrous foe that the French, recognising his merit, raised a monument over his remains.

Wellington's career was one of almost unequalled success. If he was compelled to retreat more than once, it was only to make a newer and a bolder advance. In all his battles he was victorious: thanks to his own great genius and the matchless bravery of his troops. The Peninsular records are full of great deeds done on great battle-fields, in combats, charges, and on the deadly breach; and in this book of ours we shall have pictured to us fully and completely the scenes of these deeds of valour and heroism: but here let us just glance at two or three of Wellington's victories to see what stuff he and his troops were made of. That passage of the Douro, for instance, in 1809, when he crossed in the face of Soult and a veteran army—one of his most brilliant exploits. Do you remember how Colonel Waters, one of his staff-officers, got over alone in a skiff and brought back three barges, and how, when the first boat was ready with its petty complement of twenty-five, he said simply, "Let the men cross"; and how this handful gained a foothold which they never relaxed till their comrades followed in thousands, and the surprised French were driven out of the town?

Talavera was both a general's and a soldiers' battle: the first because Wellington (then only

Sir Arthur Wellesley) showed that imperturbable coolness and self-reliance, mixed prescience of danger and promptitude in meeting it, which are the highest qualities of leadership; the second, because it was won mainly by a single regiment, which acted with marvellous precision and courage at the decisive point just in the nick of time. The French in this battle were the assailants: the genius of their soldiers is for onslaught, and their greatest deeds have been in attack. But they were met and repulsed. It was of Talavera that Jomini, the well-known military writer, said it proved that the British infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe. Another instance of its prowess of another kind was shown at Talavera, when Crawford's famous Light Brigade of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments came up, determined at all costs to take part in the action. They met crowds of Spanish fugitives, who declared the English army was defeated, its general a prisoner, the French only a few miles off. But still they pressed on undaunted, and "leaving only seventeen stragglers behind," says Napier, "in twenty-six hours crossed the field of battle, a compact body, having during the time marched sixty-two English miles in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight."

At Busaco, again, the French were the assailants: veteran troops led by some of the bravest of French generals; and their numbers gave them the advantage. But the British were strongly posted on a craggy ridge of hills, so strongly that it was thought the French leader, Massena, would not attack. "But if he does, I shall beat him," replied Wellington quietly; and he did. The French fought with signal bravery, but the ascent was toilsome, and they were met by men as brave.

In the retreat before the battle, two affecting incidents occurred which showed the quality of the soldiers Wellington commanded. There was a man in the famous 43rd, named Stewart, only nineteen years of age, but of gigantic strength and stature, whose comrades called him "The Boy." He was deeply chagrined, and at a bridge which he was the last to cross, he turned, and facing the French advancing columns, he was heard to say: "So, this is the end of our boasting! This is our first battle (Talavera), and we retreat. The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said." "Then," says Napier, "striding forward in his giant might, he fell furiously on his nearest

enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them."

The other story tells of a still finer instance of the noble spirit of the British soldier. It was at the passage of the Coa, a month before Busaco, when the 52nd would have been cut off from the bridge but for the gallantry with which McLeod of the 52nd came back rushing at full speed with a couple of companies, which charged "as if a whole army had been at their backs," and repulsed the enemy. One of McLeod's officers was the afterwards famous Sir George Brown, at this time only sixteen, who was leading his men gallantly up a slope, at the top of which were a couple of Frenchmen with muskets levelled at him. A sergeant interposed — McQuade, himself only twenty-four — and, pulling his officer back, with the words, "You are too young, sir, to be killed," offered himself as a target, and fell dead, pierced by both bullets.

Three great sieges, ending in the storming and capture of three strong, almost impregnable, fortresses, were

among the laurels gained in Spain — laurels tarnished, unhappily, by the shameful excesses of the victorious troops. When the breaches at Ciudad Rodrigo were declared practicable, Wellington's order was simply, "The place must be stormed this evening"; his soldiers' still simpler comment, "We will do it." The forlorn hope raced up to their death, followed by the no less eager body of stormers, and the main breach was carried with a furious shout. At Badajoz, Phillipon, the brave Frenchman, stood at bay to the last, and the "possession of Badajoz had become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation. . . . Ridge had himself placed a ladder where the wall was low, and climbed it; a second ladder alongside gave access to another officer, Canch; and as soon as these two

were on the ramparts the stormers followed, and gained possession." Yet the fight elsewhere continued for hours, and Wellington had to organise a second assault, and the captors of the castle were in some danger, although inside the town. Badajoz was taken, but at tremendous cost. No age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajoz.

In the course of this book we shall hear much more of these triumphs of Wellington: how at Salamanca he caught Marmont in an egregious tactical error, fell upon him in flank,

and defeated 40,000 men in forty minutes; how at Vittoria he routed King Joseph, beating him at every point, and capturing everything the French possessed: "all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers"; how, in the Pyrenees, pitted against Soult, Napoleon's ablest lieutenant, he won battle after battle: at Sauroren, at the Bidassoa, at the Nivelle, and finally, invading France, at Orthez and Toulouse. The passage of the Adour was a combined military and naval operation, carried out



SIR JOHN MOORE.

(After the Engraving by C. Turner.)

in the teeth of a fierce February storm. The bridge of boats which the British staff corps formed across the river was a "stupendous undertaking" which ranks amongst the prodigies of war; for the tide rose and fell fourteen feet, and large boats could only be employed. It was at Orthez that Soult, thinking victory secure, put forward all his reserves too rashly. Then Wellington, as he watched him, smote his thigh, and cried exultingly, "At last I have him!" On the spur of the moment he changed his plan of battle, and by a turning movement cut off Soult's line of retreat.

The greatest of all the great achievements of the great duke was, of course, his victory at Waterloo—a battle which will always rank among the most important and decisive that have been fought, because so much depended

upon the issue. The only hope of securing peace to Europe was in beating Napoleon, and it was not easy to do it. There were moments in the brief campaign, both before and during the great battle which finished it, when victory hung in the balance and inclined to the French. At the outset, Napoleon stole a march upon the Allies; he placed his whole force at a point between them, whence he might separate and roll up each in turn. He beat the Prussians

British prestige. Charles Napier in Scinde, Hugh Gough in the Punjaub, Fitzroy-Somerset (Lord Raglan) in the Crimea, Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, in China, the Crimea, and India, had all learnt and practised their profession in the early wars. They were all, however, men advanced in years before they came to a supreme command in the field. The long peace after Waterloo, lasting some thirty years, denied soldiers all chance of active service, and it was not till Sir Charles Napier was sixty years of age that he found himself winning battles on his own account. Sir Hugh Gough was older by five years when he led an army against the Sikhs, and began the difficult conquest of the Punjaub. Lord Raglan was also an aged man when he was selected to command our armies in the Russian war of 1854-5.

Both Napier and Gough had won early laurels in Spain, and both as majors, temporarily in command of their regiments, had helped to win great battles, and paid in their persons for their valour. Napier was with Sir John Moore at Corunna, and at the head of the 50th (the gallant "Half-hundred") had repulsed the French attack at one important point. Then when—to quote another Napier, his brother, and the famous historian of the war—"he was encompassed by enemies and

denied quarter, he received five wounds. But he still fought and struggled for life till a French drummer, with a generous heart and indignation, forcibly rescued him from his barbarous assailants." The wounds he received were terrible: he had his leg broken by a bullet, a sabre-cut laid open his head, and he had had a bayonet stab in his back. It was at this battle of Corunna, when the young major (he was only twenty-six at the time) took command, that he found his men of the line wavering under the fierce fire. In order to steady them, he put them through several movements of the manual exercise, ordering them to "Slope arms!" "Carry arms!" and so on, until they recognised his voice and hardened under his hand.

Hugh Gough, like Charles Napier, owed to



"HE FELL FURIOUSLY ON HIS NEAREST ENEMIES" (p. 2).

badly at Ligny, but Ney was checked by our tenacious resistance at Quatre Bras. Still, the British and the Prussians retired divergently, as it is called; and had Napoleon followed up quickly, he might have fought them one by one. But Wellington drew off, retreating—not without danger—upon Waterloo; and Blucher, recovering his communications with us, was able to come up at the close of the great fight, and make victory the more complete.

By degrees new men, imbued with much the same high qualities, replaced the veterans of Spain and Waterloo; but till more than half the century was ended it was the generals who had been trained to war under Wellington who chiefly led the troops to victory and maintained

the chance absence of his colonel the opportunity of winning early distinction. As a major, of barely thirty, he was in command of his regiment—the gallant 87th, long famous as the Irish Fusiliers—at the battle of Talavera, where he was severely wounded, but so distinguished himself as to earn promotion; he was at the head of the 87th when they made their famous charge at Barrosa, which decided the fate of that hard-fought day; and he was so foremost in the repulse of the French from Tarifa that he received the sword of the French leader when he failed in his assault upon the town.

Lord Raglan had never commanded troops in the field, but he had been the secretary and close confidant of the Iron Duke, his companion in every campaign; as Fitzroy-Somerset, he rode by Wellington's side through the day at Waterloo, and was one of the few survivors of his staff. But he lost his arm by a shot—one of the last fired—just after his chief had run imminent danger, and had been warned to withdraw, but held his ground, saying, "Never mind; let them fire away. The battle's won; my life is of no consequence now." The duke turned to ride off the field, when a stray bullet shattered Lord Fitzroy's arm at the elbow. It was the right arm unfortunately, and it had to be amputated at once; but Wellington retained his services as secretary, and Lord Raglan soon

Colin Campbell was junior in years and rank to the three great soldiers just mentioned, but



MARSHAL NEY.

(From the Painting by F. Gérard.)

he graduated in the stirring school of war when he was but sixteen, and learnt hardihood as a stripling. It was the custom in those days to send boys into the army at an age when many nowadays are still at school. They were brave boys, as their successors of to-day will admit. Let me tell you how young Campbell behaved in his first encounter with the enemy. To be shot at for the first time is a startling experience. Young Campbell, at Vimiera, suffered like many more, but his captain, an old and war-hardened campaigner, seeing his trouble, took him quickly by the hand, and led him out into the front of the regiment, upon which the enemy's guns had just begun to play, and for several anxious minutes walked him up and down under fire. The treatment calmed him completely, and he never knew the want of confidence again. On the contrary, Colin Campbell, just five years later, performed prodigies of valour in leading the forlorn hope at the storming of San Sebastian. He had just forced his way to the summit of the breach, when he fell back, desperately wounded in the hip; but finding he could still move forward, he re-climbed the breach, to be fully disabled by another shot in the thigh. Three months later he lay in hospital, with his wounds but half healed, when he heard that Wellington's army was on the point of invading



MARSHAL SOULT.

(From the Portrait by Roulland.)

learnt to write with his left hand, so as to become a neat, rapid penman.

France, and he resolved to be one of the party. Escaping from hospital, with an equally ardent comrade, "by dint of crawling and an occasional lift from vehicles proceeding along the road, they made their way to the 5th division in which the 9th were brigaded, and were in action (on the Bidassoa) on the following day." * His desertion from hospital was a breach of discipline, and Campbell would have been sharply dealt with; but in the fight he led his company so gallantly, and was again so badly wounded, that it was impossible to do otherwise than praise his bravery and ignore his bad conduct.

They were giants, these soldiers of the Peninsula, setting an example of courage and endurance to their successors for all time: an example which you may be sure has always, and will always, be followed by British troops of all ranks, from leader to fighting-man. Wellington's veterans never fell away from the traditions in which they had been raised, and which they bequeathed. Sir Charles Napier, at sixty, began his Scinde campaign with a daring operation which ranks with the boldest in war. His march upon the desert fortress of Emaun Ghur, with a few hundred English soldiers carried on camels—a lonely journey of eight days—was a feat, both in its performance and its consequences, which is not outdone by Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, the great American General Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, Drury Lowe's and Herbert Stewart's raid upon Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, when 1,500 horsemen galloped into the old capital of the Caliphs and seized it for the Queen. At that moment Cairo was held by a garrison of 10,000 of Arabi's men.

Again, Napier's victory at Meanee was a triumph over the most tremendous odds, when 2,400 British troops, 500 of whom alone were white, the rest native sepoys, encountered, attacked, and defeated 36,000 Beloochees in the open field. Napier would not stand on the defensive—that might have seemed to imply fear of the result, and injuriously affect the spirit of his native troops—so he resolved to attack, instead of waiting to be attacked. They met in mid-shock—for the Beloochees made a counter-attack; and for three hours the unequal contest went on with a foe as brave and undaunted as ourselves. It was long a hand-to-hand fight, bayonet against sword and spear; but at the critical moment Napier sent all his cavalry against the enemy's right, and broke it. Then

* Shadwell's "Life of Lord Clyde," p. 33.

the 22nd charged home with tremendous force, and the battle was won. Not the least brilliant feat in this glorious victory was the self-sacrificing devotion of a captain of the 22nd—Tew by name—who gave his life for his duty. Before the fight, Napier had discovered that some 6,000 of the enemy occupied a building surrounded by a high stone wall, through which there was but one egress—a narrow doorway, which could, he thought, be completely blocked by a few determined men. Captain Tew was posted there with his company, and told he must die, if need be, but that he must never give way. He died where he was posted; but with his handful of men he closed the opening throughout the fight, and thus paralysed the action of a large portion of the enemy.

Sir Hugh Gough—afterwards Lord Gough—had long to wait for promotion to the higher ranks, and he was more than sixty when he commenced the campaigning in China which led to the cession of Hong-Kong. Soon afterwards he won the hard-fought battle of Mahrajpoor, in Gwalior, against that warlike and turbulent race the Mahrattas, whose subjugation had cost so much in the earlier days of the century. Gough won Mahrajpoor by a direct attack, marching right up to the enemy's position, and trusting to the British bayonet for success. "Nothing," as he himself wrote in his dispatch, "could withstand the rush of the British soldiers. They drove the enemy from their guns, bayoneting the gunners at their posts." Two officers—Stopford and Codrington—were found lying wounded just under the muzzles of the Mahratta artillery. The same tactics—for Gough was essentially a forward fighter—served him well at Moodkee, the first of the battles in the Sikh war.

The campaign was forced upon us suddenly. Gough was called up to support Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, who, when making a progress through the Punjaub, found the Sikhs on the point of declaring war. The force which Gough collected numbered only 14,000 men, and it had to traverse 150 miles to reach the scene of action. It was a toilsome march, under an Indian sun; water was scarce; the troops reached Moodkee worn-out with privations and fatigue; but when they heard their enemy was in front of them, they went, without resting, straight into the fight. The Sikhs—splendid soldiers, trained by European officers—were more than double our numbers, with a fine cavalry and many guns; but the British infantry, "trusting to that

never-failing weapon the bayonet," drove the Sikhs out of their positions.

A second battle—a greater trial of strength, demanding higher qualities of fortitude and endurance—was near at hand. Gough moved forward at once, and attacked the Sikh entrenchments at Ferozeshah, Sir Henry Hardinge, who was with him, waiving his rank of Governor-General, and serving under Gough, in command of the left wing. The struggle was terrific: the Sikhs fought with splendid courage, and when night fell the battle was not ended. It was a drawn game so far, and some despondent spirits in the camp suggested retreat—the rash and inglorious course of cutting a road through to Ferozepore. Gough would not agree. "I tell you, my mind is made up. If we must perish, our bones must bleach honourably where we are." Hardinge was no less firm. When an officer told him that Sir Hugh Gough feared it would be a fatal risk to renew the battle, Sir Henry routed the idea. "Gough knows," he cried, "that a British

army must not be foiled; and foiled this army shall not be." The contest, when it recommenced, was most unequal. Fresh reinforcements reached the enemy, but our troops met them undaunted, and went forward nobly to the attack. In the end, a turning movement of cavalry on both flanks, followed by a fresh infantry charge, decided the day in our favour, and the Sikhs were routed with tremendous loss.

These victories did not end the war or complete the conquest of the Punjab. The Sikhs fell back upon the Sutlej, and established an entrenched camp in front of the village of Sohraon: they did not care to meet us again in the open field, but they stood a gallant siege at Sohraon, which had to be stormed like a fortress. A curious feature in this battle was the great charge of cavalry made through the breaches, in

which the horsemen cut down the defenders at their guns. Another interesting fight was that at Aliwal, won by Sir Harry Smith as a detached operation, in which the 16th Lancers greatly distinguished themselves. These various victories broke the courage of the Sikhs, but only for a time; and the peace that followed was of short duration.

It was abruptly ended by a deed of treachery such as has not been uncommon in our Eastern Empire: the British resident and another officer were murdered in Mooltan, and it was necessary to resume active operations. But the occasion furnished an opportunity of distinction to a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes, who, without waiting for orders, united his small detachment, posted on the Indus, to that of Colonel Courtrand, and fell upon the Sikhs, forcing them to retreat into Mooltan. Then followed the gathering of forces anew on both sides, and fresh battles, achieving at first but incomplete and unsatisfactory results. The name of Chillianwallah and the misfortune



SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

of that day will not be readily forgotten. It was a day of carnage, disaster, and disgrace; for an English cavalry regiment, weakened by previous losses and fearing an ambush, gave way to panic and galloped off the field. It may, however, be said, in extenuation of this happily unusual military crime, that an injudicious order given by the brigadier originated the stampede. The consequences in any case were disastrous, and it followed upon the nearly complete massacre of a line regiment—H.M.'s 24th, that which suffered afterwards so terribly at Insandlwana—which, emerging from a swampy jungle, was all but cut to pieces, because it paused to spike guns it had captured from the Sikhs.

A storm of indignation arose in England, and the public discontent was poured out on the

Commander-in-chief. Lord Gough was immediately superseded by Sir Charles Napier, his previous brilliant services being entirely ignored; but before the conqueror of Scinde could reach India, Gough had completely vindicated our arms and his own reputation. Mooltan was carried by storm, and the final decisive victory at Goojerat—at first an artillery duel, in which our guns showed their marvellous superiority—completed the discomfiture of the Sikhs. From that time forth the Punjaub was incorporated in our British Indian Empire. The Queen has no more loyal subjects, no more devoted soldiers in her ranks, than the descendants of our former sturdy foes.

The time was approaching when England was to be once more engaged in European war. Just when the nations hoped they had reached an era of universal peace, the clouds collected quickly, and two traditional foes joined hands to attack Russia. The expeditionary force which left these shores for Turkey in 1854, and which ere long won new victories, but at a terrible outlay of men and material, was one of the finest, as regards physique and fighting power, that England has collected. It was well armed, as the time went, and well commanded. Lord Raglan was at its head, and his lieutenants were mostly Peninsular veterans: Sir George Brown, already mentioned for his gallantry at the Coa; Sir De Lacy Evans, who had fought in Spain and America, and at Waterloo; Sir George Cathcart, who had been on Wellington's staff; Sir Colin Campbell, of whom more directly; and Sir John Burgoyne, a famous engineer officer, who had helped to construct the lines of Torres Vedras, and had served in the great sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Burgos, and San Sebastian. But the

army was unprovided with the trains, transport services, and means of supply which are of little less importance than valour in the field; and for the want of them, bravery was as nought, victories were wasted, and men's lives poured out like water.

The three principal battles fought in the Crimea by the English were essentially triumphs for the rank and file. At the Alma it was sheer hard slogging, headlong rushes against a strong position, which was carried, in spite of all resistance. The fighting fell mostly to the share of the 1st and 2nd Light Divisions, the Guards, the Highlanders, and the Fusilier and Rifle battalions; and it was done in the famous old formation—the thin red line. At one time the

Guards were hard pressed, and they came to Colin Campbell, who commanded the 2nd Brigade, saying the Guards would be destroyed if they did not fall back. "Better that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should be dead on the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy," replied Campbell, as he hastened with his Highlanders to their support.

At Balaclava, when "some one had blundered," and the gallant Six Hundred went into the jaws of death, the English light cavalry were all but destroyed, but it won imperishable renown. "Magnificent, but not war," was the French general's comment on the mad charge: an attack by cavalry on guns in position; but the whole

of these reckless horsemen went forward with the same spirit that animated their leader, Lord Cardigan, who, rising in his stirrups, cried, "Here goes the last of the Brudenells!" It was a hopeless enterprise, but it was performed; and all the world wondered.

Inkerman, again, was pre-eminently the soldiers'



LORD GOUGH

(After the Painting by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.)

battle—a hard personal hand-to-hand fight, where the Russians numbered thousands to our hundreds, and it was no less the almost impudent courage of the British than the impossibility to believe that so few could resist so many, except backed up by strong reserves, that prevented the Russians from carrying all before them. The attack was made at daylight, when the mists still lay thick on the ground, and concealed the meagreness of our forces; the Russian hosts came on in dense columns along a narrow front which prevented their opening out, and our men in the proverbial "thin line" could hit the head of the advance with tremendous effect. The onslaught fell first on Pennefather, who had won early fame at Meanee against overwhelming odds; now, with a bare 3,000 men all told, he hurried down, and came to immediate blows against the Russians, nearly 20,000 strong, with powerful artillery. It was so throughout the battle. Attack was met by counter-attack; our handfuls constantly met the shock of great masses, checked them, drove them back, and followed, fighting lustily. The Light Division, under Colclington—1,400 men, no more—was as daring and tenacious. Until half-past seven, for nearly a couple of hours, these two kept the whole of the attackers at bay. Fresh troops then began to come up on both sides; another Russian general's corps, that of Dannenberg—19,000 men—renewed the assault; the Guards and 4th Division came up to stiffen Pennefather. It was at this period that the gallant general made a famous reply to General Cathcart, who had asked where he could give best assistance. "Get in anywhere," cried Pennefather; "there's lots of fighting going on all round."

The final Russian attack was made about 10 a.m., the sharpest and best intentioned of any in the day, but by this time the opponents were more equal in numbers. Bosquet's Frenchmen had come up to support, and we had gained the help of the two celebrated 18-pounder guns under Collingwood Dickson, which 150 artillerymen themselves dragged from the 1st Division camp to the field. This, with two batteries of French Horse Artillery, pushed gallantly forward to the "bare slopes fronting the enemy," had re-adjusted the balance of artillery fire; and at last the Russians fell back, sullenly, overmastered, but they were followed by no final charge. "When



CHARGE OF CAVALRY THROUGH THE BREACHES AT SOBRON (p. 7).

hopeless of success," the enemy "seemed to melt from the lost field; the English were too few and too exhausted; the French too little confident in the advantage gained to convert the repulse into a rout." The victory at Inkerman was but the prelude to terrible sufferings during the long-protracted siege, but these could be borne with patience, because Inkerman had proved that we were more than a match for the Russians in the open field. Had we not won the battle, the whole of the allied armies, taken in reverse, would have been swept off the plateau in front of Sebastopol right into the sea.

The fortress itself proved a very hard nut to crack, and although frequently assaulted, was never actually taken by force of arms. The winter troubles, the inclement weather, the difficulties of supply which starved the troops and reduced the siege into a mere blockade, forbade attack. On the contrary, the besieged displayed such activity under the intrepid Todleben, that the initiative often passed to them, and by bold sorties they gained ground rather than lost it. Even our incessant bombardments,

causing terrific carnage, did not dismay the defenders, and fresh reinforcements constantly arrived. It was not till June that the first real assault was delivered, and then only through the indomitable determination of the allied generals. The French were especially hampered by the interference of the Emperor Napoleon, who, with no military knowledge, claimed to control and advise from Paris. It was the first occasion on which the telegraph line began to be largely used in campaigning, a practice greatly calculated to paralyse the action of generals in the field. Napoleon was all in favour of leaving the siege to linger on, while field armies cut off the supplies to the fortress; but Pelissier, the French general, was a strong man who held to his own views, and he persisted in attacking Sebastopol.

Early in June the French took the Mamelon, the English "the Quarries," important outworks, and it seemed as if the end was near. But a second assault, delivered within a week or two upon the Malakoff and the Redan, was repulsed with terrible loss; only a detached attack, under the English General Eyre, upon the Cemetery succeeded, and for a time we were actually within the walls. But we could not stay there.

Two months more elapsed, chequered by the death of Lord Raglan, who had won the love and respect of all, and by another fierce effort, made upon our communications. The battle of the Tchernaya was fought nearly on the same ground as Balaclava, and was won by the French and the newly-arrived Sardinian troops. Then, finally, on the 8th September, the French stormed the Malakoff again, and this time took it. The English had the more difficult task, because the Redan, which they attacked, was constantly reinforced by the masses driven out of the Malakoff. But our assault had not been planned on a big enough scale; it was not properly supported, although the trenches behind were crammed with reserves, and it failed. That night the Russians, feeling that in the Malakoff they had lost the key of their defence, evacuated the town, but not before they had blown up the forts, and set the whole place on fire. The sight will never be forgotten by those who saw it, as did the writer. The town in flames, great forts crumbling to pieces as though

by magic, heavy columns of Russians crossing the bridge under an incessant fire from the allied batteries.

Peace with Russia had not long been signed when the British Empire was threatened in a most vulnerable place. For a time it seemed as though we might lose India. The revolt of the native or sepoy army burst out so suddenly—it was marked with such base treachery, disgraced by such cold-blooded atrocities—that the world still shudders at the details. The English were everywhere outnumbered; our hold on India depended greatly on prestige; implicit faith had been placed in these very mutineers. The force

of white troops at hand was very small; very soon Upper India was in the hands of the insurgents: only here and there little groups, generally isolated and surrounded, fought with desperate courage against overwhelming odds, almost against hope. No page in our national annals is more glorious than that which enshrines the heroism of those who then saved India. Not only were soldiers brave, but civilians, unused to arms, showed dauntless pluck—frail women performed, too, great deeds in defence of their honour.

Although the whole country was more or less involved in the struggle, the principal interest was centred in the three great cities which were the scene of the fiercest efforts: at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow the conflict was long-sustained. Delhi, the seat of the new Empire, was thronged with mutineers from many neighbouring garrisons. It was held by numbers of disciplined, well-armed troops, with powerful artillery, to the use of which they had been fully trained, and it stood a long siege in which, at first, owing to the weakness of our forces, the besiegers were themselves besieged. But the little army was a band of braves led by heroes. Such men as the Nicholsons and the Chamberlains roused them to superhuman efforts; and when the place was captured, after a three months' siege, it was carried by the assault of four weak columns of barely a thousand each.

Cawnpore was another large station, which fell at once into the power of the miscreant, Nana Sahib, who has earned for himself undying execration as the most cruel and unprincipled of our foes. But the handful of Europeans would not



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL (AFTERWARDS LORD CLYDE).

easily yield ; many were only women and children ; the fighting men were few ; yet they held out in rough entrenchments for nineteen days, standing a siege under the tropical sun of June, and displaying a calm fortitude beyond all praise. Gentle ladies gave their stockings to



SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

make cartridge-cases ; they nursed the wounded, fed the troops. One brave woman—a soldier's wife—mounted sentry, sword in hand, over a number of sepoy prisoners. The roll of heroes was well filled at Cawnpore. Such soldiers as Moore (of the 32nd), Jenkins, Mowbray, Thomson ; such civilians as Heberden and Moncrieffe, make us proud of our race. Who shall forget the cool courage of Delafosse, who stood over a tumbril of ammunition, the woodwork of which had been set alight by the enemy's fire—stood over it in imminent peril, while he tore off the burning timbers, and stifled the danger with earth ? And yet the defenders could not escape their fate. When resistance became hopeless, they capitulated under promise of a safe conduct to Allahabad, and a general massacre followed, from which only two or three of these devoted martyrs escaped.

The story of Lucknow is very similar ; it is no less harrowing, but a source of equal pride in our race. The siege of the Residency, into which Sir Henry Lawrence retired with all his force and all their dear ones, was protracted to the utmost limits of endurance. Lawrence himself was struck down by an accidental explosion ; but the legacy he left his comrades was the watchword "No surrender !" His dying words were : "Let every man die at his post, but

never make terms. God help the women and children !" Lucknow held out till it was relieved by Havelock and Outram in September, only to be again besieged when the relieving force had got within the lines. It was not until November, when Sir Colin Campbell advanced with all the reinforcements that could be got together at Calcutta—bluejackets from the men-of-war, regiments detained on their way to China, a small band of volunteer cavalry recruited in the capital. He had to fight his way in. First, there was the relief of the Alum Bagh, which was held, although the enemy were in an entrenched position before it ; then the capture of the Dilkhoosha Palace ; then the Martinière Palace, which the enemy occupied with guns in position ; after that the Secundra Bagh, where the 92nd and the Sikhs raced up to the breach neck-and-neck. Other buildings were stormed—the Mess House, the Moti Mahal—and from the latter an entrance was effected into the Residency, which at last was relieved.

Assuredly there has been no falling off in the spirit of the British soldier, singly or collectively, whatever his rank. Our most recent military annals record episodes as gallant and as creditable to the pluck and manhood of our race as any that have gone before. Every form of courage has been displayed : reckless daring



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

enterprise, calm self-reliant heroism in the most despairing situations. Who shall forget the 24th at Insandlwana, massacred to a man by the countless Zulu hosts ? A brave, pitiless, but chivalrous foe, who could pay the following tribute to their fearless demeanour in that

unequal conflict: "Ah, those red soldiers! How few they were, and how they fought! They fell like stones, each man in his place." There is nothing finer, again, in war than the manner in which another British regiment—the 66th (Berkshire)—met death to a man at Maiwand, in Afghanistan. The general reporting it wrote that "history does not afford a grander instance of devotion to Queen and country." The 66th, although outnumbered a hundred to one, received undaunted the furious attacks of the Ghazis or Mohammedan fanatics vowed to slay the infidel, and were gradually slaughtered till only eleven officers and men remained. This small band stood back to back, unconquerable, still facing and keeping the foe at bay, until they were finally shot down from a distance.

Another famous story is that of Rorke's Drift, when two young subalterns, Chard and Bromhead, holding a river ford which was the only possible line of retreat for Lord Chelmsford's

feeble breastwork had been penetrated in more than one place. But the garrison never quailed: their heroic subaltern leaders never despaired, and they had beaten off their assailants when at daylight relief arrived.

The only parallel to Rorke's Drift is the gallant defence of Arrah during the Indian Mutiny, when a handful of English civilians defended a detached two-storeyed house for seven days against an army of sepoy mutineers. The collector, Mr. Wake, with fifteen other civilians, fifty Sikh police and one faithful Mohammedan, composed the garrison, and the assailants numbered 3,000, with two field-pieces. They had but little food, a motley lot of arms, unlimited ammunition, and there was not a military man among them. But they held out till they were relieved by a man as gallant as themselves, Major Vincent Eyre, who was ascending the Ganges with a battery of artillery when he heard of the siege. He steamed back at once to Buxar,

collected a small force of infantry, 154 bayonets in all, marched fifty miles to Arrah, was met by the enemy, twenty times his strength, but at once attacked them, and put them to flight. The sepoys could not face us in the open, even in such disproportionate numbers.

The spirit shown collectively has, perhaps, been outdone by individuals. Endless instances of personal heroism exhibited singly might be quoted. What British boy can read without a thrill of the little Scotch drummer on the march with Roberts to Cabul, who, weary and footsore, refused to fall out, saying, "Nae, nae, I'll nae fall out till I've washed my hands in the waters of the Caspian"? What of Major White, of the 92nd Highlanders, the present commander-in-chief in India, who cried to his men in the battle of Candahar: "Highlanders! will you

take those guns"—which were galling them terribly—"if I give you the lead?" What of the men who followed him to their very mouth? What, especially, of the little Goorkha warrior who went up with his Scotch friends, and who took one of the first of the guns, shouting as he thrust his cap into the muzzle in sign of proprietorship, "This gun belongs to *my* regiment—2nd Goorkha, Prince of Wales's!"



"THIS GUN BELONGS TO MY REGIMENT—2ND GOORKHA, PRINCE OF WALES'S!"

force, were threatened by overwhelming numbers. The Zulus were quite 3,000 strong, and the little English garrison no more than 139, of whom thirty-five were on the sick list. But there was no thought of surrender. A line of trenches was hastily contrived with biscuit-boxes and flour-bags, behind which our men fought gallantly the whole night through. At one time the hospital was a sheet of fire, and the

What of Sergeant Cox, of the 72nd, bringing in wounded officers to Sherpur, and who, with only ten men, faced the whole garrison of the Rala Hissar and forced his way through, advancing firing, till the enemy broke and fled? The *dhoolie* bearers (the natives carrying the officers) would have set down their loads and fled, but Cox threatened to shoot them if they did not do their duty. Sergeant Cox, by his coolness and intrepidity, set such a good example that his men seconded him admirably, and all the wounded were brought in safe to the cantonments. Cox had already received the distinguished service medal for his gallantry in the campaign.

We have, of course, no monopoly in brilliant feats of arms. Other nations have shown equal prowess, whether against us or each other. Bravery, indeed, will never go out of fashion; the will and power to show it, as well as the spirit to appreciate it, may be met with in every civilised country. Other nations, moreover, have been tried more seriously than ourselves in longer, larger, and more portentous struggles. France sacrificed much treasure and many men in assisting the Italians to throw off the Austrian yoke, and the campaign of 1859 was distinguished by at least two great battles. Both are, perhaps, better remembered by the colours called after them; but Magenta was a narrowly lost battle, and Solferino was gained by the devoted gallantry of the French troops. Austria was an intruder, and had no heart in the struggle.

The War of Secession between the Northern and Southern States of America was a deplorable civil struggle fought out to the bitter end, but it was full of pregnant military lessons, full of strange

vicissitudes in which victory inclined to either side, of tremendous conflicts over a vast extent of country. It was a war which embraced almost a whole continent: the whole of America was affected, from the gulf of Mexico to the Rocky Mountains. The campaigns and battles were



THE MAORI WAR: ATTACK UPON THE ORAKAO PĀH.

commensurate with the territory affected. In the first instance the two capitals of the opponents—Washington and Richmond—were chiefly threatened. Both lay comparatively near their respective frontiers; both were in imminent danger more than once. McClellan, after Fredericksburg was in striking distance of Richmond and Lee, but for Gettysburg, would have swooped down on Washington.

But as General Grant rose in fame and authority through his splendid successes in the west, he urged upon the Federal Government the necessity for more comprehensive operations. The Confederates, as the Southerners were called,

could only be conquered by something like extermination ; they must be attacked with equal vigour on every line, isolated alike from supplies and from supports. The North commanded endless resources, unlimited credit, the means of purchasing recruits without number, any quantity of munitions of war. The South, shut in within narrow limits, saw its population drained of fighting men, and was dependent upon blockade runners for powder and shot. Grant was absolutely right, as the end proved. When Sherman, having triumphed in the west, made the famous flank march from Atlanta to the sea, he could swing round and threaten Richmond from the south. This was the beginning of the end. Grant now reaped the benefit of his long-protracted, bitterly-contested campaign in the "Wilderness," north of Richmond, and the armies closing round Richmond, the surrender of Lee became inevitable, and the Confederacy collapsed.

The war had brought forward many heroes, and several great commanders : Grant, Lee, "Stone-wall" Jackson—the name he earned, some say (for there is another version of the story), because once, when hardly pressed, he said his men would stand like a stone wall—Stuart, the Southern cavalry raider ; Sheridan, a cavalry leader, hardly inferior to Seidlitz or Murat ; Sherman, Johnson, Hooker, and many more. Some of them were recurring types—Grant, silent as Moltke, and as tenacious and prescient ; Robert Lee, the patriot soldier, who thought only of his country, a man of duty like Wellington ; Jackson, who might have been a Puritan Cromwellian, praying and fighting by turns, a Charles Gordon in his absolute trust in Divine help, an Ironsides in his eagerness to smite the foe. The rank and file comprised all classes of the community—artisans, handicraftsmen, scientists—and not the least remarkable features in the war were its engineering achievements : miles of road made in a single night, bridges built, forests removed, extensive entrenchments thrown up as if by magic when the order was given.

The "Seven Weeks' War," as it has been styled by its historian, Colonel H. M. Hozier, was the first of the short, sharp, and decisive conflicts which are to be the rule in modern campaigns. It was between the Prussians and the Austrians, and it was fought for the future supremacy in the great empire of Germany. Before it no one knew how marvellously the Prussians had improved in the science and practice of war ; how admirably their troops were trained, how splendidly armed, and with

weapons of the newest invention. Still less was it expected that untried Prussian leaders would develop such unexpectedly superior generalship. From first to last this rapidly successful war was a surprise. It was carried into the enemy's country with extreme boldness and celerity ; the young soldiers of Prussia, under grey-haired but mostly inexperienced officers, soon established a marked superiority over Austrian veterans who had served in many hard-fought campaigns. It was proved in the earliest engagements that the possession of the needle-gun, the breech-loading rifle long carried by a portion of the Prussian army, but never hitherto used, put the Austrians, with their muzzle-loaders and their traditional belief in the bayonet, on very unequal terms. In the fight Austrian soldiers could not stand before the Prussians at all. Then the Prussian generals always out-manœuvred the Austrian ; they largely used a system of flanking attack, of turning the enemy's position at one end or side of it, while he was occupied and engaged by another attack on the front.

These were the tactics that led to the crowning victory of Sadowa, or Königgrätz, as it is sometimes called. After it the Austrians had no hope of success, and a retreat began, which soon after was completed by the ending of the war. At this battle the Austrians lost 40,000 men, the Prussians barely 6,000. Such is often the effect of superior generalship and better *morale*.

Not the least interesting part of this great battle was that Englishmen assisted in it as something more than mere spectators. The war correspondents of the *Times* on either side were both English officers. Captain Hozier rode with the Crown Prince of Prussia through the day, sharing his dangers as he noted the varying fortunes of the fight. On the Austrian side, Colonel C. B. Brackenbury was close by Benedek's side from first to last ; and the Austrian commander-in-chief, in spite of his misfortunes, found time to ask for "his Englishman," and to praise him for his gallantry in facing the risks of the battle.

War is said to be full of surprises ; and, again, that success is earned by the general who makes fewest mistakes. Napoleon III. felt the bitter truth of both these sayings. The Franco-German war was a terrible surprise to him, and both the Emperor and his generals made innumerable mistakes. The French began by expecting a "walk over"—a parade march to Berlin ; they found they had caught a Tartar, and that they could not keep the Germans out

of France. Napoleon had been assured that everything was ready for the campaign: not a "single button was wanting on a single gaiter" was the boast of his War Minister, General Le Bœuf. Yet, when the first blow was struck, inextricable confusion still reigned within the French army—neither men nor supplies were properly organised; while, from the very first collision, it was clear that the science was all on the German side. Man to man, the French fought as well as their opponents; but they were never manœuvred wisely nor judiciously led.

On the other hand, from the moment war became inevitable, everything worked with clocklike precision. It is said that von Moltke, the famous chief of the Prussians, had only to touch a bell and all went forward. Anyhow, the Prussians and their allies were quickly mobilised, and able to take the field long before the French. The Crown Prince fell upon the French general when still unprepared, won the first battle, and held the advantage from then to the end. It was a strategical advantage; in other words, the general movements of the armies put them in superior strength at decisive points, and this secured success all along the line.

Marshal MacMahon, beaten at Worth, had to retire, and become separated both from Bazaine about Metz and the army of the South. In between, the "Red Prince," with the 1st German army, held Bazaine; and, after a series of fierce conflicts, the famous battles of Vionville, Gravelotte, and Mars La Tour drove him under the walls of the great fortress. MacMahon, frantic to regain communication with Bazaine, made a long detour—a dangerous flank march, as it was called—and found himself "headed off" at Sedan, with the Germans circling round him, and the neutral territory of Belgium, which he was forbidden to enter, in his rear. The

surrender of the French army at Sedan, with the Emperor Napoleon at its head, was a disaster from which France never recovered. It was followed by the surrender of Metz and the whole of Bazaine's army. Within five weeks France had been defeated in eight pitched battles; the bulk of the French regular troops were prisoners of war. France was not yet conquered. While the Germans pressed on to invest Paris—while their armies moved north, south, and west—the new Government which had replaced the fallen

Emperor made the most heroic and unheard-of efforts to improvise new levies. To place recruits and moblots—youths half-trained and inexperienced civilians—in the front line against regular troops flushed with victory, seemed hopeless enough. It is to the undying credit of the French nation that it was able to maintain the struggle for so many months longer, and to the sturdy patriotism of such men as Thiers and Gambetta, who never despaired. France fought it out alone: she had no allies, or the result might have been different. There are those who say that the in-



[Photo. : Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.]

FREDERICK, CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA (AFTERWARDS GERMAN EMPEROR).

tervention of a couple of English army corps in favour of France would have changed the situation. But it was not our quarrel, and England could not have thrown her weight into the scale, except on the most sentimental and insufficient grounds.

Nearly five-and twenty years have elapsed since this great struggle occurred, and its legacy of hate still rankles unappeased. France is once more as strong as her late foe—stronger, perhaps—and she is still pining to regain her provinces and her prestige. It may be that her rulers and her people are loth to be the first to draw the sword: the cost of unsuccessful war is a dear price in these latter days; and when she fights again it will be at the most fitting opportunity, when chance and a better cause than last

time may be on her side. But that she will fight some day is nearly certain; and it is this conviction which keeps Europe on tenter-hooks, and converts the whole Continent into a standing camp.

England, happily, has been spared any life and death contest, any war on the gigantic scale of the foregoing. But while her neighbours have been at each other's throats, she has been engaged in numerous "little wars"—wars misnamed little, indeed, for the issues have often been immense and the efforts made most severe. In an empire so extensive as ours, causes of conflict abound, and fighting must be frequent. Since the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, we have had at least half a dozen campaigns. A diplomatic war with China, a war for supremacy in New Zealand, a war for the deliverance of captives in Abyssinia, of retaliation in Ashanti, of self-defence in Zululand, against a too-powerful neighbour, of aggression followed by "scuttle" in Afghanistan, of interference in Egypt, followed by the dire necessities of occupation.

In many of these the chief work lay in combating the physical and climatic difficulties. There was not much fighting in the march to Magdala, but it was a stupendous undertaking to convey a British army across the "mountains of Rasselas," to the nearly inaccessible stronghold of King Theodore. When Sir Robert Napier reached his goal, his troops had only four days' rations left, other than meat, and everything had been carried up from the sea on mule- or donkey-back. In Ashanti there was the same urgency as regards supplies, but as no four-legged animals will live on the Gold Coast, the only means of conveyance was on the heads of native men and women. The organisation of transport was one of the greatest, although not the only, difficulty. There was also the

climate, which was at times, and in most places pestilential. There was the absence of all means and appliances, almost of food, and there was the certainty of encountering a brave, if savage enemy in the field. How well the Ashanti fought was shown by their stubborn stand at Amoafu, and again in front of Coomassie.

The most trying phases of the campaign were those anticipatory to the arrival of the white troops. A small and select band of staff-officers under the then new and little tried General Sir

Garnet Wolseley, were sent out to prepare the way, to make roads and bridges, secure native allies, carriers, and last, not least, to hold their own as best they could against the enemy, who was close at hand and threatening the very existence of the Cape Coast Colony. Within five months the whole of the arrangements were completed; two good black regiments had been organised and drilled under Colonels Evelyn Wood and Baker Russell, Rait's artillery was an effective body and with these and a few sailors and marines from the fleet the Ashantis had



[Photo: Fradelle & Young, Regent Street.
SIR GARNET (AFTERWARDS VISCOUNT) WOLSELEY.

been driven back to the bush.

A good hard road had been made to the Prai, a rapid river which the engineers—under the indefatigable Colonel Home—had bridged, and when the English regiments arrived they had simply to go in and win. Two sharp engagements checked their progress, but only for a time, and Coomassie fell directly our army arrived before it.

Afghanistan is a country that will be always memorable in British military annals for the vicissitudes that have marked our operations. The earliest war in 1839 was a rapid and brilliant success; within a short year, through the treachery of our Afghan foes, thousands of our countrymen, their wives and children, were slaughtered in the mountain passes, and the



THE "BLACK WATCH" (42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS) AT BAY AT QUATRE BRAS.
(From the Painting by W. B. Hallen, R.A.)

country had to be re-conquered only to be again abandoned. The Afghans were always troublesome neighbours, and again in 1878 the insolence of the Ameer led to a new invasion. It was called a triumphal progress; but there was some hard fighting—some brilliant feats of arms. The capture of the fort of Ali Musjid by Sir Sam Browne's column, the crowning of the Peiwar Kotal, and the opening of the Shuturgardan Pass by General Roberts were successful operations that were followed by the flight of the Ameer, and paved the way to the treaty of Gandamak, by which we placed a new Ameer on the throne and stationed a British resident at his court.

The second invasion of Afghanistan, in the autumn of 1879, was to revenge the base murder of this resident, Sir Louis Cavagnari, in Cabul, and it resulted in important operations. Sir Frederick Roberts, who advanced through the Shuturgardan Pass, direct upon Cabul, reached the capital after fighting the successful battle of Charasia, and was occupied in meting out punishment and strengthening his hold until the winter set in. But with the early snows there came very serious troubles. Nearly the whole of the Afghan tribes had been aroused to a *jehad*, or holy war, and the Ghazis gathered round the flag of a chief named Mohammed Jan to the number of 40,000. It was said that 100,000 might be expected to take up arms. Roberts' whole force, English and native, was barely 5,000, but the former were veteran troops, and the latter made up of Sikhs and Goorkhas, the bravest of our Indian levies. The force now arrayed against us was so threatening that he withdrew entirely within our lines, and there, practically besieged, held the enemy at bay. It was a humiliating change for an invading army, but it was the only safe course to pursue. At last, Mohammed Jan was rash enough to attack Sherpur, and was repulsed with tremendous loss. We had not been strong enough to go out and meet him in the field, but he was much too weak to capture our entrenchments.

Our restored supremacy was not again affected until the chiefs at Ghazni showed signs of turbulence, and a force was detached from Cabul to join hands with one coming from Candahar to punish the offenders. The battle of Ahmed Khel, fought and won by Sir Donald Stewart, was a brilliant victory over a most determined foe. Never in the annals of Afghan warfare had Ghazis shown such indomitable courage. They came right in among our men, fighting

hand to hand, pistol and sword against breech-loader and bayonet, selling their lives so dearly that they did great mischief before they were repulsed. A thousand dead Ghazis were counted on the field, and some of them were women.

But this did not end the fighting, nor did success always smile upon our arms. Another Afghan army, advancing from Herat under Ayoub Khan, was met on the Helmund by General Burrows from Candahar, and a deplorable defeat followed. The causes of the already mentioned disaster at Maiwand were bad generalship and imprudence, but the sting of the defeat was somewhat taken out of it by the devotion displayed. Maiwand imperilled Candahar, which was speedily invested by the triumphant Ayoub, and the garrison was in some danger. Two armies were at once set in motion to relieve the place. General Phayre moved up from Quetta; Sir Frederick Roberts was sent from Cabul, to perform the great forced march which has become famous in military history. Cutting himself adrift from his base—an act which is deemed most rash and generally unjustifiable in military science—he started off with 10,000 men, hampered by 8,000 baggage animals to carry food and indispensable supplies, with 8,000 camp followers, to march 300 miles across an enemy's country. His troops were the flower of the Indian army, their temper was the finest; no privations checked, no terrors daunted them; they bore without flinching the wide changes of temperature—between 45 degrees at daybreak and 105 degrees at noon; they were never sure of food, and they knew that certain death awaited them if they lagged behind.

The march from Cabul to Candahar was accomplished in twenty days, making an average of fifteen miles daily march during that time: a splendid feat in pluck and unyielding endurance; and they reached Candahar travel-stained but unwearied, ready to join issue with the enemy directly they met him. Ayoub had raised the siege at the approach of Roberts, but he awaited him in a strong position; and then followed the decisive victory of Candahar, fought under the walls of the city, in which the defeat at Maiwand was fully avenged.

The Zulu war will be remembered with mixed feelings: sorrow for grave and regrettable disasters, pride at great achievements, which in a measure atoned for and avenged them. We entered into the struggle a little too lightly, perhaps, although enough must have been known of our opponents to have exacted respect

for their prowess. The Zulus were a military nation, every able-bodied man was a soldier, trained in the skilful use of his weapons, light of foot, ardent for glory, highly disciplined and drilled. The Zulu generals were admirable tacticians, and their now well-known plan of attack with centre held back and two great horns thrust out on each flank was quite scientific. Cetewayo, the king, a despot who could deal with his braves as he pleased, could send some 50,000 of them into the field, all ready to sacrifice their lives for him.

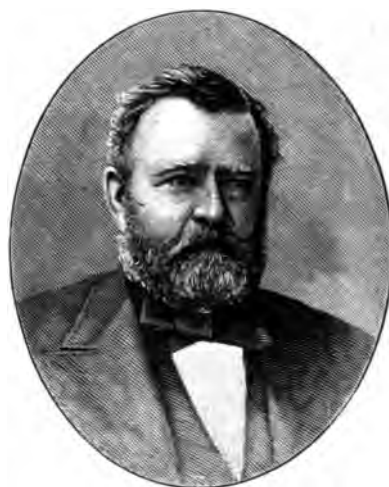
Lord Chelmsford, when the invasion of Zululand was decided upon, did not command more than 16,000 men, of whom 9,000 were native levies. His plan of operations covered a wide front: his forces marched in five columns, widely apart, from the sea-mouth of the Tugela River to Luneberg and the borders of the Transvaal. The centre, which he led himself, was the first to suffer, and barely escaped annihilation while the general-in-chief was out on a reconnaissance with half his whole force. The enemy he was looking for, some 20,000 Zulus, swooped down upon the other half in an open undefended camp and destroyed it. The massacre of Insandlwana, when a battalion of the 24th Regiment and a number of native troops were cut to pieces, would have been avoided with proper precautions. What even light entrenchments could do to stave off even overwhelming attack was seen the same day at Rorke's Drift.

Retreat after Insandlwana was imperative. At one time it seemed as though the Zulus would pursue, and invade the colony of Natal. Fortunately, our arms were upheld elsewhere. The Tugela, or sea-coast column, under Colonel Pearson, had advanced some way towards Ulundi, and had established itself at Ekowe when the news arrived of Lord Chelmsford's misfortune. After a short debate, it was wisely and bravely resolved to stand firm. Ekowe was roughly fortified and bravely held against thousands of Zulus for more than three months, until it was at last relieved by Lord Chelmsford in person, who on his way up had fought and won the battle of Ghingilovo.

Another column, under Sir Evelyn Wood, the nearest to the two overwhelmed at Insandlwana, had also been hardly pressed. Wood was active, and his attitude firm. Although at the action called that of the Zlobane Mountain, he was surprised and for a time surrounded, in the subsequent fight, when he was attacked in "laager" at Kambula, his force gallantly repulsed

quite ten times their number. Colonel Rowlands, with the fifth column, was also unfortunate, and one of the detachments sent out to escort waggons coming in with supplies was surprised and destroyed upon the Intombi River. The Zulus had come upon them unawares in the mist—4,000 men to 150—and none of the British escaped alive.

Presently reinforcements began to arrive, and before May the army numbered 22,000 men, of whom 17,000 were Europeans. A new general—the then Sir Garnet Wolseley—was also sent out to supersede Lord Chelmsford; but the latter, utilising his greater means, was able to



GENERAL GRANT.

recover his prestige before the arrival of his successor. Fresh columns were organised; Generals Newdigate and Wood converged upon Ulundi from the north side; General Crealock was to advance from the Tugela (but never got very far); General Marshall, with a cavalry division, joined in with Wood. A great battle fought at Ulundi, when the king's kraal, or palace, was captured and burned, ended the war. The Zulus by this time had lost much of their early spirit; they were "beginning to be frightened," as one of their own chiefs said; and no doubt they now realised that the strength was on our side. Cetewayo was for some time a fugitive after Ulundi, and his pursuit and eventual capture by Colonel Marter and Lord Gifford were not the least exciting episodes of the Zulu war.

This was not to be our last campaign in South Africa. The war with the Boers, which followed, is not a brilliant chapter in our military history. In the Transvaal, as in Zululand, we

began by under valuing our enemy, and time was not allowed to recover our reputation. The fate of the general whose name will always be associated with the Boer war was its saddest episode. Misfortune pursued Sir George Colley :



"THEY CAME RIGHT IN AMONG OUR MEN" (p. 18).

he was one of the "unlucky"; but his latest failure, which cost him his life, went near being a most brilliant exploit. The story of Majuba—of the craggy and, seemingly, inaccessible hill climbed by Colley and his devoted band, only to find death and defeat on the top—ought, with better fortune, to have ranked with Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, or Charles Napier's desert march on Emaum Ghur.

Egypt has been our latest battle-ground. The campaign against Arabi and his insurgent troops may not seem a very glorious achievement, but the Egyptians were well disciplined; they had admirable weapons, and they fought behind strong entrenchments, armed with most powerful artillery.

The cavalry combat at Kassassin, the storming of the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, were very successful feats of arms. Fighting of a much more serious character was in store for us before we were long in Egypt. The Great Nile Expedition, for the relief of the ill-fated hero Gordon, was akin to those to Magdala and Coomassie, but it differed rather in scope and

greatly in results. To ascend a mighty river, running down with a steady stream five miles an hour and barred at intervals by cataracts and rapids, was a greater task than scaling mountains or penetrating the bush. The enterprise was further hampered by the opposition of a most determined and courageous foe.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy," as our soldiers christened the shock-headed Soudanese warrior, was an opponent worthy of our steel. His contempt for British squares and British breechloaders has been sung in strong language by Kipling, the soldier's poet, and was shown by the recklessness with which he threw himself on the one and faced the other. Of all the brilliant battles fought by British soldiers, they may be most proud of Abu-Klea, Tamai, and El-Teb.

It has been often said in disparagement of our small wars, that they have been mostly waged against savage foes. But this is surely to our soldiers' credit, for they have, in this way, encountered some of the most warlike races in the world, many

of impetuous, of reckless fanatical bravery, who accepted none of the recognised canons and conventions of civilised warfare. To kill or be killed was the only watchword of the Afghan Ghazi, the stalwart Zulu, or the irrepressible Soudanese. There was no quarter, no making prisoners, except for subsequent butchery. In these desperate campaigns, our men fought with their lives in their hands. It was truly war to the knife, and called for the highest courage.

Nothing shows this better than the many deeds of heroism recorded in these wars, deeds that earned the most coveted of English military distinctions—the Victoria Cross. A chaplain, Mr. Adams, in the first fight outside Sherpur, bravely extricated a trooper who was under his dead horse in a *mêlée*, and who would certainly have been slain. In the Mutiny, Sir Charles Fraser, now a gallant general, won both the cross and the Humane Society's medal at one and the same time for saving, under a heavy fire, a man who was drowning. In the closing affair of the Zulu war, before Ulundi, Lord William Beresford gallantly picked up a trooper, whose

had been shot under him, and carried
f behind him on his own horse. The
were near at hand in great numbers, and
e of the fallen man would have been

Commandant D'Arcy, of the frontier
force, exhibited the same self-sacrificing
on this occasion, but his own horse was
d and fell under the double weight,
pon D'Arcy mounted his man upon
trooper's horse, and saw them safely off
e rode away.

we have had our glance at the wars
century—a cursory glance enough, and
d chiefly by the red coat of the British

let us now turn over the leaves of
k, and pass from battle to battle. We
o as we please"—passing from Plevna to
tz, from Bull Run to Gravelotte, just as

the spirit moves us, and unfettered by sequence
either of date or place. Now we shall follow
the fortunes of the Great Napoleon, now of
Napoleon "the Little"; now of Wellington,
now of Roberts and Wolseley; now of Moltke,
Skobelev, MacMahon, Sherman, Garibaldi. At
one moment we shall be listening to the thunder
of a broadside from the *Victory*, at the next
to the bombardment of Alexandria. We shall
pass from the shots and shells of civilised warfare
to the assegais and spears of the Zulu, the
hatchets of the Maori, the knives of the Sou-
danese. We shall see all the glories of war,
deeds of daring and heroism, acts of noble self-
sacrifice and devotion; but we shall see also
that reverse side of the picture which should
indeed be engraved still deeper on our minds:
we shall see that its glories are outweighed by
its horrors, its sufferings, its pitifulness.





THE pleasant little frontier town of Saarbrück was a very interesting place at the beginning of the Franco-German war. Within the distance of a mile from the low heights covering Saarbrück towards the west, ran the frontier line dividing France from Germany. The place was being held "on the bounce," for its garrison consisted merely of one battalion of the Hohenzollern infantry regiment and two squadrons of the 7th Rhineland Uhlans. All along this frontier line down in the broad smooth valley between the Saarbrück heights and the loftier and more abrupt Spicheren heights inside of the French border, the hostile piquets and videttes confronted each other.

As one stood in front of the little "Bellevue" public-house on the Reppertsberg, one saw in the plain below among the trees a Prussian piquet of Uhlans and infantry; and on the little knolls further in advance the videttes circling singly, their lance-pennons fluttering in the wind. Several hundred yards further away, by the side of the Forbach road, was the frontier custom-house which the French now used as a piquet house. Outside of it the red-breeched linesmen were to be seen sitting or lounging about in considerable numbers. In their front was the chain of their videttes. All along the frontier line, to the right and left of this point, there ran this arrangement of outposts confronting each other. On the Spicheren upland a French force was gradually gathering until, by the end of July, the whole of Frossard's army corps was massed on the Spicheren, within gunshot distance of the low heights covering Saarbrück.

In those pleasant early days, while as yet there were no graves on the Spicheren Berg and no shattered men lying in the Saarbrück hospitals or littering the platform of the Saarbrück railway station on the blood-stained stretchers, the

opposing piquets and videttes formed quite the diversion of the Saarbrück people. After the day's work was over, the labouring folk used regularly to stroll up to the "Bellevue" to watch, as they drank their beer, the dropping fire, fain to see a German marksman proving his skill by hitting a Frenchman. Both sides were very cautious and few casualties occurred. As yet the Saarbrück hospital contained but two wounded Germans, both linesmen of the Hohenzollern regiment. The French were reputed to be in force in Forbach as well as on the Spicheren Berg—as many, it was said, as 15,000 men. Saarbrück, however, was in no trepidation and kept a good face with its little garrison of some 1,200 men all told.

It was on one of the earliest of those early days that the midday *table d'hôte* in the Rheinischer Hof was broken up abruptly by the report that French cannon were being moved forward to the edge of the Spicheren Berg. Immediately the drummers paraded the town, beating to arms. A company of the Hohenzollerns occupied each of the two bridges and a third marched up the hill and took up a position among the trees skirting the exercise-field. A detachment of the Uhlans rode up on to the heights, while the rest stood to their horses in the Central Platz. From the "Bellevue" the French cannon were easily discernible through the field-glass, as they were being drawn forward into position by infantrymen.

Almost immediately came a puff of white smoke from the mouth of one of the guns, and a shell struck on the road close by the little beer-house, bursting as it fell. There was a stampede on the part of the civilians from their beer-mugs in the "Bellevue," and they hurried into cover behind the crest of the height. They were only just in time. Another shell, ricocheting off the road, struck the front of the beer-house, went through the wall as if it had been paper, and burst inside, blowing out the windows and part of the roof.

Four more shots were fired, and then the French withdrew their cannon. Their practice, no doubt experimental, was very good—of the six shells fired, three struck the "Bellevue." Two rooms of it had been blown into one, the bar knocked into little pieces, the furniture wrecked, and a great gap in the floor made by a shell on its way to the cellar to cause a smash-royal among the bottles.

The outposts blazed away at each other until dusk. One of the last shots killed a soldier on patrol—he was the first man killed in the war. The poor fellow was hit full on the forehead, and he must have died instantaneously. His comrades carried in the corpse on a stretcher improvised of their rifles. The drops of blood pit-patted on the road as they carried him past, the moonbeams falling on the pale dead face. Quite a lad he was, with the down hardly grown on his face—likely enough a mother might have been thinking of and praying for her lad, little knowing that he was lying stark and cold, waiting for a grave.

The slow days passed in a strange bewildering calm, unbroken save by the trivial skirmishes occurring in the course of the constant reconnaissances and patrolling parties.

Frossard lay passive on the Spicheren save for the "potato-reconnaissances" his hungry soldiers occasionally made, sending out a screen of skirmishers to the front while the working parties dug potatoes with great industry.

Brave old Major von Pestel of the Lancers, who commanded the handful of men holding Saarbrück, had received an order from Moltke to evacuate a place which was regarded as untenable; but von Pestel pleaded successfully to be left where he was, on the undertaking that he would not compromise his little command, but would fall back as soon as serious danger threatened.

Meanwhile he was never out of the saddle. Every afternoon he would come cantering over the Bellevue height with his cheery greeting and his shout, "Come along, English sir! I go to draw de shoots of de enemy!" The French marksmen expended a considerable quantity of ammunition on the worthy major; but the range was long and they never succeeded in hitting him, although certainly he gave them plenty of chances.

But in spite of Major von Pestel's cordiality, it was rather a tedious time. Men asked each other if it were possible that the French on the Spicheren were not aware of the weakness of the land on the other side of the

frontier. The Prussian infantrymen and Uhlans, it was true, were manipulated dexterously and assiduously to make a battalion seem a brigade and a couple of squadrons a powerful cavalry force; yet it was felt that the place was being held only by dint of sheer impudence—for there were no supports as yet nigh at hand—and that the bubble must burst summarily if Frossard should abandon his unaccountable inactivity. Why the soldiers in red breeches lay so long basking lazily in the sun on the Spicheren slopes the men of Saarbrück could not comprehend; but the day must surely be near now, they said one to the other, when the red-breeches would gird up their loins and roll their columns on over the Reppertsberg, the exercise-ground, and the Winterberg, and across the Saar into the Köllerthaler Wald or the Pfalz. In their path—surely they must have known it—there stood but an open town, a couple of bridges partially barricaded with barrels, a single battery of infantry and two reasonably strong squadrons of Uhlans.

The 1st of August, while the French on the Spicheren Berg were still supine, brought to near Saarbrück what all hoped was the earnest at last of a host, not alone of resistance, but also of invasion. On the afternoon of that day, the 1st and 3rd battalions of the Hohenzollern regiment, with a battery of artillery, reached the vicinity and bivouacked on the edge of the forest at Raschpfuhl, some two miles north-west of the

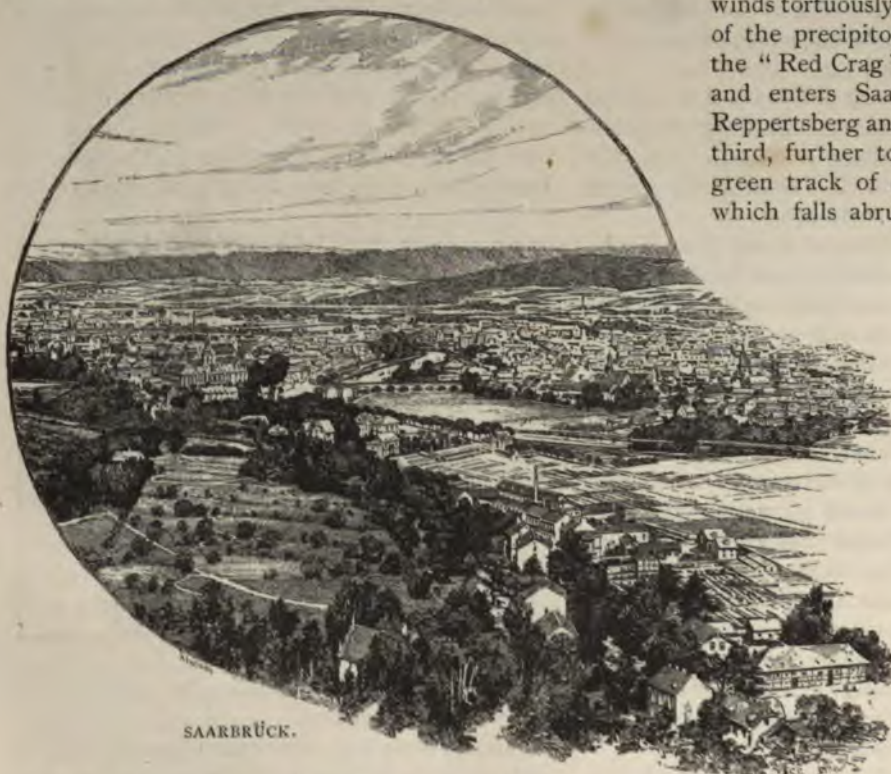


town. General Gneisenau also arrived and assumed the command.

On the morning of the 2nd, when the Hohenzollerns were basking in their sunshiny bivouac, the French Emperor, with his son, was travelling by train from Metz to Forbach. The German videttes down the valley heard the gusts of cheering with which Frossard's soldiers welcomed

the Head of the State and his heir. Ignorant of the cause, some attributed the cheering to the announcement of a French success somewhere; others ascribed it to an extra issue of wine. How were the honest Uhlans to discern that the imperial parent had come to the frontier to make a military promenade wherewithal to throw dust in the eyes of his Parisians, and that "Lulu," as they impertinently styled the heir of the dynasty, accompanied his father that he might receive his "baptism of fire"?

The night had passed in quiet along the frontier, and in the morning it seemed as if the 2nd of August was to be as monotonous as had been the 1st. General Gneisenau and old von Pestel, now a lieutenant-colonel, had made a reconnaissance from the "Bellevue" and had come back to a leisurely breakfast. The soldiers in the barrackyards and in the several posts on the environs of the town, slept and smoked and gossiped, their arms stacked as usual; the officers sat under the trees drinking their Rhine wine, and the whole place seemed oppressed by the drowsiness of a fervently hot day.



But the torpor was soon to give place to alert activity. At ten a.m. Saarbrück awoke at the announcement sent in from the outposts that the enemy was at last advancing. The two

companies in front of Saarbrück moved at once into the line of defence. The company from St. Johann hurried by at the double to occupy the "Red House." Major von Horn hastened to strengthen the post on the Winterberg, which was most imminently threatened. Captain Gründer occupied the Löwenberg, and moved with Leydecker's company and the rest of his own out to St. Arnual, where his rifle fire and the fire of two guns sent to him from Raschpfuhl gave a warm reception to the enemy debouching from the Stiftswald. As some English spectators hurried up to the "Bellevue" height, there rattled past them at a sharp trot a couple of guns which the general had ordered to be put in position on the Exercise Platz. The battery chief waved his hand cheerily as he galloped to the front.

From the "Bellevue" one looked upon an imposing spectacle. Three roads, crossing the plain from the wooded heights on the French side of the frontier, converge on Saarbrück. One of these is the great post-road from Forbach. Another, starting from the village of Spicheren, winds tortuously down the right flank of the precipitous "Rothe Berg"—the "Red Crag"—crosses the hollow and enters Saarbrück between the Reppertsberg and the Nussberg. The third, further to the east, is a mere green track of considerable breadth, which falls abruptly down into the valley by the popular-clad slope from the plateau towards St. Arnual.

Down all these three roads were flowing from the upland dense and glittering streams of French troops, the stream on the great road flowing swiftest and fastest. The sunrays flashed on the bright bayonets, and threw up from the green or grey background the red and blue of the uniforms. The troops came on in the true careless, irregular French style, with scarcely a pretence of formation, but with a speed that was remarkable. The moment that the head

As a column reached the valley, it broke into spray. As file after file reached a certain point, it became dissipated; the nimble linesmen extended further and further to right and left, till by the

verge of the plateau, the gunners unlimbering and standing ready by the venomous pieces that presently gave fire from their wicked black mouths. Higher up on the crest were visible



LULU'S DÉBUT.

that the heads of all three columns were in the valley, an unbroken but loose chain of skirmishers was drawn across the plain several hundred yards in advance.

Then began the steady deployments of company after company, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment; and almost before one had realised the situation, a long dense line had been ruled along the valley behind the more ragged line of the skirmishers. Squadrons of cavalry streamed down, and forming line at a gallop, rapidly overtook the infantry. Passing through the intervals, they reformed and pushed on to occupy and cover the flanks of the advance.

While all this was going on in the valley, the streams from behind the wood and the hill seemed to flow from a source that never would run dry. It was hardly a break that was caused in it by the two batteries that came down and wheeled off the road on to the

other batteries, apparently of larger guns. The peculiarity of the movements described was their perfect quietness and uninterrupted. The French tirailleurs had already begun to breast the gentle slope leading up to the positions held by the Germans, when the chassépots began to give tongue; and then the silence gave place to a steady rattle of musketry fire, through the smoke of which the main advance moved steadily and swiftly forward.

Bataille's division formed the first line; of it Bastoul's brigade on the right of the main road moved against the Reppertsberg, the Winterberg, and St. Arnual; Pouget's brigade on the left of the road moved towards the exercise-ground. In the second line were the brigades of Michelet and Valazé; the remainder of Frossard's corps, the strength of which reached 35,000 men, followed in reserve. An army corps was marching against a couple of battalions.

Despite the disproportion, the Prussian defence

was obstinate. It was only after a brisk combat that the weak detachment were driven from St. Arnual, the Winterberg, and the Reppertsberg. On the latter height a Prussian half-company met the French skirmishers with the bayonet, and then held them for a time at bay by a fire from behind the hedges.

The final withdrawal was conducted slowly, in excellent order. Baron von Rosen held his company to the last on the exercise-ground. His steadfast soldiers, lying down between the trees, waited until Pouget's skirmishers were within 300 yards, and then poured in a fire so heavy that the French assailants were compelled to halt and lie down for a time.

It was just as Rosen had received a peremptory order to retire that the few spectators who waited to accompany that movement witnessed the descent from the Spicheren height of a great *cortège* of mounted officers. The glittering procession rode forward at a slow trot, crossed the intervening level, and then ascended the slope of the Folster height, around which was massed the regiments of Valazé's brigade.

The *cortège* halted on the low crest of the Folster height; and through the telescope one saw the group open out and leave isolated two personages on horseback, one of whom was clearly discerned to be Napoleon III. The boyish figure on the smaller horse, whose gestures were so animated, was presumed to be the young Prince Imperial; and the cheers which rose above the din of the musketry-fire were taken to indicate the congratulations of the soldiers at the Prince's receiving his "baptism of fire"—which, indeed, it has been supposed, was the object of the otherwise pointless demonstration. Not on the Folster Höhe, but nearer to Saarbrück, under the trees of the exercise-ground, is now a stone with a somewhat brusque inscription, which being translated reads:—"Lulu's Début, 2nd August, 1870. Erected by H. H. Baumann, Veteran of 1814-1815."

It was just as Rosen was withdrawing his company from the immediate front of Pouget's advance that a curious and characteristic incident occurred. Among the few civilians who remained on the exercise-ground to the bitter end was a gallant British officer, Wigram Battye of the famous "Guides," who died fighting in Afghanistan in the campaign of 1878. A soldier was shot down close to him, whereupon Battye, who had been rebelling against the retirement, snatched up the dead man's needle-gun and pouch-belt; ran out into the open, dropped on one knee,

and opened fire on Pouget's brigade. Pouget's brigade replied with alacrity, and presently Battye was bowled over with a chassepot bullet in the ribs. A German professor and a brother Briton ran out and brought him in, conveyed him later to a village in the rear, plastered successive layers of brown paper over the damaged ribs, and started him off in a waggon to the Kreuznach hospital.

The French did not press upon the orderly Prussian retirement, and, indeed, both of the bridges across the Saar remained in the possession of the Prussians. The firing had almost died out when, soon after noon, the French began to bombard the lower bridge and the railway station from three batteries which they had brought up on to the heights overhanging Saarbrück. One of these was a mitrailleuse, the storm of bullets from which swept the bridge so that nothing could live on it, and an unfortunate burgher, who did not believe in the mitrailleuse, had to alter his views on this subject when the lower part of his person was riddled by the bullets it poured forth. The Prussian artillery about Malstatt tried with four guns to make head against the French batteries, but had to give up the attempt and retire. The final detachment of Prussians remained under the shelter of Hagen's Hotel while the French were shelling the railway station, but ultimately ran the gauntlet and found refuge in the Köllerthal. The casualties of the day were trivial. The Prussians had eight men killed, four officers and seventy-one men wounded. The French loss amounted to six officers and eighty men.

During their short stay in and about Saarbrück the French behaved with great moderation. General Frossard, on the evening of the attack, sent for the Mayor of Saarbrück, and told him that his orders were very strict against marauding, and that if any cases occurred the townspeople were to take the numbers on the caps of the evil-doers, when the fellows would be severely punished. But there was little occasion for complaint: the French soldiers paid their way honestly. They did, to be sure, drink a brewery dry, but the brewer refrained from reporting them. A corporal attempted to kiss pretty Fräulein Sophie—the *dame du comptoir* of the Rhinescher Hof; but a captain caught him in the act, ran him off the premises, and himself kissed the winsome lass. On the morning of the 6th the Prussian troops were back again in Saarbrück: the French had gone back to the Spicheren position on the previous night.



"There's many a victory, surely, decisive and complete,
As meant a sight less fightin' than a hardly fought defeat;
And if people do their duty, every man in his degree,
Why defeat may be more glorious than a victory needs to be."

THESE lines from a modern ballad put very clearly a truth that is too often forgotten. Victories are remembered and commemorated by medals and names inscribed in letters of gold on our regimental colours; but people do not talk about defeats. Yet when brave men fail against desperate odds, the story of their gallant efforts to carry their flag to victory is quite as well worth the telling and the remembering as if the chance of war had given them the coveted prize of success.

So it is that among the battles of the century that should not be forgotten we count the one solitary defeat that English sailors or soldiers ever suffered at the hands of the Chinese—Admiral Hope's failure to force the entrance of the Pei-ho River at the Taku Forts on June 25th, 1859: a failure amply avenged by the gallant storming of the same forts in the following year.

Taku is a town near the mouth of the Pei-ho (*i.e.* the "North River"), which, flowing between low, muddy banks, runs into the Gulf of Pechili. Thirty-four miles higher up the river is Tien-tsin, built at the junction of the Pei-ho with the Grand Canal. It is the port of Peking, and a busy and prosperous place. Peking, the capital, is some eighty miles still further inland. In the year 1858 the French and English had forced their way to Tien-tsin, passing the forts near Taku at the river mouth with but little difficulty, for the works were badly armed and held by an irresolute garrison which made but a poor defence.

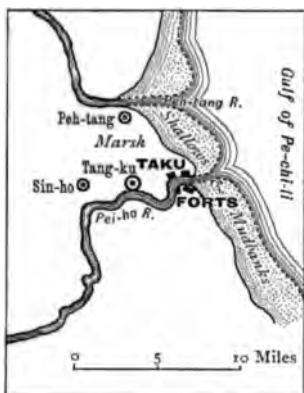
When Tien-tsin was occupied, the Chinese asked for peace, and a treaty was signed there containing, among other stipulations, an agreement that the envoys of England and France

were to be received at Peking within a year, and that the treaty was to be solemnly ratified there. Now the Chinese, as soon as the allies withdrew from Tien-tsin, began to regret having consented to allow the foreign ambassadors to enter their capital, and endeavoured to have it arranged that the treaty should be ratified elsewhere. But England and France insisted on the original agreement being carried out, and when the envoys of the two countries arrived off the mouth of the Pei-ho in June, 1859, and announced their intention of proceeding up the river to Peking, they were escorted by an English fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Hope.

It was found that not only were the forts at the river mouth, which had so easily been silenced the year before, been put into a state of repair, but that the river was blocked against anything larger than rowing-boats by a series of strong barriers. The admiral was informed that these had been placed on the river to keep out pirates, and it was promised that they should be removed; but so far from keeping this promise, the local mandarins set to work to strengthen the defences of the river. On June 21st, the admiral sent the Chinese commander a letter warning him that if the obstacles were not cleared out of the channel of the Pei-ho by the evening of the 24th, he would remove them by force.

The three days' grace thus given to the Chinese he employed in preparations to make good his warning message. He had several powerful ships in his squadron, but none of these could take a direct part in the coming fight, for the entrance to the Pei-ho is obstructed by a wide stretch of shallows, the depth of water on the bar being only two feet at low water, and

hardly more than eleven at high tide ; and this only in a narrow channel scoured out by the river. Thus, for the actual attack on the forts, he had to rely on the gunboats of his fleet, a number of small wooden steamers of light draft built during the Crimean war for service in the shallow waters of the Baltic and Black Seas. The gunboats with which Admiral Hope crossed the bar and anchored below the forts on the 23rd were the following :—



SCENE OF THE OPERATIONS
OF 1859 AND 1860.

each of four guns ; *Nimrod* and *Cormorant*, each of six guns.

Each had a crew of forty or fifty officers and men, so that the eleven little steamers brought forty-eight guns and 500 men into action. The heavier ships outside the bar were to send in 500 or 600 more men, marines and blue-jackets, in steam launches, boats and junks ; this force being intended to be used as a landing party when the fire of the forts had been silenced. No one expected that this would prove a difficult business.

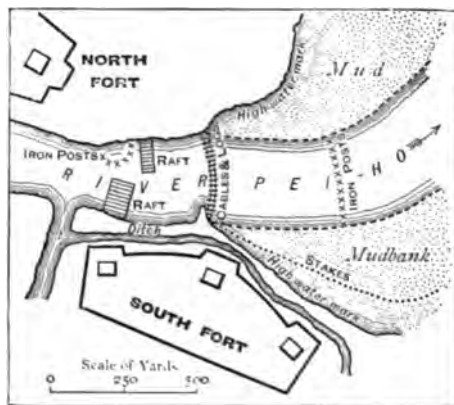
It was true that there was a big fort on the south side, with mud ramparts nearly half a mile long, and heavy towers behind them, and another large fort on the north bank, placed so as to sweep the bend of the river ; but on all previous occasions the Chinese gunners had made very bad practice with their guns, and had soon been driven from them by the fire of English ships ; and, besides, it was not supposed that there were any large number of guns in position on the forts, for very few embrasures had been cut in the mud walls, so far as anyone could see.

On the evening of the 24th, no answer having been received from the shore, it was announced that the attack would be made next day, and after dark the admiral sent in one of his officers, Captain Willes (now Admiral Sir George Willes, G.C.B.), to examine the obstacles in the river and see what he could do to remove them. Willes was accompanied by three armed boats,

provided with explosives. Rowing up quietly under cover of the darkness the boats came first to a row of iron stakes, each topped with a sharp spike and supported on a tripod base, so that they were just in the proper position to pierce the side or bottom of a ship coming up the river at high water.

This first barrier was just opposite the lower end of the South Fort. Passing cautiously between two of the spikes, the daring explorers rowed up the river for a quarter of a mile, when they came to a second barrier, formed by a heavy cable of cocoa fibre and two chain cables stretched across the channel, twelve feet apart, and supported at every thirty feet by a floating boom securely anchored up and down stream. Two of the boats were left to fix a mine under the middle of this floating barrier, while Willes pushed on further into the darkness with the third. Just above the bend of the river he came to a third barrier, formed of two huge rafts, moored so as to leave only a narrow zigzag channel in mid-stream, this passage being still further secured with iron stakes.

Willes got out on one of the rafts and, crawling on hands and knees, examined it carefully, and decided that mere ramming with a gunboat's prow would not be enough to displace it. As he crouched on the raft he could see the Chinese sentries on the river bank, but was, happily, unseen by them. Returning to his boat, he dropped down to the second barrier. The mine was ready, and having lighted its fuse the boats pulled down the stream to the flotilla.



DEFENCES OF THE PEI-HO, 1859.

The explosion revealed their presence to the Chinese, and a couple of harmless cannon shots were fired at them from the South Fort. The plucky little expedition had been a complete success ; but before morning the Chinese had

repaired the gap blown by the mine in the floating boom.

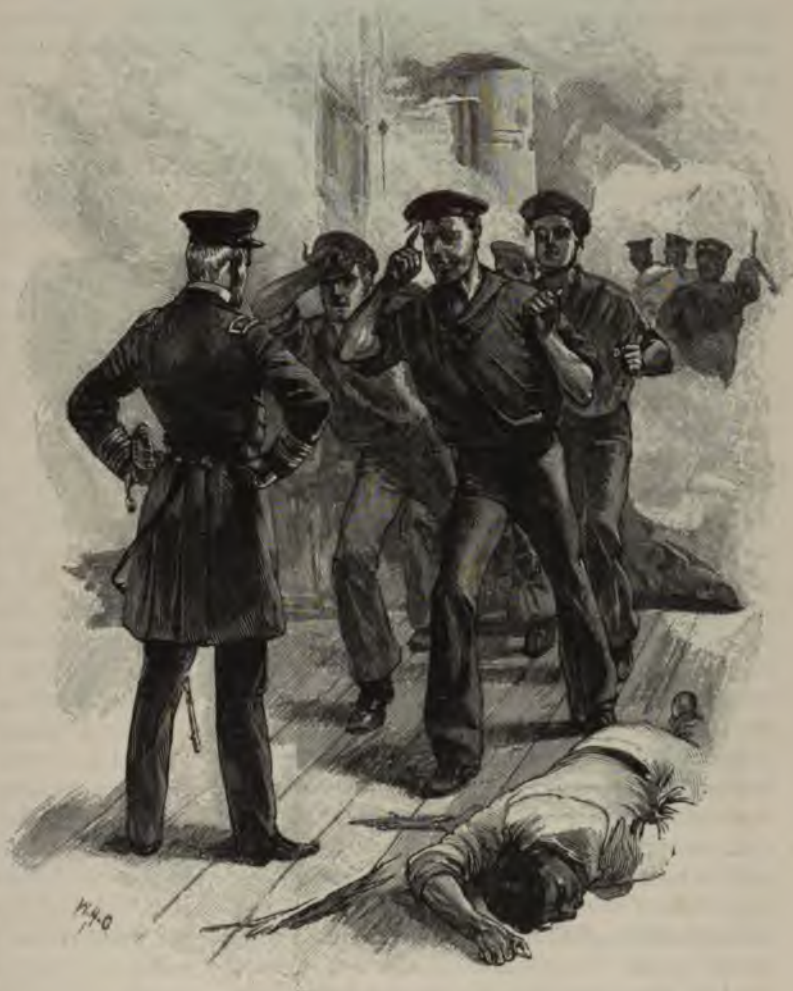
Early on Saturday, June 25th, the gunboat flotilla cleared for action. Admiral Hope's orders were that nine of the ships should anchor close to the first barrier and bring their guns to bear on the forts, while the two others broke through the barriers and cleared the way for a further advance. High water was at 11.30 a.m., and it was expected that all would be in position by that time; but the difficulty of working so many ships in a narrow channel, not more than 200 yards wide, with a strong current and with mud banks covered by shallow water on each side, was so great that it was not till after one that the ships had anchored, and even then two of them, the *Banterer* and the *Starling*, were stuck fast on the mud in positions from which it was not easy to get their guns to bear.

All this time the forts had not shown the least sign of life. Their embrasures were closed; a few black flags flew on the upper works, but not a soul was to be seen on the mud ramparts. It was a bright summer day, blazing hot, with a cloudless sky of deep blue overhead, and all round the little flotilla the dark waters of the river came swirling down on the ebb, so that already patches of yellow mud were showing here and there under the rush-covered banks.

The *Plover*, with all steam up and the admiral on board, was close to the first barrier of iron spikes, and the *Opossum*, now commanded by Captain Willes, lay close by her, the special task of this ship being to deal with this first obstacle. At a signal from the admiral the *Opossum* hitched a cable round one of the iron stakes, and, passing it over one of her winches, reversed her engines and tried thus to tear the stake out of the river. But it was so well fixed that it

was not until half-past two, after half-an-hour of anxious work, that the obstacle gave way.

The admiral in the *Plover* now steamed through the gap thus formed, followed by the *Opossum*. As the two little ships approached the floating



“‘WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, YOU RASCALS?’” (p. 30).

barrier beyond, a flash from the long rampart on the left, the boom of a heavy gun, the whistle of a round shot in the air, warned them that the Chinese meant to resist.

Along the walls of the forts on either side banners were hoisted on every flag pole, embrasures were opened, guns run out, and from some six hundred yards of the rampart on the left, and from the North Fort out in front, the Chinese artillery, rapidly served and well laid, poured a storm of shot upon the leading ships.

Promptly came the English answer. Admiral

Hope's signal, "Engage the enemy," flew from the masthead of the *Plover*; her four guns opened, three of them on the big fort away to the left, not more than two hundred yards off, the other replying to the North Fort, while the guns of the rest of the flotilla took up the loud chorus.

It was a fight at close quarters, and the English guns were worked by men who knew their business; but the Chinese fire, instead of slackening, seemed to grow heavier every minute. If a gun was silenced, if a shell burst in an embrasure and swept away all within reach of its explosion, another gun was promptly placed in battery, another band of daring gunners took the places of the slain. They fired so steadily and aimed so truly, that to this day many hold that they had trained European artillerymen helping them. The iron storm to which they were exposed began to tell upon the two leading ships. The *Plover* had thirty-one out of her crew of forty killed or wounded in the first half-hour. Her commander, Lieutenant Rason, was literally cut in two by a round shot; the admiral was wounded in the thigh, but refused to leave the deck; and Captain McKenna, who was attached to his staff, was killed at his side. Nine unwounded men only were left on board, but they, with the help of some of their wounded comrades, kept two of the guns in action, though they fought on a deck slippery with blood, and with the bulwarks, boats, and spars of their ship cut to pieces by the Chinese shot.

It was about this time that a boat flying the Stars and Stripes came pulling in from an American cruiser that lay outside the bar. Commodore Tatnall of the United States navy was on board, and he had come to the *Plover*, regardless of the Chinese fire, to offer some help to the English admiral. As a midshipman he had fought against the British in the war of 1812, but, as the old sailor said to Admiral Hope, "blood is thicker than water"; and though, as a neutral, he could not join in the attack, he offered to send in his steam launch and help to convey the wounded out of danger, an offer that was gratefully accepted. When he bade good day to the admiral and went back to his boat, he had to wait a little for his men. They came aft, looking hot and with the black marks of powder on their hands and faces. "What have you been doing, you rascals?" said Tatnall. "Don't you know we're neutrals?" "Beg pardon, sir," said the spokesman of the party, "but they were a bit short-handed with the bow-gun, and we thought it no harm to give

them a hand while we were waiting." The incident is remembered in the navy to this day as a good deed done for the Old Country by Brother Jonathan.

At three o'clock Admiral Hope ordered the *Plover*, now almost disabled, to drop down the river to a safer station, and transferred his flag to the *Opossum*, the *Lee* and the *Haughty* steaming up to the place left vacant in the front of the fight. A few minutes more, and a round shot crashed through the *Opossum's* rigging close to the admiral, knocking him down and breaking three of his ribs; but though suffering severely the brave commander made light of his injuries, a bandage was adjusted round his chest, and seated on the deck of the gunboat he still kept the command, and later on even insisted on being lifted into his barge in order to visit and encourage the crews of the *Haughty* and the *Lee*.

"*Opossum*, ahoy!" hailed an officer from the *Haughty*. "Your stern is on fire."

"Can't help it," shouted back her commander. "Can't spare men to put it out. Have only just enough to keep our guns going." But, in her turn, the *Opossum* had to give up the fight for awhile and drop down to the first barrier. The *Lee* and the *Haughty* now bore the brunt of the fight, and suffered severely. Everything that could be smashed on their decks was knocked to pieces, and the *Lee* was hit badly in several places at and below the water-line. Woods, her boatswain, informed her commander, Lieutenant Jones, that unless the shot-holes could be plugged she would sink, as her pumps and donkey engine could not get the water out as fast as it came in. "Well, then, we must sink," said the lieutenant; "you can't get at the worst of the holes from inside, and I'm not going to order a man to go over the side with the tide running down like this, and our propeller going." But Woods replied by promptly volunteering to go over the side and see what he could do. His commander warned him that the screw must be kept going, or the ship would drift out of her place—so, besides the chance of drowning, he would risk being killed by the propeller blades; but Woods, remarking that the chance of being killed was much of a muchness anywhere just then, went over the side, with a line round his waist and a supply of shot-plugs and rags in his hands, and, diving again and again, and more than once sweeping down with the tide under the stern and rising just clear of the wash of the screw, he successfully

plugged several shot-holes. But for all that the ship continued to fill, and before long had to give up her place in the fight and run aground to prevent her sinking.

The *Cormorant* replaced the *Lee*, the admiral, by his own request, being seated in a chair on her deck. He had already once fainted, and the doctors now persuaded him to allow them to send him to the hospital ship on the bar, and Captain Shadwell, the next senior officer, took the command of the attack. At half-past five, when the battle had lasted three hours, the *Kestrel* sank at her anchors. Of the eleven gunboats, six were disabled or put out of action. But the fire of the Chinese batteries was slackening, and at 6.30, after a hurried council of war on board the *Cormorant*, it was resolved to bring in the marines and sailors who had been waiting in boats and junks inside the bar to act as a landing party, and try to carry the South Fort by a bold rush.

It was after seven, and very little daylight was left for the daring attempt, when the boats were towed in by the *Opossum* and the *Toey Wan*, a little Chinese steamer. Captain Shadwell took command of the landing party, which was made up of bluejackets under Captain Vansittart, and Commanders Heath and Commerell, R.N. Sixty French sailors, under Commander Tricault, of the French frigate *Duhalya*, the marines under Colonel Lemon, and a party of sappers with scaling-ladders, under Major Forbes, R.E.

As the boats pulled in to the shore, the fire from the North Fort had ceased, and only an occasional shot was fired from the long rampart of the South Fort. The landing place was five hundred yards in front of the right bastion of this fort. The tide had fallen so far that it was not possible to get any nearer, and the column had to make its way across these five hundred yards of mud covered with weeds and cut up with ditches and pools, the ground being so soft in places that the men sank to their waists in it. And as the first boat's crew landed on this mud bank, suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, the whole front of the South Fort burst into flame.

The silence of its guns was only a clever *ruse*, to lure the British to a closer attack. Now every gun opened fire again, while the Chinese, regardless of the covering fire from the gunboats, crowded on to the crest of the rampart, and opened fire with small arms upon the landing party. As they struggled onwards to the river bank round shot and grape balls from swivels

and muskets, rockets, and even arrows, fell among them in showers. Captain Shadwell was one of the first to be wounded; Vansittart fell, with one leg shattered by a ball; dead and wounded men lay on all sides, and the wounded had to be carried back to the boats to save them from being smothered in the mud.

Three broad ditches lay between the landing place and the fort. Not 150 men reached the second of these, and only fifty the third, which lay just below the rampart. Several of this gallant band were officers—Tricault, the Frenchman, Commerell and Heath, Parke and Hawkey of the Marines, and Major Forbes of the Engineers. Their cartridges were nearly all wet and useless, and they had only one scaling-ladder. It was reared against the rampart, and ten men were climbing up it, when a volley from above killed three and wounded five of them, and then the ladder was thrown down and broken. There was no help for it but to retire.

It was now dark, but the Chinese burnt flaring blue lights and sent up rockets and fireballs, and by their light fired on their retiring enemies. Sixty-eight men were killed and nearly 300 wounded, in the advance and retreat of the landing party. Several of the boats had been sunk, and many of the men had to wait up to their waists, and even their necks, in water, on the river's brink, till they could be taken off.

It was 1 a.m. before Commanders Heath and Commerell, the two last of the party, re-embarked. Then the gunboats slipped down to the bar, a party being sent in next day to blow up or burn those of the grounded ships that could not be got off.

So ended the disastrous battle on the Pei-ho. Next year an allied force of British and French troops, under General Sir Hope Grant and General de Montauban, taught the Chinese that, notwithstanding their victory over Admiral Hope's little gunboats, they were in no position to cope with the great Powers of the West. While the allied fleets watched the entrance of the river, 11,000 British and Indian troops and between 6,000 and 7,000 Frenchmen were landed at Peh-tang, some eight miles north of Taku. A wide expanse of marshes separated Peh-tang from the forts which were to be the first object of the allied operations; but these obstacles were turned by a march inland, in which the allies defeated the Chinese field-army at Sin-ho, on August 12th, and coming down the north bank of the Pei-ho, seized the walled town of Tang-ku, three miles above the forts, on the 14th.

These forts were four in number. There were, first, the North and South Forts, which Admiral Hope had attacked the year before, and a little higher up the river there were two others, known as the small North Fort and the small South Fort. They stood on opposite banks of the river, and were both alike—square structures enclosed by embattled walls of sun-dried mud, a few heavier guns being placed on a high platform in the centre, and the whole being surrounded with a double ditch, full of water, too deep to ford. Between the inner ditch and the rampart were broad belts of sharpened bamboo spikes, about fifteen feet wide. The swampy nature of the country rendered the approach to the forts difficult for artillery.

At first there was a difference of opinion between the two generals as to how the forts were to be attacked. It was agreed that as they were built to protect the river mouth, and their strongest fronts were toward the sea, they should be assailed from the land side; but General de Montauban wanted to cross the river, and take the great South Fort first of all. Sir Hope Grant, however, insisted that a much better plan would be to begin with the small North Fort, and predicted confidently that if it were taken all the other forts would be quickly surrendered, as each of them in turn could bring its fire to bear upon those still in the hands of the Chinese. Happily, this plan was adopted, though the French general was so dissatisfied with it that he only sent a few hundred men to help in the attack of the fort, and came to look on himself, without even wearing his sword, as if he wished to disclaim all part in the business.

The swamps so narrowed the available ground in front of the small North Fort that the attacking force was limited to 2,500 English and some 400 French. On the evening of the 20th of August, forty-four guns and three 8-inch mortars had been placed in battery before the fort.

At five a.m. on the 21st they began the bombardment, which was to prepare the way for the storming party. The English fire soon began to silence the Chinese guns, and about an hour after the bombardment began, a shell from the mortar battery penetrated into one of the magazines of the fort. It blew up with a deafening explosion, and so dense was the cloud of smoke that settled down upon the scene of the disaster, so utterly silent was every Chinese gun in the work, that at first it seemed as if the fort had ceased to exist; but as the smoke cleared the Chinese bravely reopened fire.

Down at the mouth of the river, Admiral Hope's ships were once more engaging the outer forts; but this was done merely to keep their garrisons well occupied, and to prevent them sending help to the smaller fort. He too, fortune helped the British, and once Hope's shells blew up a magazine in the South Fort, doing a fearful amount of damage to the defenders.

Soon after six o'clock the storming of the small North Fort was ordered to advance against the small North Fort, the English force being mainly composed of the 44th and 67th regiments. In front of the column a party of marines carried a pontoon bridge for crossing the ditches; but as they approached the walls they were met with a heavy fire of musketry that the attempt to raise up the pontoons was abandoned. Fifteen of the men carrying them fell under a single volley.

The French had adopted a simpler plan. They had bamboo ladders, which were carried up to them by Chinese coolies. Heedless of the danger to their own countrymen, the coolies laid their ladders across the ditches, and, standing with their necks in water, supported them while the Frenchmen scrambled across. "These coolies behaved gallantly," wrote Sir Hope Grant in his journal, "and though some of them were shot down, they never flinched in the least." The fact is, that a Chinaman does not seem to know what the fear of death is; and while they were exposing their lives for a few pence, the English countrymen on the ramparts were just as bravely standing up on the very crest of the fort in order to get a better shot at the stormers.

The English crossed the ditches, partly by swimming and struggling through the mud and water, partly by the French ladders, partly by a drawbridge which Major Anson of the 67th very gallantly brought into use by crossing the ditch almost alone, and cutting through with his sword the ropes that held it up.

The stormers were now crowded together between the inner ditch and the rampart. The Chinese could no longer fire on them with their muskets, but they dropped cannon shot, big stones, explosive grenades, jars of lime, and stifling stink-pots on to their heads. The scaling ladders were replaced against the rampart, but the Chinese caught them and pulled them into the fort, or threw them down spearing and shooting all who mounted them.

Men and officers tried to scramble in when the bombardment had broken down the embrasures for the guns. One brave Frenchman



"ROGERS GOT IN, HELPED UP BY LIEUTENANT LENON" (A 34).

reached the top of the wall, fired his rifle at the Chinese, took another which was handed up to him and fired it, and then fell speared through the face.

Another, pickaxe in hand tried to break down the top of the wall. He was shot dead, but as he fell Lieutenant Burslem, of the 67th, seized his pick and went on with the work.

He and his comrade—Lieutenant Rogers, of the same regiment (now Major-General Rogers, V.C.)—climbed into an embrasure, only to be thrown out; but Rogers got in through another, helped up by Lieutenant Lenon, who made a stepping-place for him by driving the point of his sword well into the mud wall, and holding up the hilt. Rogers helped up Lenon and the others near at hand, and at the same time Fauchard, a drummer of the French storming party, got in close by.

Behind him came the standard-bearer of his regiment (the 102nd of the Line), and as the Chinese gave way there was a race between the Frenchman and young Lieutenant Chaplin (now Major-General Chaplin, V.C.), who carried the colours of the 67th, to see who would first get a standard fixed on the top of the fort. Chaplin, though he was wounded in three places, won this gallant race, and planted the British flag on the high central battery of the fort.

"The poor Chinese now had a sad time of it," writes Sir Hope Grant. "They had fought desperately, and with great bravery, few of them apparently having attempted to escape. Indeed, they could hardly have effected their retreat by the other side of the fort. The wall was very high, and the ground below bristled with innumerable sharp bamboo stakes. Then intervened a broad deep ditch, another row of stakes, and finally another ditch. The only regular exit—the gate—was barred by ourselves. Numbers were killed, and I saw three poor wretches impaled upon the stakes, and yet a considerable number succeeded in getting off. The fort presented a terrible appearance of devastation, and was filled with the dead and dying. The explosion of the magazine had ruined a large portion of the interior. Many of the guns were dismounted, and the parapets battered to pieces."

The Chinese lost 400 men out of a garrison of 500. The English loss was 21 killed and 184 wounded. The loss would have been heavier if the Chinese had had better cartridges. Thus, for instance, Sir Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), who led the advance of the storming column, was hit in five places by bullets, but none of them had force enough to do more than inflict a bruise.

The capture of the remaining forts was an easy matter. The smaller South Fort, only 400 yards from the North Fort, and commanded by its guns, was at once abandoned by the Chinese, and white flags were hoisted on the two larger forts; but on the great North Fort being summoned to surrender the garrison sent back a refusal. The guns of the captured fort were turned on it; other guns were brought up from the English batteries, and the attack was about to be begun by a bombardment, when General Collineau, of the French army, noticing that there was no one on the rampart nearest him, marched forward rapidly with 600 men, sent a lot of them in through a big embrasure, opened a gate, and took the fort without firing a shot. About 2,000 prisoners were taken here, and, to their great delight, they were simply disarmed and told to go home. They evidently expected to be massacred. In the fort were some of the guns taken from the ships lost in the fight of June 25th, 1859.

In the afternoon the fort on the south bank was summoned to surrender, and, after some parleyings, Hang-Foo, the officer in command, agreed to hand it over next day. Early on the 22nd Sir Robert Napier took possession of the southern forts, in which he found no less than 600 guns, large and small.

The same day Admiral Hope's gunboats steamed up the river, and cleared away the barriers below which the fierce fight of the year before had raged so long, and thus the defeat on the Pei-ho was avenged and the way to Tien-tsin and Peking was open.

A few weeks later, the armies of England and France marched in triumph into the imperial city.





THE night of the 26th of May, 1860, came down on the city of Palermo, on the plains around it and on the hills which close it in beyond, amid anxious uncertainty everywhere. Everyone was asking, "Where is Garibaldi?"

The city itself was held in a state of siege by its king, Francis II. of Naples. The sympathies of the great mass of the inhabitants were known to be with the Thousand men of Garibaldi and the Sicilian insurgents who had joined him in his march from the western coast to the hills above Palermo.

No one was allowed to leave the city, or to walk through the streets by day in company with others, or by night without a lighted torch or lantern.

Soldiers were picketed at the corners of the unlighted streets; companies of soldiers guarded each of the city gates which had not been walled up; and two lines of military outposts surrounded the whole city without.

On the plain to the west and north of the city 20,000 soldiers of the king were in camp; 4,000 more had for some days been pushing back the insurgents in the hills. Their general imagined it was Garibaldi who was retreating before them. No military man could understand how a thousand foot-soldiers, aided only by a few thousand ill-armed and untrained recruits, could give the slip to the pursuing columns of regular troops, and surprise the entrance to a city guarded at every point by battalions of trained men and commanded by the artillery of the forts and the warships in the bay.

Even now the descent of the Thousand into Palermo does not become plain until we go over carefully the condition of the city on that fateful night, the situation of the various bodies of troops that were guarding it, and the movements down the mountain side of Garibaldi and his men.

I.—IN PALERMO.

The Bourbons had now ruled over Naples, with the whole southern part of Italy and the island of Sicily, for 125 years.

Ferdinand II., who was dead but a single year, had been peculiarly unfortunate through the whole of his long reign. During its first years, after 1830, the secret societies of *carbonari* conspiring against him multiplied everywhere in Sicily. The cholera year of 1837 reduced the pride of Palermo; but in 1848, when France again gave the signal of revolution, the city rebelled and held out for a year and four months. For four weeks King Ferdinand had the city bombarded from his fort in the harbour. This did not help to make the citizens love him the more when he finally conquered, and his name was handed down as "King Bomba."

In 1859, his young and inexperienced son, Francis, found things in the worst possible condition.

In the north, Italians had united under the King of Sardinia against the Austrians and the petty princes who had so long divided up their country. With the help of France, the war was soon over. The Austrians were driven out of Lombardy; the Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany expelled their reigning houses; and a good part of the States of the Church was taken from the Pope.

All these, with Sardinia, now made up the one kingdom of Italy, with Victor Emanuel as constitutional monarch.

It was a long step forward toward the realisation of what had hitherto been but a dream—a united Italy. And Garibaldi had been the one hero of its making.

In Sicily a secret committee had been formed, under the name of the *Buono pubblico* (common-weal), to collect subscriptions among the nobles

and property-holders for the purchase of arms and other munitions of war. It was in constant correspondence with the revolutionary committee existing at Genoa, of which Garibaldi was the soul. King Victor Emanuel was bound not to give open aid to any revolt against his cousin, the King of Naples, with whom he was supposed to be at peace. But it was known that his Government would put no hindrance in the way. Everyone knew also that no revolution would break out in Southern Italy except in the name of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi.

The counsellors of Francis II. had but one remedy for this evil state of things—the remedy of King Bomba and all the Bourbons before him. The city of Palermo was strongly garrisoned by troops from the mainland—Neapolitans or Swiss and Austrian mercenaries. Then fuller powers than ever were given to Maniscalco, the director of police, and his spies were placed everywhere. At Santa Flavia, eleven miles from Palermo by the sea, an armed insurrection suddenly broke out. It was crushed at once; but it was made the pretext for throwing several notable citizens into prison. Next Maniscalco was grievously

reign of terror was now begun, especially against the nobles and the rich. In every house searches were made by Maniscalco's *sbirri*, or detectives, for guns and swords and bayonets. It was felt that, among the 200,000 inhabitants of Palermo, only the soldiers, the host of Government employés, and the countless members of the secret police were loyal to the king.

At last the Committee of Sicilian Liberties, as it was henceforth called, decided that the time had come to summon the citizens to revolt. Rizzo, a master mechanic of means, organised the movement. The rendezvous was given for the night between the 3rd and 4th of April, at the Franciscan convent of La Gancia, in the heart of the city. Rizzo's house was next door, and the arms which had been gathered were secreted in an unused well of his courtyard. A communication had been broken through the wall of the convent church. The friars were in the secret and in full sympathy with the conspirators. There was but one exception. He carried the news of what was going on to Maniscalco.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when the betrayal was made. General Salzano, who was in command at Palermo, was notified at once, and the convent was soon surrounded by troops. Rizzo and twenty-seven of his companions were already inside waiting for the coming of the others. Day broke, and no one had arrived. Looking out through the shutters, the little band saw the soldiers under arms, and understood that they had been betrayed. They resolved to sell their lives dearly, and Rizzo opened fire from the windows.

The troops brought their cannon to bear on the great door of the convent. Two shots were enough to batter it down, and the soldiers charged with their bayonets. They were met by the father superior, and ran him through on the spot. The insurgents held them back for a time, firing from the shelter of the friars' cells along the narrow corridors. Another friar was killed, and four more were wounded. Then Rizzo with his band made a last effort to escape in a determined sally through the courtyard, by the great door

which the cannon had burst open. The troops were beaten back, but Rizzo fell with his leg broken by a bullet above the knee. The



"THE PICCIOTTI PICKED OFF THEIR MEN" (p. 38).

wounded at the door of the cathedral, and, in spite of all the efforts of the police, the would-be assassin escaped with the help of the r

liers discharged their guns at him where he inflicting lingering but mortal wounds. A few of his companions were taken prisoners by him; the others made good their escape. The citizens, without arms and without a shelter, kept to the shelter of their houses. The soldiers shot at anyone showing himself at a

out the Neapolitan garrison of four soldiers, eight mounted gendarmes, and eight of Maniscalco's *sbirri*. On the 11th of the month the *picciotti* swept down on a body of troops and forced them back to the bridge over the Oreto, almost within gunshot of the city. Soon all the villages along the coast and in the surrounding country were in



PALERMO HARBOUR.

(From a Drawing by J. W. McWhirter A.R.A.)

indow. All who were connected with the conspiracy fled from the town into the fastnesses of the hills. The insurrection was again over Palermo.

The *picciotti*—young men from fifteen to twenty-five years of age—had long been ready to join in the uprising. In the large town of Termini, ten miles to the west of Palermo, the insurrection was so great that they anticipated the flag to be given at La Gancia. On the 3rd of April the tri-coloured flag of United Italy was unfurled, and barricades were thrown up across the mountain roads. Misilmeri, a few miles to the east of the city, next took up the cry. With two priests at their head, the insurgents drove

full insurrection. The city began suffering from this blockade on the side of the land. All its provisions had to be brought in the king's vessels from Naples.

At Naples the news of the revolt led to the taking of extreme measures. The vessels of the royal marine, along with merchant ships appropriated by the Government for the occasion, were despatched to Palermo. All were filled with soldiers and munitions of war. In a few days there were 13,000 of the king's troops in and around the city, to face the insurrection.

In spite of the vigilance of the police, a newspaper from northern Italy had been smuggled into Palermo, making known to the inhabitants

that the committee at Genoa was organising an expedition to come to the aid of the Sicilian patriots. On the 10th of April a secret messenger, Rosolino Pilo, who had been under proscription in his native land for ten years, succeeded in landing safely at Messina. He made his way from village to village by night. In the morning the sign of his presence was found written on the walls—

"Viene Garibaldi! Viva Vittorio Emanuele!"

Soon, in Palermo itself, the very children cried after the *sbirri* as they passed—"Garibaldi is coming!"

Word was passed around that, on a certain day, all whose sympathies were with the revolution should walk in the fashionable promenade of the Via Maqueda—the broad, straight street that divides the city in two halfway up from the sea. Even the greatest ladies came on foot; there was no room for the splendid equipages for which Palermo has always been noted. No one was armed. All kept an ominous silence.

Maniscalco was at his wits' end. He sent a band of soldiers and *sbirri* along the promenade to cry from time to time, "*Viva Francesco Secondo!*" There was no response from the crowd. Then the *sbirri* surrounded a group of the citizens and ordered them to repeat the cry, "*Viva Francesco Secondo!*" After a moment of deep silence one of the group, tossing his hat in the air, shouted, "*Viva Vittorio Emanuele!*" The soldiers bayoneted him on the spot, and then discharged their guns into the crowd. Two men were killed, and there were thirty women and children among the wounded. The mounted gendarmes charged on their horses, and swept the streets clear. But the next morning Maniscalco could read in huge red letters on every dead wall of the city, "*Garibaldi viene!*"—"Garibaldi is coming!"

II.—WITH THE KING'S ARMY.

The regular troops were now kept constantly on the alert, and daily and nightly drawn by new alarms from the city toward the mountains. It was useless for them to give chase to the *picciotti* in their retreat along the winding goat-paths of the hills. In return, they brought their artillery against houses sheltering the helpless women and children of the insurgent villages.

It was on the 9th of May that the demonstration of the Via Maqueda took place, followed by the bloody police outrage on the people and the threatening prophecy written by night upon the

walls. On the 13th word passed through the city that the prophecy was fulfilled.

"Garibaldi has landed at Marsala!"

It was on the 11th of May that Garibaldi and his expedition of a thousand men succeeded in entering the island. Two English ships stood between him and the royal cruisers, which gave chase, until men and arms were all safely on shore. The two Genoese merchant vessels that had brought the expedition were abandoned to capture, and the march began across the island. Nothing was left to the adventurous Thousand—old revolutionists and young university students from northern Italy, Hungarian officers of 1848, and French and Polish sympathisers with all that invoked the name of liberty—but to take Palermo or die.

The next day they were at Salemi, where, on the 14th, Garibaldi proclaimed himself Dictator of the island in the name of King Victor Emanuel. The guerilla bands and the *picciotti* began coming in from every quarter.

On the 15th the Thousand came face to face with the royal troops, which had taken strong positions along the hills overlooking the road at Calatafimi, fifty miles from Palermo. The only pitched battle of the campaign took place here. The *picciotti*, with all their goodwill, showed that they would be of little use in open warfare. They could not endure the fire of regular soldiers, and still less execute the charges necessary for capturing the positions of the enemy. But the Thousand of Garibaldi were a host in themselves. The Genoese Carabineers were accustomed to his methods of fighting. Even the university students had been trained and hardened to practise his maxim, "Lose no time with artillery, but use your bayonets!"

General Landi and his thousands of regular soldiers were driven back, and the next day they beat a disorderly retreat as far as Palermo. The *picciotti*, from the shelter of every rock and clump of bushes, picked off their men by the way. The soldiers, in turn, sacked and pillaged the villages of Partanico and Borghetto. The Neapolitan officers complained bitterly that their mercenaries preferred pillage to fighting. Garibaldi, ever seeking to draw all Italians to himself, praised the bravery of the Neapolitans while congratulating his own army on its victory. It had cost him dear. There were eighteen of the Thousand among the killed, and 128 were wounded.

After a day of rest, Garibaldi marched forward, and on the 18th he was already on the

mountains in sight of Palermo. There his men bivouacked in the rain. On the 20th he advanced his outposts to within a mile of Monreale, whence the high road leads directly down to Palermo, not five miles away. He now decided not to try to force an entrance into the city from the side of Monreale. He could not hope to make his way across the plain and past the headquarters of the royal army, even by night, without sacrificing half his men. He chose instead a movement that, perhaps, no other military man of the age would have attempted. Garibaldi himself said ever after that it could have been executed only in Sicily, under the circumstances of the time. To its success it was essential that the enemy, lying below in sight of his own camp fires, should have no knowledge of what was going on until all was over. The *picciotti* may not have been able to take their part in regular battle; but there were no traitors among them, nor in the mountain villages through which the expedition was to pass.

The evening of the 21st fell dark and rainy. With nightfall the Thousand set out on a toilsome march by unfrequented paths over three mountain tops to Parco. Garibaldi wished to move round from the west to the south of Palermo, nearer to the sea. Their few pieces of cannon were dismounted and carried on the backs of the men. At three in the morning the little army was at its destination, wet, and worn out with fatigue, but without a man or gun or precious cartridge missing. The *picciotti* had kept the camp fires blazing above Monreale. General Lanza, who had just been appointed the king's *alter ego* in Sicily, was not to learn of the stolen march for many hours to come.

The day was passed in taking up positions along the zigzag mountain road leading up to Piana dei Greci, six miles further back from Palermo. Only then, after a night and a day of toil, the men bivouacked around their works.

At daydawn of the 23rd Garibaldi and Türr—the Hungarian, who was his other self in the expedition—climbed a summit whence they could command a view of Palermo and the plains around. The mayor of Parco had just provided the dreaded leader and his companion with sorely-needed trousers. They looked down on a gallant display of arms. With the exception of the necessary garrison for the forts and a few posts in the city, the royal troops were all in camp on the plains to the west and north of the city or by the headquarters of the general in the great place before the royal palace. Garibaldi's

practised eye estimated their number at 15,000 men, and new reinforcements were arriving. To oppose them in serious conflict he could count on not 800 valid men.

Even as they looked, a body of troops, 3,000 to 4,000 strong, began its march on Monreale. When they reached the hills their movements were impeded by the ceaseless fire of the *picciotti* sheltered behind the positions left by the Thousand. The firing continued during the day and into the night.

When the morning of the 24th came, Garibaldi could see that General Lanza, with thousands of men at his disposal, was carrying out a plan of attack skilfully designed to envelop and sweep away his little army. Beyond Monreale the corps which had marched out yesterday was rapidly advancing toward Piana to surround his left. From below another strong body of troops was marching directly on Parco. Türr was at once sent to save their few pieces of artillery, and, with the help of the Carabineers and *picciotti*, to guard the left. Garibaldi began hurrying on the march to Piana. Türr's men were soon attacked by three times their number, and the *picciotti* fled in dismay. The Carabineers succeeded in escaping amid the hills, while Türr, with two companies, held the enemy with his cannon.

At half-past two in the afternoon the whole army arrived safely in Piana. In the evening General Garibaldi held a council of war with his colonels, Türr, Sirtori, and Orsini, and with Signor Crispi, a long-exiled Sicilian lawyer whom he had made his Secretary of State. He proposed his final plan, which was to deceive again and divide the forces of the enemy. It was put in operation on the spot.

Orsini, with the artillery and baggage and fifty men for escort, began an ostentatious retreat along the road leading to Corleone, many miles further in the interior. For one half-mile the general and the bulk of the army followed after. The royal outposts on the left hastened to bring the information to General Lanza, who was commanding in person, and he at once sent his whole body of troops in cautious pursuit. In the dense wood of Cianeto, Garibaldi and his men left Orsini to draw the enemy further and further away, while they turned into a path that led to Marineo.

The night was clear, and Türr and Garibaldi, as they marched side by side, looked to the star of the Great Bear, which the latter had connected with his destiny from a child. "General,"

said the Hungarian, "it smiles on you. We shall enter Palermo."

At midnight the little army bivouacked in the forest. At four o'clock they were again on foot, and at seven they were at Marineo, where they passed the day. With the night they took up again their secret march, and at ten they reached Misilmeri. La Masa was there with a few thousand *picciotti*, and there were a few members of the Committee of Sicilian Liberties. These were told to notify their friends in the city that the attack would be made on the morning of the 27th. Türr sent word to Colonel Ebers, his compatriot and correspondent of the London *Times* in Palermo, to come out and share in the adventure.

The day of the 26th was employed in making ready. Garibaldi passed the *picciotti* in review at their camp of Gibilrossa. Then he ascended Monte Grifone to study the city and plain beneath. The royal guards along this south-east side of the city were almost within hearing of a trumpet blast from his mouth. They did not dream that he was nigh.

III.—THE DESCENT OF THE THOUSAND.

The sun set on the evening of the 26th in a mass of red vapours, portending the heat of the night. The army of Garibaldi was already forming on the table land of Gibilrossa, in the order which they were to follow in their attack on the Porta di Termini of Palermo.

First came the leaders, with Captain Misorì at their head, and three men from each company of the Thousand under the command of Colonel Tukery. They were in all thirty-two men. Immediately behind them was the first corps of the

picciotti. The first battalion of the Thousand followed, under the command of Bixio, who was afterwards a famous general. Garibaldi came next, with Türr and the remainder of his Staff, followed by the second battalion under Carini. Last of all was the second corps of *picciotti* and the Commis-

sariat. In all they were 750 trained and veteran soldiers—all that was available of the original 1,065—with two or three thousand *picciotti*, preparing to face 18,000 regular troops of the King of Naples.

It was essential to the success of their enterprise that the alarm should not be given in Palermo until as late as possible. Even if they had wished to follow it, there



"GENERAL, IT SMILES ON YOU."

was no direct road to the city. With as much order as might be, they clambered down the sides of a ravine which led to the valley opening on the highway. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at this point. Tukery halted his men to see if order was being kept in the rear. The *picciotti* had completely disappeared. A false alarm on the mountain-side had sent them flying. Two hours were needed to re-form the line, when it was found that their numbers were now reduced to 1,300 men. With all these delays, at half-past one in the morning they were still three miles from the city.

They marched forward in close columns until they came up with the Neapolitan outposts. It was now half-past three, and still dark. The soldiers fired three gun-shots and retreated to their guard-house. This was enough to disperse two-thirds of the *picciotti* who remained.

The thirty-two men composing the vanguard of Garibaldi now dashed forward to the bridge over the Oreto. This Ponte dell' Ammiraglio,

by a strange coincidence, was the scene of the first combat of Robert Guiscard, the Norman, with the Saracen lords of Palermo, nearly 800 years before, and of Metellus with the Carthaginians 1,200 years before that. It was now defended by some 400 men. The soldiers of Garibaldi first attacked them by a running fire from behind the trees along the road, and then entered on a hand-to-hand fight. A single captain, Piva, was able to bring down four Neapolitans with six shots from his revolver. Misori hastened back to summon Bixio. The first battalion charged, followed by Türr at the head of the second. The bayonets now came into play, and the Thousand had won their first position.

The alarm was now thoroughly given. While the defenders of the bridge were fleeing to the right, a strong column of the royal troops advanced on the left. Türr sent thirty men to stop their advance, and the rest of the Thousand charged past with fixed bayonets.

The Neapolitans now fell back on the street leading to the gate of Sant' Antonino, at the end of

movement of his troops. It now served the purpose of those who were trying to overthrow the rule of his son. The Neapolitan commander had already placed two cannons in the Via Sant' Antonino, and at every moment their shots swept across the path of Garibaldi. Even his veterans held back for a moment. A carabineer seated himself in a chair in full line of the firing, to persuade the *picciotti* to go on.

Garibaldi now came up, just as his faithful Tukery fell mortally wounded. As if animated by his death, one of the leaders seized the banner of United Italy, and bore it unharmed through the enemy's fire. He was followed by five others, and, little by little, the whole line passed under the eyes of their general. He alone was on horseback, and the most exposed, as he urged his men forward.

Two hundred men were soon scattered through the different streets of the city, nearest to the gate; and their leaders penetrated to the old market, which had been the place of the revolution in 1848. Garibaldi soon arrived in the



THE COAST OF PALERMO, LOOKING TOWARDS TERMINI.

the Via Maqueda. This road was lined with the houses of a small suburb, and cut across the street of Termini, by which Garibaldi's men hoped to enter the town. The old gate of Termini had been torn down by King Bomba, and the street leading to the bridge widened to facilitate the

midst of the fire which the royal troops were keeping up on the rear of the little column. The members of the Committee of Palermo were waiting to receive him. He at once gave orders to make barricades behind, and thus entrenched himself in the midst of his enemies.

The people in the houses remained deaf to his first appeal ; but by dint of calling they were at length induced to appear at the windows, where the sight of their deliverers gave them courage. Mattresses were flung from every window, and soon piled up over the barricades most exposed to the royal artillery. Then a few of the inhabitants began showing themselves in the streets. They had but one answer to give to the invitation to join with the invaders : " We have no arms." But they lent themselves bravely to the tearing up of paving-stones for the barricades, and the soldiers of Garibaldi found places of vantage in their houses.

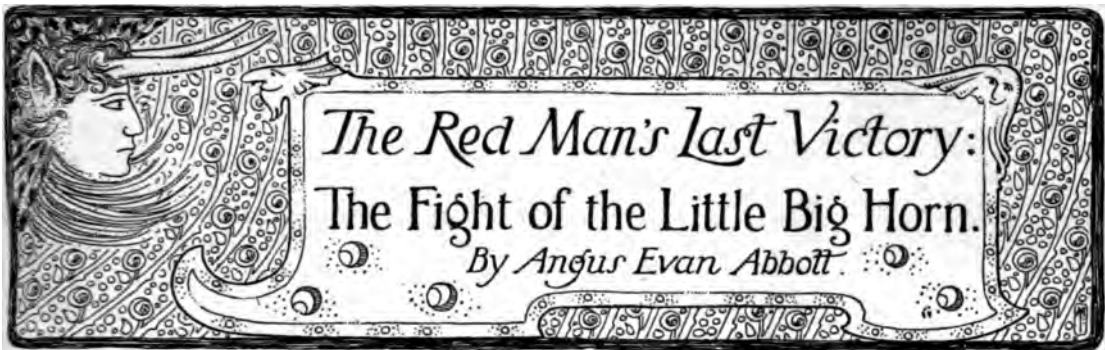
With a part of his men Garibaldi now made his way to the centre of the city, where the Via Maqueda is crossed at right angles by the long Via Toledo (now the Corso Vittore Emanuele), leading from the port through the whole length of the city to the Royal Palace. The number of his men was greatly exaggerated in the imaginations of his opponents, and he easily drove back the royal troops close to their general's headquarters at the Palace. The Bourbon Government had just been paving this street with large flags. These were now torn up and built into barricades, while waggons and obstructions of every kind were thrown across the neighbouring streets.

At this moment the bombardment of the city began from the Fort of Castellamare, in the bay, and from the Royal Palace. The war-ships with their great guns swept all the streets within line

of their fire. Three days were next taken up with the constant advancing and retreating of the now infuriated soldiers of the king, aided by the steady downpour of shot and shell on the quarters where the men of Garibaldi—the Italians, as they were now called, even by their enemies—had entrenched themselves. But the crumbling of walls only aided to the making of new barricades, and impeded all the movements of the regular troops. As the royal mercenaries abandoned their positions, they set fire to the buildings they had left. The convent of the White Benedictines was burned, with fifty of the prisoners who had been confined in it. All Palermo worked actively with Garibaldi and his men, in a fury of rage against the royal army. Soon there remained to the latter only the two forts of the harbour, the Royal Palace, and the post at the Flora below the Porta di Termini, by the bay. Even these could no longer communicate with each other nor receive provisions.

Garibaldi had now conquered once more. On the fourth day the king's general asked for an armistice—to bury his dead. It was prolonged, and at last the king ordered that the troops should evacuate the city, provided that the garrison in the forts might depart with the honours of war. To save the lives of the prisoners still confined, this was granted. On the 20th of June the last Neapolitan soldier had left Palermo. Two days later the Thousand of Garibaldi were on the way to deliver Messina, the last hold of the Bourbons in Sicily.





THE Red man has fought his last great fight. The long and bloody struggle waged between the White man and the Red for the possession of the North American continent has ended, and ended for all time: the weaker has gone to the wall. From the day in 1609 when Samuel de Champlain and his hardy followers burst upon the Iroquois at Ticonderoga, and, armed with sticks that spoke with fire and spat out unseen death he put these hitherto invincible warriors to flight, to the day when the United States were preparing to celebrate with unheard-of splendour the centennial of their independence, a ceaseless state of war existed between the children of the forest and prairie and the pale-faced usurpers. Every year had its tragedy, every mile its white gravestone in history. And as a fit ending to these centuries of conflict and bloodshed came the crimson tragedy of the blotting-out of Custer and his cavalymen in the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone. Many notable tragedies, dramatic in execution as appalling in effect, marked the long years, but none struck home to the hearts of the American people with such searching directness and force as the finale to the Indian tragedy, in which Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux, and General Custer, one of America's most dashing cavalry leaders, played the leading rôles.

Surely never were such Aborigines as the North American Indian! Surely never in the history of the world did the White man encounter so nearly his match as when he first plunged into the forests of the New World. A mere handful in numbers were these Red men at the best, and yet it can hardly be said that they were ever subdued. In turn they met and fought the Spaniard, then in all his glory, the Frenchman, the Englishman—long and savage wars these—and when Spaniard, Frenchman, and Englishman as such disappeared and the

American took their place, the Indian fought him more fiercely than ever. When one thinks of the White man's countless numbers and the weapons which his ingenuity and handicraft supplied, the marvel is that the Indian has not long since disappeared from the face of the earth. But given their numbers and weapons and all, it has been estimated that in the wars which the White man waged against the Indians they lost more than ten killed to the Redskin's one. Yet notwithstanding the skill, the craftiness, the sensible recognition of existing facts, the clever stratagem and resistless ferocity which characterises the Indian nature, the level-headed way in which he set about his wars, to kill and not be killed his motto: notwithstanding all this, the prophecy of the great orator Red Jacket has come true. He said, "When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the White man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

The feud which began on the Atlantic coast hundreds of years before, was destined to end in the far North-West, away up in a corner of the United States then almost wholly unknown to the White man, an angle of territory bounded on the west by the Rockies, and on the north by what formerly was known as Rupert's Land—British territory. The immediate cause of the trouble which led up to the massacre of Custer and his battalion was one which had often before provoked active hostilities. It was the refusal of sundry bands of Indians to settle down on the reservations placed at the disposal of the Indians by the United States Government. The Indians resented the attempt to confine them to restricted districts. The Red man of the prairie had been, from time immemorial, a notorious nomad. On his lean, shaggy, ungainly pony, his bow and quiver slung across his back, his buckskin breeches and shirt fringed with horsehair



"UNTIL ONE DAY A GRIZZLY TRAPPER PEERED OUT OF THE BUSHES."

and painted in gaudy colours, his long, greasy black hair stuck full of the feathers of the turkey, hawk and eagle, he had for centuries roamed the vast prairie at will: now fighting his hereditary foe, and again camping for weeks at a time on the trail of the mighty herds of buffalo in their wanderings over the boundless prairie. For ages the chafings of restriction were unknown to him, until freedom had become almost as necessary to the savage of the plains as the air itself. This he enjoyed, until one day the advance guard of civilisation, a grizzly trapper, dressed in leather, and carrying a flintlock under his arm, peered out of the bushes and saw in astonishment the great rolling prairie, the home of the buffalo and the Sioux. The hardy pioneer soon followed, restless, and ever pressing westward; and one day, the Sioux, sitting astride his barebacked pony, saw in amazement the long train of white-topped waggons—the prairie schooner—drawn by oxen, trailing westward through the tall grass, and realised that his ancient fastness had been invaded. Immediately there began massacres on the one hand and retaliation on the other. The Sioux, the Bedouins of the prairie, were gradually driven back and back in the process. They strained fiercely at the bonds, but were unable to break them.

During the winter of 1875-6 the authorities at Washington, after every peaceable means had been tried in vain, found it necessary to sanction the use of force to compel certain refractory bands of

Indians to cease their wanderings; in rage, to place themselves under the control of the Indian officials, and to settle on the reservations set aside for their use. The most recalcitrant savages were Sioux, though there were none more warlike and cruel than they. In their raids they wandered over an area of something like 100,000 square miles in the territories of Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. There were a number of these bands of "Little" Indians, each having a chief of its own; but as the American faction spread among them, all gradually gathered around two great chiefs, "Sitting Bull" and "Horse." "Sitting Bull," at the time the war commenced, was with his band in the valley of the Little Missouri River in Dakota, and "Horse" and his band were camped on the banks of the Powder River in Wyoming. This was a wilderness: rugged, mountainous, and deeply scarred by rapid streams and rivers, and, as has been told, totally unfamiliar to the United States soldiers. As guides to the unfamiliar region and to scout by the command took with it Ree Indian "Bloody Knife" Chief, and Crows, led by "Half-Yellow Face." These Indians were scouting well, but the Rees took the opportunity afforded them to slip away, and fighting began.

The first move made against these Sioux was on March 1st, 1876. General Sheridan, a distinguished leader in the American Civil War, was given the direction of the campaign.



"AND THE SIOUX SAW IN AMAZEMENT THE LONG OF WHITE-TOPPED WAGGONS."

headquarters at Chicago. General Terry held the active command of the troops in the disaffected country. Subordinate to Terry were Generals Custer and Crook, at the head of mounted columns. Terry ordered these leaders to move out against the "Hostiles," specifying the route each was to take. Crook marched on March 1st, and on March 17th encountered "Crazy Horse" and his braves, and the command was so severely handled in the engagement that Crook fell back to his base. Custer had been unable to make a simultaneous advance with Crook, owing to the weather being so bad that it was found impossible to venture into the region of heavy snows and swollen rivers.

The defeat of Crook made a long war inevitable. General Sheridan reinforced the troops in the disaffected region, and remodelled his plan of campaign. The troops were formed into three columns instead of two; and as soon as the weather moderated, so as to admit of favourable progress, all set out to trap the Indians. The three columns were commanded respectively by Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon. Custer



"THE WARRIORS DANCED THE WAR-DANCE."

The news of Crook's defeat spread like wildfire among the Indian agencies. Couriers sped from the camps of "Crazy Horse" and "Sitting Bull." To every Indian encampment in that part of the States one or more messengers came, and squatting on the hardened earth of some smoky Tepee, to the listening braves told of the killing of the Paleface and the triumph of the Red, and before he had finished his tale, wigwams were struck and loaded to the patient ponies, the squaws strapped their papooses to their backs, and the warriors, with faces painted in ghastly and fantastical streaks, danced the war-dance, snatched up their rifles, and mounting their ponies, set out to take part in reaping the harvest of scalps.

would have led in place of Terry, had it not been that just before the setting out of the expedition he fell from the good graces of President Grant. Indeed, so displeased was Grant with Custer, that he sent definite instructions that Custer was not to be allowed to accompany the expedition; and it was only after a personal appeal to Grant by Custer, and the intercession of Sheridan, that the famous cavalry leader was allowed to take his place at the head of his regiment and march away, never to return.

George Armstrong Custer's career, from the day he graduated at the United States Military Academy to the day of his death, fifteen years after, was one of meteoric brilliancy. A native

of New Rumley, Ohio, he graduated at West Point on the very outbreak of the Civil War. From West Point he went direct to Washington, and on the day of his arrival at the capital he was entrusted by General Scott with despatches for General McDowell, then on his way with the army of the Potomac to fight the first general battle of the Civil War—Bull Run.

Custer arrived in the nick of time, was assigned to duty as lieutenant of the 5th Cavalry, and took his place in the company just in time to take part in the fight that followed. In his first battles he attracted the attention of his superior officers by his daring and dash and his brilliancy in handling men; and in 1862 his many exploits effected his promotion to the captaincy of the company.

teetotaller, and abstainer from the use of tobacco. Such was the soldier who took his place in command of the 7th United States Cavalry and rode away to the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone.

On May 17th the column marched from Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri River, and proceeding by easy stages, crossed the Little Missouri River on May 31st, and camped on the banks of the Powder, a tributary of the Yellowstone. The 7th Cavalry was divided into two columns, commanded by Major Reno and Captain Benteen. As the Indian country had now been reached, on June 10th General Terry sent Major Reno with his command (six troops) to scout up the Powder, and General Custer, with the left wing of the 7th, marched to the



PLAN OF THE BATTLEFIELD; SHOWING ROUTES TAKEN BY THE TWO DIVISIONS AND THE SPOT WHERE CUSTER FELL.

Immediately afterwards, by a clever ruse, he surprised the Southerners and captured the first colours taken by the army of the Potomac from the South in the war.

Continuing as he had begun, in each successive engagement he did some notable deed which brought him again and again to the attention of his superior officers, and in 1865 he had risen to the position of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was given command of the Michigan brigades.

He participated in all but one of the battles of the army of the Potomac, and was in a position to say with truth to his men: "You have never lost a gun, never lost a colour, and never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you." He was a man of close upon six feet in height, lithe, active, handsome, a staunch

mouth of the Tongue and there awaited Reno's return. The major reached Custer's camp on the 19th, and reported plenty of Indian "signs", leading up the banks of the Rosebud. The whole command set out at once for that stream and pitched tents at its mouth on June 21st, and made ready for immediate active operations. At a consultation between Generals Terry, Gibbon and Custer, it was arranged that the 7th United States Cavalry, commanded in person by General Custer, should set out on the trail Major Reno had discovered, overtake the Indians, corner them, and bring about a fight. This they did.

With truly Anglo-Saxon superiority the generals wofully under-estimated the fighting strength of the foe. General Custer, with his 700 cavalymen, believed he would be able to cope with more savages than he was likely to have the good fortune to meet, and his brother generals were under the same impression. They found out their mistake when too late.

"Sitting Bull," chief of a band of Uncpapa Sioux Indians, was at this time forty-two years old. A great, squatty, hulking, low-browed savage, of forbidding looks and enormous strength, and in height as near as might be to five feet eight inches. He had the reputation among his own followers, as well as the warriors of other bands, of being a Medicine-man of mark, a dealer in omens, a conjurer of demons, a weaver of magic, a foreteller of dire events, and a familiar of departed spirits. Outside of his magic he was known as a coward, but this defect they overlooked in the belief that his soothsayings fully compensated for the deficiency in his personal valour. Their faith in his incantations was unbounded. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, "Sitting Bull" divided his energies between getting as far from the scene of strife as his fat legs would carry him, and performing fanatical rites to the confounding of the White man. The actual leaders in the fight were "Crazy Horse," "Gall," and "Crow King"; and in a lesser degree, "Low Dog," "Big Road," "Hump," "Spotted Eagle," and "Little Horse," all chiefs of bands and men of ability and unflinching personal courage. These superintended the movements of the "Hostiles," and by their personal feats of daring encouraged their followers, while "Sitting Bull" looked after the Fates and took the *kudos* of the game.

At noon on June 22nd Custer and his men set out for the wilderness. Warnings and omens do not seem to have been confined to the wigwam of the Red man, for on the fatal march to the Little Big Horn there were many that foretold disaster to the expedition.

Captain Godfrey, who marched with the columns, in his written account of the calamitous affair, mentions many incidents which were taken to point to disaster. He tells, for instance, that on the evening of the first day of their march Custer sent for his officers.

After a "talk," Lieutenant Wallace said to Godfrey, as they walked away from the general's tent, "Godfrey, I believe General Custer is going to be killed." Asked his reasons for this belief, he simply answered: "I have never heard Custer speak in that way before."

A little later in the evening Captain Godfrey came upon a camp-fire, around which sat "Bloody Knife," "Half-Yellow-Face," and the interpreter Bouyer. The half-breed asked the captain if he had ever fought against the Sioux. Answered in the affirmative, the interpreter

gazed into the fire for a few moments before saying emphatically, "I can tell you we are going to have a — big fight."

Then again an ominous thing happened. The general's headquarters-flag was blown down and fell to the rear, and in being replanted again fell to the rear.

These and many other eerie happenings seem to have sent a thrill of foreboding through the whole command as it went on its way to the unexplored valley of the Little Big Horn. In their tents, when night had fallen and the fires were out—for on this march no fire burned and nothing was done likely to attract the eye of any Indian who might happen to be roaming about in the vicinity—the men sat in the dark and told stories of scalplings and burnings at the stake. Even the Red scouts caught the prevailing current of premonition, and hastened to their Medicine-man to be anointed as a charm against the cruelty of the dreaded Sioux.

During the march up the Rosebud, Indian "signs" were met with at every turn. Camping-place after camping-place was found. The grass had been closely cropped by herds of ponies; the ashes of a hundred camp-fires lay grey on the bare ground. On June 24th the column passed a great camping-place, the gaunt frame of a huge sundance-lodge still standing, and against one of the posts the scalp of a White man fluttered in the wind.

Soon after this the Crow scouts, who had been working energetically, returned to the camp and reported to Custer that although they had come across no Sioux, still, from indications discovered, they felt sure that the command was in the neighbourhood of an encampment. That night the column was divided into two, so as to raise as little dust as possible, and made a forced march; and on the morning of June 25th Custer, in a personal reconnoitre, discovered the foe of which he was in search. Although he found himself unable to locate the actual village, he saw great herds of ponies, saw the smoke curling up in the air of morning, and heard the barking of the dogs, denoting the presence of a village behind a hill that lay in front of him. It had been Custer's intention to remain quietly where his command rested until night fell, when he would advance his forces, and in the grey of morning sweep down upon the Sioux. But this plan miscarried. Word reached the leader that a Sioux Indian had discovered the presence of the United States troops and had galloped off

to warn his tribe. Custer resolved to attack at once.

The command set out for "Sitting Bull's" village shortly before noon. It was divided into three battalions—Major Reno commanding the advance, General Custer following with the second, and Captain Benteen the third, the pack train being under the charge of Lieutenant Mathey. Custer's battalion consisted of Troops "C," commanded by the general's brother, T. W. Custer; "I," Captain Keogh; "F," Captain Yates; "E," Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis; "L," Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden; with Lieutenant Cook adjutant, and Dr. G. E. Lord medical officer.

The whole command marched down a valley for some distance and then separated, intending to strike the village at different points. Custer's battalion took to the right to cross the hills and ride down upon the encampment, and Major Reno branched off to the left and forded the Little Big Horn—a stream that gives the battle its name—at the mouth of a stream now called Benteen's Creek. As they were separating, Custer sent an order to Reno to "move forward at as rapid gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterwards, and the whole outfit would support him."

After separation the only word received from Custer was an order signed by the adjutant, and addressed to Captain Benteen, which read: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring Packs;" and a postscript, "Bring Packs." About the time this message must have been despatched, those with Reno beheld the general and his men on top of a hill two miles or more away, looking down upon the village, and saw Custer take off his hat and wave it in the air, as if either beckoning the other battalions to his assistance or cheering his men.

The battalion disappeared over the brow of the hill, and after that no word or sign ever came from Custer or anyone of his whole command. Not a man of the hundreds that followed the general in the charge lived to tell the tale. The battalion was simply wiped out of existence. In after years, some of the Indians who took part in the massacre, laying aside their inbred taciturnity, consented to show a few United States officers over the field and explain what had happened and how it had happened; but beyond these meagre reports, and the position in which the bodies of the soldiers were found after the Indians had finished with their rejoicings and the mutilations of the dead, nothing is known of Custer's last

charge. But those acquainted with C with Indian fighting are able to picture the scene.

When Custer reached the top of instead of a village of some 800 or 1,000 he saw beneath him a veritable city of spread out in the valley. The smoke fires clouded the sky, great herds cropped the grass as far as the eye could see, thousands of painted Sioux, armed, and their shaggy ponies, galloped in circles, and themselves into a frenzy of fury to kill the White man. Medicine-men danced and their incantations, and squaws busily sent their tents and hurried their papooses and dusky children out of harm's way. A scene of angry life met his gaze, General Custer, an old Indian fighter that he was, must have cognised that he was in for what seemed to be his last fight. But the mistake was made. The time had passed for new battle. He could not turn his back on the warriors to join his battalion with them, for already the painted bucks were circling him and firing into his ranks, and already, probably, he heard the crack of rifles telling him that the Indians were upon him. Hemmed in, retreat out of the question, trusting that his other battalions would support him, he called to his men, and they plunged into the shrieking, shouting mass of painted and befeathered Redskins and died.

Reno acted differently. Whether he carried caution to an unjustifiable length is a question that has been fiercely discussed by some of the officers who were with him and his greatest denouncers. So bitter were the charges made against him that a General's inquiry was instituted, and, it is only right to say, it exonerated him from blame.

Reno's battalion struck the Indians after crossing the Little Big Horn, and scouts at once made for the rear to warn of danger. When the Sioux Indians in considerable force on his front, charging the village as Custer had done, Reno dismounted his troops to fight and taking advantage of timber he remained stationary for some long time in almost perfect security. Later he ordered a retreat to the Bluffs, and while executing this order, in the preceding skirmishes, Lieutenants McClure, Hodgson, Dr. De Wolf, and twenty-five scouts were killed.

on after reaching the Bluffs Captain Ben-
 battalion joined Reno, placing the latter
 command of a larger force than Custer had
 him; but notwithstanding this, no active
 measures were adopted, the two battalions
 being nerveless and inactive, listening to

were not near enough to the spot to make out
 what it was all about. The officers with field-
 glasses tried their best to find out where Custer
 and his battalion were, but, of course, this was
 impossible, for by this time every man, with
 Custer, had been slain.



"THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SEETHING MASS OF PAINTED AND BEFEATHERED RED MEN" (p. 48).

ring and much ominous noise in the
 tion of the village, where Custer was en-
 in his death-struggle. True, an advance
 made to a hill—the hill from which earlier
 day Custer had been seen to wave his hat.
 the top of this elevation could be seen a
 commotion in the valley, much riding and
 ing and firing; but still Reno and his men

Chief "Gall" afterwards said that the news of
 the two columns of troops advancing against
 the village struck consternation to the heart
 of the Indians, but when Reno was seen
 to dismount and remain stationary, they were
 glad, for it allowed the whole Indian force to
 be hurled against Custer. Him out of the
 way, they concentrated against Reno. When

this latter movement took place Reno retreated again to the Bluffs, where close to the river he picked upon a strong position and successfully withstood all the afternoon a heavy fire. Darkness came down, and the troops spent an anxious night intrenching themselves, and wondering what had happened to their companions with Custer, but knowing nothing except that the general must have been defeated.

Lying under the stars, surrounded by the "Hostiles," they passed a night of restlessness and alarm. The sky was aglare with light from the bonfires; the silence of the night pierced by many strange cries of exultation and hate, by shots, and the monotonous beating of the tom-tom for the scalp-dance. At times a nervous man would spring from his bivouac on the earth to shout that he heard the march of approaching relief, and bugles rang out a welcome that was only answered by the echoes from the hills.

When morning dawned the Sioux opened fire, and the day which followed was one of fevered sorties and galling waiting. On the stronghold that day Reno's men lost eighteen killed and had fifty-two wounded, and they spent a second anxious night. But on the morning of June 27th General Terry raised the siege and rode into camp. Terry, in his journey, had come across more than a hundred dead, and that an awful tragedy had been enacted he knew. But he did not know the full extent of the slaughter. On the 28th the army marched to the battlefield

of the Little Big Horn. Scattered on the slope of the hill they found 212 dead. General Custer, his brother—Captain T. W. Custer—Captains Keogh and Yates, Lieutenants Cook, Crittenden, Reily, Calhoun, Smith, and other officers of their men were found, each scalped and mutilated except Custer himself. He lay apparently as he had fallen, the Indians refraining from wreaking vengeance on the leader, who was well known to "Sitting Bull" and others of the chiefs. The bodies of Lieutenants Porter, Harrington, and Sturgis, and Dr. Lord, were never found.

The killed of the entire command was 265, and the slaying of Custer and his men was the crimson spot of the first Centennial Year of the United States.

It is also rendered memorable as being the last great victory the Red man achieved over the White in the fight for the American continent. For as though frightened at the thoroughness of their victory, and fearing as harsh a retribution, the followers of "Sitting Bull" afterwards flitted from place to place, refusing to join issues with the armies sent to catch them, and gradually melted away, breaking up into small bands, or returning to the agencies from which they had surreptitiously marched but a few weeks before. The great armies which, immediately the news of Custer's massacre reached Washington, were sent to trap the Indians, marched up and down the Bad Lands; but in all their marching and countermarchings were never able to find an Indian to fight.





THE great Imperial Eagle of France had been caught and caged at Elba, and after close on twenty-five years of storm and tumult, Europe was at peace.

The armies which had driven the Eagle out of France had marched home again, robbing the Eagle's nest of many ill-gotten trophies and leaving in his place a horde of vultures who claimed the nest as theirs.

As is the manner of vultures, there was much gorging: Louis XVIII., the man "who had learned nothing, and *forgotten* nothing," brought back in his train a host of hungry folk, princes of the blood royal, dukes, and noble dames; and France soon found that it would be made to suffer for its Revolution and its Republic, and that the victories of its Emperor were like to cost it dear. Royalists filled the high places in Church and State. Shameless rapacity and mean reprisals were seen on every side; and in the army the most scandalous injustices were unblushingly practised.

People began to look with regret towards the Mediterranean isle where the Eagle plumed his ruffled feathers moodily.

There were mysterious nods and glances, and allusions to a certain flower which a certain "little corporal" was known to have loved.

"He will return again with the violet," they said in whispers.

Ladies affected violet-coloured silks, and rings of the same hue became fashionable, bearing the motto "It will re-appear in Spring."

Nor were they wrong, for on the 1st March, 1815, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon the Great, with a hundred dismounted Lancers of the Guard, some veteran Grenadiers and a few officers, landed in the Gulf of San Juan, and began that triumphal progress which ended at **WATERLOO**.

His advance is curiously recorded in the papers of the day: I quote from the *Monteur*:—

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris."

"Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not set his foot inside the walls of Paris."

"To-morrow Napoleon will be at our gates!"

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His Imperial Majesty Napoleon entered Paris yesterday, surrounded by his loyal subjects."

At midnight on the 19th March, Louis the Gross got into his carriage by torchlight, and was driven off to Lille; the Comte d'Artois and the Court followed an hour later, and the good citizens found when they rose next morning, two notices fastened to the railings of the Place Carrousel—

"Palace to let, well furnished, except the kitchen utensils, which have been carried away by the late proprietor."

And the other—

"A large fat hog to be sold for one Napoleon."

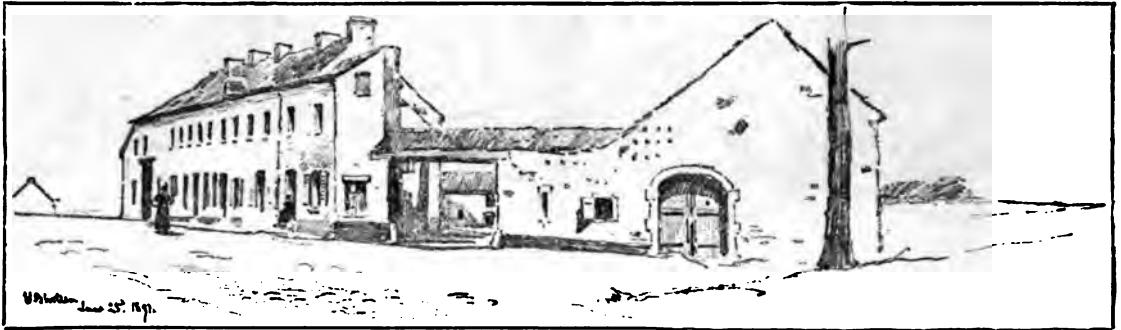
At eight o'clock that evening the Emperor was carried up the grand staircase of the Tuileries on the shoulders of his officers, and from that moment until the 12th June the master-mind was wrestling with a task vast enough to have discouraged twenty brains!

Out of chaos he produced order; a new Government was formed, a new army created;

five days after his entry the Allied Sovereigns declared him an outlaw; on the 1st June he distributed Eagles to his troops, and took an oath of allegiance to the new Constitution. But Europe had meanwhile flown to arms, and

bivouac fires were suddenly seen glowing redly in the darkness beyond Charleroi, no one knew exactly where he was.

Brussels swarmed with fashionable folk, and



THE FARM OF QUATRE BRAS.

300,000 Austrians were to enter France by Switzerland and the Rhine; 200,000 Russians were marching on Alsace; Prussia had 236,000, half of whom were ready for action, so that, including our English 80,000, the Netherland contingent and the minor States of Germany, he had to face the onslaught of more than 1,000,000 men, with only 214,000 at his immediate command. England and Prussia were the first to arrive; it would be July before the others could reach the frontier, so, Napoleon, leaving armies of observation at various points, marched against Belgium, hoping to defeat Wellington and Blücher in time to turn about and face the storm clouds gathering in the east.

It was the month of June, and the weather was intensely warm. An army under Wellington, some 100,000 strong, including British, King's German Legion, Hanoverian, Brunswick, Dutch, Belgian, and Nassau troops, was distributed in cantonments from the Scheldt to the Charleroi *chaussée*.

It was a heterogeneous force, hastily got together, and a large proportion of it by no means to be depended upon.

Of the British regiments, many were formed of weak second and third battalions which had never been under fire, and nearly 800 militiamen fought in the ranks of the 3rd Guards and 42nd Highlanders, those in the Guards actually wearing their Surrey jackets.

Blücher's force, seasoned veterans for the most part, lay in four separate corps on the frontier south of Brussels, and so masterly were Napoleon's movements, that until the lights of his

the families of officers who were with the army.

The Duchess of Richmond gave a ball on the night of the 15th June, the list of invited guests being curious, and not a little melancholy. Among the two hundred odd names we read those of Wellington, Uxbridge, and Hussey Vivian; two Ponsonbys, one of whom was to die three days later; Hay, the handsome lad who had won a sweepstake at Grammont the Tuesday before, and whose young life ebbed out on the Friday at Quatre Bras; Cameron, of Fassifern, who also fell there; Dick of the 42nd, killed at Sobraon in '46; and *aide-de-camp* Cathcart, who lived till Inkerman, where a ball and three bayonet thrusts closed his strange career. These and many others of more or less note danced in the long, low-roofed, barn-like room which His Grace of Richmond had hired for the occasion from his neighbour, Van Asch, the coachbuilder.

About midnight Wellington, having already learned that the outposts had been engaged, went to the ball, where he found the Prince of Orange. Now, the Prince of Orange, who seemed fated to cause the useless sacrifice of valuable life, ought to have been at his post at Binche, and thither the duke promptly sent him, after first inquiring if there were any news.

"No, nothing, but that the French have crossed the Sambre, and had a brush with the Prussians!" Müffling had previously brought the intelligence, which should have arrived much sooner, the duke afterwards saying to Napier: "I cannot tell the world that Blücher picked the fattest man in his army to ride with an express

ne, and that he took thirty hours to go
y miles."

er from being surprised (as some writers have
he duke's orders were despatched *before* he
to that now historic entertainment, and
dancing continued long after he and his
ers had left.

At four o'clock Pack's Highlanders, in kilt
and feather bonnet, swung across the Place
Royale and passed through the Namur Gate—
the rising sun glinting on their accoutrements,
their bagpipes waking the sleeping streets.
"Come to me and I will give you flesh," was
the weird pibroch of the Black Watch, and many



PICTON'S DIVISION OFF TO THE FRONT.

two o'clock, while it was yet dark,
ge sounds were heard under the trees
shuffling of men's feet, the ringing
sket-butts on the ground, short words of
and, and the running ripple of the roll-call
the ranks.

ple opened their windows and looked out ;
ges returning from the ball drew up and
it was Picton's Division off to the

a Highland laddie heard it that morning for the
last time.

Some of the officers marched in silk stockings
and dancing-pumps. Lingered too long at the
ball, they had not had time—or perhaps, as the
night was warm, they had not troubled—to
change them ; and there were not a few who
never found time again.

Out in the early morning along the great high-
way they went, past lonely farms and clustering

villages, through the grey-green gloom of the beech woods of Soigne to Mont St. Jean; where they halted for breakfast, and where about eight the duke passed them with his staff, leaving strict orders to keep the road clear; and at noon the troops were on the march again for Quatre Bras, which was the fiery prelude to the greatest battle fought in modern times.

The heat was so intense that one man of the 95th Rifles went mad, and fell dead in the road; but the others pushed on, and were soon afterwards under fire.

If you take a map of Belgium, placing your finger on Brussels, and pass it down the great road running south, you will find, some twelve miles from the capital, the village of Mont St. Jean; a little beyond which place a cross-road from Wavre intersects the *chaussée*, and at that point move your finger at right angles, right and left, for a mile or so each way, and you have, roughly, the English position on the 18th June.

Continuing again, still southward, you will pass La Belle Alliance and Genappe, and nine miles from the cross-roads before Mont St. Jean is Quatre Bras.

Rolling ridges of waving grain, some woods in all their summer beauty, a gabled farmhouse, and a few cottages where four ways meet—that is one's impression of Quatre Bras, which Ney had orders to take, and drive out Perponcher's Dutch Belgians posted there; but we arrived to their assistance, corps after corps, at intervals, and forming up in line and square, repulsed the Cuirassiers and Lancers who charged through the tall rye.

The crops were so high that the gallant French cavalry had to resort to a curious device in singling out our regiments. A horseman would dash forward, find out the position, plant a lance in the ground, and disappear; then, in a few moments, guided by the fluttering pennon, his comrades would burst upon us—invisible until within a few horse-lengths.

Waterloo has put Quatre Bras into the shade, but few conflicts have been more brilliant.

Our both thanks to Orange, who interfered with its formation just as the 8th Cuirassiers came through the corn—lost its only colour, taken by Trooper Lami, although Volunteer Clarke received twenty-three wounds and lost the use of an arm in its defence.

The both's other colour had been captured at Bergen op Zoom, and was hung in the Invalides.

By four o'clock the 44th had upward officers and 200 men killed and wounded.

A grey-headed French lancer drove him into Ensign Christie's left eye, down thro face, piercing his tongue and entering th but in that shocking condition he stil manfully to the colour-pole, until, findir self overpowered, he threw the colour and lay upon it, and some privates regiment closing round the Frenchman him out of his saddle on their bayonet po

The 92nd Highlanders—the old Gord Peninsular fame—were the last of Pictoi to reach the field, and were formed up in

“Ninety-second, don't fire till I tell cried Wellington, as a mass of Cui charged them in his presence; and th was not given until the dashing horseme within twenty yards.

A little later, the duke said again: 92nd, you must charge these two colu infantry”; and charge they did, over a driving the French before them, but th loved colonel, Cameron, received a death from the upper windows of a house.

His horse turned and bolted with him along the road, until he came to his groom holding a second mount, when, suddenly, the dying man was pitched head on to the stone causeway. But been terribly avenged; for the kilted Hi men burst into the house with a roar a every soul inside to the bayonet.

“Where is the rest of the regiment?” Picton in the evening. Alas! upwards the “gay Gordons” had perished in the

Through the broiling heat of that day our infantry stood firm, growing s as regiment after regiment arrived, an batteries unlimbered in the trampled cor at night Ney fell back, leaving us in sion; our cavalry came up, jaded by the marches; and we bivouacked on the bat cooking our suppers in the cuirasses slain.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Napoleon had beaten Bli few miles away at Ligny, but had negle most un-Napoleonic fashion, to follow advantage, and the wily old hussar—l over seventy-three—slipped off in the d retreated on Wavre.

When Wellington learned this next m he said to Captain Bowles: “Old Blücl had a — good licking, and has gone l

Wavre. As he has gone back, we must go too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help that." So back we went, along the Brussels road, our cavalry covering the retreat until we reached the stronger position before Mont St. Jean, where we halted and faced about, and glued ourselves on the ridge across the causeway in such a manner that all the magnificent chivalry of France could never move us.

During the retreat from Quatre Bras on the 17th, all went well until the middle of the day. The wounded had been collected; the columns filed off along the road; one of the regiments even found time to halt and flog a marauder: when, the enemy's cavalry pressing our rear-guard too closely, some Horse Artillery guns opened fire, and the discharge seemed to burst the heavy rainclouds.

It poured down in torrents; roads were turned into watercourses, the fields and hollows became swamps; we had a smart brush with some Lancers at Genappe, where our 7th Hussars and 1st Life Guards charged several times; the 10th Hussars had also occasion to dismount some men and line a hedgerow with their carbines; but the main feature of the retreat was a weary tramp in a deluge of rain. The cavalry had their cloaks, it is true, but the greatcoats of the foot-soldiers had been sent back to England. Soaked to the skin, we arrived at the ridge above La Haye Sainte, and prepared to pass the night without covering of any kind. The French advanced almost up to us, and Captain Mercer was giving them a few rounds from his 9-pounders when a man in a shabby old drab overcoat and rusty round hat strolled towards him and began a conversation. Mercer, who thought him one of the numerous *amateurs* with whom Brussels was swarming, answered curtly enough, and the stranger went away.

That shabby man was General Picton, who fell next day on the very spot where he received this unmerited snubbing. He fought at Quatre Bras in plain clothes, having joined the army hurriedly in advance of his baggage, and there is good reason to believe that he wore the same dress at Waterloo.

Now commenced preparations for a dismal bivouac. The French fell back and did not disturb us again, they too suffering from the drenching rain, which beat with a melancholy hissing on the cornfields, the clover, the potato patches and ploughed land which formed both positions.

Some of our officers found shelter in neighbouring cottages; Lord Uxbridge, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey, crept into a piggery and sipped tea with Waymouth of the 2nd Life Guards; but most of them cowered with their men round wretched fires which here and there were coaxed into burning.

One of Mercer's lieutenants had an umbrella, which had caused much merriment during the march, but he and his captain found it a haven of refuge under the lee of a hedge that night.

The cavalry stood to their horses, cloaked, with one flap over the saddle; some few were lucky enough to get a bundle of straw or peasticks to sit down upon, and all looked anxiously for the dawn—fated to prove the last to thousands of them. With morning the rain gradually declined to a drizzle, which finally ceased; fires sprang up, arms were cleaned, and a buzz of voices rose along the line as tall Lifeguardsmen went down behind La Haye Sainte to dig potatoes, where, a few hours later, they were charging knee to knee, and every one made shift to get what he could—with most it was only a hard biscuit—and to dry himself, which was a still more difficult matter.

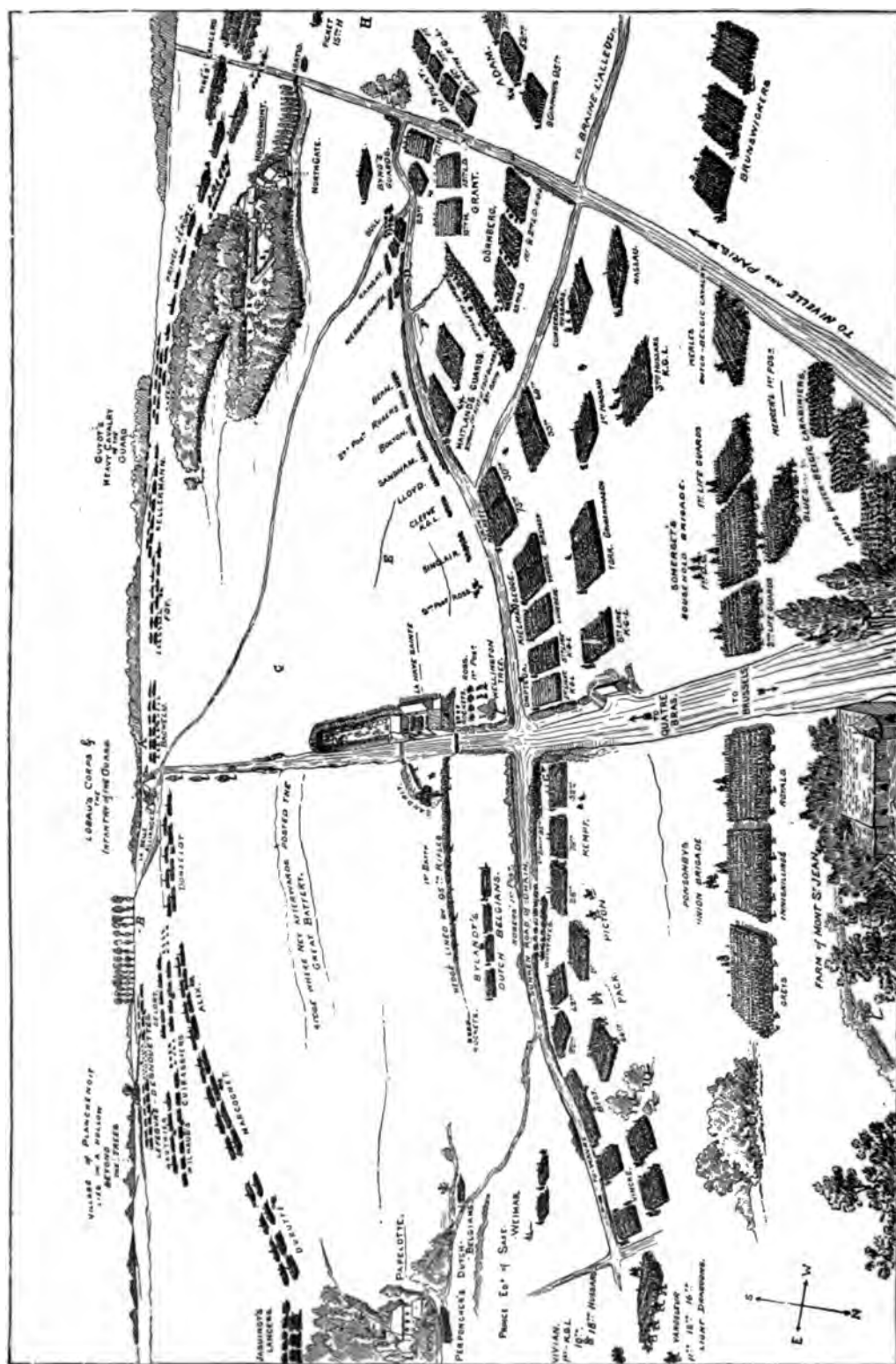
Wet to the skin, splashed from head to foot in mud and mire, cold, shivering, unshaven (the foundation laid of acute rheumatism, to which a pension of *five pence* a day, in some cases ten pence, was applied by a grateful country, to its indelible disgrace), such was the condition of those brave hearts who were about to make the name of "Waterloo-man" a household word for all the ages.

* * * * *

The Brussels road runs across a shallow valley, three-quarters of a mile in width, all green and golden with the ripening grain, dipping sharply into it by the white-walled, blue-roofed farmstead of La Haye Sainte, and rising gently out again at the cabaret of La Belle Alliance on its way to the frontier beyond Charleroi.

The valley is bounded by two ridges: on the northern one along the cross road which runs nearly the whole length of the position, our army was posted in the form of a thin crescent; on the southern ridge and the slopes leading down into the valley the French forces were afterwards distributed, also, to some extent, in crescent shape.

These crescents had their tips advanced towards each other, and enclosed in the oval thus formed were two important strongholds—La Haye Sainte, in advance of our left centre,



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1815.

D. H. Parry, inv.]

R. Simbata, del.

the château of Hougomont, some distance out of our right wing ; while away to the left, the white buildings of Papelotte concealed Ter La Haye farm and the little hamlet of Smohain, the end of our line in that direction.

A cross-road which I have mentioned as running along our position, and which was the

a garden laid out in the French style, and a smaller garden full of currant bushes ; barns and quaint outbuildings clustering round the château, a brick wall about the height of a tall man, built on lower courses of grey stone, enclosing the garden, and at the east end of it a large open orchard ; from the north-west corner, an avenue of ancient poplars winding



"A SHOUT OF 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR !' ROLLED ALONG THE FIELD" (p. 58)

watered "sunken road of Ohain," runs in some places between banks, at others on the level ; it runs down its centre, like most Belgian roads, strewn with irregular stones, terrible to traverse for any horse, and it undulates gently, as the ridge rises and falls, until it joins the Nivelles *chaussée* at Hougomont. Hougomont, surrounded by a quadrangle of tall trees, lies in a hollow in the middle of our ridge, perhaps halfway between it and the enemy's line. A Flemish château with

into the Nivelles road with an *abattis* of tree trunks there, held by a company of the 51st Light Infantry ; between the south wall and the French, a beech wood, through which one could see the corn-clad slopes beyond : and that was Hougomont on the day of the battle.

The beech wood has been cut down, the apple-trees are sparse and scanty now, the château was burned by the French shells, and the garden is a grassy paddock ; but the rest

remains, loopholed and pockmarked with balls, a monument to the gallantry of two brave nations. The light companies of the Foot Guards occupied it on the 17th, and all night long they were busy, boring walls, barricading the gateways and erecting platforms from which to pour their fire.

On the high ground behind Hougomont on our side the 2nd Brigade of British Guards was posted, having Maitland's Guards on its left; beyond Maitland was Alten's Infantry and Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, flanked in their turn by the gallant King's German Legion, in the pay of England, whose left rested on the Brussels *chaussée*, behind La Haye Sainte. On the other side of the *chaussée* was Kempt, then Pack's Highlanders, the Royal Scots, and 44th Regiment, some more Hanoverians, under Best, the 5th Hanoverians of Vincke, Vandeleur's Light Dragoons, and Vivian's Hussar Brigade.

The 2nd Rifles of the German Legion held La Haye Sainte, three companies of our 95th occupying a knoll and sandpit on the other side of the road, and Papelotte was garrisoned by Dutch Belgians, who behaved with the greatest gallantry.

Along the front of this, our first fighting line, the artillery was posted at intervals, and sufficient justice has not been done to the brave gunners, the duke always being unfairly severe on that arm of the service. Our heavy cavalry stood, in hollows behind the line, right and left of the great road in front of the farm of Mont St. Jean, already full of the Quatre Bras wounded. Other troops were in reserve out of sight of the enemy, behind our ridge, ready to advance and fill up any gaps, and we had a strong force in and about Braine l'Alleud, two miles to our right, in case the French should try to turn us there.

Crops, as at Quatre Bras, covered the valley and ridges, and the whole plain undulated in every direction. The battlefield to-day is full of surprises. Sudden dips occur where the land seems flat from a little distance; tongues of ground and barley-covered hillocks rise unexpectedly as you approach them; and it is possible to lose sight of the entire field by a few yards of walking in some directions; so that, flat as Belgium is generally considered, it is not astonishing that the survivors of Waterloo could only speak to events in their own immediate vicinity.

Between nine and ten there was loud firing, as the Duke of Wellington rode along the line with his Staff. He wore a blue frock coat, white cravat, and buckskin breeches, with silver-budded Hessian boots; a short blue cloak with a white lining, and a low cocked hat with a British black cockade, and three smaller cockades of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. He was mounted on his favourite chestnut, *Copie*, a grandson of *Eclipse*, and carried a long field-telescope drawn out for use.

At nine o'clock there was a movement of the columns on the opposite side of the valley; columns debouched into the fields right and left of the *chaussée*, took up their positions as orderly as in a parade; glittering files of armoured Cuirassiers trotted through the corn, and formed behind the infantry, lance-pennons fluttered on each side, and by half-past ten 61,000 French soldiers drawn up in battle array, their right wing at Papelotte, their centre at La Belle Eglise, and their left wing somewhat beyond Hougomont.

The two greatest living commanders were about to measure swords for the first time; and as Napoleon galloped along behind the music of the French bands was distinctly heard; helmets and weapons were brandished in the air, and a shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" was heard across the field.

Blue-coated infantry formed their first line, with batteries of brass cannon dotted here and there; behind stood the heavy cavalry with their guns, supported, on their right, by the Guard, on the left by the cavalry of the Imperial cohort, and in the centre about the farm of Rossomme the invincible infantry of the Guard, the renowned body of warriors in Europe.

Napoleon was unwell.

At two in the morning he had been unable to sleep, and his horses were ordered for the night; at ten he still sat in an upper room in an anxiety of bodily and mental suffering.

A little later he came down the steep stairs, and as his page, Gudiv, was helping him into the saddle he lifted the Imperial eagle suddenly, and Napoleon pitched over his head, nearly coming to the ground.

"*Allez*," he hissed, "*à tous les diables*," away he started in a great rage.

The page stood watching the *courier* with tearful eyes, but when it had gone some hundred yards the ranks of the Staff opened, and Napoleon came riding back alone.

With one hand placed tenderly on the lad's shoulder he said, very softly, "My child, when you assist a man of my girth to mount, it is necessary to proceed more carefully." Yet it was of this man that Wellington could say, in after years, "The fellow was no gentleman"!

The page became a general, and fell in a sortie from Paris during the Franco-Prussian war.

There was a lull before the storm, and the duke went to have a final look at Hougoumont, where, in addition to the Guards, he had posted, in the woods and grounds, some Nassauers, Hanoverians, and Luneberg riflemen.

These foreigners were dissatisfied at their position, and as Wellington rode away *several bullets came whistling after him!* "How can they expect me to win a battle with troops like those?" was his only comment.

About half-past eleven came the **FIRST ATTACK!**

One booming cannon echoed dully in the misty Sabbath morning, and a cloud of dark-blue skirmishers ran forward against Hougoumont, firing briskly into the wood.

Puffs of white smoke issued from the trees; here and there a blue-coat turned a somersault and lay still; but the cloud increased, and a loud rattle of musketry was kept up on both sides, which lasted, with short intervals, the whole day.

Our men fell back upon the buildings through the open beech-trees, and in twenty minutes the French supporting columns were pouring up the hill towards the château grounds.

Cleeve's German battery opened on them, and his first shot killed *seventeen* men, the guns checking the advance and sending the column, broken and bleeding, down the ridge again.

Our batteries on the right now began; the French artillery replied; Kellermann's horse batteries joined in, and the infernal concert was in full blast.

The green Lunebergers and the yellow knapsacks of the Hanoverians came helter-skelter back across the orchard, but the Foot Guards went forward at a run and drove the enemy off.

Bull's howitzers sent a shower of $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch shells over the château into the wood, and as often as the death-dealing globes fell crashing through the branches, so often did the enemy retire in confusion, until Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, who was in command at Hougoumont, brought up Foy's Division to help the attack.

Bravely led by their officers, the tall shakoed and square white coat-facings of the line regiments, the dark-blue and black gaiters of the light infantry, pressed through the wood until they reached a stiff quickset hedge, separated by a thin strip of apple orchard from the long south wall, over which peeped the head-gear of our Guardsmen, and in the confusion of smoke and skirmish the bright-red brickwork was mistaken for a line of British—you can see to-day where the French balls crumbled that barrier. But soon discovering their error,

the brave fellows struggled through the hedge and rushed forward.

A line of loopholes perforated the wall about three feet from the ground, crossed bayonets protruded viciously from the openings, and a hail of bullets poured forth with such ghastly effect that in half-an-hour there were *fifteen hundred* of God's creatures dead and dying on the green grass in the orchard, and still the others came on.

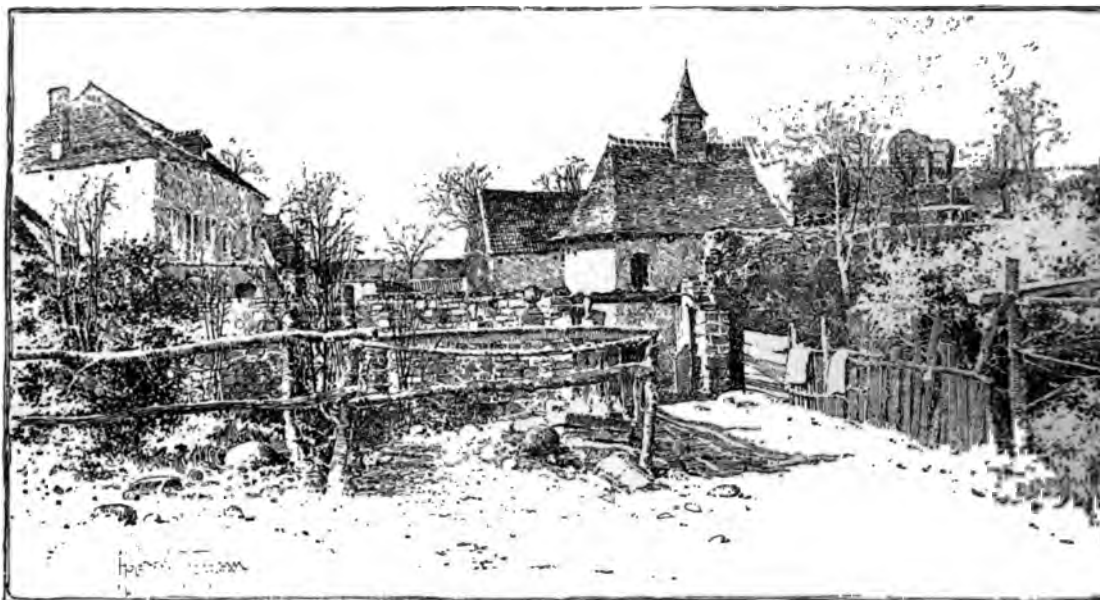
Some got as far as the loopholes, and seized the bayonets; others struck with their gunbutts at the men, who, on platforms behind the wall, fired down over the top, piling up the dead in dreadful heaps—privates and officers, conscripts and veterans.

From time to time our Foot Guards charged



SIR THOMAS PICTON.

(From the Painting by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.)



THE FARM OF HOUGOMONT.

over the large orchard at the east end of the enclosed garden, and also at the south-west angle of the farm buildings, where a haystack helped to cover them until the French burned it; and this repulse and attack went on, time and again, until the evening, the enemy gaining no advantage but the beechwood for all their desperate valour.

The rest of our line had remained passive listeners to the firing, except for a little skirmishing here and there, but a hurricane was brewing and about to burst against our left and centre.

La Haye Sainte was a farm, lying like Hougomont in a hollow; it was on the Brussels road, and was built with barn and stabling round three sides of an oblong yard, the fourth side being a high white wall, with a gate and a piggery alongside the roadway.

Towards the French position stretched a long orchard, a small garden lay behind the house, and a large double door opened from the yard into the fields on the Hougomont side, half of which door had been burned for bivouac fires the night previous. The 2nd Rifles of the German Legion, dressed like our own in green with slate-coloured pantaloons, held the post, and held it like the heroes of old, three companies in the orchard, two in the building, and one in the garden, Major Baring, who had two horses shot under him, being in command.

The post was not as strong as Hougomont, all the pioneers having been sent to fortify the latter place, and the "Green Germans" had a very insufficient supply of ammunition; Wellington afterwards admitting that he had neglected to make the most of the position there.

At 1.30 p.m. Marshal Ney had gathered seventy-four guns, mostly 12-pounders, on a ridge very near to La Haye Sainte on the French right of the road, and this was known as the "Great Battery."

Behind the guns the whole of D'Erlon's Corps together with Bachelu's Division, was massed in columns for the attack twenty regiments Bachelu being in reserve. Ney sent to the Emperor to tell him all was ready, and with an appalling cannonade on our left and centre they commenced the SECOND ATTACK.

When the smoke which hung about the guns had drifted slowly away across the slopes we could see four massive columns, led by the brave Ney, pouring steadily forward straight for our ridge.

The firing became general as we opened to the advance; men had to shout to be audible to their neighbours; long lanes were ploughed through Picton's Division, and the balls were tearing through our cavalry in reserve, many of them striking the hospital farm, and some even travelling into the village beyond.

Bylandt's Dutch Belgians, posted in front of the cross-road, forgot their gallantry at Quatre

as, and bolted, almost running over the grenadiers of our 28th, who were restrained with difficulty from firing into them. One ball hit a tall tree into half at the hedgerow above the sandpit, bringing the feathery top down and

taking place about two o'clock, and lasting for more than an hour.

Durutte took Papelotte, but was driven out again ; Alix and Marcognet breasted the rise, and gained the ridge under a murderous discharge ;



"SOME GOT AS FAR AS THE LOOPHOLES AND SEIZED THE BAYONETS" (p. 59).

smothering two doctors of the 95th, who had stationed themselves beneath it.

Nearly 24,000 men advanced, with loud cries and the hoarse rolling of drums, in four masses : first against Papelotte, Alix and Marcognet in front of Kempt and Pack, Donzelot upon the devoted Rifles in La Haye Sainte, the shock

the smell of trampled corn mingling with the powder smoke as the Great Battery ceased firing lest it should kill its comrades, and with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur !" the two columns hurled themselves against the steel barrier of bayonets on the hedge-lined bank above them.

Hand to hand, no quarter asked or given, veteran and conscript came on yelling like mad, Picton's Division meeting them in line.

Some of Marcognet's fellows crossed the Wavre road and blazed into the 92nd; but our men advanced, after a withering volley, and, jumping into the cross-road, went at them with a will. Cameron Highlanders, 32nd and 28th, Scots Royals, and Black Watch, Gordons and 44th, with colours waving and courage high, over the causeway they rushed, into the wheat and barley.

"Charge, charge! Hurrah!" cried Picton, his little black eyes sparkling, his florid complexion redder with excitement—a ball struck his right temple, he fell dead from his horse, and his men passed over him driving the foe down hill.

A mounted French officer had his horse shot, and getting to his feet seized the regimental colour of the 32nd, which was nearly new. Belcher, who carried it, grasped the silk and the Frenchman groped for his sabre hilt, but Colour-sergeant Switzer thrust a pike at his breast. "Save the brave fellow!" was the cry, but it came too late; a private, named Lacy, fired point blank into him, and he fell lifeless.

Ney stood in the road beyond La Haye Sainte watching Donzelot's attack on the farm, where the "Green Germans" were forced, after a struggle, out of the long orchard into the buildings, and simultaneously a mass of Cuirassiers tore past the Hougomont side and rode at the ridge.

Our Household Cavalry and Ponsonby's Heavies had walked on foot to the height overlooking the struggle; the trumpets rang out "Mount," and swinging into their saddles they swooped down into the thick of it. With a clatter across the causeway, and the muffled thunder of hoofs on the ground beyond it, the scarlet-coated Life Guards, wearing no armour then, and mounted on black horses, dashed past the Wellington tree into the potato field, with the Blues and King's Dragoon Guards, swinging, slashing, stirrup to stirrup, to meet Kellermann's troopers and Orconer's Cuirassiers. There was the snort of eager horses, the creaking of leather, the clash of sword on steel cuirass, the yell of passion and the scream of agony; a seething mass of fighting-men and steeds, glinting and gleaming, swaying this way and that way, but always onward, jostling down the hill.

The 1st Lifes got jammed in the road beyond the farm with a body of Cuirassiers, on the spot where Ney had just before been standing, voltigeurs firing into them, on friend and foe alike!

Their Colonel, Ferrier, led eleven charges, although badly wounded by sabre and lance.

The King's Dragoons jumped their horses over a barrier of trees which our Rifles had built across the causeway and went thundering along that way, while the Blues were reaping a harvest of glory in another direction, and the 2nd Life Guards charged to the left for a great distance beyond the sandpit alongside the farm, where Corporal Shaw met his fate after slaying *nine* of the enemy single-handed.

After the battle men remembered this mighty swordsman, and told in solemn voices his deeds of derring-do. One cuirassier sat, out of the *mêlée*, coolly loading his carbine and picking off our troopers, and it is believed he gave Shaw his mortal hurt.

A survivor narrated how, exhausted at night-fall, he had lain down on a dung-heap, when Shaw crawled beside him, bleeding from many wounds. In the morning the life-guardsmen was still there, his head resting on his arm as if asleep, but it was the sleep which knows no waking.

Ponsonby's Union Brigade was meanwhile making its immortal onslaught, more towards Papelotte, the ground they went over being billowy, and the troops before them infantry of the line.

The Royals gave a ringing cheer; "Scotland for ever!" was the war-cry of the Greys; and the Inniskillings went in with an Irish howl.

As they passed the 92nd, many of the Highlanders caught hold of their stirrup-leathers and charged down with them; the very ground seemed trembling under the iron hoofs; Marcognet and Alix were broken and trampled, and in three minutes more than 2,000 prisoners were wending their disconsolate way to the rear.

"Those beautiful grey horses!" said Napoleon, as he watched the charge.

Did he see that struggle round the Eagle of his 45th, I wonder—that famous "Battle for the Standard" which Ansdell has painted so well?

What says Sergeant Ewart, the hero of the incident? "It was in the charge I took the Eagle from the enemy. He and I had a hard contest for it. He made a thrust at my groin; I parried it off, and cut him down through the head. After this a lancer came at me; I threw the lance off by my right side, and cut him through the chin and upwards through the teeth. Next a foot-soldier fired at me, and then charged me with his bayonet, which I also had the good luck to parry, and then I cut him

down through the head. Thus ended the contest."

Captain Clarke and Corporal Styles, of the Royals, took an Eagle from the 105th between them—a glorious gilded thing, embroidered with the names of Jéna, Eylau, Eckmühl, Essling, and Wagram—the gallant captain losing the tip of his nose in the struggle.

A man of the Inniskillings named Penfold claimed to have taken that colour; but his story is vague, and I incline to think that a blue silk camp-colour of the 105th, now at Abbotsford, was the one that Penfold seized and afterwards lost in the fray.

Sir William Ponsonby led the charge on a restive bay hack, and was killed; while some of the Greys got as far as the Great Battery, disabling many of the guns, and getting slain in the end.

Part of the 28th lost its head, and charged with the brigade; Lieutenant Deares of that regiment being taken prisoner, stripped of his clothes, rejoining at night in nothing but shirt and trousers.

Tathwell, of the Blues, tore off a colour, but his horse was shot and he lost it; and the greater part of the two brigades rode along the battery until heavy bodies of Cuirassiers and Lancers came to drive them back.

Vandeleur charged to their relief with his Light Dragoons—the 12th with bright yellow lancer facings, the 16th with scarlet, the buff 11th remaining in reserve.

"Squadrons, right half-wheel! Charge!" and the sabres of our light horsemen were soon busy in the valley below. The ground was very soft, for a month after the battle some of the holes made by horses' feet were measured, and found to be eighteen inches deep, and in speaking of artillery movements it must be remembered that the guns were at times up to the axle in clay.

The heavy cavalry regained our position; but so much had they suffered that, later in the day, when they were drawn up in line to show a bold front, there were only fifty of them; Somerset, who led the "Households," losing his hat, and wearing the helmet of a life-guardsmen, with its red and blue worsted crest, until nightfall.

The attack had failed, and there was a long pause, broken only by the firing at Hougoumont and some feeble attempts on La Haye Sainte; but it was now the turn of our troops in the centre, from the *chaussée* to the back of the château; and a terrible time they had!

A renewal of the cannonade—a forming of

our regiments into squares and oblongs—and then the grandest cavalry affair in history, as forty squadrons of Cuirassiers and Dragoons crossed from the French right in beautiful order, wheeled up until they almost filled the space from Hougoumont to La Haye Sainte, and, about four o'clock, put spurs to their horses and began the THIRD ATTACK!

A forest of sword-blades, an undulating sea of helmets, a roar of mighty shouting as they came through the yet untrampled grain.

Wave after wave, far as the eye could scan, now glinting with thousands of bright points as the sullen sun shone for a moment upon them, now grey and sombre as the clouds closed together again. Nearer! nearer! nearer! Men clutched their muskets tighter and breathed hard; gunners rammed home and hastened to re-load before the smoke had drifted from the cannon.

Suddenly they left their guns, and ran to the infantry for protection as the sea burst upon us, and our ridge became alive with furious horsemen, surging and foaming round and round the squares. There were many who thought that all was over, but the little clumps of scarlet fringed with steel were impenetrable.

In vain the moustached troopers cut desperately at the bayonets; in vain they rode up and fired their pistols into the faces of our lads. For three-quarters of an hour they expended their strength in a hopeless task; and when our fresh cavalry from Dörnberg's and Grant's Brigades charged them, they went down the slope again, leaving the ground dotted with dead and dying.

A moment's respite to re-form in the hollows below, and back they came once more, in the face of a fearful fire from our artillery, whose guns were double-shotted—some loaded with scattering grape and canister. Lanes, sickening to behold, were torn through the squadrons; but Milhaud's men were not to be daunted, and the same strange scene was repeated many times.

A small body of Cuirassiers that had surrendered was being escorted to the rear by a weak party of the 7th Hussars, when they made a bold dash for liberty along the Nivelle road, stampeding, *ventre à terre*, until they reached the *abattis* at the end of the Hougoumont avenue.

Here they met Ross's company of the 51st, who killed eight men and twelve horses, the rest—about sixty—surrendering again.

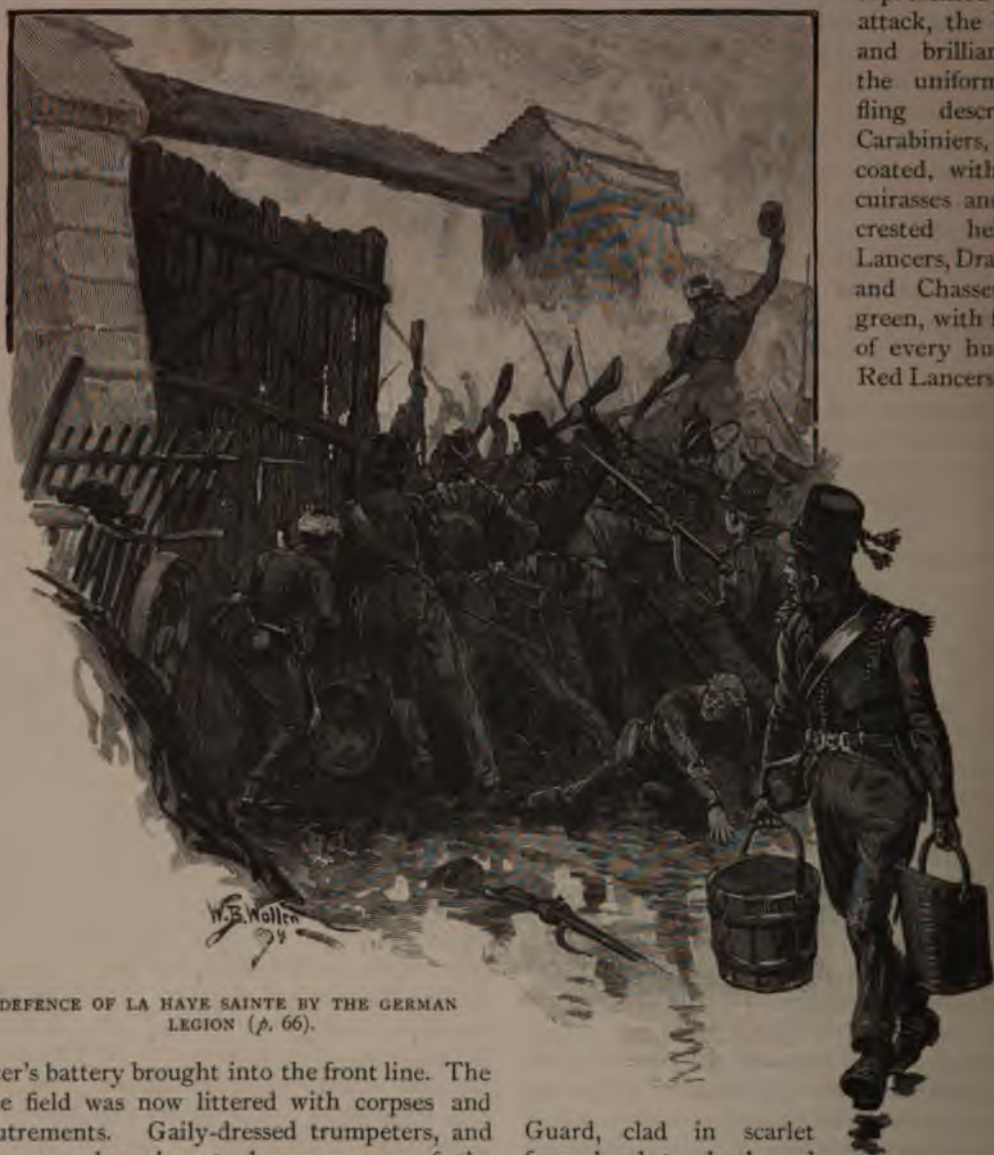
One artilleryman was seen under his gun, dodging a French trooper, who tried to reach him with his long sword.

After some moments the cuirassier's horse was shot, and the gunner, sallying out, hit him over the head with his rammer, and packed him off to the rear with a parting kick.

The ridge was once more cleared, and

was constant firing still at Hougoumont and Haye Sainte, when the trumpets sounded and with *seventy-seven* squadrons, including cavalry of the Guard, France returned to charge. Every arm of the mounted service

represented in attack, the best and brilliant the uniforms, fling descriptions of Carabiniers, with coats, with cuirasses and crested helmets. Lancers, Dragoons and Chasseurs in green, with faces of every hue; Red Lancers of



DEFENCE OF LA HAYE SAINTE BY THE GERMAN LEGION (p. 66).

Mercer's battery brought into the front line. The whole field was now littered with corpses and accoutrements. Gaily-dressed trumpeters, and officers on whose breasts hung crosses of the Legion of Honour, lay bleeding in the barley among hundreds of dead and wounded horses. Here a lancer in green and light blue, there a heap of cuirassiers of the 1st Regiment, mown down by grape shot; yonder a *chasseur-à-cheval*, propped against his charger, while swords and cuirasses were almost as numerous as the stalks of corn.

All the slope was torn and trampled; flies were busy in the now loathsome hollows; there

Guard, clad in scarlet from head to heel, and Napoleon's own favourite *Chasseurs-à-cheval*, with hussar caps and pelisses, richly braided with orange lace; bearskinned Horse Grenadiers, with white facings to their blue coats; the Cuirassiers, dark and sombre looking; the high felt shakoes of Hussars—it was as though a flower garden in its summer dress were moving at a slow pace upon us, heralded by the thunder of hell from the batteries behind it.

When the thunder stopped, which it always did as the leading files reached the crest of the ridge, our men could hear in the momentary intervals of their own firing the jingling of bits and scabbards, and the heavy breathing of the horses. Mounted skirmishers came close to the batteries and commenced firing at the gunners, who were literally dripping with perspiration from the exertions they made. One fellow took several pot-shots at Captain Mercer, who was coolly walking his horse backwards and forwards along a bank to set an example to his men. He missed each time, and grinned grimly as he reloaded, but as the head of the squadrons closed up the skirmishers vanished and were succeeded by the rush which threatened death to every soul on the plateau. Wellington's orders were to retire into the squares and leave the batteries, but Mercer's men stuck to their guns, repulsing three charges of the Horse Grenadiers, and dealing such slaughter that the position of "G Troop" was known next day by the enormous heap of slain lying before it, visible from a considerable distance.

The carnage on the slope was shocking—the oldest soldiers had seen nothing like it: men and horses lay piled one on another, five and six in a heap, every fresh discharge adding to the ghastly pyramid. The 1st Cuirassiers numbered 300 of the Legion of Honour in its ranks—it lost 117, including two lieutenants and the brave Captain Poinot, page to the Emperor in 1807, wounded at Moscow and Brienne. One officer, finding the fire from a particular gun playing havoc with his men, rode straight at it and was blown to atoms.

The horses during the battle suffered cruelly, and some of the details are heartrending: the charger of a very stout officer with the Duke's staff, probably Müffling, was seen to rear for some time without the rider being able to bring

it down—its front legs had been both shot off. Another trooper's horse was seen next morning sitting on its tail, its hind legs gone; and one poor beast ran for sympathy to six guns in succession, and was driven off from each with exclamations of horror until it reached "G Troop," where they mercifully killed it: the whole of its face below the great brown pleading eyes had been carried away by a round shot!

After a repulse and a re-attack, the remnant of the seventy-seven squadrons reeled back to their own lines: the cavalry of France, magnificent, irresistible, brave as lions, and nobly led, had shattered itself without result, and *the third great attempt had failed!*

* * * *

All the afternoon there had been great doings at Hougoumont. About one o'clock Colonel Hepburn had relieved Saltoun in the large orchard with a battalion of the 3rd—now the Scots Guards—and the combat on that side became a long succession of advances with the bayonet to the front hedge and retirings into a green dry ditch, which is known to us as the "friendly hollow-way." When our men fell back, a terrific fire from the short east wall would stagger the foe, and the Scots, having formed again, would scramble out of the hollow and clear the orchard of all but the dead.

Along the terrible south wall a staff-officer, who had been through all the Peninsula battles, afterwards said that the slain lay thicker than he had ever seen them elsewhere.

The château and barns were now burning furiously, fired by Haxo's howitzers at Napoleon's orders, and many of our wounded perished in the flames; some officers' horses tore out of the barn, galloped madly round the yard, and rushed into the fire again to be destroyed.

Twice the enemy got in: once by a little door in the west wall, through which they never got out alive; and the second time, when our



"A GALLANT ARTILLERY DRIVER RUSHED HIS HORSES TO THE WALL" (p. 66).

Guardsmen had sallied out into the lane to drive off a body of infantry, about fifty French entered on their heels through the north gate. Then, by main strength of arm, Colonel Macdonell, Sergeant Graham, and three or four more, shut and barred the wooden gate in the faces of the others, and those inside were all shot down.

A brave fellow climbed on to the beam that crossed the gateway ; but Graham fired, and he dropped with a scream on to the heads of his comrades outside the wall.

The fire stopped at the door of the château chapel, which was full of wounded, and a wooden figure of our Saviour had the feet nibbled by the flames, at which the superstitious marvel greatly to this day.

Columns of smoke hung over everything. A gallant artillery driver rushed his horses to the wall, and flung a barrel of welcome cartridges over into the yard. At the corner, before the gardener's house, Baron de Cubières lay wounded under his horse ; afterwards, when Governor of Ancona, he expressed himself very grateful that we had not fired on him !

Crawford of the 3rd Guards was killed in the kitchen garden, Blackman of the Coldstreams died in the orchard ; but the attack and repulse grew gradually weaker, as both sides tired of the hideous slaughter.

Meanwhile, a serious trouble which had been menacing the Emperor on his right flank for some time at last grew terribly imminent.

The Prussians were coming in spite of Grouchy, who had been sent in their pursuit.

They should have arrived about one o'clock ; but, thanks to the bad roads, a fire in the town of Wavre, which had to be extinguished before the ammunition-waggons could be got through, and some hesitation on the part of Gneisenau, Blücher's Chief of Staff, who doubted Wellington's good faith, it was *half-past four* when part of Bülow's corps came out of the woods at St. Lambert and confirmed Napoleon's previously awakened fears.

In the hazy weather they thought it was Grouchy, and a false report was afterwards sent through the French army to cheer the wearied men ; but the Emperor and Soult knew otherwise, and the line of battle was weakened by a strong force being detached to meet the new arrivals.

There was no time to be lost ; drums rolled and trumpets sounded again, and the last remnants of the cavalry had not regained their

position when the Fourth Grand Attack with a fury that even exceeded the others.

While fresh bodies of horse and foot ad up the ridge, a most determined rush was on La Haye Sainte. Baring had been right ; it is true ; but, although he sent time after time for more ammunition, not a single cartridge forthcoming !

A feeble excuse has been made that there was no means of getting it into the building ; the large door and several windows faced out on the back of the house then, as now. That still be seen by the visitor to Waterloo.

A horde of French infantry flung themselves on the buildings, setting the barn on fire and besieging the broken gateway.

While the brave Germans filled their kettles from the pond and extinguished the flames, others, with their bayonets on their rifles, defended the door leading into the field. Seventeen men they piled up there in a few minutes, one fellow defending a breach with a brickbat from the wall ! The individual acts of heroism on authentic record would fill many volumes, but, without ammunition, they were at a disadvantage.

The voltigeurs climbed on to the roof of the stable, and shot them down at their ease. A half barn-door is preserved to the present day with eighty bullet-holes in it ! Alton sent for brave Christian Ompteda to their aid, and he came with the 5th Battalion. He posed as an overwhelming force ; but the irrepressible Orange repeated Alton's suggestion in that brooked no delay, and Ompteda went with his 5th Battalion, and they died, almost a man !

Baring dismounted to pick up his cap, knocked off by a shot ; four balls had lodged in his cloak rolled on his saddle-bow, and a fifth pierced the saddle itself, while the Scotch tenant Græme, sitting on the rafters of the piggery, in which a calf was lowing, raised his shako to cheer his men, and his right arm was taken off at the wrist. He was eighteen.

It was hopeless. "If I receive no cartridges," said Baring in his last appeal, "I not only cannot fight, but *will* abandon the post !" And yet those neglected heroes retreated slowly to the house and out through the garden to the French, bursting into the yard, chasing the remnant round and round and bayoneting on the dungheaps.

A roar of cheering rang above the

they were victorious, and the French had Haye Sainte.

At a moment's hesitation their conquest led to the best possible advantage. The 11th-braided Horse Artillery galloped down the way, dragging their guns to the knoll in the sandpit, from which our 95th had been, and, unlimbering, opened fire at its range on to our line.

Shells filled the hedgerows and the farm. The Great Battery renewed its work, and in a few moments there was a gap in the centre of our position. The 11th's brigade had been brought up before it suffered terribly.

The 7th, which had lain down and slept behind Mont St. Jean until after three o'clock, lost 478 out of 698 in its new quarters; the 40th thirteen officers and 180 rank and file round shot taking off the head of the fisher and killing twenty-five men.

The 11th's brigade mustered a mere handful, the 22nd was almost destroyed, Halkett's weak squares, one of his regiments very shaky indeed, and, altogether, things were unpleasant when the Duke came up with his orders to patch our front as best he could.

On our right Chassé's Dutch Belgians were shouting and singing, from Braine l'Allez *very drunk*, narrowly escaping a volley as they wore the French uniform; and on our left, by reason of the bolting of Hake's 11th and Hussars and some of our supports, we suffered enormous losses from the six hours of the British affairs were in bad case.

The 11th's 30th and 73rd in square had been hit no less than eleven times: the Duke saw a scarlet mass in front through the smoke and inquired what regiment it was. It was the lead and wounded of those two corps, lying together where they had fallen.

The green-faced 73rd was at one time commanded by Lieutenant Stewart, all the other ranks having been killed or wounded; and at the rear seven the colours of both regiments were to the rear.

The 1st Line Battalion of the German Legion was in action with 300 men, but mustered only 100 officers and thirty-six privates after the battle. Blücher was now nearing the French army with nearly 52,000 troops and 104 guns. The Emperor was obliged to send Duhesme with eight battalions of the Guard down into the straggling village of Genappe to help to check them.

He had been at La Belle Alliance all day, and the Prussian shot were now falling about him.

Marshal Ney sent for more infantry to renew the attack. "Où voulez vous que j'en prenne: voulez vous que j'en fasse?" was the Emperor's impatient reply—"Where can I get them: do you wish me to make them?"

The long June day was drawing into evening, and shadows began to lengthen across the fields. Wellington, who had always been seen where the fire was hottest, rode with a calm, inscrutable face, followed by a sadly diminished staff, his eagle eye taking note of the strength and weakness of our line.

The Hussars had been moved in rear of the centre; and Adams' Brigade took position immediately behind the ridge. In front of the clover field where the 52nd stood in square, a pretty little tortoiseshell kitten, which had been frightened out of Hougomont by the firing, lay dead—a strange feature in the scene of destruction.

The men were growing accustomed to the hideous sights and sounds around them, and became impatient at the inactivity which doomed them to endure without reprisal. Suddenly the brass guns blazed forth once more upon us; the *pas de charge* was rolling from a thousand drums; a serried line was seen advancing along our entire front, and, led by the Emperor himself, on his grey charger Marie, his famous *redingote gris* open and showing the well-known dark-green chasseur coat, the Grenadiers of the Guard marched in solid columns into the valley.

Two winding serpents of determined men; ten battalions in tall black bearskins, white facings and dark-blue pantaloons—that was their dress at Waterloo—with Friant and Morand, Petit, whom Napoleon had kissed at Fontainebleau, Poret de Morvan, and old Cambronne. The *élite* of the French army, the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Old and Middle Guard, marching sternly to victory or death. Marcognet, Alix, and Donzelot, with their remnants, against our reeling left; Reille, Foy, and Jérôme renewing on Hougomont—cavalry in the gaps and spaces—a simultaneous, mighty LAST ATTACK!

The yet unbroken Imperial Guard set their faces towards the spot where Maitland's, Adams' and Byng's red-coats looked to their priming and closed their ranks: had Napoleon hurled them against the cross road behind La Haye Sainte, the story of Waterloo had been written differently.

He missed his chance; he threw away his

final hope. The greatest of his many mistakes was committed, and, handing over the leadership to Ney, he remained on a hillock above the farm, and watched the downfall of France and the death-blow of his empire! For the last time in this world their Emperor addressed them, pointing towards the heights with a gesture all could understand.

"*Déployez les aigles. En avant! Vive l'Empereur!*" and with a great shout they quickened their pace, passing proudly, unheeding, over the bodies of those comrades who had gone before.

Red tongues of flame burst from the smoke of our guns; whiz came the fiery rockets, darting into their ranks, scorching, blinding, and burning in their course; humming shells dropped among them with terrible destruction; but the Old Guard pressed on, and began to mount the ridge.

Ney's horse fell—the *fifth*

killed under him that day, and the "bravest of the brave," went forward on foot. Alas, would that it had been to death!

Our Guards were lying down to avoid the hurricane from the French artillery. A shell dropped in one of the squares, and Colonel Colquitt, picking it up, fizzing and fuming, walked to the edge and flung it outside to burst harmlessly. Another officer, mortally wounded, said faintly:

"I should like to see the colours of the regiment again before I quit them for ever": they were brought and waved round his body, and with a smile, he was carried away, to die.

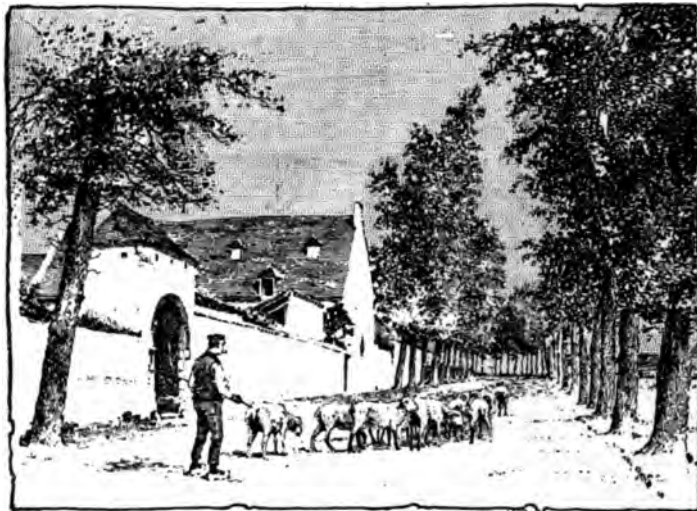
It was men like those that the oncoming columns had to face, and batteries as famous as those of Bull and Bolton, of Norman Ramsay, Whinyates, and Webber Smith, with guns double shotted and served as on parade; no need to sight so carefully, for the moving

target is a wide one, and they hit in time!

Now the skirmishers run out, shouting firing as before, and when they have said, they fall back leaving all clear others; but the columns seem to get no thought they are marching steadily; for after front rank is blown to shreds—that they appear stationary!

The gunners have done their worst: guns recoil, and are left there: it is time of the infantry now, and the time has for that historic signal, "Up, Guards to 'em!" which in reality was never

But
ever then
was, that
"up,"
they
'em";
again
bayonet
bayonet
man to
One
giant,
Hughes
feet
inches
height,
to know
a dozen
Old
single!
the n



LA HAYE SAINTE.

and the blue-coats mingle for a moment the blue-coats melt away.

The second column, a little behind the first, is in good order: it has suffered less from cannonade, and is full of fire and fury; also are our 52nd lads, who advance down the slope with three tremendous cheers.

Colborne is leading, and when they get to the front of the column he cries—

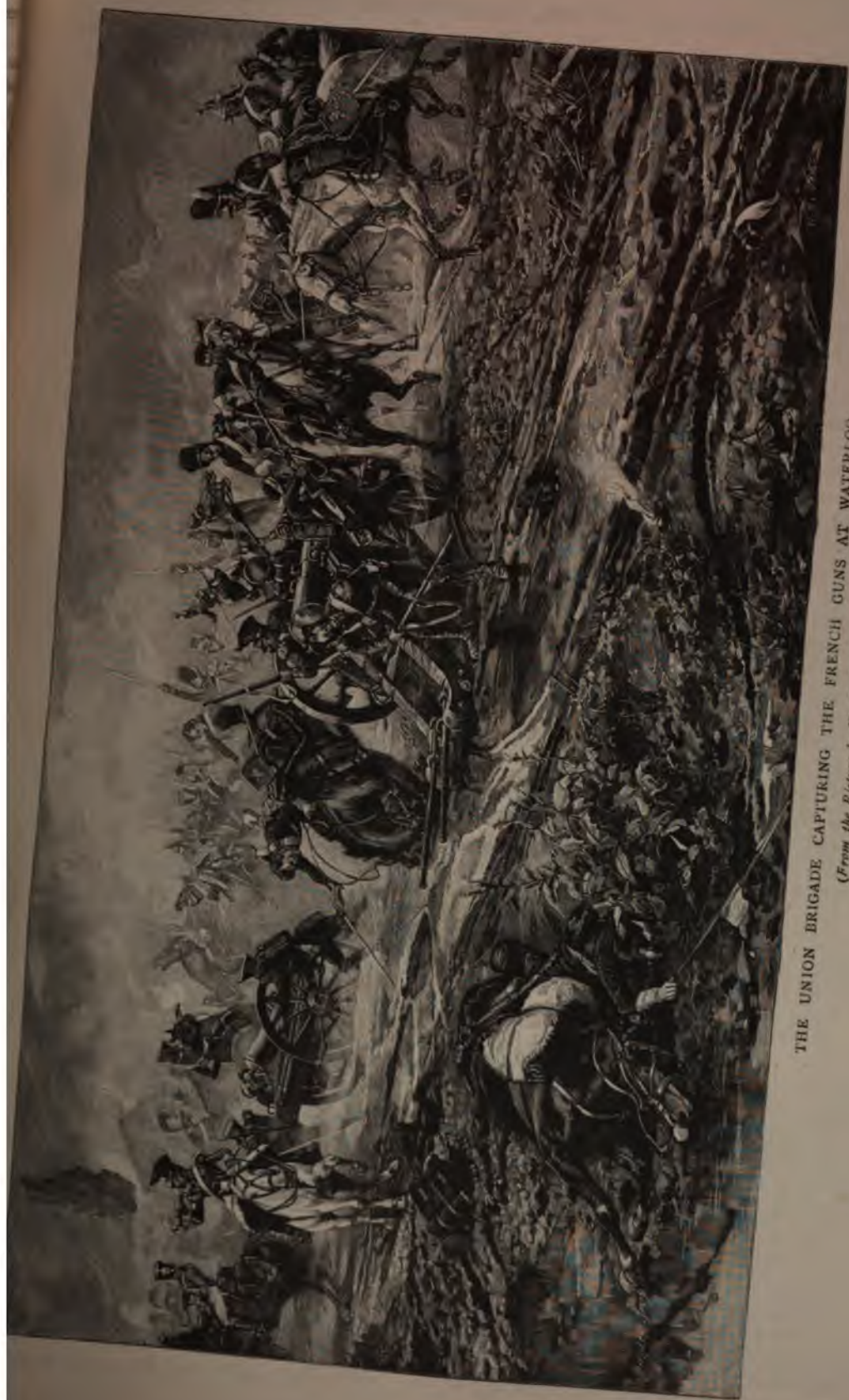
"Halt! Mark time!"

The men touch in to their left, and re-form; Colborne's horse is shot, and he comes forward wiping his mouth with a handkerchief, still wearing Ensign Leake's boat-cloak.

"Right shoulders forward!"

The regiment swings round, and, facing the column's flank two hundred yards away.

"Forward, 52nd—charge!" and th



THE UNION BRIGADE CAPTURING THE FRENCH GUNS AT WATERLOO.
(From the Picture by W. D. Hollen, R.A.)

Guards, who are back on the ridge again, behold a noble spectacle.

The crash is terrific ; the Imperial phalanx is taken in flank. The contest is fierce, but it is soon over.

Brave Michel, in response to our officers, replies with glorious *esprit de corps*, "The Guard dies, and never surrenders !" his words instantly fulfilled, as he falls lifeless, sword in hand, while Cambronne, grown old in the service (to whom these words have been falsely attributed), gives up his weapon to William Halkett.

Halkett's horse is shot, and Cambronne hastens away, but his captor is too quick for him, and seizing his gold aiguillette, hands him to a sergeant to be taken care of.

On presses the 52nd, driving the broken Guard before it : it is a sight probably never repeated in history—one regiment traversing the field alone, in sight of the army ; sending the foe like sheep into the hollow ; dispersing and pushing them relentlessly back, until they turn and fly, and other corps make haste to join in that glorious progress.

There is a movement along the ridge as the setting sun shines out in a burst of sinking splendour, and the Duke, with cocked hat raised above his head, gives the magic word, "The whole line will advance !" and then spurs down after the 52nd.

On the rising ground near La Haye Sainte, Napoleon sits on horseback, close to a small battalion which has formed square.

Jérôme, his brother, bleeding and exhausted, is with him, with honest old Drouot in his artillery uniform, in the pocket of which is a well-worn Bible ; Soult and Gourgaud, Bertrand and brave young La Bédoyère are there, too : but the English Hussars are coming on at a fast trot.

All day long the waves of valour have been rolling northward, and breaking against an iron-bound shore ; now the tide has turned, and rushes madly south again.

Nothing but confusion meets the eye : everywhere the French are in full retreat—solitary men, groups of three and four, ruined regiments, and the skeletons of squadrons.

Jérôme rides close to his brother, and says in a meaning tone—

"It were well for all who bear the name of Bonaparte to perish here !"

Napoleon orders some guns to open on the Hussars, and one shot hits Lord Uxbridge on the

right knee as, mounted on a troop horse belonging to a sergeant-major of the 23rd Light Dragoons, he is leading the pursuit.

"Here we must die on the field of battle," exclaims the Emperor, preparing to head the weak column ; but Soult seizes his bridle, saying, "They will not kill you : you will be taken prisoner" ; and, held up in the saddle by two faithful officers, for he is worn out, Napoleon is galloped away in the gathering darkness.

On the left of the Brussels road some Prussian guns had come up and fired *on our men*.

They were the sole representatives of Blücher's force present before Mont St. Jean until *after* the retreat had begun ; and they had been far better absent, as their pounding was cruelly felt by Mercer's battery and several of our regiments.

They were induced, after some time, to change the direction of their range, and then all went well. The 52nd still pursued its march, halting for a moment near La Haye Sainte to face and charge some rallying squares, where a Belgian soldier was seen killing a wounded Frenchman, and was run through by an officer of the regiment.

Leeke, who carried the King's colour, found a foot and a half of the pole wet with blood : Holman, the brother of the blind traveller, had three musket balls through his sword blade, and wore it for many years ; Colborne and Major Rowan, being both dismounted, jumped on to two horses attached to an abandoned gun, calling to their men to cut the harness ; but the advance continuing, they had to dismount with a hearty laugh and march on again on foot.

It was getting dark, and our Hussars were clearing the field in splendid style, the 10th, whose sabres were soon red as their scarlet cuffs, engaging with some strong remnants of the Old Guard and losing two officers.

Major Murray, of the dashing 18th, met a gun going at full speed, and leaped his charger over the traces, between the leaders and wheelers while his men proceeded to cut the gunner down.

Colquhoun Grant, who had lost five horses and was then mounted on a magnificent chestnut, sent the gallant remains of his brigade : the retreating foe ; and until it was impossible any longer to pick one's way among the vast heaps of dead, disabled cannon, and miserably wounded—in short, the absolute wreck of an army—our light cavalry went wheeling an



"THE DUKE GIVES THE MAGIC WORD, 'THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!'" (P. 70.)

right and left, hurrying on the veteran, script, the artillery driver and the officer. All the French accounts doing justice to eight horsemen. It is only in private hardly in the official documents, that we can learn the heroism of her Hussars at Waterloo.

While the 52nd had crossed to the left of the road and scattered a column debouching from Lanchenoit, behind the buildings of La Belle Alliance, in front of which a mass of guns was left to their fate. The regiment passed on its return found them marked with the signs of other corps that had succeeded them. The causeway was crammed with flying men, a terrible struggle for liberty took place, the discipline gave way to terror. General and baggage waggon fled side by side; and accoutrements were thrown away as their owners might hurry faster. The by-lanes, the woods, were all filled with fugitives—even the Emperor had to turn in order to get past.

Napoleon was one of the last to go. He ordered the army on the 15th, without horses, almost without a uniform. He was to be found everywhere on the fearful 18th, planting batteries, heading the rallying, raging, facing death at every point and when it was over he tottered off away on foot, leaning on the shoulder of a passionate corporal.

The Prussians have arrived in force. Lanchenoit, its churchyard and crooked street, the yards and barnyards, are full of French and Prussian slain.

The young Guard fought well, but they were shattered, and Blücher rides into the field at La Belle Alliance.

The band plays "God Save the King," further along the road they meet the Duke of Angoulême on his way in the dark to write his despatches announcing the victory.

Two soldiers embrace, and sit talking for minutes while the stream goes hurrying when the fiery old German follows up the road with a fury that is incredible.

Thenappé the Silesians have taken the Prussians' baggage; Gneisenau mounts a cannon on one of the cream-coloured carriages and away they go into the darkness after the fugitives, driving them from seven bivouacs, hacking, giving no rest, until the land is for leagues with dead men, fallen under Prussian steel.

Merciless it may seem to us, looking back with fourscore years between us and that moonlit night; but such was the vitality of the French that the most drastic steps were necessary to prevent their army mustering again.

What can I say of the battle-field, after the pursuit had rolled away, and it was left to the searcher and the plunderer?

If I could re-create one tithe of the horror those slopes and roads revealed you would sicken and turn away in disgust.

Prussian, Belgian, and British, there were, out on the plain that night, bent on no errand of mercy; stragglers and camp-followers creeping from group to group, tearing the rings from the fingers, and the teeth from the jaws!

Many a life was foully taken that tender nursing might have saved; but there were some groups who sought for a lost comrade or a favourite officer, and women there were, with woman's gentle sympathy, soothing and tending as only they can soothe.

The bulk of the British force had gone to bivouac beyond and about Rosomme, which was behind the French position; but some detached portions remained where they had fought, too weary to advance with the others.

Mercer was one of these, and creeping under the cover of a waggon, worn out with slaughter, he slept—waking to find a dead man stark and stiff beneath him! His men came to him in the morning, and asked permission to bury one of their comrades.

"Why him in particular?" asked the captain, for many a bearskin-crested helmet was empty in the "G Troop."

Then they showed him the horror of it.

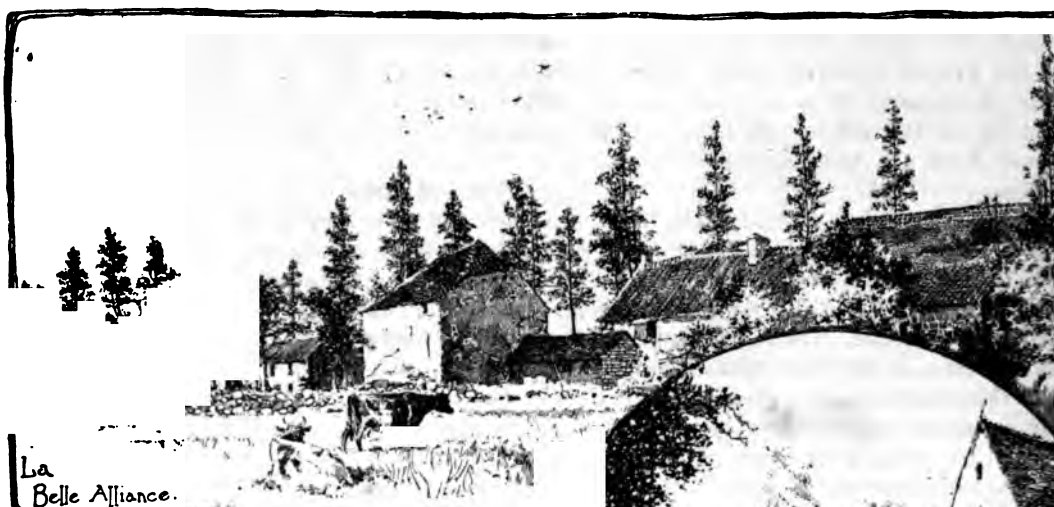
The whole of the man's head had been carried away, leaving the fleshy mask of what had been a face, from which the eyes were still staring wildly.

"We have not slept a wink, sir," they said. "Those eyes have haunted us all night!"

With daybreak men stood aghast at the spectacle of that battle-ground.

The losses have never been satisfactorily reckoned; but I have seen it stated, curiously, that of the red-coats 9,999 were actually killed there. The French loss for the four days' campaign has been counted as 50,000; and you can tell off the survivors of both armies to-day, perhaps, on the fingers of one hand.

Every house in the neighbourhood was full of



La
Belle Alliance.

wounded. For three days, the doctors tell us, they were being brought in by the search parties, a sharp frost having congealed the wounds of many and so saved them, and lines of carts jolted the shrieking wretches over that dreadful causeway to Brussels in endless succession.

At Hougomont, where the orange-trees were in blossom, they flung three hundred bodies down a well: it was a simple method, saving time and trouble; but a dark tradition lingers that voices were heard afterwards, faintly imploring, from the cavernous depths.

Wild strawberries hung their red clusters, and the little, blue forget-me-not peeped in the woods; birds of prey came croaking on the wing; and within twenty-four hours ten thousand horses had been flayed by the Flemish peasants, many of whom made fortunes by plunder!

Men gathered jewelled decorations and crosses by handfuls: it was impossible to take three strides without treading on a sword, a broken musket, a carbine, or a corpse!

Near La Haye Sainte they found a pretty French girl in hussar uniform, and the farm itself was encrusted with blood; tufts of hair adhered to the doorways, the yard presenting a sight never to be forgotten. A pole to which a scrap of buff silk clung was picked up under the body of Ensign Nettles: it was the regimental colour of the 52nd.

The remains of three French brothers named Angelet were among the slain, and the history of one was most romantic. Wounded in some



of the Napoleonic wars, where he had lost he was taunted by a lady with the fact that he could only talk of what he *had* done for her—that he could *do* no more. The brave seized his crutches, limped after the arm met his fate at Waterloo.

Picton's body—wounded at Quatre though none but his valet knew it taken to England, and by a strange coincidence laid, at the Fountain Inn, Canterbury, on the very table at which he had a fortnight before, on his way to join the army.

Byng of the Guards said to Sir John Colborne in Paris: "How do your fellows like our good credit of what you did at Waterloo? I do not advance because our ammunition was done."

The Foot Guards got their bearskins as a merited reward, only the Grenadier company wearing them during the battle. The Duke, for their great share in the closing received—*nothing*! and the Duke,

ched on the subject of that glaring
e, said, "Oh, I know nothing of the
s of particular regiments. There was
enough for all!"

are nearly all gathered to the "land
deal" now. The last of Hougoumont's
ers—Von Trovich of the Nassauers—died
; Albemarle, who fought with the 14th
passed away quite recently; while the
turned out to bury a veteran not
ince who paraded for the last time in
am workhouse! In 1894 John Stacey,
nety-six, of the German Legion, walked

from Yorkshire to London to see if his *tenpence
a day* might not be increased.

For thirty years you could mark, by the deeper
colour of the corn, where they had buried the
dead in greatest numbers: they still find buttons
in the plough-land after rain, with bullets cut in
half against our sword-blades, and sometimes
bones! Ten thousand people, on an average,
visit the field each year; and, though the land
lies dozing under its wealth of crops, and the
lark trills his requiem where the guns once
thundered, and the herdboy's song rises in place
of "Vive l'Empereur!"—never will the nations
forget that fearful Sunday or the names of
WELLINGTON and WATERLOO.



MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

(After Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)



NOT since the "Völkerschlacht," or Armageddon of the nations at Leipzig, in 1813, when the allies overthrew the hosts of Napoleon, had Europe witnessed such a stupendous conflict as was fought near Königgrätz, on the Upper Elbe, in Bohemia, on the 3rd July, 1866. This battle was called of Königgrätz by the Prussians, of Sadowa by the Austrians; and, as a matter of topographical fact, the latter was the more correct title, just as the field of Waterloo is known as Mont Saint Jean to the French, and Belle Alliance to the Prussians—in both cases with more justice. At Leipzig about 430,000 men had mingled in fight, while at Königgrätz, as we shall call it in compliment to our ancient and honoured allies the Prussians, the total number of combatants was about 435,000, or close on half a million of men.

What had called these armed hosts into the field? Briefly put, it was the question which was to be the leading Power among the German-speaking peoples—Austria or Prussia. For centuries the former had asserted this position of proud pre-eminence, but there came a time when this claim of the Hapsburgs was no longer allowed by the great and growing monarchy of the Hohenzollerns. Austria wanted to have everything in Germany done after her particular way of thinking, and Prussia began to find it quite incompatible with her honour and her self-respect to be thus lorded over by a State which in many respects she deemed to be her inferior in point of light and leading. Thus it came to pass that these two rival Powers began to lead a very cat-and-dog life at the council-board of the Germanic Confederation of States; and Bismarck, who was the rising statesman of his time, prophesied that this condition of things could go on no longer, and that the only remedy

for this eternal quarrelling between the two was a policy of "blood and iron" on the part of Prussia.

Once, however, they seemed to have suddenly become the best of friends. This was when they joined their forces, in 1864, to snatch Schleswig-Holstein, or the Elbe Duchies, as they were called, from the rule of the Danes. Bismarck was the great champion of "Germany for the Germans," and he thought it scandalous and unreasonable that a foreign people like the Danes should continue to domineer over the Teutons in the Elbe Duchies. Prussia and Austria, therefore, at his far-seeing instigation, combined to oust the Danes from the Duchies, and this they finally did after storming the Danish redoubts at Düppel.

But the worst of it was that the conquerors could not agree as to their spoil. Prussia wanted to do one thing with the Duchies, and Austria another. It is a common enough thing for thieves to fall out over the distribution of their booty, and this was precisely what the rival German Powers did with regard to Schleswig-Holstein. Bismarck, the long-headed statesman that he was, clearly foresaw that they must and would do so, and this was the very thing he wanted. He wished to have a good pretext for going to war with Austria, in order that this Power might be altogether excluded from the German family of nations, and that Prussia, taking her place, might inaugurate a new and better era for the Teutonic peoples. Austria had fallen into the trap which he had laid for her, and she had no choice but to fight. Each, of course, claimed to be the injured party, and the old game of the wolf and the lamb was played over again to the amusement of all Europe. Some of the other German States sided with Austria, and some with Prussia, but

mer were soon defeated and disarmed, and Prussia was free to direct her whole force against the Austrians.

It is known that the latter were collecting their strength in Bohemia, and King William, and General von Moltke, the greatest soldier of his time, for his Chief of the Staff, or principal advisor in affairs of war, resolved to make good this province before its Austrian defenders knew where they were, and smite them, and did the Philistines, hip and thigh. Accordingly, he divided the forces of his kingdom into three main armies, each composed of an Army Corps. The command of the First Army, numbering about 93,000, was given to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles, called by his soldiers the "Red Prince," in the scarlet uniform of the Zieten Hussars which he generally wore; the Second, or left-hand Army, totalling 100,000 men, was given to the King's high-souled and chivalrous son, Crown Prince, Queen Victoria's son-in-law; the Third, or right-hand host, called of old, fell to General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, who fought throughout the campaign with great worth of "Hereward, the last of the line." But these three huge armies did not

invade Bohemia in one overwhelming mass. Moltke, the great "battle-thinker," the "Silent One of Seven Languages," as his friends fondly called him, knew a trick worth two of that. His maxim was, "march separately, strike combined"; and yet it behoved him to keep the three armies in perfect ignorance of where he intended to strike. The Crown Prince, on the left, marched with his army from Silesia; the Red Prince, on the right, set out from Lusatia, while Herwarth's army of departure was Thuringia.

Moltke himself also took the field? No, no; for it meanwhile sufficed this great chess-player, this mathematical planner of war, to sit quietly among his maps and in the offices of the Grand General Staff in Berlin, with his hand on the telegraph wire, to direct the movements of the three armies of war. Take the following description that furnished by an English witness of the crossing of the frontier by the army of the Red Prince:—"As here" (at a toll-house gate) "that Prince Frederick Charles took his stand to watch his army march over the border. He had hardly done there before he gave the necessary orders, and a few moments the Uhlans, or Lancers, formed the advance guard of the regiments, and moved over the frontier. Then followed the

infantry. As the leading ranks of each battalion arrived at the first point on the road from which they caught sight of the Austrian colours that showed the frontier, they raised a cheer, which was quickly caught up by those in the rear, and repeated again and again till, when the men came up to the toll-house and saw their soldier-prince standing on the border line, it swelled into a rapturous roar of delight, which only ceased to be replaced by a martial song that was caught up by each battalion as it poured into Bohemia. The chief himself stood calm and collected; but he gazed proudly on the passing sections, and never did an army cross an enemy's frontier better equipped, better cared for, or with a higher courage than that which marched out of Saxony that day."

Over the picturesque hills of Saxony, over the Giant Mountains into the fertile plains of Bohemia, swiftly sped the three superbly-organised armies like huge and shining serpents; and ever nearer did they converge on the point which, with mathematical accuracy, had been selected as the place where they would have to coil and deliver their fatal sting of fire. Hard did the Austrians try to block the path of the triune hosts and crush them in detail; but the terribly destructive needle-gun, with the forceful lance of the lunging Uhlan and the circling sabre of the ponderous Cuirassier, ever cleared the way, and a series of preliminary triumphs marked the progress of the three armies towards junction and final victory. By the 29th the Red Prince had reached Gitschin, the objective point of the invasion, while his cousin the Crown Prince lay at Königshof, on the left, a long day's march distant. Meanwhile the Austrians had all retired under the shelter of the guns of Königgrätz, a strongly fortified town on the left bank of the Upper Elbe, there to take their final stand, with their backs, as 'twere, to the wall.

The Austrians were commanded by Feldzeugmeister Benedek, and their army had been reinforced by the troops of the King of Saxony, who had sided with the foes of Prussia in the impending conflict, and were sure to give a good account of themselves. An equally stubborn resistance was to be expected from the Hungarian subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who were second to none in all his polyglot dominions in respect of that ancient valour and other chivalrous qualities which had caused this gallant people to be called the "English of the East." Finer horsemen than the Hungarians existed in no army in all the world; and in this

campaign, as in every other in which they had ever been engaged, the Austrians were particularly strong in cavalry. But, on the other hand, the Prussians were known to be armed with the lately-invented breech-loading needle-gun, while the Austrians still clung to the older-fashioned muzzle-loader, and professed to make light of their opponents' new-fangled rifle. They were

thought. It appears that we have over 1 prisoners, while the loss on the Austrian s still greater in dead and wounded, being n than 20,000. Two of the Army Corps are u scattered, and some of the regiments are out to the last man. I have, indeed, up til seen more Austrian prisoners than Pr soldiers."



"MAJOR VON UNGAR CAME SPURRING IN WITH A GREAT PIECE OF NEWS" (p. 77).

soon to be shown convincingly which was the better weapon.

It was not till June 30th that King William and his paladins, Moltke, Bismarck, and von Roon, left Berlin by rail for the seat of war. They had scorned to witness the preliminary heats, so to speak, and only wanted to be present at the grand final. On July 2nd, after reaching Gitschin, which was near the headquarters of the Red Prince, Bismarck wrote to his wife: "Just arrived from Sichrow. The field of battle there is still covered with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories (so far) are greater than we

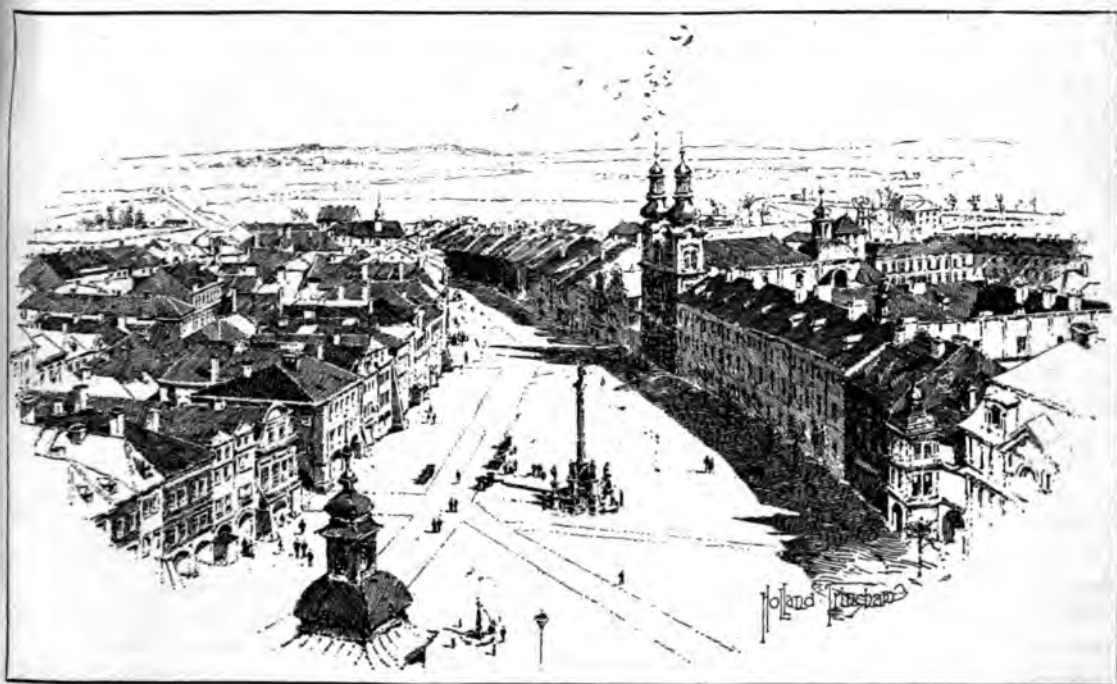
On the night of the same day (2nd King William, now in his seventieth year, retired to rest in a little room of the "G Lion," which overlooks the market-place of Gitschin—a quaint little old town nestled among the hills of Northern Bohemia, on the southern side of the Giant Mountains. Worn out with the fatigues of the day, he had closed his eyes in sleep when he was unmoniously woke up. His Majesty opened his eyes, and found Moltke standing by his bedside, the bearer of most important news, which General Voigts-Rhetz had just brought in from the

Prince, whose headquarters were some six miles further to the east, at the château of Kamenitz on the Königgrätz road. Voigts-Rhetz had first of all carried his momentous news to Moltke, who lodged on the opposite side of the square, and who was the real ruler of Prussia's battles, now and after in the French war. The King did nothing without consulting Moltke, nor did his Majesty ever issue an order that was not based on the well-thought-out advice of his Chief of the Staff.

The message of the Red Prince was of the very highest importance, for it upset all the resolutions which had previously been taken at the Prussian headquarters. Early in the day the exact whereabouts of the Austrians was unknown. It was *supposed* that they were on the left, or eastern, side of the Elbe, furthest from the Prussians, with their right and left flanks resting

this resolution was revoked and replaced by another which deprived the fagged-out Prussians of the prospect of their much-needed day's rest; and a bold and rapid rider—Lieutenant von Norman—was despatched across country to the Crown Prince at Königinhof to ensure his co-operation with the Red Prince in a particular manner on the morrow.

But von Norman had barely started on his long and perilous ride when, lo and behold! another officer, Major von Ungar, came spurring in to the quarters of the Red Prince with a great piece of news. Attended by only a few dragoons, this officer had gone out scouting in the direction of Königgrätz, and discovered that the bulk of the Austrian army was without doubt on the right, or Prussian, side of the Elbe, holding a strong position on the further bank of the Bistritz brook, which ran very nearly parallel with



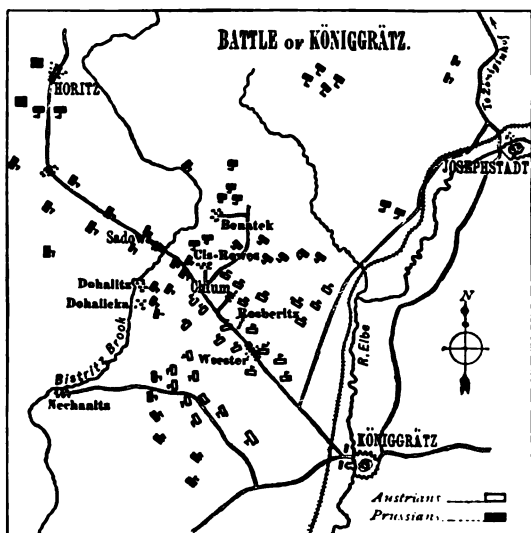
KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

on two strong fortresses—Josephstadt and Königgrätz, respectively—a position which it would have been terribly difficult, if not impossible, for their adversaries to assail; so that, pending the discovery of their real whereabouts, it had been resolved to let the Prussian troops rest on the 3rd, as they had been wearied out by their incredible feats of marching and fighting. Presently, however, "from information received,"

the Elbe at a distance from it of some four miles. The position was strong, but not half so much so as the dreaded one beyond the Elbe, and the hearts of the Prussians jumped for joy. It seemed to them as if God had already delivered the Austrians into their hands, as Cromwell avowed of the Scots when they left their high ground at Dunbar and descended to meet his Ironsides on the plain. After gleaning this priceless

intelligence, von Norman had to ride for his life. A squadron of Austrian cavalry made a dash to catch him, but he rode like an English fox-hunter, and only left behind him, as a souvenir of his audacious visit to the enemy's lines, a part of his tunic which had been carried away by an Austrian lance-thrust.

This, then, was the news which Voigts-Rhetz had brought to Moltke and the King at Gitschin, and then the situation underwent an immediate and final change. It was resolved to assail the Austrian position early on the morrow with the whole force of the united Prussian armies, and another message to this effect, cancelling all previous ones, as a codicil does a will, was at



midnight despatched to the Crown Prince on one hand and Herwarth on the other, informing them of the altered state of things, and desiring them on the morrow to assail the flanks of the Austrians as fast and furiously as ever they could; while the Red Prince would apply his battering-rams to their elevated and strongly entrenched centre. This urgent message was entrusted to Colonel von Finckenstein, who, after a very dark and dangerous ride of twenty miles, reached the Crown Prince's quarters about four o'clock on the morning of the 3rd July.

That fateful morning was a very wet and raw one, pretty similar to that which, after a rainy night, had dawned upon the English at Waterloo. Long before midnight the troops had all been in motion to the front. The moon occasionally blinked out, but was mostly hidden behind clouds, and then could be distinctly seen the decaying bivouac fires in the places which had

been occupied by the troops along the road from Gitschin to Sadowa and Königgrätz. The fires looked like large will-o'-the-wisps; and flames flickered about in the wind and stretched for many a mile, for the bivouacs of so large a force as that of the Red Prince's army of 100,000 men spread over a wide extent of country. With the first signs of dawn a drizzling rain fell on, which lasted until late in the afternoon. The wind increased and blew coldly upon the soldiers, and they were short of both sleep and food. Frequent gusts bore down the water-laden clouds on both sides of the ground along the way.

Moltke and his staff had left Gitschin at five o'clock, driving to Horitz, where, mounting their horses, they rode on to Dub and to Prince Frederick Charles. For this was the centre point of assembly. "A few short paragraphs," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "passed from the Commander of the First Army to his Chief of the Staff; a few *aides-de-camp*, mounting their horses, rode away; and, as it were, by the utterance of a magician's spell, one hundred thousand Prussian warriors, springing into sight as if from the bowels of the earth, swept over the edge of the Milowitz ravine towards the Dub."

About eight o'clock, King William, with his marck and others of his great men, arrived on the scene. Behind the King, besides his royal guests, with their numerous retinues of adjutants and equeries, grooved horses, in number equal unto about a couple of squadrons—making a fine mark for the eyes of the Austrians. Before mounting his good horse "Fenella"—thenceforth to be called "Siegfried"—the King had got into his great-coat and put on goloshes over his boots. A wrong pair of spurs had been brought from Gitschin and did not fit. A groom whipped his off, and sent him on over the royal goloshes; and, well equipped, with a field-glass slung round his neck by a long strap, the King rode away to view the course of the terrific fight, being ever and anon received with tremendous cheering by the enthusiastic troops. For it touched them to see so hoary a king come forth at the head of his "*Volk in Waffen*," or people in arms, to do strenuous battle with the alien. The King, *fainéant*, or stay-at-home monarch he, like our own royal Edward and Harries, under whose personal leadership the French were "beaten, bobbed, and thrashed" at Crécy and at Agincourt.

It had been thought incredible by the English

that the Austrians should have waived advantages of a position behind the Elbe, come forward several miles on its hither side as to meet their adversaries on the other of the latter. But a closer inspection of the line of battle showed that it had been very well chosen. Along their front ran the Bistritz brook, its banks dotted with meadows, villages, and clumps of wood, forming a cover for infantry; while beyond this the land rose in gentle undulations till it finally

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led crosses at the village of Sadowa, a mile and a quarter from Dub. From Sadowa the land again rises beyond the Bistritz to the village of Chlum (mark that village!), famous by its church-tower crowning the hill, a mile and a half beyond Sadowa—a beautiful bit of country not unlike some parts of the Silesian plain, with its hill and dale, clustering villages, peeping châteaux, hedgerows, groves, and living grain-fields. Profiting to the full by the defensive advantages of this terraced terrain, the Austrians had seamed it with entrenched positions, and palisaded their approaches with trees and intertwined branches, making the whole a natural fortress formidable to assailants.

But nothing could daunt the hearts of the Prussians. They had got to beat Benedek and his 220,000 men, and the sooner the better. The Red Prince was afraid that, after all, Benedek might seek to retire behind the Elbe, and this had to be prevented at all costs and hazards. The Prince might not be able to beat him off-hand, but he could at least fasten on Benedek like a bulldog and hold him fast there till the arrival of the Crown Prince, when the bull could be altogether felled and laid upon its back. Bang,

therefore, went the Prussian batteries, and presently the whole sinuous line of battle, extending about five miles from Cistowes (opposite Chlum) on the Prussian left, to Nechanitz on the right, began to be wrapped in wreathed cannon smoke. The Austrians returned shot for shot, and neither side either gained or lost ground. In the centre the Prussians pushed battery after battery



GENERAL BENEDEK.

into action, and kept up a tremendous fire on the Austrian guns; but these returned it with interest, knowing the ground well, and every shell fell true, heaping the ground with dead and wounded men and horses.

While this furious cannonade was going on, columns of Prussian infantry were moved down towards the Bistritz, with intent to storm the line of villages—Sadowa, Dohalitz, and Dohalicka—on the further side. Shortly before their preparations were complete, the village of Benatek, on the Austrian right, caught fire, and the 7th Prussian Division made a dash to secure it; yet the Austrians were not driven out by the flames, and here, for the first time in the battle, it came to desperate hand-to-hand fighting. But the

bloody *mêlée* here was nothing to what was now mixing up the combatants in the wood of Sadowa, and converting it into a perfect slaughter-house and hell upon earth. Boldly the Prussians

he was watching the progress of events in of Sadowa wood some roe-deer, startled their leafy glades by the infernal pother as them, came bounding out and past him



"THE PRUSSIANS PUSHED BATTERY AFTER BATTERY INTO ACTION" (p. 79).

advanced upon this village and its wood, plying the rapid needle-gun with awful effect upon the wood's defenders. But nothing could have exceeded the splendid courage with which the Austrian battalions clung to their cover, and their volleys, supplemented as they were by a truly infernal fire from the batteries behind and above, seemed to mow down whole ranks of their assailants. But neither bullets nor shells could decide the fierce struggle; the bayonet had to be called in to do this. And now ensued most horrible scenes of carnage, which ended, however, before eleven o'clock, in the capture by the Prussians of the aforesaid villages. And no wonder that the Austrians chose to call the tremendous battle after the village and wood where they had made so glorious but ineffectual a stand.

Moltke himself afterwards related that, while

also how, when he and his suite rode for a little way along the Lissa road to reconnoitre an Austrian position, he encountered an ox plodding along, serenely indifferent to shells that were bursting all around it. On the Sadowa wood on the Lissa heights the Austrians had planted a most formidable entrenched line of guns, and Moltke afterwards told how he succeeded in getting the King to counter-order a command to storm these entrenched batteries from the front, which only have ended in the bloodiest of disasters to their assailants.

About this time Bismarck, seeing how headway the Prussians were making, began to be rather apprehensive as to the general result, fearing even that, if the Crown Prince came up soon, they might, after all, be beaten. One little incident gave him fresh hope. T

his cigar-case he offered a weed to Moltke, who deliberately chose the best of the lot. Moltke thought Bismarck to himself, "if Moltke is not enough to do that, we need have no more to say."

The coming of the Crown Prince, with his army of one hundred thousand men, had been anxiously looked for as the arrival of Blücher on the day of Waterloo, and in truth the two situations were closely alike. Suddenly Bismarck, who had been looking intently in the Crown Prince's direction, lowered his glass and pointed to the main lines in the far distance, but these were pronounced to be furrows. "No," said Moltke, looking again, "the spaces are not furrows, they are advancing lines." And so they were, and by eleven o'clock the smoke of the Austrian batteries furnished a convincing

time before his advance had thus been signalled, Moltke made answer to the King, who had been questioning him as to the prospects of the fight, "To-day your Majesty will win, not only the battle, but also the campaign."

"The Prussian reserves," wrote a correspondent with the Austrians, "were once more called upon; and from half-past twelve till nearly one o'clock there was an artillery fire from centre to left for six miles or more, which could not well have been exceeded by any action of which history makes mention. The battle was assuming a more awful and tremendous aspect, and the faint rays of sunshine which shot at intervals through the lifting clouds only gave the scene a greater terror." About this time, also, "Benedek and his staff passed through the 6th Corps, which was in reserve. As the green



READLY THE PRUSSIAN ADVANCED UPON THIS VILLAGE AND ITS WOOD" (A. So).

that their fire was directed, not at the Red Prince's, but "Unser Fritz's" and the words "The Crown Prince is here" passed from lip to lip. But, some

plumes were seen rapidly advancing, the bands broke forth into the National Anthem, and the men cheered their commander with no uncertain note. Faces broke into broad smiles; Jäger

hats were thrown into the air ; all seemed joyous in the anticipation of an approaching triumph. Benedek, however, waved to them to cease shouting, saying, in his peculiar tone of voice, 'Not now, my children : wait till to-morrow.' And it was wise advice ; for by this time Benedek had begun to suspect that he and his men would soon all have a very different song to sing.

The storm and stress of battle were now beginning to tell heavily on the Austrians. They were, it is true, still holding their own, or something like it, on the line of the Bistritz ; but what is that which suddenly attracts the attention of Benedek and his staff behind the village of Chlum ? They gallop away thither to inquire into the cause of all this new turmoil, and are greeted with a destructive volley from the needle-guns of "Unser Fritz," who had by this time, after a forced march of frightful difficulty across the sodden country from Königinhof, come upon the scene with his Guards, and not only turned the flank, but positively fastened on the rear of the Austrian fighting line, at which he was now hammering away with might and main. But his path, so far, had been encumbered with corpses and mutilated bodies in sickening masses. "Around us," he wrote in his Diary, "lay or hobbled about so many of the well-known figures of the Potsdam and Berlin garrisons. A shocking appearance was presented by those who were using their rifles as crutches, or were being led up the heights by some other unwounded comrades. The most horrid spectacle, however, was that of an Austrian battery, of which all the men and horses had been shot down. . . . It is a shocking thing to ride over a battle-field, and it is impossible to describe the hideous mutilations which present themselves. War is really something frightful, and those who create it with a stroke of the pen, sitting at a green-baize table, little dream of what horrors they are conjuring up. . . . In Rosberitz, where the fight must have been frightfully bitter, to judge from the masses of dead and wounded, I found my kinsman, Prince Antony of Hohenzollern, who had been shot in the leg by three balls," and died of his wounds soon after.

With the turning of the Austrian right by the Crown Prince, the battle was virtually won. On the extreme left, Herwarth had played similar havoc with the Saxons, in spite of the heroic desperation with which they fought ; and by four o'clock the Prussian line of attack resembled a huge semi-circle hemming in the masses of battered and broken Austrian troops. Half an

hour later the latter, perceiving that victory at last been snatched from their grasp, began to waver all along their line ; and then, with beating drums and colours flying, the Red Prince with one accord, rose from their position and began a general advance. Perceiving his opportunity, the King now gallantly placed himself at the head of the whole cavalry reserve of the Army, which "charged and completely overthrew," to quote his Majesty's own words, "a similar mass of Austrian horsemen."

The nature of the ground had hitherto prevented the cavalry of either army from attacking in masses, but the country was more open here, and the line of retreat to Königgrätz, and it now became the scene of several splendid lance and sabre conflicts. As the squadrons of the 3rd Prussian Dragoons were rushing forward to charge the Austrian battalions near the village of Wistritz, an Austrian Cuirassier brigade, led by a Prussian officer of the name of Beales, charged them in flank. They drove the Prussians back, smiting them heavily with their sabres and swords, nearly destroyed the dragoon regiments, Hohenlohe's Prussian Uhlans, seeing the Prussians worsted, charged with their lances against the Austrian flanks, and compelled them to retire. Pressed by the Lancers they fought hard, but then the scarlet Zieten Cavalry charged them in turn in the rear. A combat ensued, and the gallant Beales was borne wounded to the ground.

But all would not avail. The Austrians fled in full flight towards the fortress of Königgrätz, pursued by cavalry, volleyed at by infantry, and exposed to ever-increasing showers of shot and shell. Yet from some positions of advantage the Austrians continued to retaliate in kind ; and it was while standing watching the pursuit that King V and his suite became exposed to a terrific cross-fire of shells. Bismarck, who was still with the King, ventured to chide his Majesty for thus exposing his precious person so unnecessarily. "Your Majesty, then, think they are swarming round you," he said, "and you are making light of the whizzing of shell bullets. "No one," wrote Bismarck to his wife, "would have ventured to speak to the King as I did, when a whole mass of ten thousand and fifteen horses of a Cuirassier regiment were wallowing in their blood close to us, and shells whizzed in unpleasant proximity to the King, who remained just as quiet and composed as if he had been on the parade-ground at Berlin." In spite of all remonstrances the

not budge, so, edging up on his dark horse behind the King's mare, Bismarck gave her a good sly kick with the point of his boot, made her bound forward with her royal majesty out of the zone of fire.

Coming up with the troops of the Crown Prince, the King had been nearly swallowed up in the throng for sheer joy. At sight of the venerable monarch, who had been exposing his person without the bloody fray like the most dutiful of soldiers, battalion after battalion—some mere shadows of their former selves—burst

cheering of the troops of my extreme right and his extreme left wing. . . . Two years ago I embraced him as victor at Düppel; to-day we were both victors: for, after the stubborn stand made by his troops, I had come to decide the day with my army."

The battle had been won, but at what a terrible cost! Even the victors shuddered at the sight of the multitudes of bodies which heaped the bloody field. By superior arms, superior numbers, and superior strategy, Prussia, at the cost of 10,000 of her bravest sons, had



GRAVE-STONES ERECTED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN.

enthusiastic cheering and rushed forward, officers and men, to kiss the hand, the boot, the stirrup of the beloved leader. But presently a scene touching still was presented to the victors. The Prussian troops, when the heroic Crown Prince rode up and met his father. "I reported to the King," wrote the Crown Prince, "the fate of my army on the battle-field, and he took my hand, on which he embraced me. None of us could speak for a time. He was at a loss to find words, and then he said he was glad that I had been successful, and had exceeded my capacity for command, handing me at the same time the order '*Pour le mérite*' (the highest of Prussian war decorations) for my glorious victories." Earlier in the day "Unser König" had met his cousin the Red Prince. They waved their caps to one another from afar, and then fell into one another's arms amid the

won a crowning victory over her Austrian rival, who lost 40,000 men (including 18,000 prisoners), 11 standards, and 174 guns. "I have lost all," exclaimed the defeated Benedek, "except, alas! my life!" The highest proportion of the Prussian loss of 10,000 had fallen on Franzecky's Division, whereof 2,000, out of 15,000, had bitten the Bohemian dust. But "*Franzecky vor!*" ("Franzecky to the front!") will always live in the Prussian soldier's song as a memory of the ever-ready leader who bore the brunt of the awful struggle on the line of the Bistritz.

That same night the King slept at Horitz—not upon a bed, but on his carriage cushions spread out on a sofa. Bismarck's couch was at first formed by a wisp of straw under the open colonnade of the same townlet, though afterwards he was invited to share the wretched room of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

Moltke rode back to Gitschin, a distance of about twenty miles from the battle-field, where a cup of weak tea was all the refreshment that could be got for him; and then, in a fever of fatigue, he threw himself down to sleep in his clothes, as he had to be up betimes and return

long years to humble the pride of it took William the Victorious, with Moltke his "battle-thinker," but seven short years to achieve the same result. The Prussians preferred to call the battle which he helped to win, Königgrätz, because of



"THE CROWN PRINCE RODE UP AND MET HIS FATHER" (A. 83).

to Horitz to procure the King's sanction for his further plans.

It was he, the "Great Silent One," who had won the greatest and most momentous battle of modern times.

It had taken Frederick the Great seven

sounded to his ears as but a pun on the words "Dem König geräth's" ("The King will do it"). But the King had only won by acting on the sage advice of his all-calculating Moltke. His motto was "*Erst wägen, dann wagen*," which is, "First weigh, then away!"



LAT war whereby the power of Spain was broken in South America, is known as the South American War of Independence. On the one side was the power of Spain fighting for supremacy ; the other side were her colonists—creoles, and natives of Spanish blood—fighting against her.

The first pitched battle was fought in Mexico, at the battle of the Alamo, in 1810 ; the last, on the plain of Ayacucho, in Peru, on December 9th, 1824.

Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador had already thrown off the Spanish yoke when General Bolivar, towards the end of 1823, arrived with his victorious army in Peru. He was hailed as the "Liberator," and addressed the National Congress at Lima in these words:—

"Soldiers who have come from the Plateau, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco as liberators of Peru will not return to their country till they are covered with laurels, nor can they pass under triumphal arches, nor can they carry off as trophies the standards of the enemy. They will conquer and leave Peru free, or they will die. This I promise."

After the words spoken, it remained to make good the promises ; and how this was done will be told in the story.

At the beginning of the following year Bolivar took with him 10,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. His headquarters were at Trujillo, and from there he began to move southwards to meet the Spanish troops.

The Spanish troops comprised 3,500 men, under the Viceroy of Peru, Laserna ; Arequipa and Jauja under Canterac, and Puno in the remote south under General Cerco who was soon to be recalled to assist his superiors in arms. The Spanish force nearest Bolivar was thus General Canterac's. This army was remarkably efficient and in the highest degree disciplined. Its equipments were superior

and complete ; its artillery and cavalry particularly well appointed ; and, what was not always the case with the liberating army, the troops were paid with the greatest regularity—a strong conducive to good discipline and order.

On August 2nd Bolivar reviewed his army on the tableland between Rancas and Pasco, a little north of Reyes, situated at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and amid a scene as majestic as may be found in the world. On the west rose the Andes, while on the east, and stretching away to the Brazils were the sublime ramifications of the Cordilleras. Surrounded by natural displays of such magnitude, Bolivar's army, composed of veterans who had fought in the Peninsular War, seen the conflagration of Moscow and the capitulation of Paris—as well as purely South American troops—looked a mere handful. Still it was enthusiastic, and the hills rang with "Vivas" at the termination of the General's stirring address that was read simultaneously to each corps.

"Soldiers," so ran the address, "you are about to finish the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to men—that of saving an entire world from slavery."

"Soldiers ! the enemies you have to overthrow boast of fourteen years of triumphs ; they are, therefore, worthy to measure their swords with ours, which have glittered in a thousand combats."

"Soldiers ! Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Even liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it ? No ! No ! No ! You are invincible."

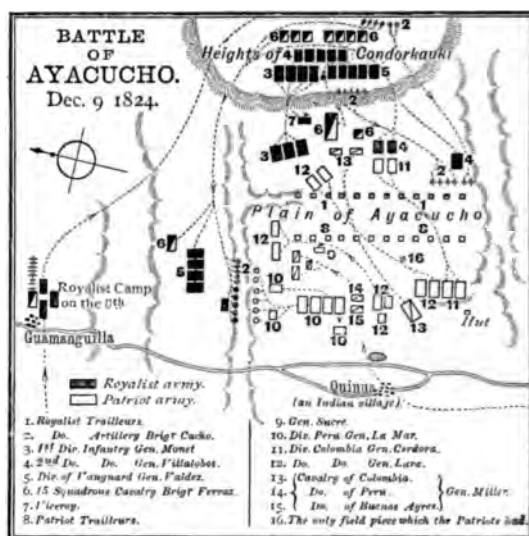
Meanwhile, Canterac, having united his forces at Jauja, was marching northwards to meet

Bolivar. Between the two there lay a lake, and the patriot army marched south on the west side of this lake, while the Spanish army marched north on the east side. The result of this was to delay for four months the general engagement that was expected. Instead of the armies meeting face to face on the line of their march, only detachments entered into action on the plain of Junin, which lies to the south of the lake. It was purely a cavalry engagement, this—not a shot was fired; the lance and sabre alone were used. As it was, the Royalists were worsted, losing nineteen officers, 345 rank and file, and eighty prisoners. The Patriots lost only three officers and forty-two rank and file, with a few wounded. Canterac now fell back upon Cuzco, which he reached with less than 5,000 men, his ranks thinned mostly by heavy desertions. The Patriot army continued to advance towards Cuzco, falling in, however, with no enemy. In October, Bolivar, expecting no further engagements that year, left the army and set out for Lima to hasten forward reinforcements that were expected from Colombia. He gave instructions to his second in command, General Sucre, to go into cantonments at Andahuaylas and Abancay, and, as the rainy season was about to commence, to cease active hostilities for the time being.

Bolivar had not been gone three days, when General Sucre began to question in his own mind the wisdom of his superior officer's instructions; so he called a council-of-war, at which, besides himself, were Generals La Mar, Lara, and Miller—the last, a distinguished British soldier. At this council-of-war it was agreed that if they did as Bolivar had commanded, and lay idle in their tents, the Spanish forces, recruited and united at Cuzco, would come upon them and annihilate them. The position was a delicate one, for obedience to a superior officer is a soldier's first duty. Still, there was Valdez marching from the south to join Canterac and Laserna at Cuzco, and it was proposed to endeavour to intercept Valdez. Operations were thus entered upon in the face of Bolivar's strict orders to the contrary, and these operations had the effect of drawing the enemy out of his stronghold.

Now followed two months of the most extraordinary manœuvring that ever preceded a battle. The Royalists, under the Viceroy Laserna, began to move in a westerly direction from Cuzco, and the Patriots to fall back. Twice the Patriot army offered battle, and twice it was refused. The Royalists, sure of success, sought

to get behind the Patriots, thus cutting off their retreat and so annihilating them. At length, after several brushes—of which the most serious occurred in the Valley of Corpaguayco, where, besides losing their spare horses and some mules, the Patriots had 200 men killed, as against a death-roll of thirty on the other side—a position was reached which seemed to satisfy the requirements of both parties for the final grip. That position was on the plain of Ayacucho; and it is here that Bolivar's address to the soldiers should have been delivered rather than on the eve of the affair of Junin: for it was here that the blow was struck that made the power of



Spain in South America reel and totter to its fall.

The plain of Ayacucho is situated at an altitude of 11,000 feet above sea-level, in the Peruvian department of Ayacucho. It is square-shaped and about two or three miles in circuit. On its north and south sides it is flanked by deep and rugged ravines. On the west it descends gradually for a couple of leagues to what was then the high road to Lima, and which runs along the base of a lofty mountain range which rises like a wall. On this side was stationed the Patriot army, its retreat by this road cut off by detachments sent by the Spanish Viceroy to destroy the bridges and render the defiles impassable. On the east side the plain was terminated by the abrupt ridge of Condorkanki, and a little below the summit of this ridge the Royalist army bivouacked during the night preceding the fight. It was on the

afternoon of the 8th of December that the respective armies reached these positions.

The eve of battle is worth describing. After the men on each side had been refreshed, and about two hours before sunset, a Spanish battalion of light infantry filed down into the plain and extended itself at the foot of the hill. A light infantry battalion of the Patriot army went forth to meet it. The opposing battalions, arrayed in extended files, engaged in skirmishing and performed evolutions to the sound of the bugle. The steadiness and behaviour of the men on each side were admired by the officers, and both parties agreed now and then to intervals of rest. During these intervals officers from the opposing sides approached one another and engaged in conversation. In the Patriot army was a Spaniard, Lieutenant-Colonel Tur, whose marriage to a beautiful woman of Lima had made him espouse the native cause. In the other army was his brother, Brigadier-General Tur, who sent a message to the former, saying how he regretted to see him, a Spaniard, in the ranks of rebels, and bearing arms against his king and country. "Yet," the message continued, "you may rely upon my protection when the coming battle will have placed you at the mercy of the Loyalists." The other brother was disposed to resent this message as an insult; still, they drew near to each other and ultimately embraced in view of both armies. When the shadows began to deepen across the plain, the different battalions retired to their quarters to waken to more serious work in the morning.

To waken, we have said. It is doubtful, however, if a single eye on Ayacucho were closed in slumber that night. All knew that they were about to engage in battle; none knew what the result might be, and whether this might not be his last night on earth. Both sides were wearied with the terrible marches and counter-marches, over mountains, down rocky defiles, and with the harassing watchfulness that had been continuously maintained. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officers of the Royalist army had kept their troops together. To prevent them from deserting, the different corps had habitually bivouacked in column, surrounded by sentinels, and outside of these again had been placed a circle of officers on constant duty. No soldier was allowed to pass the sentinels, who had strict orders to shoot down any one attempting to do so. Even detachments were not sent out for cattle and provisions, in case they should refuse to return; so

the Royalists had been obliged to eat the flesh of horses, mules, and asses. These galling restraints the soldiers knew could be ended in only one way, and that was by a decisive engagement with the enemy. So eager were they thus rendered for the fray that they had begun to murmur against their leaders, and were loudly accusing them of cowardice in avoiding a conflict with the foe.

On the other side, the Patriots, too, were sick of manœuvring. They had been subject to constant harassing attacks from hostile Indians, who hurled stones down the mountain sides into their ranks while on the march, attacked detached parties, even made prisoners, whom they cruelly ill-treated. Again, their provisions were nigh exhausted, and so scarce had their horses become that many of the cavalry soldiers were mounted on mules. These matters, instead of improving, were with the progress of time only becoming worse. All, then, were anxious to have a termination put to the weary round of monotonous marching, with increasing exposure to dangers that from their continual presence had ceased to be exciting. Men so placed are not likely to sleep during the night preceding the day of battle. Besides, the distance between the two armies measured only a mile, and Sucre, fearing that the Royalists might descend from their heights to surprise them in the dark, kept his corps in close column ready for the attack. He also sent forward the bands of two battalions with a company to the foot of the ridge. These continued to play during the night while a sharp fire was kept up upon the Royalist outposts, the idea being to make believe that the Patriots were under arms waiting to join in fight. In this way a lieutenant-colonel and three men were killed in the Spanish camp by chance bullets, so near were the opposing armies.

Under Sucre were 5,780 men, and these were arranged on the plain in the following order:—

Bogota, Caracas, Voltigeros, and Pinchincha regiments, under General Cordova, on the right.

Hussars of Junin, Granaderos of Colombia, Hussars of Colombia, Granaderos of Buenos Ayres regiments, cavalry, under General Miller, in the centre.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Legions regiments, under General La Mar, on the left.

Bargas, Vencedores, Rifles regiments, under General Lara, in reserve.

Artillery: one 4-pounder in front, under Commandant La Fuente.

The Royalist army numbered 9,310, and was commanded by the Viceroy, Laserna. It was posted on Condorkanki—a division under General Valdez on the north side of the height or extreme right of the Royalists; next to him, and still on the Royalist right, a division of infantry under General Monet, in the centre

things that the Colombia cavalryman had to do on mounting was the fixing of his bridle reins above his knees. By this means he guided his charger, and so had his hands left free to wield his heavy lance—a strong, tough sapling from twelve to fourteen feet long. The Patriot cavalry, let it be mentioned, were the finest



“THERE LIES MY LAST HORSE!”
(p. 90.)

cavalry, and on the left a division of infantry with seven pieces of artillery under General Villalobos. At dawn of day, an unperceived movement took place in the Royalist camp. The division under General Valdez, comprising four field-pieces, four battalions, and two squadrons of hussars, stole away to the north.

It was a chilly morning while the men were buckling on their armour, saddling their horses, examining their bayonets, and putting in order their various accoutrements. Amongst the

horsemen in the world, drawn from the *gaucho* of the pampas, the *guasos* of Chili, and the *llaneros* of Colombia—all accustomed to ride from childhood.

Well, while such little details as we have mentioned were in progress, and the mounting sun had tempered the chilly air, the men on both sides were observed rubbing their hands and in other trifling ways showing the satisfaction which the nearness of the onset gave them.

At nine o'clock the first move forward began.



"THE ROUTED SPANIARDS CLAMBERED UP THE RUGGED SIDES" (p. 90).

Then the division of infantry on the Royalist left under General Villalobos commenced to wind down the rugged side of Condorkanki. Laserna, the Viceroy, on foot, placed himself at the head of the descending files, and, obliquing to the left, led them into the plain. The other division of Royalist infantry, under General Monet, came down direct, while between these two divisions similarly descended the cavalry, the men leading their horses. As the different files reached the plain they silently formed into column. Meanwhile, General Sucre, of the Patriot army, rode along his line, and to each corps individually, in forcible words, recalled the achievements of the past. This done, he took up a position in the centre, and to his whole army in a loud voice, said: "Soldiers! Remember that upon the efforts of this day depends the fate of South America."

Then began the forward movement of the Patriots, the division of infantry under General Cordova and two regiments of cavalry being ordered to advance. Cordova, in front of his division, now formed into four parallel columns with cavalry in the intervals, having gone a few steps, dismounted, and plunging his sword into his charger, exclaimed:

"There lies my last horse! I have no means of escape, and we must fight it out together."

This display of spirit on the part of their leader roused the men to such enthusiasm that they became irresistible. They thought of the enemy, not as something to be feared, but only as something to be vanquished. The consequence was that, having discharged their muskets, and Cordova's shout of "Onward, with the step of conquerors!" ringing in their ears, they pressed forward and crossed bayonets with the foe. For four minutes, which contained the work of hours, the two contending forces struggled, the mass swaying now this way and now that, so that it was impossible to tell which would give way. At an opportune moment the Colombian cavalry charged at full gallop, and with both hands free wielding their tough lances with such force that their onset proved irresistible, and the Royalists lost ground. The vigour of the Patriots was only increased by this advantage, which they followed up with such effect that the Royalists were hopelessly driven back with terrible slaughter. Colonel Silva, who led the cavalry charge, had fallen, covered with wounds. Wounded now, too, and taken prisoner, was Laserna, the Viceroy himself—representative of the proud monarch of Spain. The routed

Spaniards clambered up the rugged sides of Condorkanki, and the chasing Patriots deploying, fired upon the fugitives, whose lifeless bodies rolled down the height till stayed by jutting crags or bushes.

While the crags and bushes of Condorkanki are being thus bathed in Spanish blood, quite a different fortune is attending the Patriot arms on their left. As already mentioned, General Valdez, with four field-pieces, four battalions and two squadrons of cavalry, had stolen at dawn of day, unperceived by the Patriots, away northwards from the Spanish camp. The object of that manœuvre now became apparent. He had made a *detour* of several miles, and while the contest we have just witnessed was still in the balance, suddenly opened a heavy fire from his four field-pieces and a battalion in extended files upon the Patriot left. This obliged two battalions of General La Mar's division, posted on the left, to fall back, and its retreat was not prevented by the battalion Bargas from General Lara's division, which had been kept in reserve, sent to support it. Two of Valdez's battalions had now crossed the ravine into the plain, and pressed at the double-quick upon the retiring Patriots. At this juncture General Miller, who held a portion of the Patriot cavalry in reserve, led the Hussars of Junin against the Spaniards, and drove them back across the ravine. This brilliant charge conducted by Miller saved the battle. La Mar's division was thereby enabled to rally, and came to Miller's support. The Patriots in this part of the field, animated by Cordova's success against the Viceroy and the shouts of victory that were echoed back from Condorkanki, proved an easy match for Valdez's now somewhat scattered forces, and the Spanish general, so famous for his marches and tactical skill, soon found his division broken, his artillery taken, his cavalry flying in disorder, and his infantry dispersed. The day was now lost and won in little more than an hour, and the vanquished Royalists flying in all directions.

Among the Hussars of Junin so effectively led by Miller at the critical moment, were twenty-five who, owing to the scarcity of horses, had no better steeds than baggage-mules. This was simply for display and to lead the enemy to think their cavalry numbered more than their horsemen actually did. These Hussars on mules were ordered to remain in the rear and not to take part in Miller's charge. But they answered: "No; we will conquer or die with our comrades." And their bravery was soon

ed, for after the charge they were able to
te good Spanish horses, whose riders had
for their less nimble mules. Six weeks
sly, when on a reconnoitring expedition

Cuzco, General Miller had been sur-
it a place called Chuquibamba, and his
which was the finest in the army, and
he had ridden at Junin, with an orderly,
the enemy's hands. This horse was now
amongst Valdez's retreating troops. Its
as immediately singled out for pursuit,
vn, and the horse restored to its old

Another object of interest to the pur-
Patriots were the silver helmets of the

Hussars. The landscape gleamed with
helmets wherever bodies of cavalry moved.
became so attractive to the enemy that
hrew them off to stop the pursuit, and
m was quickly removed, the Patriots
g them off and stowing them away in
lises.

ie o'clock on the day of the battle the
of the Patriot army, under Generals
and Lara, reached the summit of Con-
L. Here General Canterac was stationed,
ore sunset he sued for terms of peace,
hour later rode to General Sucre's tent,
the terms were agreed to. By these
anterac, as supreme commander in Peru,
to surrender to the liberating army the
of the territory possessed by Spain as far
Desaguadero. So in effect ended the
Independence, and so was extinguished
er of Spain across the seas.

losses on that day, on the side of the

vanquished, were 1,400 killed and 700 wounded.
Amongst the captured, besides the Viceroy
and generals, were 16 colonels, 68 lieutenant-
colonels, 484 officers, and 3,200 rank and file.
The victors won at a cost of 370 killed and
609 wounded. The battle of Ayacucho was
regarded as the most brilliant ever fought in
South America. The discipline of the troops,
seasoned with years of fighting, was considered
such as would have been creditable to the best
European armies, while they were led by the
ablest officers on both sides. Bravery was
conspicuous on every hand, the victory being
not a matter of chance, but of determination,
fire, and valour.

Besides General Miller, who played so im-
portant a part in this action, other countrymen
of ours were that day engaged fighting for the
cause of Independence. Among them were
Major-General Francis B. O'Connor, brother of
Fergus O'Connor; Major-General James Whittle,
Colonel William Ferguson, Lieutenant Martin,
who was killed, Major-General Arthur Sand,
Captain George Brown, wounded, Captain Henry
Wyman, wounded, and Captain Miller Hallows.
These were chiefly officers in the Colombian
battalion of Rifles, which was originally composed
entirely of British subjects. During the long
course of the war these had died or been killed,
and the regiment was recruited from Colombian
Indians, the officers, however, being still British.
This regiment was the foremost in the fight
amongst the troops that routed the divisions of
Monet and Villalobos at the base of the Heights
of Condorkanki.





MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT PATTERSON, sixty-nine years old, ripe with experience gained in at least two wars, but burdened it may be with more of the indecision and fears of old age than is the usual lot of man—seeing before him, in fact, bogey numbers of enemies—marched his army one day this way and the next day that ; and frittering away the time, at length, instead of fighting, he allowed General Johnston and 9,000 Confederate soldiers to slip quietly away from him. The result was the result to be expected. General Johnston by a rapid march reached General Beauregard's lines in time to turn the tide of battle in favour of the South, and the first decisive struggle of the American Civil War was scored to the credit of the Confederates.

Four o'clock on the morning of April 12th, 1861, the Civil War began. At that hour a shell fired from a battery on shore struck Fort Sumter, a tiny fort built on a mudbank in the very centre of Charleston harbour ; and this shot opened hostilities that were destined to last for years. The next day, Saturday, the news reached Washington that Fort Sumter, in possession of a United States garrison, had been bombarded by Southern militia acting under instructions from the Governor of South Carolina. President Abraham Lincoln realised at once that the time for pacific negotiations had passed and the time for the employment of force had come. On Sunday he drew up his first proclamation relating to the war. It called for 75,000 militia to assemble under arms to "repossess the forts, places, and properties which have been seized from the Union." In the two days which followed the issue of this call more than double the number of men asked for had volunteered for service. Every Free State in the Union responded with citizens eager to uphold the

integrity of the Union. On the other hand every Slave State insultingly refused help of the men required.

But ready and numberless as were the volunteers from the North, the resources of the North in the way of arms and ammunition, and organisation, were utterly inadequate to meet the crisis. Although by many it had been feared that the differences between the North and South were being accentuated to a dangerous degree, yet when the worst fear was realised and the actual outbreak of war came, it took the country, as a country, completely by surprise. More than this, it took those in authority unprepared. So it was that between the firing on Fort Sumter and the first great battle—Bull Run—three months elapsed. Those three months were spent in arming the volunteers—for the United States then as now, had no standing army to rely on—in organising commissariat and other details, transporting troops to various points, and arranging the thousand and one details which, unless carefully attended to, would have rendered the bravest army helpless.

But during the months of April, May, and June the absence of any organised opposition in the field allowed much to be done by small parties of Southern volunteers. Unfortunately for the North, Washington, the capital of the Union, was to all intents and purposes within the sphere of Southern influence. On the one side the State of Virginia, the first State to refuse troops to Lincoln, and on the other, Maryland, and to all appearances likely to cast in with the rebel States. Federal soldiers sent out on any way to guard the capital were shot and killed in the streets of Baltimore, Maryland, but a few miles north from Washington. On the same day the railway bridges of lines

ward were destroyed, thus completely cutting Washington off from the North. To meet the dangerous position of the capital, a force of Confederate soldiers seized Harper's Ferry—the Harper's Ferry of John Brown's time—then a famous national arsenal, and established a Southern camp. Next the important navy yard at Gosport, after the officers there had attempted to destroy it by fire, was captured by Southerners; and a number

of points fordable. A short distance south of Bull Run is Manassas Junction—a railway junction—and here General Beauregard had his headquarters.

Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, born in 1818, was a native of Louisiana, and passed through the United States Military Academy at West Point. Strangely enough, one of his class-mates at the Academy was the Federal general McDowell, who at this battle of Bull



"THEY WOULD NOT KEEP IN RANK, ORDER AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASED" (p. 95).

other important points bearing on the capital falling into the hands of the Confederates. Washington was surrounded. The battle of Bull Run was brought on by the North's intention of relieving the capital of the Union by dispersing the enemies that surrounded it.

Bull Run, the stream that gave its name to the battle, is a sluggish, uneven waterway running in a south-easterly direction, and at the place where the engagement took place some thirty miles from Washington. Its banks are steep and at some places rocky, with dense woods, on its western shore, the stream itself deep and sullen, yet at

the same time fordable. Run commanded the Northern forces. Beauregard had served through the Mexican campaign with distinction, taking part in the siege operations at Vera Cruz, and at Mexico he was twice wounded. To him fell the distinction of being chosen to open the war for the South, and it was he who bombarded and finally captured Fort Sumter.

General Beauregard had assembled a strong force of Confederates at this point with the evident intention of marching upon Washington, but before he was ready to move on the capital, a large army of Northerners managed to reach the city, and Beauregard found his plans defeated. Consequently, he entrenched himself securely and

waited for the time to arrive when, sufficient troops furnished him, he could carry out his plan to capture the capital. The position for encampment had been carefully chosen. Along the western bank of Bull Run, from Manassas Junction to a stone bridge some eight miles up stream, the Southern forces were posted, each ford strongly guarded, the rocky banks and the deep water forming a natural breastwork, and the dense woods a natural stockade. Across Bull Run, a few miles towards Washington, is the village of Centreville, and here the advance guards, or more properly, a scouting party, was stationed to give news of any movement that might be made by the North; and, central and convenient, the headquarters at Manassas commanded the whole.

Woods, stream, and rolling country made General Beauregard's position a peculiarly strong one. In fact, as General McDowell, the commander of the forces of the North, soon found, the position was well-nigh invulnerable. To attack the Confeder-

ates in front, fording Bull Run, scaling the high bank and charging into a wood, was out of the question. Moreover, to strengthen Beauregard's hands, General J. E. Johnston, a soldier of energy and experience, was stationed at Winchester, to which town he had retreated from Harper's Ferry when he found himself confronted by General Patterson. General Patterson's orders from Washington were to retake Harper's Ferry from General Johnston. But the Southern general, fully convinced that Harper's Ferry was of no strategical importance, and more of a trap than anything else, fell back at Patterson's approach, and entrenched himself at Winchester. To the Federals the great danger lay in the risk of Johnston by a forced march joining Beauregard, and opposing a united force to McDowell. To prevent this, General

Patterson's second orders were to hold John in Winchester. Patterson had plenty of for the purpose, but failed to do what was expected of him. When the crucial moment came, Johnston arrived with it and ruined McDowell's chance of victory.

McDowell marched from Washington had originally been General Scott's intention to give the command of the Federal force to Robert E. Lee; but that officer, destined to become the most famous general of the war, resigned his position, and journeying south

in charge of the evacuation of Confederate soldiers. McDowell, however, was an officer in every respect competent to worthily represent the North.

A civil war strange opposition. Men hitherto closest friends turned themselves into enemies, friends still, living one another in the field of battle and fighting death for what was considered their country. This curious effect affected officers and men alike. In a large majority of the officers and the outbreak



POSITION OF THE FORCES AT NOON.

hostilities found themselves in charge of newly-enlisted regiments, had been enlisted together at West Point, and together received their baptism of fire and learned what war meant under the sweltering sun of 1861. General Irvin McDowell, as has been seen, stood side by side with General Beauregard at West Point, and side by side with Lee in the battle-fields of Mexico. For some time he acted as assistant-instructor in infantry in the Military Academy, and when war broke out he was relieved of his duties in the Adjutant-General's Department at Washington, and in command of the Army of the Potomac on its way to Bull Run.

When he set out from Washington he carried with him full instructions and the confidence of all concerned. Never was a battle more

lanned. Every move likely to take place been canvassed and discussed, President and General Scott giving their personal consideration and assistance to McDowell. the latter marched away at the head of 000 men, it was thought that he had to do but to act quickly and victory est with him. General Sherman afterward that Bull Run was one of the best and one of the worst fought battles of il War.

July 16th McDowell issued his orders to

J. G. Nicolay, who was private secretary coln, gives this as the organisation of ell's army :—

st Division, commanded by Tyler : an ite of 9,936 men, divided into four s, respectively under Keyes, Schenck, n, and Richardson.

ond Division, commanded by Hunter : regate of 2,648 men, divided into two s, under Porter and Burnside.

rd division, commanded by Heintzelman : regate of 9,777 men, divided into three s, under Franklin, Wilcox, and Howard.

urth Division, commanded by Runyon : regate of 5,752 men ; no brigade com-

s.
th Division, commanded by Miles : an ag- of 6,207 men, divided into two brigades, Blenker and Davies."

1 these figures, it will be seen that Mc- marched with more than 34,000 men. Runyon's division was left to guard nications, and as some days before the number of the volunteers were mustered eir three months' time having expired, ons left the Federal general in command ething like 28,000 men to meet an equal er number of Confederates, entrenched, ave seen, in a strong position, and fully ed for a stubborn fight.

n the news flashed across the length eadth of the great continent that at last hern army was to attack the South, the on on everybody's lips was "How will the can fight?" McDowell, in his army of , had but 800 regulars—the rest were eers who had never been trained to war. nexperienced, undisciplined, gathered from ir corners of the continent : rugged bush-rom the backwoods of Michigan, rough stless men, hunters born and bred every arching side by side with workers from nnsylvania mines and New York factory

hands ; carters from Philadelphia and Chicago, farmers from Ohio and Illinois, clerks from Buffalo and Boston, all untried and untrained, having volunteered for what the most of them looked upon as a jaunt and picnic in the South, with, maybe, a little shooting by the way—all trudged merrily along under the sweltering July sun, joking and playing pranks as they turned their faces to the South, and paying but small heed to their officers' attempts to keep them in order. McDowell, writing of this march to Bull Run, tells many strange things. He says that the advance was rendered tediously slow by the "fooling" of the men on the march. "They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or to get water ; they would not keep in rank, order as much as you pleased ; when they came where water was fresh, they would pour the old water out of their canteens, and fill them with fresh water. They were not used to denying themselves much ; they were not used to journeys on foot." Before the long war was ended the troops became very used indeed to denying themselves much, and to weary journeys on foot.

On Thursday, July 18th, Tyler, commanding the first division, moved warily on Centreville, only to find that the Confederates stationed there showed no disposition to fight, but that they fell rapidly back towards Bull Run. This being so, on towards Bull Run Tyler continued his march, his orders being to carefully observe roads, positions, and lay of the land, but under no circumstances to engage in battle. He was to scout, to gather information for future use. But Tyler's enthusiasm got the better of his discretion, and, it is feared, caused him to forget his orders. He had seen the Confederates retreat before him from Centreville, as though fearing to fight, and then a temptation was thrown in his way in the shape of a favourable position for a battery from which a few shells could be dropped on the enemy. He planted a battery, and fired on a Confederate battery still on the Centreville side of Bull Run. The Southerners retired to Blackburn's Ford, and Tyler threw forward skirmishers against the Confederate skirmishers, and these getting into a hot exchange, Tyler was soon forced to bring forward a brigade, and then a second ; and almost before he knew what was happening he found his battery and his men in a trap. Before he managed to bring away his battery and withdraw his men, he lost close upon a hundred killed, and his soldiers retired in confusion, the

officers chagrined over the first serious check of the war.

But disastrous as was this the first skirmish of Bull Run to the Northern cause, it on the other hand exposed to General McDowell the position of the Confederates, and showed to him the hopelessness of an attack in front. McDowell's first plan of battle, perfected at Washington, was to make a vigorous attack on Beauregard's front, and when this action raged, to cross Bull Run lower down, and while the Confederates were concerned about the safety of their van to fall unexpectedly upon Beauregard's right and turn it. A personal reconnaissance, made at the moment of Tyler's unfortunate experiment, proved to McDowell that this plan could not be carried out. The ground on Beauregard's right was totally unsuited to the job. High hills, densely wooded and strongly held, rendered the scheme clearly unfeasible. Some other plan must be devised. He rode to Centreville with all speed, and there Tyler and his officers reported rifle-pits and strong barricades, natural and artificial, in front of every ford, the one bridge spanning the stream strongly guarded and prepared for blowing up if need be, and not the slightest chance of his untrained soldiers carrying the position. These reports convinced McDowell that only a demonstration must be made in front, and his whole energies applied to reaching the southern side of Bull Run, and fighting the battle across fields instead of across deep water. Richardson's brigade was ordered forward to continue the menace at Blackburn's Ford, and the engineers were sent up stream to survey Bull Run for a ford. But a ford they were unable to find until Saturday, and the battle of Bull Run could not be fought before Sunday, July 21st. A fatal delay this proved to be. News of Tyler's engagement at Blackburn's

Ford on the Thursday reached John Winchester, and that energetic officer that a general action must soon take place slipped away from the aged General Patterson and by a forced march through Ashby's Gap to the Blue Ridge, he took train at Piedmont and marched most of his men into Beauregard's camp on Saturday evening. One of the regiments, indeed, did not arrive until the next afternoon, when by falling upon the Confederates' right, it gave the first intimation to them that Johnston had moved.

that Johnston had moved.

A close, heavy fog preceded the day. A mist, so often seen on the try nights in the fall, hung over the Bull Run, everything into indistinguishable. Notwithstanding the moon shone brightly. Shortly after midnight the Federal army bestirred and began the work of the day before it. Orders were sent away early from Centreville and to cross a hot attack stone bridge, were McDowell to force his way to the stream at the ford. As soon as Tyler

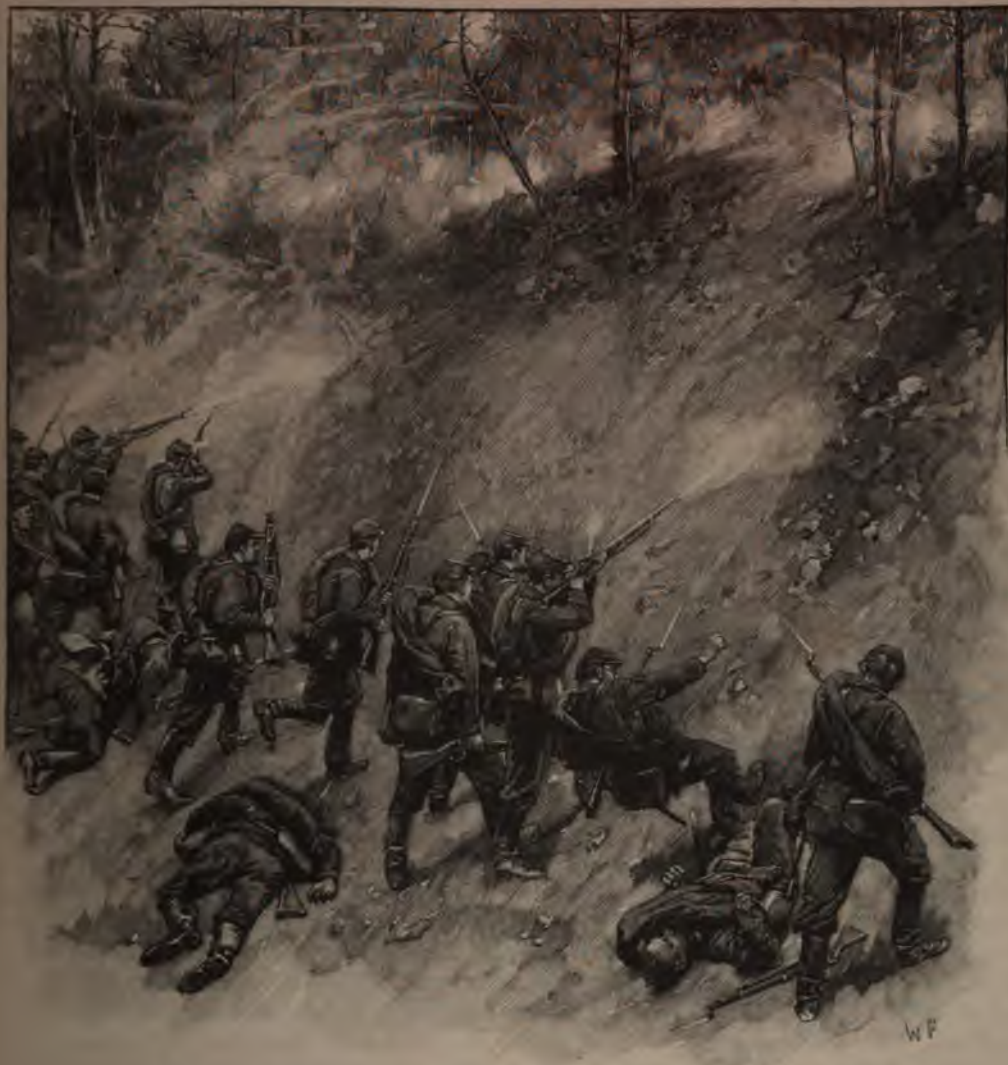


GENERAL SHERMAN.

his men cleared the camp at Centreville and Heintzelman were to march rapidly to the ford which the engineers had located, and at the topmost speed consistent with formation advance upon Beauregard's rear of the defenders of the bridge and clear them away, and so allow the Federal forces to cross and join forces. McDowell had taken this way not only to disorganize the Confederate arrangements, but also to prevent the escape of Johnston from Winchester to Beauregard. He had no idea that Johnston had already effected the junction. The Federal men, new to war, turned but drowsily to their sleep. It was night, and, under the necessity of quick and silent action, they layed and refused to be hurried. Consequently

before Tyler had got his men out of the way of Hunter, the hour for moving had long since passed. Tyler intended to attack the stone bridge at four in the morning. It was not until six that he fired his first gun. Hunter and Heintzelman were proportionately delayed.

Johnston's wits had been sharpened to a wonderful degree by his border experiences. He suffered desperate wounds at Cerro Gordo, and again at Chapultepec, was particularly active at Vera Cruz and in half-a-dozen battles in Mexico, and at the very outbreak of the Civil War captured



"TIME AFTER TIME THE ATTEMPT TO SCALE THE HEIGHT WAS MADE" (p. 99).

Strange to tell, it was Johnston's intention to attack McDowell that very morning. This General Joseph Eggleston Johnston—Beauregard's superior in rank, and an officer of energy, foresight, and initiative, fifty-four years old—besides having served through the war with Mexico, had seen much fighting with the Red Indians in many parts of America; and, as never were trickier fighters alive than the Red men,

Harper's Ferry. In withdrawing his forces from Winchester to Bull Run—successfully outwitting General Patterson—he gave early proof of his skill in handling large bodies of men and readiness in rising to the occasion. He and Beauregard had planned on Saturday night to bring about a battle before it would be possible for General Patterson from Harper's Ferry to join with McDowell, which, Johnston felt

convinced, Patterson would hasten to do when he found that the Confederates had marched away from him. Johnston had already given the orders for an attack on McDowell, when the guns thundered out from the stone bridge. Instantly General Johnston countermanded the order to advance. As McDowell had begun the attack, it were better to fight the battle with all the advantages Bull Run gave to the South. He awaited developments.

Colonel Evans held the stone bridge for the Confederates. He had with him, behind the timber *abattis*, a regiment and a half and four guns; and when Tyler opened fire it seemed to him that a determined attempt would be made to force his position, and he prepared to hold it at all hazards. But after the fighting had lasted a short time, it occurred to Evans that the attack was conducted with nothing like the vigour he would have expected under the circumstances, and he cast about him for an explanation. An explanation was not long in coming. Scouts hurrying from the wood to his left told him that a large force of men had forded Bull Run some miles above the stone bridge and were marching to fall upon his rear. Without a moment's hesitation, and waiting for no orders, Evans, leaving four companies with two guns to hold the bridge, posted the remainder of his men in as favourable a position to resist attack as he could come upon in the limited time at his disposal. When Hunter emerged from the wood, at ten o'clock in the morning, he found that his advance had been made known, and that there was now no chance of taking the Confederates by surprise.

First began an artillery duel. The sound of guns on his side of Bull Run told Johnston that the Federals had crossed the stream and had attacked his left. He hurried General Bee with four regiments and two companies to the support of Evans, already sorely pressed. Next Heintzelman, having now safely crossed the stream, came at the double-quick with a regiment to the assistance of Hunter, and joining forces, bore down upon the Southern lines. The front of battle at once changed from Bull Run stream to what had been the Confederates' left.

And now began the battle proper. The men who, a few hours before had refused discipline and disregarded orders from whatever quarter given, at last, within shot of the enemy, faced the situation seriously and fought well. With now the advantage of position and numbers, the men from the North drove the Southerners

steadily down the hill, the Confederates fighting every inch of the way with that fiery courage that distinguished them all through the war. Every fence, house, and wood, every hillock, every stone on the way, every hollow and every ditch, was made a standing-place by the South, and tenaciously held to as long as mortal could endure the hail of bullets and crash of cannon-ball. But the Federals fought splendidly, and carried position after position with the courage and dash of veterans. McDowell, coming upon the scene of action at this point, hurried word to Tyler to press his attack upon the stone bridge. This Tyler did not do, but instead, fording Bull Run a short distance above the bridge, came upon the rear of the defenders and swept them away from their stronghold. Then, marching towards the sound of the fighting, he safely joined his commander-in-chief. At noon McDowell had the satisfaction of knowing that not a hitch had taken place in his plans. The bridge had been cleared, the Confederates' left turned, and his men had driven the enemy down the hill-side, over a creek, across the valley, and up into a wood. The morning's work was all the North could desire. Everything pointed to a Northern victory, full and complete.

Johnston and Beauregard now found a difficult task before them. Their men, numbers of them thinking all lost, were hurrying to the rear in dire confusion, throwing away their arms and accoutrements as they ran. Many companies were entirely disorganised, and others cut to pieces in the fight. But the two Southern generals, riding to the front, personally supervised the re-formation of the lines. On top of the hills up which the Confederates had been forced was a large plateau, thickly wooded, and on this plateau the generals checked the retreat, and swung their disorganised regiments into line. Early's Brigade formed the left flank, and faced Wilcox and Porter, Elzey's fronted Sherman, and Hampton lay nearest to Bull Run. The Confederate position for the renewal of the fight was clearly a strong one. Down in the valley lay the Federals. To reach the Southerners, they must charge up a hill and into a dense wood. This proved altogether too difficult a task. Sherman said afterwards that had McDowell ignored the partially defeated and strongly entrenched army of the South, and, instead of attempting to carry the plateau, marched around the hill and captured the enemy's headquarters, Manassas Junction, the Southerners would have been defeated by the very act. But

probably neither McDowell nor Sherman thought of this at the time. The order was to further rout the apparently routed, and the Federals dashed themselves to pieces in the attempt. When Johnston and Beauregard got their men ready, the latter took personal command, and Johnston—superior in rank—hastened to headquarters to superintend the whole.

The battle of the afternoon was a battle of hopeless confusion. No two on the Federal side could afterwards agree as to what had taken place. The want of cohesion, of discipline; the rawness of the troops, the ignorance and lack of executive ability on the part of the officers, added to the disadvantageous position, soon brought the army of the North into a state of helpless chaos. The Confederates, strongly situated, lay quietly in the wood firing grimly down the hill. When the Northerners were first ordered to charge, they did so with determination; but scarcely had they advanced a few hundred feet than they came under an appalling fire, volley after volley sweeping down the steep incline. Time after time the attempt to scale the height was made; and the right did at one time gain a footing, but to no purpose. It was a hopeless task from the first.

In the woods on top of the plateau lay Thomas Jonathan Jackson and his men. Jackson was of English descent, and having been left an orphan at seven, he grew to manhood on a rough farm in Western Virginia, joined the army, fought in Mexico, and after teaching school was with Johnston at Harper's Ferry. Jackson's brigade was the first to get into position and check the advance of the Federals, the panic-stricken Southerners rallying upon his line. During the crisis, General Bee, rallying his men, shouted: "See; there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally on the Virginians." Immediately afterwards General Bee was shot dead; but the

nickname "Stonewall" stuck to Jackson, and became probably the most familiar nickname of the war.

To the Confederate left stood Henry House. Built on a knoll, it commanded the whole field of action, and here McDowell deemed it important to plant a battery. To this ground two batteries were sent, and Ellsworth's Zouaves ordered to support them. In making their way to the position the officers of the Zouaves mistook an Alabama regiment for a Northern one, and did not find out their mistake until they

had exposed their men to a fire that wiped the regiment out of existence. Another and another regiment was sent to the support of the battery, and the battle raged its wildest around the knoll at Henry House. Keyes, on the right, after a successful charge was driven back, Sherman in the centre charged again and again up the hill, each charge only resulting in a heavier loss, and the batteries at Henry House were taken and retaken time and time again. As the afternoon grew older, confusion gradually settled on the Northern lines. Companies beaten back from the brow



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

of the hill got mixed with companies charging up the hill; men lost their officers and officers their companies, until after a few hours' fighting all was confusion, and the Northern army, victorious as it seemed a little earlier in the day, degenerated into a mob of struggling men, into which the South continued to pour a merciless fire.

Just when the army had been reduced to this pitiable state of confusion, a body of close upon two thousand fresh men came hurrying across the fields to take part in the conflict. They were the last arrivals from Winchester, Johnston's men, who hearing the roar of battle, stopped their train at the nearest point to the scene of action, and running as fast as legs could carry poured a volley into the Federals' right. This

proved to be the last straw. Raising the cry : " Here's Johnston from the valley ! " the army of the North broke and fled panic-stricken across Bull Run, along the turnpike to Centreville and on to Washington, to let the President and the people of the North know that an appalling

while the Southern loss was 387 killed and 1,582 wounded.

Public opinion held General McDowell responsible for the crushing defeat, and as a consequence he was superseded in his command by General McClellan ; and although a capable and



"THE ARMY OF THE NORTH BROKE AND FLED PANIC-STRICKEN."

disaster had befallen the Federal cause. General McDowell tried his utmost to stay the flight, but to no purpose. It was every man for himself, and never was rout more complete.

When the sum of battle came to be reckoned, it was found that the North had 481 men killed, 1,011 men wounded, and 1,461 taken prisoners ;

honourable officer, he played no great part in the subsequent events of the war. The first battle of Bull Run brought the seriousness of the situation vividly to the minds of the people of the North, and showed how fatally the position had been underestimated by everyone from President to peasant



IN the early days of July, 1877, the soldiers of the Tzar were jubilant. So early as April Russian army-corps after army-corps had come tramping across the Pruth into Roumania, and in May the Danubian Principalities swarmed with sturdy Russian soldiers along the left bank of the great river, from Galatz on the east to Kalafat on the west. They gazed eagerly across the brown water of the Danube to the precipitous Bulgarian bank on the further side, but had to wait impatiently until the falling of the river gave them the opportunity for which they craved so ardently. At length, however, they had effected the crossing of the Danube from Simnitza to Sistova and from Braila to Matchin, and the whole Russian army was now on Turkish soil. By the middle of the month Gourko was beyond the Balkans on that adventurous raid of his which spread panic from Hankioj to Constantinople. "Hey for Adrianople!" was the hilarious and confident shout, as army-corps after army-corps started on the enterprise which seemed so ridiculously easy. Princes and staff-officers betted with each other in hundreds of dingy paper-roubles as to the day on which they would dine in Stamboul.

The route which the main advance over the Balkans was to take was by Tirnova and the Shipka Pass, and thence on Adrianople through the rose-gardens of Kazanlik and down the beautiful valley of the Tundja. Two corps had been sent to the left to protect the advance from the Turks holding the Bulgarian quadrilateral. Old Krüdener, the chief of the 9th Corps, had been sent off to the right, with the airy order to storm the fortress of Nicopolis and then to march to the Balkans without delay, leaving as he passed detachments in Plevna and Loftcha for the protection of the right wing, and to cross the great range into Roumelia by the Trajan Pass. "Grandfather" Krüdener, grimmest and toughest

of warriors, began handsomely. He so smothered with shell-fire the obsolete and crumbling fortress of Nicopolis, that after two days' endurance of the Russian cannonade the garrison capitulated. It was quick work, and there were not wanting hints that he had backed his shell-fire by a bribe to the pasha in command. Anyhow, Krüdener scored, when on the 17th there surrendered to him 7,000 men, including the pasha—the cost of the triumph 1,300 Russians killed and wounded, and the trophies of it, among other things, six flags and 110 guns.

FIRST BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 20TH.

Next day the Grand Duke Nicolas telegraphed to Krüdener to "occupy Plevna as promptly as possible." That smart old warrior had anticipated this order by pushing out towards Plevna, which is about twenty miles south-east of Nicopolis, an infantry regiment and the brigade of Caucasian Cossacks, and on the same day moved out General Schilder-Schuldner with an infantry brigade. In all this there was no apprehension in regard to Plevna; the order and movements just mentioned were simply in the line of fulfilment of the original instructions that Krüdener should hasten to cross the Balkans by the Trajan Pass.

But no Russian troops were to enter Plevna for six long months to come. Osman Pasha, whose fame was soon to ring through Europe, was on the march down the Bulgarian bank of the Danube from Widdin, with an army of 40,000 of the best troops in Turkey. Learning that the Russians had already crossed the Danube, he had turned inland, reached Plevna on the 17th, and, recognising the strategical and defensive characteristics of the place and its immediate surroundings, settled himself there, and promptly set about throwing up a line of

entrenchments along the northern ridge from the village of Bukova eastward to the site of the subsequently famous Grivitza redoubt.

In utter ignorance that Plevna was already in Osman's occupation, Schilder-Schuldner advanced in its direction without the commonest precautions. He made no reconnaissances, for he had no cavalry with his main body; and the result of this stupid neglect was that, as he was unconcernedly crossing the Verbitza heights, he was suddenly halted by Turkish artillery fire from the Grivitza ridge. He had already sent the Kostroma regiment eastward to Zgalevitza, and the Caucasian brigade to Tutschenitza, actually south-east of Plevna. The disposal of his little force by Schilder-Schuldner for the night of the 19th July was a lively instance of an almost comic inability how to make war. His troops — 6,500 men all told, with forty-six guns — were distributed over a distance of seventeen miles. Osman Pasha must have smiled as he posted his 40,000 men and ninety guns in the shelter-trenches and battery-emplacements with which his northern and eastern front was already garnished. Schilder-Schuldner scouted the suggestion that he should wait for reinforcements. No! He had his orders to attack on the morning of the 20th; he had always obeyed orders, and he meant to do so now!

Accordingly, at daybreak of that morning, he moved forward from Riben, three batteries in the centre, a regiment on either flank. After an hour's cannonade, the troops moved forward and assailed the Grivitza heights. The western extremity of the trenches was carried after a desperate struggle, in which both sides freely used the bayonet. The Vologda regiment, with part of the Archangel regiment on its left, notwithstanding a withering fire from the Turkish shelter-trenches, was able to continue the advance; and, after repelling a succession of

attacks made by Turkish battalions, the Vologdas and Archangels fought their way to the northern outskirts of Plevna, where, at seven o'clock, they were brought to a halt by a very hot fire from behind the hedges and ditches on the edge of the town. They nevertheless hung on here for some hours, fighting hard and losing heavily, until about eleven o'clock they received the order to withdraw.

The Kostroma regiment, coming from Zgalevitza, advanced from the south-east on the Grivitza position, where the subsequently famous

redoubt had as yet scarcely been traced, and after a short cannonade delivered its assault in columns of companies. Over and over again the successive tiers of trenches were taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet and with cruel slaughter. A moment's hesitation in front of the last and strongest line of defence ended in the breaking up of the regiment into small columns of attack. The lines of those columns were strewn with dead and wounded, and all

the superior officers went down. There was, therefore, no one who could order a retreat, and the troops charged forward under the command of a simple lieutenant, and finally carried the last Turkish entrenchment. They then chased the Turks right up to the edge of the town, where the latter found prepared positions in the gardens and houses of the eastern suburb, whence a cross-fire of artillery caused terrible losses in the Kostroma ranks. These losses, the exhaustion of ammunition, and the lack of reserves compelled its reluctant retreat, which was followed by heavy swarms of Turkish skirmishers and by volley after volley of artillery.

The Russian troops had been engaged to the last man for hours, and were worn out with their exertions. A general retreat was, therefore, wisely ordered at about noon; but in effecting it heavy losses were sustained by the sallies made by the



PLEVNA: THE POSITION OF THE RUSSIANS.

Turks, who, however, did not pursue beyond their trenches. The Russians left on the field all their dead and most of their wounded, as well as two guns, twenty ammunition waggons, and all the baggage of the Kostroma regiment. Their losses were close on 3,000 men; nearly two-thirds of the officers and over one-third of the men were *hors de combat*. There are no data from which to estimate the Turkish loss. The Russians reckoned it about 4,000; the Swiss writer Le Compte calls it "about 200"—a wide discrepancy indeed. The Russian army was furious against Schilder-Schuldner, and there was a great clamour for a court-martial; but he was not even called upon to resign, and he blundered cheerfully along to the very end of the campaign. There is no need to point out his faults and errors. Without having learned anything about the strength or position of the enemy, and with no reserves, he sent his troops blindly to the assault in two lines which had no communication with each other, and against an enemy more than four times their own strength. He had the doubtful and dangerous virtue of acting on his orders to their very letter. True, that is one way of avoiding responsibility.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 30TH.

The Grand Duke Nicolas, commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in Bulgaria, was an obstinate and narrow-minded man. He would not believe that the Turks were in force in Plevna, notwithstanding the crushing defeat which Schilder-Schuldner had received on July 20th. He would not take the trouble to come down from Tirnova to the Plevna front, contenting himself with ordering Krüdener to make a renewed attack on Plevna with his own corps (the 9th), strengthened by the addition of an infantry and a cavalry brigade from the 11th corps, under the command of Lieutenant-General Prince Schahofskoy, and of the 30th division (4th corps), which had just crossed the Danube.

Krüdener had reconnoitred the Plevna position with great care; and on account of its natural strength and the force of the enemy, which he estimated at not less than 50,000 men, he did not at all fancy the task laid upon him. He had even ventured to remonstrate against the risk of failure which he apprehended; but he received a peremptory and even angry order from the Grand Duke to obey orders without delay, and not bother the headquarters with any more querulous croaking. Krüdener now became furious; he had the full belief that with 30,000



GRAND DUKE NICOLAS.

men in the open field against 50,000 in a strong fortified position, he was bound to be beaten disastrously, a belief which the event justified—but he was resolved to put in his last man, and as regarded himself he would rather prefer that he did not come out of the business alive. Throughout the Russian camp there was little of that excitement of anticipation which had been manifest on the evening before the crossing of the Danube. The Russian officer, subject of a despot though he is, has a habit of speaking his mind; and on the eve of this battle the ears of the Grand Duke Nicolas would have tingled

had he heard the comments made upon him. Meanwhile the Turks were working with the utmost diligence upon their fortifications, confident that they would be again attacked in the course of a few days. By the 30th, the day of the battle, the Grivitza redoubt and four redoubts of the "middle group" east of Plevna were in condition for defence.

Krüdener was in chief command of the assailing forces. His orders for the 30th were that the troops of his own corps, forming the right wing, should advance to the attack of the Grivitza redoubt and the adjacent positions on the northern heights, the 31st division to lead, the 5th to follow in support; and that the left wing under Schahofskoy, consisting of two infantry brigades, should occupy the Radischevo ridge to the south-east of Plevna, and assail the redoubts of the "middle group"

on the lower swell, due east of the town. Krüdener's whole army was a little over 30,000 men, consisting of 36 battalions, 30 squadrons, and 170 guns; of which 24 battalions, 110 guns, and 10 squadrons belonged to his own (the right) wing, 11 battalions, 54 guns, and 8 squadrons constituted Schahofskoy's (the left) wing, and 1 battalion, 12 guns, and 12 squadrons was Skobelev's detached command on the extreme left. The main fault of the dispositions

valley running north and south, in the centre which lay the town of Plevna, its white minarets, on which the sun was shining, visible above the encircling trees. On the long ridge forming the northern section of the horse-shoe were discernible the tents of the Turkish camps, and on its nearer shoulder lay the Grivitza redoubt of which later the world was to hear so much. Now it did not seem very formidable—merely a rough parallelogram—all of defence visible bei



"THE GENERAL HAD RISEN, AND WAS STANDING AGAINST A TREE" (p. 106).

was that Krüdener and Schahofskoy were practically independent of each other, so that the two attacks were far apart and with no connecting link; but the gravest evil was the weakness of the assailing force. The key of the Turkish position was the Grivitza redoubt.

Schahofskoy's advance from Poradim began at 6 a.m. As the infantry went swinging past their general, they cheered vigorously, and seemed ready for anything. After a two-hours' march the head of the column reached the upland in front of Pelischat, whence the whole Plevna region lay before it. The headquarter stood temporarily halted near the apex of a great horse-shoe, closed in at the heel by a wooded

a bank of earth with a ditch at its outer foot, a few guns here and there, and a good many Turkish inside the work. To his left front, as Schahofskoy looked toward Plevna, he saw the long ridge of Radischevo, forming the southern edge of the horse-shoe, and the valley behind it into which his advance troops were already moving.

Some of the gay young officers of Schahofskoy's staff would have it that slow old Krüdener had not yet got out of bed. But the old warrior was wide awake and well to the front. About 9 a.m. the Turkish guns opened fire on him from the Grivitza redoubt. Answering smoke rose to the eastward, and the cannon thunder came booming down on the wire



"THEN THERE FOLLOWED A HEADLONG RUSH" (p. 207).

Krüdener's guns were in action, playing fiercely on the Grivitza redoubt. The artillery duel between the Turks and Krüdener lasted until after two p.m. Then the Russian infantry were sent forward to the attack. The brave Penza regiment led the way. Its first battalion carried the first line of trenches, a thousand yards north-east of the redoubt; the second line was carried by the second battalion, and the two battalions drove the Turks at the bayonet point across the intervening ravine, when three companies made a rush for the redoubt and actually reached the parapet, where, however, all perished. In a few minutes, so fierce was the Turkish fire, the three Penza battalions lost thirty officers and 1,006 men—half their officers and more than one-third of the men. Officers of the two regiments in reserve, looking through their telescopes, swore that they saw the blood of the Penzas flowing in streams down the outer face of the parapet of the Turkish redoubt. The Kosloff regiment followed the Penzas up to the second line, and a few men of it did reach the redoubt, but only to meet their death. Then the supports, consisting of the 17th and 18th regiments, made their effort, only to fail; the bitter and steadfast rifle from the redoubt struck them down by ranks. The left column, the Tamboff and Galitz regiments, tried to storm the southern face of the redoubt, but only filled with their dead bodies the outlying trenches. At sundown the stubborn Krüdener gave orders for a final general assault. It was made with such desperation that a general officer was killed within a few paces of the redoubt; but the attack utterly failed with terrible slaughter. Then Krüdener gave the order to retire; but so maddened were the troops that the fighting lasted all night, and the withdrawal was not completed till after daybreak of the 31st. In fine, the attack of the right wing had been an utter and bloody failure.

On the left wing, about ten a.m., Schahofskoy sent twenty-eight guns up on to the crest of the Radischevo ridge, which promptly opened fire on the Turkish positions of the "middle group," whence a fire was as promptly returned. The infantry moved forward into the valley in rear and into the glades about the village of Radischevo, about which were falling many Turkish shells which had flown over the ridge crowned by the Russian artillery. It was strange to witness the peasant villagers standing in scared groups in front of their cottages, shuddering as the shells crashed into the place, while the children were playing about the dust heaps without

any sense of their danger. A couple of spondents, leaving their horses in the valley, went up to the storm-swept crest where the Russian batteries were in action, and lay between two guns to watch the scene. At their point of vantage they looked right into the Turkish positions. Several guns on the earthwork (Redoubt No. 1) about a half a mile from the farmhouse, which seemed the most advanced of the Turkish works on the central elevation, were vigorously replying to the Russian fire. Rightward were three more redoubts reaching toward the edge of the valley in which the roofs and spires of Plevna sparkled in the sunshine from out the cincture of verdure. The place seemed so near that a short ride would bring one there to a sorely needed breather, but thousands of men were to die and months were to elapse before Plevna would be accessible to others than Turks. The watchers lay by the guns, men were falling around them; for the elevated position was greatly exposed and the Turkish practice most uncomfortably true.

Two o'clock came. Schahofskoy rode up the slope from the village to see for himself how things were going. As he looked over the sky line the Turks marked the middle group, and a volley of shell-fire was directed upon it. Schahofskoy promptly rolled out of the saddle and crept forward to where the correspondents were squatting. His eyes blazing and his face was flushed, as he spoke most vigorously in the colloquial Russian of a common soldier. He looked at his watch, and saw a few minutes past two. Krüdener's army, after all these long hours, to be making no headway. Schahofskoy in his impatience gave his orders to the wind and determined to act independently. He turned to his Chief of Staff and shouted, "Bring up the 125th and 126th regiments at once! Quick!" These were his own two regiments which had accompanied him from the foot of the Balkans. General Tchernichev, the brigade commander, came up the slope at a canter and told the Prince the two regiments were following close. They came up with a swinging stride and deployed just before reaching the crest, breaking to pass through the interval between the guns. The General had risen and was standing against a tree saluting his soldiers as they streamed past him. His guns recommenced firing as soon as the infantrymen were deployed on the further slope, and continued their fire while the regiments were crossing the inter-

to the assault of the Turkish positions. Turkish shells crashed through the ranks as giments pressed forward; men were already in numbers, but the long, undulating line through the undergrowth of the descent then tramped steadily over the stubble below. No skirmishing line was thrown advance. The fighting line retained its position for a time till, what with eagerness and with men falling, it broke into a ragged mass of humanity and surged on swiftly, but without close cohesion. It was a rush of vehement fighting-men on which the spectators looked with eyes intent—a helter-skelter of men led by a burning ardour to get forward and to close quarters with the enemy calmly upon them from behind the shelter of his works. The Turkish position was neared; the men held their breath. The crackle of musketry fire rose in a sharp continuous roar. The clamour of the cheering of the men came back on the wind, making a mad tingle with excitement. The wounded began to withdraw, limping and groaning—the dead and the more severely wounded were they fell among the stubbles and the maize. The living wave of fighting-men was pouring over them ever on and on. Only the disconnected men were drawing back, the officers signalling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. Then followed a headlong rush, led by a brave leader. The Turks in the shelter trench held their ground, firing steadily and with terrible accuracy into the advancing assailants. The colonel fell a few paces and then fell—he was a brave man.

The men, bayonets at the charge, rushed to recover their gallant dead leader. They were driven back to the shelter trench and over the parapet, then down in among the Turks like an avalanche. The first redoubt was thus taken; the Turks had got away ten guns; leaving twenty in Russian hands. The captured battery was No. 1, which had fallen to the 126th Regiment, the right regiment of Schahofskoy's division. His left regiment, the 125th, was attacking simultaneously on Redoubt No. 8, about half-way between No. 1 and Plevna, but No. 8 was much the stronger, an isolated mamelon with a crest on the rearward slope. Schahofskoy ordered forward to No. 1 two batteries and two regiments, and a third battalion to strengthen its flank, and then he ordered both his front regiments to converge on redoubt No. 8

and to carry it, no matter at what cost. One could see through the glass Turkish officers on horseback standing behind its parapet and watching the oncoming Russian forces. Presently two rode away at a gallop and immediately returned with a swarm of men on foot, who clapped tackle on the guns in the redoubt and withdrew them all before the Russians took it. The capture at the last was curiously sudden. All of a moment along the lip of the Turkish parapet there was a final spurt of white smoke, through which were visible dimly swarms of dark-coated men scrambling over the ditch and up the outer slope of the work. On the crest of the parapet itself there was a short but sharp struggle. Then through the telescope was seen a crowd of men in lighter blue in apparent full flight across the great stretch of vineyard behind the redoubt.

The Russians, then, at about half-past five of this bloody afternoon, had possessed themselves of two of the Turkish redoubts, but their tenure was very precarious. The Turks had not fled far from the second redoubt, about the northern and western faces of which they hung obstinately, while their cannon from further rearward dropped shell after shell into it with extraordinary precision. Schahofskoy sent forward eight guns to an intermediate knoll, to cover the troops in the redoubt and cope with the Turkish artillery fire which was punishing them so severely; but about six o'clock the Turks pressed forward a strong body of infantry to its recapture. The defence was stubborn, but the Moslems were not to be denied; and in spite of the stubborn Russian resistance, they reoccupied the redoubt half an hour later. In the course of the original advance on it, part of the troops of Schahofskoy's left had penetrated by a ravine up to near the south-eastern verge of Plevna. From the first, this body was very hard pressed by fresh Turkish reserves issuing from the town. The Russians, bent on entering the place, charged again and again till they could charge no more for sheer fatigue; and then the stubborn, gallant fellows stood leaderless—for nearly all the officers were down—sternly waiting death there for want of leaders to march them back. To their help Schahofskoy sent in succession the two battalions which were his last reserve; but all that these could do was to maintain a front with cruel losses, until the darkness would permit of a retirement to the Radischevo ridge. The ammunition had failed, for the carts had been left far in the rear; and all hope died out of the most sanguine as the sun sank in lurid

glory behind the blood-stained and smoke-mantled field.

Then the Turks struck without stint. They had the upper hand now, and were clearly determined to show that they knew how to make the most of it. Through the dusk they advanced in swarms into their original first positions, and recaptured their two guns which the Russians had taken in their first assault, but which they

The Russian defeat was complete. The remains of the army came sullenly back, companies that had gone down hundreds strong retreating by tens and twenties. For three hours had been a steady current of wounded men from out of the battle to the reverse slope of the Radischevo ridge, to which Schahofskoy held on grimly. All round, the air was filled with the moaning of the wounded who had



"THEY GATHERED TO THE SOUND."

had found no opportunity to withdraw. Turkish shells now again began to whistle and yell over the Radischevo ridge, and to crash into the village behind, by this time crammed with wounded men. The streams of wounded were incessant. The badly-wounded lay where they fell, and were butchered ruthlessly by the Turkish irregulars, who swarmed over the battle-field and slaughtered indiscriminately. The moon rose on their bloodthirsty devilry; and in the hot, still night-air one could hear—and shuddered in the hearing—the shrieks of pain, the futile entreaties for mercy, and the yells of cruel, fanatical triumph.

themselves down by the fountain at the foot of the slope, craving with a pitiful longing for drops of the scanty water. In this awful Schahofskoy's attitude was admirable: not that the day was lost beyond remedy, he was collected. To protect his wounded, and what remained of his force, he was determined to hold the ridge to the last extremity. He ordered his bugle to sound the "Assault." They gathered to the sound, singly and by companies, and threes, many bleeding from flesh-wounds, yet willing still to fight on. But it appeared scarcely a company that came together; the rest of the army was

Schahofskoy was loth to fall back, for he hoped that belated troops would come from the valley of the shadow of death to help him; but he was disappointed. As the ambulance work was going on, the wounded withdrawn into the comparative safety of the village in the valley behind, he continued to pour on the ridge a shower of shells and bullets. At length, near Schahofskoy and his staff quitted the position, protected, after a fashion, by a cordon of troops.

As the forlorn *cortège* rode slowly under the moonlight, an aide-de-camp remarked in a bitter tone to his neighbour: "We are like a general who has lost his army going to an army which has lost its general, and to make the day's loss complete, has lost the general." It was a miserable business.

It was in a measure retrieved by the conduct of Skobelev. His orders were to prevent the Russian force from entering the town, and in general to cover the extreme left flank of Schahofskoy. For this wide range of ground at his disposal one infantry battalion, two squadrons of Caucasian Cossacks, and a battery of horse-guns. His first undertaking was to make a reconnaissance on Plevna from the west, till he looked down on the place from a height within three hundred yards of it. Schahofskoy began his cannonade on the town, and Skobelev opened fire on the town, and himself a large body of Osman's forces. Lacking in strength he, of course, had to fall back to his main force at Krishin; but he

discovered that, from a hill two miles south of Plevna the Turks could enfilade Schahofskoy's line, and take his advance in reverse. To hinder the enemy from occupying this point he resolved to attack energetically; and he was able, by dint of skill and dexterity, to keep up an active fight throughout the day and on until after nightfall, and also to remove all his wounded. After dark, he made good his retreat to Krishin, and re-assembled there what remained of his little command. He had not spared it, for fifty per cent. was *hors de combat*. But he had gained his object in keeping the Turks away from the Green Hill, from which, had they occupied it, they would have cut Schahofskoy's force to pieces.

The Russian losses were 169 officers and 7,136 men, out of a total of 30,000 engaged. Of this number, 2,400 were killed and left on the field. One of Schahofskoy's regiments (the 126th) had 725 killed and over 1,200 wounded—a total loss of about 75 per cent. of its strength. Over their respective responsibility, Krüdener and Schahofskoy quarrelled bitterly. Schahofskoy complained that Krüdener had not supported him. Krüdener retorted that Schahofskoy had disobeyed his orders in assaulting without permission. But the real responsibility for the defeat rested on the shoulders of the Grand Duke Nicolas, who had given peremptory orders from a distance to attack a position of which he knew nothing, and in the teeth of a remonstrance on the part of a commanding-officer who had carefully studied the subject.



ENVIRONS OF PLEVNA.

f, Balkan Mountains in distance; b, Plevna Redoubt; c, Grivitz Village; d, Grivitz Redoubt; e, Radischevo Ridge; f, Balkan Mountains in distance.



THE SHANGANI PATR

BY E. F. KNIGHT

“**T**HEY were men of men, and their fathers were men before them,” were the words of old Umjan, the chief induna of the Imbezu Impi—Lobengula’s Royal Regiment—as he described the gallant stand of that handful of men under Major Allan Wilson which was cut to pieces by the Matabele, hard by the Shangani river, on December 4th, 1893. Umjan, a full-blooded Zulu warrior, who, as a stripling, had taken part in the conquest of Matabeleland with Moselekatse’s raiding horde, led the force that slaughtered Major Wilson’s party, and the terms of keen admiration which he employed when speaking of those brave men but represented the feeling of his whole people. That day’s fight produced a deep impression throughout the country. Till then the Matabele were inclined to despise the white men, and considered them weak and timorous. True, the Matabele had been vanquished ; but they argued that they had not been routed in fair fight, but by the aid of witchcraft—by the deadly fire of those invincible Maxims, which spirits had manufactured for the white men ; they boasted that without Maxims the white men would never have had the heart to face the valorous *amajakas* of Lobengula. But they were undeceived by the brave doings of December 4th, which cannot rightly be called a day of disaster—valuable though were the lives we lost—when it is remembered how glorious was that gallant stand, how far-reaching were its results. That engagement brought the war to a sudden conclusion, and obviated further bloodshed. It inspired the Matabele with a profound respect and regard for their conquerors, which our previous victories alone would not have given them. Without that sacrifice it would have been long before we had brought about a true peace. Our vanquished foes would have regarded any clemency on our part as a sign of cowardice ; the young *amajakas* would have bragged at

their periodic beer-drinkings, risings against the white men. Suffered so severely from that stubbornness, the death of a handful of white men with Maxims, they realised the futility of again trying conclusions with the Company’s forces ; they were convinced of their own victory, and, as I myself expressed it, immediately after the battle, for a white man to travel alone through Matabeleland with safety throughout the great Matabeleland. The death of those brave men brought a complete peace, and their sacrifice did not fall in vain. The story of the Shangani will be told in many a tale, and the prestige these Britons won for themselves will go far to check the ardent wishes of the tribes and to preserve the peace.

Not one man of Wilson’s party could tell the tale of that hopeless battle, but the thirty-four against thousands of native rumours reached us. When Dawson, some three months later, returned from his mission to Lobengula, he gave me the full details he had heard from the Matabele who had taken part in the battle. Later on old Umjan himself came to me and told all that had taken place, extolling the bravery of the white men with a simple but impressive eloquence. It is his narrative that I repeat here.

It will be well first to recall the events up to the despatch of Wilson’s impis had been broken up by the battles ; Buluwayo had been captured by the Company’s troops ; a considerable number of the disheartened Matabele, having accepted the easy terms of peace offered by Dr. Jameson, were quite ready to “come in,” so long as the King was still in the country with a large force of his followers.

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gula, in reply to Dr. Jameson's messages
; him to surrender and guaranteeing his
had at first promised to "come in," but
requently either altered his intention, or
en constrained by his warlike following.
rought in information that he was re-
; to the north with a considerable force
ng of the remnants of his broken impis,
e object either of organising a stand
on, or of crossing the Zambesi to establish
military despotism beyond the great

ameson accordingly sent a force, under
P. W. Forbes, in pursuit of the King ;
s column failed to come up with the
for, having exhausted its supplies, it
pelled to retire on Inyati, a mission
rty miles to the north-east of Buluwayo.
afterwards ascertained that Lobengula
three miles away when his pursuers
ck.

rements with food and ammunition
sent to Shiloh, another mission station
Buluwayo and Inyati, and from this
or Forbes set out afresh with 300 men,
ber 25th, to overtake the King. There
very heavy rains, and the roadless
through which they had to go was
er than a morass, almost impassable
as. They had made but little progress
ber 29th, and Major Forbes, finding
horses and oxen were becoming ex-
nd realising that the King would never
unless the column travelled faster, sent
gons and a considerable portion of his
to Inyati, only retaining 160 men,
on the best of the horses, of whom
troopers of the Bechuanaland Border
remainder volunteers of the Salisbury,
nd Tuli columns. He took with him
ms, and horses carrying ten days'
r each man. This little force then
rapidly, despite the heavy rains and
that prevails at that season in the

They were on a hot scent, and knew
King could not be far ahead of them.
they came to his recently abandoned
l found frequent signs of his retreat.
st their way through the thick bush
s the swamps, following the spoor of
three waggons, occasionally capturing
from his force or some of his cattle.

The Matabele hovered round, watching them all
the while ; but no attack was made upon them,
though the scouts had narrow escapes.

At last, on the 3rd of December, they came to
a valley near the banks of the Shangani and
found a *scherm* (enclosure of bushes) which had
evidently been vacated but a very short time
before, for the fires were still burning within it.
A chief's son, who was captured at this place,
confessed that the King had slept there on the
previous night, and was not far off. This was
good news, and all hoped that they would be
rewarded for the privations they had undergone
by the speedy capture of Lobengula. But it was
now five o'clock in the evening, and darkness
would soon make it impossible for the column
to proceed ; so Major Forbes, having selected a
strong position in which to laagar for the night,
decided to send Major Allan Wilson with a party
of about twenty men, to reconnoitre. Among
those who volunteered to go on this patrol were
several officers and some of the leading settlers
in Mashonaland : it consisted, indeed, of the
very pick of frontier manhood. Major Wilson's
instructions were to follow the King's spoor and
ascertain his whereabouts, and to return to the
laagar before dark. It was Major Forbes's in-
tention to remain where he was until dawn, and
then to make a final dash for the King. Supplies
were now running short, and unless Lobengula
was captured on the morrow the chase would
have to be abandoned, and the column would
have to return to Inyati. Shortly after the
patrol had set out, a native prisoner gave Major
Forbes reliable information to the effect that an
impi of about 3,000 Matabele was then hemming
in his force, so extra precautions were taken to
guard the laagar against surprise during the
night, which was an exceedingly dark one.

Early in the night, two of Major Wilson's
party rode in with a message for the commanding
officer. They reported that the patrol had
crossed the Shangani, and that Major Wilson,
having ascertained that the King, accompanied
by but few of his followers, was only a short dis-
tance ahead of him, had thought it best not to
return that night, but would bivouac where he
was, close on the King's heels.

Before midnight three more men came in
from Major Wilson. They corroborated the
report that the King had sent his impi to sur-
round the column and prevent its crossing the
river. They said that the patrol had found a
native to guide them, had followed the King's
spoer for some distance, and passed several

schirms full of women, children, and cattle. Then they fell in with some of the King's men, who offered no resistance, possibly imagining that this was the advance guard of the whole column, and that the dreaded Maxims were close behind. An officer, who was acting as interpreter, shouted to the natives that the white men would not injure them, but wanted to talk to the King. Just as it was getting dark, they approached some *schirms*, in one of which, the

at once despatched Captain Borrow Wilson with a reinforcement of two while he explained in a letter that I cross the river at daylight with the c join him.

At dawn, the column under Major prepared to advance, and, while doing firing was heard across the river, showing Wilson's party was already in action enemy. Major Forbes followed the Ki



MR. RILEY. UMJAN. MR. DAWSON.

(The waggon is the one in which Messrs Dawson and Riley returned from the Shangani with the King's wives as describe

guide told them, was the King himself. A number of armed Matabele came out with threatening action ready to protect the waggons, and were surrounding the patrol. A heavy rain-storm now rendered the obscurity intense, so Major Wilson was compelled to retire, and took up his position for the night in the bush half a mile away.

Major Forbes, hemmed in as he was by the enemy's impi, would have been guilty of extreme rashness had he ventured to take his whole force and his Maxims across a difficult river and through dense bush on a dark night, when the Matabele could have easily rushed the column with their assegais and annihilated it ; but he

towards the Shangani drift, and no so the column reached the high river bank heavy fire was opened on it by the enemy concealed in the surrounding bush. They were quickly formed up, the Maxims into action, and a smart skirmish ensued course of which the white force lost horses, and had five men wounded. The enemy's fire was silenced, and Major was able to retire along the river bank up a better position where bush afforded

In every way luck seemed to be against the white men on this fatal day ; for it was observed that the Shangani, which was easily fordable on the previous day,

the way of African rivers, suddenly swollen by the morning to a broad, deep, and rushing flood, across which it would be impossible to take a body of armed men, to say nothing of the Maxims. Heavy storms had been raging on the distant hills, and all the rivers were up, so that the main column and the patrol were cut off from one another.

But while the action I have described was taking place, three men had succeeded with some difficulty in swimming the Shangani. These were three troopers from Wilson's party. They rode up to the column with haggard faces that plainly told of disaster, and one of them—Burnham, the American scout—came up to

At dawn, Major Wilson decided to make a rush on the King's waggons. The whole force galloped up to within a few yards of the *scherm*, and then halted, while the interpreter shouted out to the King to come out and speak with the white men. The reply was a heavy fire from the King's *scherm* and from the bush on either side. The fire was returned by our men; but, finding that the enemy were surrounding him, Major Wilson retreated for about half a mile, and took up a position on one of the gigantic ant-heaps which are frequent in this part of Africa. Here the action was carried on for some time, the Matabele fire being very wild and producing little effect; but as the enemy



"THEY FOUGHT ON GRIMLY" (p. 118).

Major Forbes, and said with breathless emotion: "I think I may say that we are the sole survivors of that fight."

Then he told his story. Captain Borrow and the reinforcement had reached Major Wilson's camp on the previous night, without falling in with the enemy.

were again surrounding him, under cover of the dense bush, Major Wilson ordered his men to remount, and the party commenced their retreat towards the river, retracing their way along the spoor of the King's waggons.

Major Wilson then asked Burnham to make an attempt to reach the column and inform

Major Forbes of the position of affairs. Burnham took with him two of the best-mounted troopers, and the three galloped off. They had not ridden far before they came upon a large body of Matabele, which was evidently marching to cut off Major Wilson's retreat. The three troopers rode for their lives through the storm of bullets that was directed upon them, and contrived to escape uninjured to the river-bank. As they rode, they heard a heavy firing behind them, which told them that the body of the enemy they had just passed had attacked Wilson's party. Burnham said that the patrol must have been completely surrounded by several thousands of Matabele warriors, and that it was impossible that a single trooper could escape; for the patrol, as he explained, could only retreat slowly, if at all—it could not cut its way through the Matabele: several of the horses had been killed, so that some horses had to carry two men; most of the horses were worn out, and there would be wounded men also to carry off. True, the best-mounted men might have galloped through and saved their lives; but a *saave qui peut* is an expedient not resorted to in African warfare by white men, and still less so by men of the stamp of Wilson and his companions: they would certainly have stood by each other to the end.

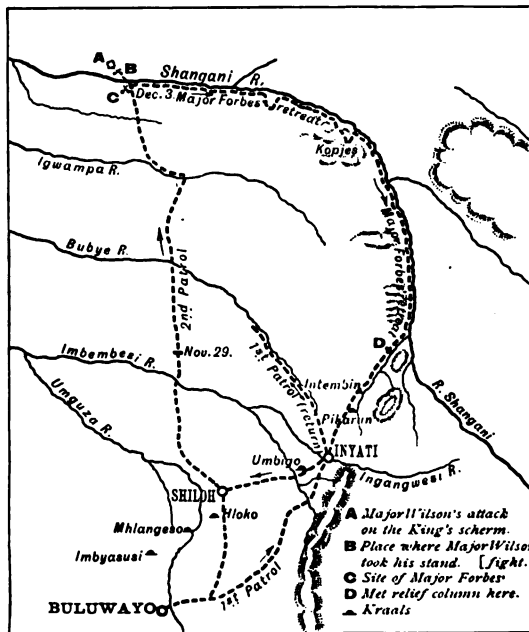
On reaching the river at the point they had crossed it on the previous day, Burnham and his two companions found it in flood, and had to follow the bank for a considerable distance before they came to a place where they could swim across.

There was now nothing left to Major Forbes but to save the remnant of his force, and retreat on Inyati and Buluwayo. The river was still up, and might remain so for days. It was absolutely impossible to transport Maxims across it, and to have sent men over the river without

Maxims would have been to condemn them to certain slaughter. Major Forbes remained where he was for one day, in the hope of hearing some news of Wilson's party; but none came. He then commenced his retreat along the left bank of the Shangani river, having first despatched two troopers to find their way to Buluwayo and ask Dr. Jameson to send reinforcements, food, and ammunition to meet him.

The hazardous retreat to Inyati occupied eleven days. The column suffered great privations, and was perpetually harassed by the Matabele, who hovered round it, creeping along

through the bush on either side of the line of march, watching for an opportunity to rush the white men, but having a due respect for the Maxims. They occasionally opened a hot fire on the troopers and their horses, they attempted surprises, and were not repulsed without further loss to the already weakened column. In these skirmishes, the enemy succeeded in shooting a number of the horses, while many other horses died, or became so feeble that they had to be abandoned on the way: in all, about 130 horses



THE SHANGANI PATROL.

were lost. The wounded men rode, but the troopers who were not ill and Major Forbes himself were now without mounts, and had to march over such rough ground that their boots soon wore out, and many of the men were walking in their wallets. At last there were no horses left sufficiently strong to carry the Maxims, so the gun-carriages were abandoned, and the Maxims were carried by men on foot. All baggage also was thrown away, the men retaining but a blanket each.

The men were worn out by the hard marching and constant anxiety, but displayed an admirable spirit. All supplies had run out, and they lived on the tough flesh of their exhausted horses. On one occasion they captured some of Lobengula's cattle; but the enemy then fell on the

column, and, during the progress of a smart skirmish, recovered the cattle and drove them all off again.

At last, when they were within a day's march of Inyati, the troopers met the relief column that had been sent from Buluwayo with a good supply of food : they had now done with their privations and alarms, and reached Buluwayo without further difficulties.

At the end of January another patrol of 180 troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police, under Colonel Gould Adams, with two Maxims, set out for the scene of the Shangani disaster, with the object of recovering the remains of Major Wilson's party and the abandoned gun-carriages. It was also the aim of this expedition to follow up the Matabele *amajakas*—who were still holding out in force on the Shangani, and were preventing others from coming in—and to bring the King to terms if possible. This patrol, which I accompanied, did not get farther than Inyati. Very heavy rains made it impossible to push beyond that point for some weeks, and then, as the rainy season had set in in earnest, and the men, bivouacking night after night on the muddy ground, would have suffered much from the lowland fever, the Imperial authorities countermanded the patrol.

Dr. Jameson was still very anxious to enter into communication with Lobengula, whose whereabouts was unknown. There could be no secured peace until he had come to terms. Several natives whom the Administrator had sent with messages to the King failed to reach him ; they came back and confessed that when they had fallen in with raiding parties of young warriors from the King's force they had been afraid to go further, lest they should be put to death as spies of the white men.

As native messengers, not unnaturally, shirked the duty, it became apparent that Lobengula could only be approached by some white man who happened to be a *persona grata* to the King, and who was willing to undertake the perilous adventure. Mr. James Dawson—a Scotchman, who had for some years been residing in Buluwayo as a trader, respected by both white and black, a man possessed of the tact so necessary to one negotiating with suspicious savages, and whose relations with the King had always been most friendly—now pluckily volunteered to go to the King himself and deliver Dr. Jameson's message. He accordingly set out with a Scotch cart on February the 4th, 1894, accompanied by one other brave white man, Mr. Patrick Riley,

also an old resident in Matabeleland and a friend of Lobengula's.

We waited anxiously until March the 7th, on which day Messrs. Dawson and Riley, having successfully accomplished the objects of their hazardous mission, returned to Inyati. As it came in there were signs to show that the party had had a very rough journey. The Scotch cart, dilapidated, its tent-cover torn by the thorny bush, was slowly drawn towards the camp by weary oxen ; while the natives, who had set out from here thirty-two days before, active, well-nourished, and cheerful, now painfully crawled along with a miserable air, lean, haggard, their wasted limbs aching with the fever of the pestilential region they had traversed.

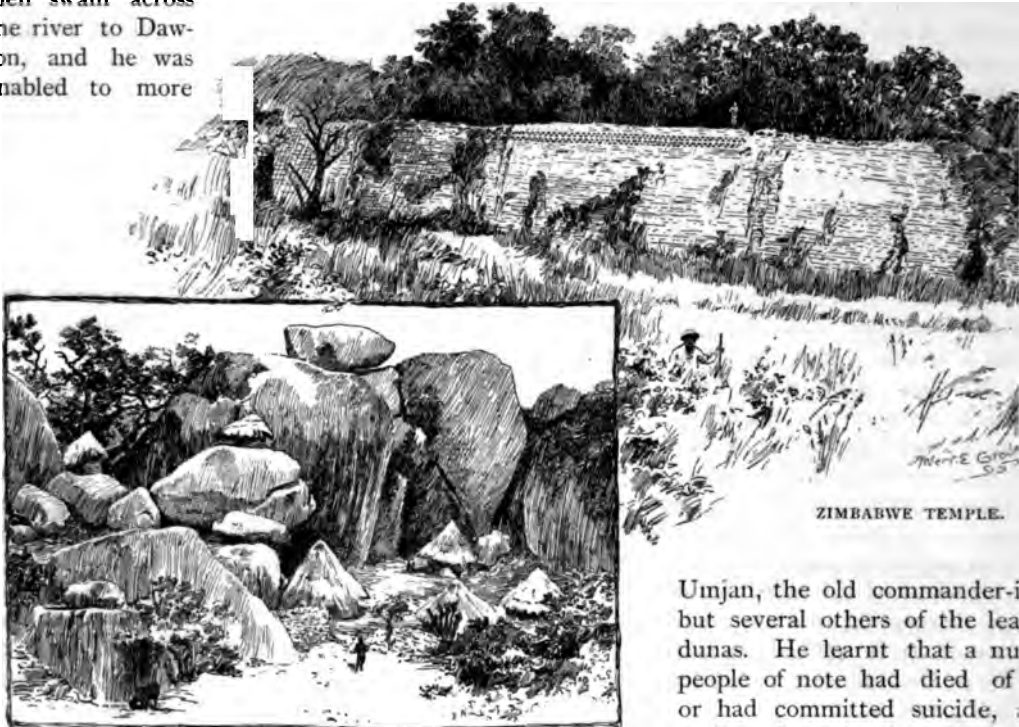
Mr. Dawson told me the story of his journey. The heaviest rains of the season fell while he and his companions were away, and their progress was very slow. Four days after their departure they came to an uninhabited country, where they travelled with difficulty among rocky *koppies* or across deep morasses, often having to cut a way through the dense bush. Here wild beasts abounded, and each night numbers of lions roared around their camp. On reaching the banks of the Shangani they fell in with small parties of Matabele, who had decided to "come in," and were on their way to Buluwayo. From these Dawson first learnt that the King was dead, and that his message would, therefore, have to be delivered to the chief indunas. On February 13th the mission arrived at the Shangani drift, and there found a number of natives suffering terribly from disease and lack of proper food : they had no grain of any sort, and had been subsisting on flesh alone. They were all anxious to "come in," but had been afraid to do so, thinking that the white men would kill them in revenge for the cutting off of Major Wilson's party. They were delighted to see Dawson and to hear his reassuring promises.

On the further side of the river was stationed a large force of Matabele, the *amajakas* of the Royal Regiment and others. These young warriors, suspecting that the two white men were the scouts of some patrol that was advancing to attack them, at first made hostile demonstrations ; and it was, possibly, fortunate for Dawson and Riley that the Shangani was full at the time and quite impassable. The river did not subside until February 22nd ; but in the meanwhile Dawson and the indunas of the regiments opposite communicated with each other by shouting across the swollen stream. Dawson thus succeeded

in delivering his message of peace, allayed the apprehension of the Matabele, and established friendly relations with them. On the 22nd some men swam across the river to Dawson, and he was enabled to more

of the mission was thus effected, and the pacification of the country was insured.

Dawson found at this deadly spot n



ZIMBABWE KRAAL.

ZIMBABWE TEMPLE.

Umjan, the old commander-in-chief, but several others of the leading chieftains. He learnt that a number of people of note had died of fever or had committed suicide, and that Lobengula's death several wives had hung themselves.

Umjan told Dawson the story of the

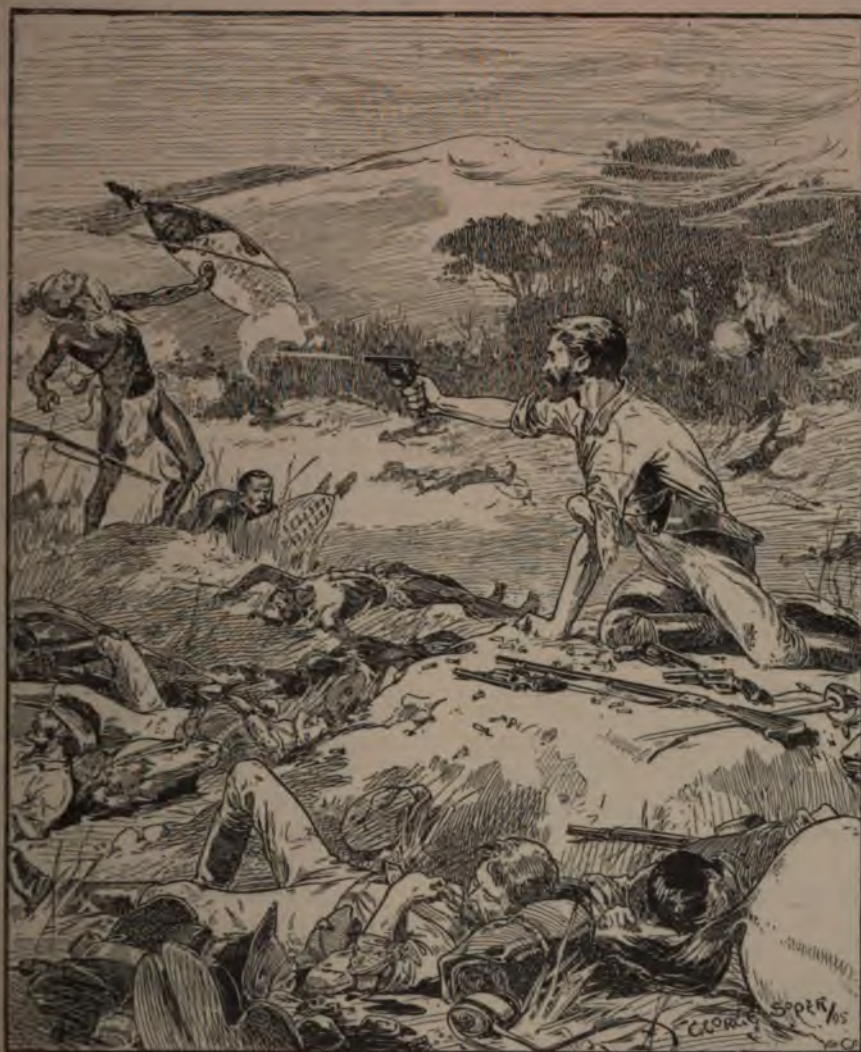
decease and obsequies. Lobengula was stricken with fever and smallpox, but his heart was not broken because the *amajakas* of his own—his favourite regiment, the Imbezu—had deserted him at his last fight: he contemplated suicide. Buzungwana, the head dance-doctor, or master of the ceremonies at the great festival of the first fruits, was a man of note with the dying King. Umjan was disappointed, for, but arrived too late to see Lobengula.

"It is now time for your work—to bury the King," said Buzungwana to him, pointing to the corpse. Umjan performed this honourable duty according to the traditional custom. He placed the body to a hollow under a precipitous rock and placed it on a stone so that it sat upright, the face turned towards the rising sun. Upon it he placed the richest royal raiment and ornaments, and placed the King's war assegais in his hands. After piercing the body with an assegai, Umjan built a chamber of stones around the body, one great flat stone at the top, and then he went away leaving Lobengula, the Calf of the Elephant, sitting in state, just as he was when alive.

Umjan told Dawson the story of the decease and obsequies. Lobengula was stricken with fever and smallpox, but his heart was not broken because the *amajakas* of his own—his favourite regiment, the Imbezu—had deserted him at his last fight: he contemplated suicide. Buzungwana, the head dance-doctor, or master of the ceremonies at the great festival of the first fruits, was a man of note with the dying King. Umjan was disappointed, for, but arrived too late to see Lobengula.

All the people now prepared to leave the deadly
 nks of the Shangani and "come in." Numbers
 are too weak to travel, so Dawson promised
 at food and medicine should be sent to them
 about delay. Some of the indunas accompanied
 back to Inyati to represent the others. I
 present when they were brought before Dr.
 Jameson. The Administrator explained to them
 that there would be no more king, and the white
 man would govern the country, but the indunas
 who behaved well would still rule their people,

occupied before the war. He assured them that
 the white men bore no grudge against those of
 the Matabele who had taken up arms against
 them and killed their soldiers. White men knew
 they must lose some of their number when they
 went to war. The man he respected most in the
 whole country was old Umjan, who had fought
 hardest against us, and had stood by his King
 to the very end. Dr. Jameson then asked the
 indunas if they had anything to say. They
 replied that, having no other road to go, they had



"HE SOLD HIS LIFE DEARLY" (p. 119).

answerable to the white magistrates ; and
 must be no more killing or witchcraft. He
 offered them full protection, and told them to
 return to the cultivation of the lands they had

come to lay down their heads before the great
 white chief, who could kill them or not. They
 were pleased with the treatment they had
 received at the hands of the white man. "And

now we can sleep," they concluded by saying—the usual Zulu method of expressing relief from anxiety. Often when men came in to surrender at Buluwayo, and Dr. Jameson asked them what they wanted, they would reply: "We have come to learn it we may sleep."

When Dawson and Riley were on the Shangani, the natives took them to the spot where Wilson's party had fallen—about four miles from the river-bank. They found the bones of the thirty-four troopers lying close together where the men had stood at bay and died fighting. Dawson buried these remains temporarily under



LOBENGULA.

(From a sketch from life by Mr. A. E. Maund.)

a mopani tree, on which he cut the simple inscription: "To brave men." He described the trees and bushes all round this spot as being cut about by what must have been a tremendous fire. It is estimated that the thirty-four white men killed ten times their number of the enemy, at least, on that day before they were slaughtered.

The fine old warrior, Umjan, whom I met at Buluwayo when he "came in" to surrender to the Administrator, gave a graphic and clear account of all that occurred. Umjan said that the King was not with his waggons when Major Wilson's party attacked them: he had fled the day before with several of his indunas. Umjan had been sent by Lobengula on December 2nd with a strong impi to fall on Forbes' column in the dense bush. Finding the column encamped in the open near the river, Umjan had to alter his plans. He left a portion of his force to lie in ambush on either side of the drift, and returned with the remainder to guard the King.

On the night of the 3rd, Umjan returned to the King's waggons and learnt that the King had gone, and he was informed that Major Wilson's patrol was encamped not far off in the bush.

Umjan decided to do nothing that night, and await dawn. Wilson's party was thus caught in a trap: behind it was the force ambushed at the drift, which had allowed the white men to ride by; in front was the force with Umjan.

In the morning Major Wilson attacked the waggons, and was repulsed in the manner described by Burnham. Umjan said that the white men retreated towards the river for about three miles, fighting gallantly all the while; and it was then that their further retreat was cut off by the other Matabele force which had crossed the river in the night, and which, hearing the heavy firing, had left the drift and was hurrying along the King's spoor to take part in the fight.

Umjan and those with him saw Burnham and the other two troopers ride off just before the white men were completely hemmed in by overwhelming numbers. The Matabele did not understand that these three men had been despatched to obtain reinforcements, and marvelled that those others of the white men who had horses did not also "take refuge in flight instead of fighting by the side of their comrades until all were dead together." We have only the Matabele account of what took place subsequent to the riding off of Burnham. Umjan said that the white men made several desperate attempts to break through the encircling swarms of Matabele, who were continually being reinforced by fresh arrivals.

At last, having lost several horses and having some men wounded, the troopers determined to sell their lives dearly. They formed into a close ring and, under cover of their fallen horses, opened a deadly fire on the Matabele whenever a rush was attempted. Umjan spoke with keen enthusiasm of the grand standing at bay of his white foemen. As they repelled each fresh attack with rifles and revolvers, and added to the heaps of Matabele dead that surrounded them, the troopers, said Umjan, "cheered and jeered at us as cowards, challenging us to come nearer." The Matabele perpetually raised their guttural war-cry, "*Shæe! shæe!*" while, from under cover of the bush, they poured a constant fire into the thick of the white men. There was no crying for quarter on the part of the latter. They fought on grimly: when a man was wounded he laid down and continued to fire, or, if he was unable to fight, handed up his ammunition to his companions. "The white men are indeed the right men to meet in battle, even when they have no Maxims!" exclaimed old Umjan with flashing eyes.

And so they fought on, until at last all were either killed or wounded so severely that they could not fight longer, with the exception of one big man "who would not die." "We could not kill him, often though we wounded him," declared Umjan, "and we thought that he must have been a wizard." This man, who was never identified, stood on the top of a large ant-heap, which was in the centre of an open space. He had collected round him the revolvers and the rifles, and ammunition of several of his dead comrades, and he killed a number of his assailants. The Matabele could not muster courage to approach him, for, according to their description, "he picked up weapon after weapon and fired rapidly, and with wonderful accuracy in all directions—in front of him, to the side of him, and over his shoulders—whenever Matabele ventured to come out of the bush into the open." After killing many of them, he was at last shot in the hip, and had to fight sitting down. He sold his life dearly, and it was not till he sank exhausted from loss of blood from many wounds, that the Matabele made a rush on him, and stabbed him to death with their assegais. Even then it was not all over, for some of the dying troopers summoned sufficient strength to fire their revolvers at the approaching Matabele; and by this time the indomitable resistance they had met with, and the extent of their losses, had so awed and scared the enemy that they fled precipitately into the bush from that narrow circle of dead and dying Englishmen, and did not come back until some hours later when they found all was quiet: not one of their brave foemen was left alive.

Umjan, himself a gallant leader, far superior to his degenerate Zulu warriors, who often refused to follow him, thoroughly appreciated the dogged valour displayed by Wilson and his men. These were men after his own heart. Speaking to some of his *amajakas* in Dawson's hearing, he said: "We were fighting then with men of men, whose fathers were men of men before them. They fought and died together: those who could have saved themselves chose to remain and die with their brothers. Do not

forget this. You did not think that white men were as brave as Matabele; but now you must see that they are men indeed, to whom you are as but timid girls."

Our men, it appears, did not exhaust their ammunition before they were slaughtered, as was at first reported, and Dawson found cartridges in the pouches and in the revolvers of the dead troopers; so it is more than probable that Wilson and his comrades gave a very good account of themselves, and sold their lives dearly as they fell, man after man, to the very last; and it is certain that they did not die before they had killed some four hundred of the enemy.

Dawson made a second journey to the banks of the Shangani, to carry supplies of food and medicine to the suffering Matabele, and brought back with him several leading natives and the surviving queens of Lobengula. The appearance of these people fully bore out his description of their condition. Though he had selected the strongest and most fit to travel, they were frightfully emaciated, some being reduced by famine and fever to the nearest approach to skeletons possible for a living creature: despite all his care, twenty-five people perished on the journey. On this occasion, Dawson disinterred the remains of Wilson's party, and brought back with him the thirty-four skulls, most of which, we observed, had been pierced by bullets. These skulls are to be buried in consecrated ground near those grand remains of an unknown civilisation and religion—the ruins of the Zimbabwe temple. Here Mr. Cecil Rhodes proposes to raise a granite monolith to the memory of these brave men. I have seen the site, than which none more suitable could have been selected—a bare rocky mound rising above a wilderness of dense tropical bush and flowering trees, half-way between the pagan temple on the plain and the rugged Zimbabwe *kopje*, crowned with massive fortifications of immense antiquity. A monument of simple dignity, standing amid these mysterious ruins, and surrounded by this wild and lonely scenery, will produce a most impressive effect.

THE SIEGE AND STORMING OF DELHI

BY CHARLES LOWE

DELHI, the ancient and magnificent capital of the Grand Moguls, or Mahomedan rulers of India, became the focus of the great and ever-memorable mutiny which made our Indian Empire run with blood during the year 1857. Of this mutiny among the native Indian troops, or sepoy, in British pay, some ugly signs had already been observed early in the year; but it was only on the 10th of May that military revolt openly raised its terrible head at Meerut—a place about forty miles north-east of Delhi. There were several causes of this rebellion, but perhaps the chief one was the fact that the native troops had been forced to use greased cartridges, which their religious principles or prejudices forbade them even to touch, as being encased with the fat of so unclean an animal as a pig. Out of respect for their scruples on this head, new rules had been made allowing the sepoy to tear, instead of bite, off the ends of the cartridges; but even this concession did not satisfy them, and, for positively refusing to touch the cartridges that were offered them, about a squadron of native cavalry at Meerut were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. In presence of the whole garrison, they were stripped of their uniforms, fitted with fetters, and marched off to prison, yelling out curses at their colonel as they went. Next evening the storm of evil and long-pent-up passions broke loose. The sepoy regiments at Meerut rose in open revolt, rushed to the gaol and released their comrades, murdered some of their English officers and their wives, plundered and slew like demons, and, leaving the place running with blood and wrapt in flames, fled to Delhi, the great stronghold of the Mahomedan dynasty and faith. So sudden and sanguinary had been this outburst against the British rule and name that the English commanders—all but a few whose

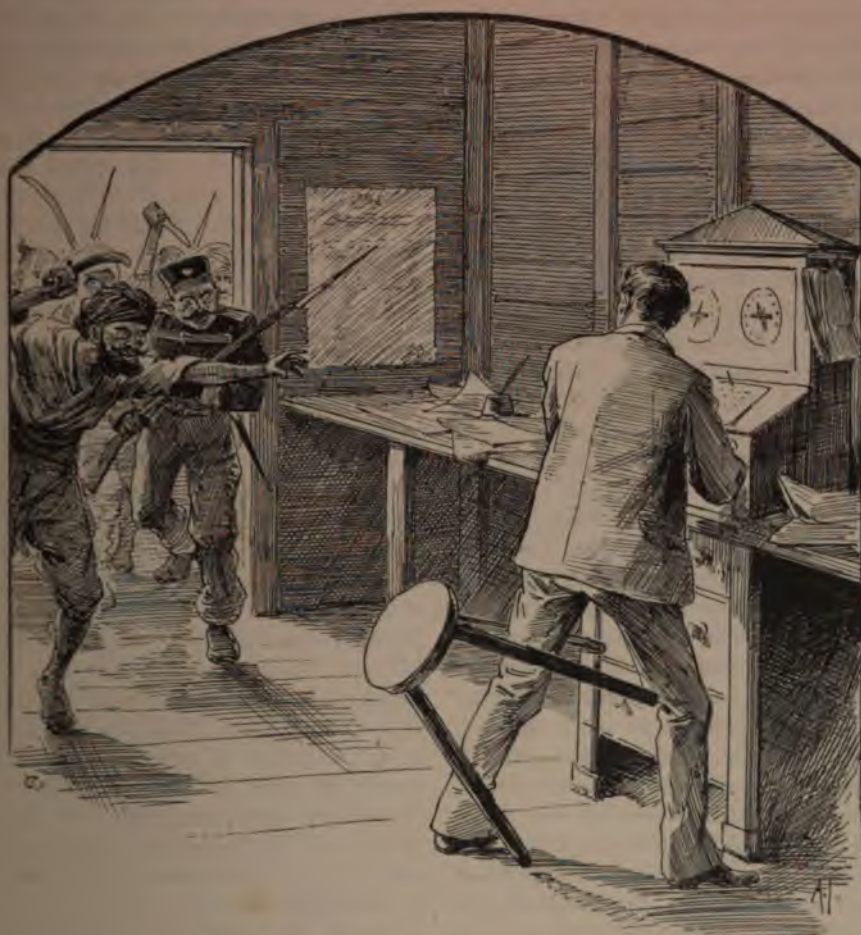
energetic counsel was rejected—lost their heads completely for the time being, as if paralysed with astonishment and unbelief; and by the time they had recovered their senses the fugitive mutineers were safe within the walls of Delhi.

Standing on the right, or western, bank of the Jumna, which is here about a quarter of a mile broad, Delhi had a circumference of about seven miles and a population of nearly 200,000. In its palmiest days the city was said to have covered an area of twenty square miles. At the time of the mutiny it formed a magnificent collection of temples, mosques, and palaces. Of the mosques the chief was that of the Jumma Musjid, or great Mahomedan cathedral—a truly noble structure, towering above the rest of the city. Again, there was the mosque of Roushen-ud-Dowlah, where, in 1739, Nadir Shah sat and witnessed the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. But that was nothing to what the present king of Delhi, Bahadoor Shah, was now about to look upon. Under the English, this descendant of Timour the Tartar had become the mere shadow of a king, and the thought that he was no longer a potentate, but a mere puppet in the hands of the real masters of India, had inflamed his heart against them with a passion which only needed a spark of fire to set it in a blaze. That spark was supplied by the sudden advent of the mutineers from Meerut on the 11th of May.

Crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats they swarmed into the courtyard of the palace, where they were eagerly joined by the royal guards. Captain Douglas, the commander of these guards, rushed down from the presence of the King to quiet the turmoil, but his presence only made it worse. He was joined by Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, and Mr. Hutchinson, the Collector; but the surging, roaring crowd closed in upon them with murder in their eyes.

Englishmen attempted flight, Captain [unclear] flinging himself into the moat; but he was badly hurt by his fall, while Mr. Hutchinson also wounded. As these two were being led to the apartments over the palace gate, Mr. Fraser made one last effort to appease the multitude; but while in the act of speaking he was cut down and hewn to pieces. The

the points of their bayonets, and committing the most inhuman barbarities on their mothers, of which the very description would still bring burning tears to the eyes. An English telegraph clerk heard the awful uproar, but even when the flood of murder came surging towards him he went on with his work—click, click, click—flashing his warning message up to the



"THE COOL-HEADED SIGNALLER DIED AT HIS POST."

ferocious crew then rushed to the upper [unclear], where Mr. Jennings, the Chaplain, his [unclear], and a young lady friend were tending the wounds of Captain Douglas and Mr. [unclear]. Bursting open the doors, the dark, [unclear] throng poured in and hacked them to [unclear]. Then the sepoys, maddened with blood, [unclear] forth from the palace, and, accompanied by the scum of the city—the very vilest [unclear]—flew to the European quarters, where they slew, burned, ravished, and raged out mercy—tossing English babies up on

authorities at the various military stations in the Punjab. "The sepoys," he wired, "have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The last click died away. The red-handed rebels burst in, and the staunch, cool-headed signaller died at his post, as most of his English countrymen did, and all were prepared to do, on that awful day of blood.

Among these Englishmen in Delhi none acted with greater heroism than Lieutenant

Willoughby—a “shy, refined, boyish-looking subaltern,” scarce capable of saying “Bo!” to a goose in piping times of peace, though his friends well knew what his spirit could be in the hour of danger. On this terrible day Willoughby chanced to be in charge of the magazine, containing vast stores of ammunition which he knew would be coveted by the mutineers. At once taking in the situation, he sent for help to Brigadier Graves, who was in command of the native garrison outside the city in its cantonments; but no help came, and for the simple reason that at this very time the English officers of this garrison were being massacred by their mutinous men. Willoughby could not trust his own native troops, but he had eight of his own countrymen, whom he knew to be as staunch as steel—Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors (*i.e.* warrant-officers of the Ordnance Department) Buckley, Shaw, and Scully; Sub-Conductor Crow; and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart. Barricading the outer gates of the magazine, Willoughby placed guns there, double-charged with grape, which made the mutineers pause: but not for long.

Encouraged by the reports of their scouts, who had been sent out to see whether there was yet any prospect of English succour arriving from Meerut, they at last sent to demand the surrender of the magazine, “in the name of the King of Delhi,” who had meanwhile assumed the title of Sovereign of all Hindostan. To this insulting request only one answer was possible—none at all. Then the red-handed hordes of murderers came on against the magazine with ladders to scale the walls, and were mown down by the grape-shot of Willoughby’s guns. But the gaps made in their ranks were swiftly filled by fresh men swarming up the ladders, and within fifty yards they poured upon the “noble nine” Englishmen below a deadly shower of bullets. Two of them fell mortally wounded, but Forrest and Buckley, heedless of the leaden hail, continued to work their guns with a coolness as if on parade. At last they were struck—one in the hand and another in the head, and the guns could now be worked no longer. A loud shout of triumph rose from the mutineers, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood.

Willoughby saw that his case was now indeed desperate. He had kept the rebels at bay for about three hours, during which time he had repeatedly run to the bastion to strain his eyes

and see whether he could discern the coming of any English help from Meerut. But from Meerut nor from the cantonments the city walls did any help make its appearance, and now the rebels were bursting in upon him in a roaring, bloodthirsty crowd. His countrymen at Meerut had not been true to him, but he would be true to himself. Foreseeing the possibility of his defences being forced, he had taken other measures of precaution. A line of powder had been laid from the powder store to the magazine, standing in the magazine yard, and by this line stood Conductor Scully, who had volunteered to fire the train at a given signal from his chief. For this signal the time came when the guns of Willoughby could no longer be worked. Then he quietly gave the order to Buckley, who raised his hat to him, who in turn fired the train; and in a moment more the city of Delhi was shaken to its foundations as with the shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a terrific roar of thunder, and the flames and smoke of a volcano.

Scully fell an immortal martyr to the cause of his country, but with himself he blew up more than a thousand rebels, and, at the same time, baulked the mutineers of their intended prey—the magazine. Four of the “noble nine” were wounded, shattered, and bruised, made their retreat from the ruins; but the only survivor of Willoughby’s party was Willoughby himself, who survived to be murdered on his way to Meerut. Never has the Victoria Cross been given for a more heroic deed than the defence and blowing up of the magazine; and it was well said that the Spartans, who in the summer months “combed their long hair for death” at the passes of Thermopylæ, have not earned a loftier estimate for themselves than the modern Englishmen.

While the fight for the magazine was going on, a tragedy of equal horror was taking place at the Cashmere Gate, and in the cantonments beyond the city walls. At both places the sepoy had shot down or bayoneted their English officers, and when the magazine blew up, the natives of the 38th Regiment, throwing off the mask, suddenly fired at their officers, three of whom fell dead. Of the survivors,” writes an historian, “at a fearful time, “rushed up to the bastion and main guard and jumped down thirty feet into the ditch below. The rest were following, hearing the shrieks of the women in the room, they ran back under a storm of bullets

hem. The women were shuddering as they were pushed down the steep bank, and asking whether it would be possible to escape when a round shot whizzing over their heads urged them not to hesitate. Fastening their cloths and handkerchiefs together, they flung themselves down, and then, having urged the women to follow, carried them with their own struggles, up the opposite side," whence they could reach the jungle. At the close of the day the fate of the English—women, and a few surviving officers—was somewhat similar, and then began that piteous flight, and the frightful sufferings, which hardened the hearts of the British to inflict a terrible

reign of blood in the city of Delhi itself rebellion phant and merciless. All the Europeans who were found were massacred and tortured in the most barbarous manner. Some fifty or more, at the first sound of alarm had barricaded themselves—men and women—in one of the houses of the English quarter. But they were ill-armed and without supplies, and they did not stand against the furious rabble or the guns besieged them? They were dragged out of the place and lodged in a dungeon without light and with only one door. After five days they were all taken out into a courtyard where they perished in cold blood, their mangled bodies being piled on carts and thrown into the river. That was on the 16th May—five days after the arrival of the mutineers from Meerut ; Delhi had been cleansed of its last

Murder and rapine, arson and outrage cannot even be named, had done its worst work, and the English *Raj*, or rule, was trampled underfoot no less at Delhi than at Agra, Lucknow, and other centres

The climax of the rebellion had now been reached, but there still had to come an inevitable anti-climax. The bloodshed of English men, and women, and the wantonly slaughtered, was crying for vengeance, and a terrible vengeance

came. The wheels of God, it has been said, turn slowly if surely ; but rarely had they turned so slowly as they now seemed to be when the terrible news from Delhi reached the chief places in the Punjab. The rebellion had broken out so suddenly that the British authorities were at first quite unable to cope with the crisis, and precious time had to elapse before the retribution could be got to take the

road. But meanwhile a cheerful and plucky spirit prevailed both amongst officers and men, notwithstanding all their fatigues, privation, and sickness ; and if there was one man more than another, as his brother afterwards wrote of him, who helped to inspire and keep up this spirit—if there was one more than another who merited that which a Roman would have considered the highest praise, that he never despaired of his country—it was Lieutenant Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, formerly of the Guides. "I can but rejoice," he wrote, "that I am employed again ; certain, too, as I am, that the star of Old England will shine brighter in the end, and we shall hold a prouder position than ever. The crisis is an awful one, but with God and our Saxon arms to aid us, I have firm faith in the result."

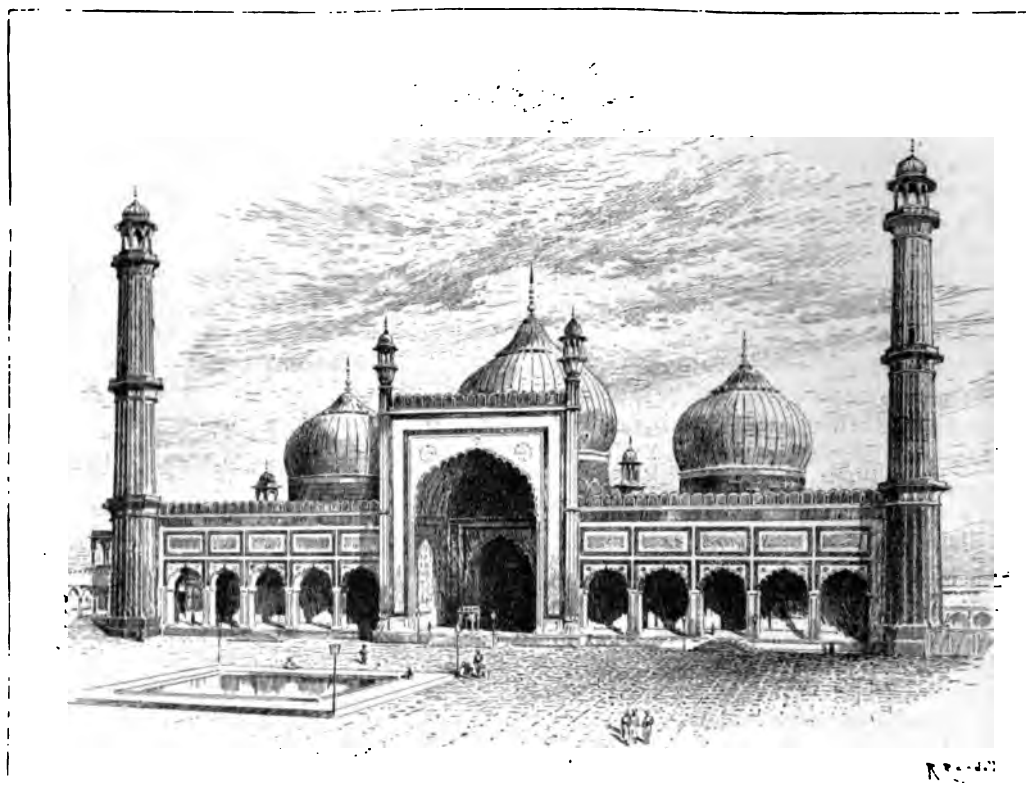
"Hodson is at Umballa, I know," wrote an officer at Meerut ; "and I'll bet he will force his way through, and open up communication between the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves. At about 3 o'clock that night I heard my advanced sentries firing. I rode off to see what was the matter, and they told me that a part of the enemy's cavalry was approaching their post. When day broke I galloped to find Hodson ! He had left Kurnal (seventy-five miles off) at 9 o'clock the night before, with one led horse and an escort of Sikh cavalry, and, as I anticipated, here he was with despatches for Wilson ! How I quizzed him for approaching an armed post at night without knowing the parole ! Hodson rode straight to Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-five miles, having to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance." It was no wonder that another officer, writing to his wife at this time, said : "Hodson's gallant deeds more resemble a chapter from the life of Bayard or Amadis de Gaul than the doings of a subaltern of the nineteenth century. The only feeling mixed with admiration for him is envy." "The pace pleased him" (the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson), wrote Hodson himself, "for he ordered me to raise a Corps of Irregular Horse, and appointed me its commandant."

At last, after a delay which nearly fretted to death the hearts of men like Hodson, the bulk of the army of vengeance started from Umballa under General Anson, who was presently, however, stricken down with cholera and carried off. He was succeeded by General Sir Henry Barnard in the chief command of the Delhi

field force, consisting of only three Brigades, totalling about 3,000 Europeans, 1,000 native troops, and twenty-two guns—a poor enough army, surely, to be sent to recapture Delhi, with its hordes of highly-disciplined and well-armed Sepoys behind its cannon-bristling walls. The plan of operations was that the two Umballa Brigades should advance to Baghput, where they would be joined by the Meerut Brigade, under Archdale Wilson, and then sweep on to

a dull, deep tread; long lines of baggage camels and bullock-carts, with the innumerable sutlers and camp-servants, toiled along for miles in the rear, while the gigantic elephants stamped over bush and stone by the side of the road.

The Meerut Brigade, being much nearer India, set out on its march some days later than the Umballa force, and it had to fight its desperate way to the point of junction. After several nights' marching the Meerut column, at



JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

(Photo.: Frith, Reigate.)

the work of vengeance at Delhi. As it was the hottest season of the year, with its burning suns and blistering airs, the men rested in their tents during the day, and marched by night. "The nights were delicious," wrote one who took part in the campaign; "the stars bright in the deep dark sky, the fireflies flashing from bush to bush, and the air, which in Europe would have been called warm and close, was cool and refreshing to cheeks that had felt the hot wind during the day. Along the road came the heavy roll of the guns, mixed with the jingling of bits, and the clanking of the steel scabbards of the cavalry. The infantry marched on behind with

on May 30th, reached the village of Ghazdin-Nagar, near the river Hindun, about five miles from Delhi; and here the bugler barely time to call to arms when the enemy opened fire with heavy guns placed on a hill. "The first few rounds from the insurgent guns," wrote an eye-witness, "were admirably aimed, plunging through our camp; but they were ably replied to by our two eight-pounders in position, under Lieutenant I and Major Tombs' troop, most admirably directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Mackenzie, raking them in flank with his six-pounders made their fire unsteady, and in a short

ed the heavy guns." At the same time the
Rifles went for the rebels in a most spirited
er, and captured several of their heavy

But in doing so Captain Andrews and
his men were blown up by the explosion
ammunition waggon fired by one of the

taunted with cowardice on presenting them-
selves at Delhi, and reinforced in order that
they might redeem their reputation by hurling
back the advancing force of Feringhees, or
hated Franks—the name by which the English
were known in India. But again the hurling



OFFICERS THEN, HAVING HELPED THE WOMEN TO FOLLOW, CARRIED THEM UP THE OPPOSITE SIDE" (p. 123).

pers. The 6th Dragoon Guards, or Cara-
s, then charged and completed the rout
rebels, who left in the hands of their
all their ordnance, ammunition, and

That night the officers drank in solemn
to the memory of their brave departed
des, who were buried at dawn beside a
l tree.

at day, which was Whit-Sunday, the rebels
returned to the attack, for they had been

back was all on the side of the sepoys, and once
again they were sent scampering home to Delhi,
though the English, at death's door almost with
the scorching heat and their parching thirst,
were unable to follow up this second victory
of theirs by pursuit. Twenty-three of the
enemy lay together in one ditch, and for three
miles the road to Delhi was strewn with dead
bodies. The English had to mourn the loss of
four officers and fifty men—among the former

being Napier, an ensign of the Rifles, so active, so full of life, so brave, that he won the love and admiration of all. A bullet struck his leg, and the moment he was brought into camp it had to be amputated. During the operation never a sigh betrayed any sensation of pain. "I shall never lead the Rifles again," he plaintively murmured; "I shall never lead the Rifles again." A few weeks later the brave and generous lad was laid in his grave.

Next day the Meerut Brigade, which had done all the fighting hitherto, was reinforced by a battalion of Goorkhas, who were so overjoyed at the prospect of another fight that they threw somersaults and cut capers like so many mountebanks. But, much to their disappointment, the enemy did not return. Six days later the whole Meerut force crossed the Jumna and joined General Barnard's Umballa Brigade at Alipur, being loudly cheered as they marched into headquarters camp with the captured guns and other trophies of their victories.

A day or two previously the intrepid Hodson had again been on the war-path. It was impossible for Barnard to move forward on Delhi without knowing something of the positions of the rebels in front of the city, and who but Hodson should volunteer to ride on and discover all that his commander wished to know! Taking with him a few troopers, he rode, as he wrote, "right up to the Delhi parade-ground, and the few Sowars (or native horsemen) whom I met galloped away like mad at the sight of one white face. Had I had a hundred Guides with me I would have gone up to the very walls." A day or two later (8th July) he wrote:—"Here we are, safe and sound, after having driven the enemy out of their position in the cantonments up to and into the walls of Delhi. I write a line in pencil on the top of a drum to say that I am mercifully untouched, and none the worse for a very hard morning's work. Our loss has been considerable, the rebels having been driven from their guns at the point of the bayonet."

This was a reference to the battle of Badli-Ki-Serai, where the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment and the 60th Rifles again carried the day by a magnificent bayonet charge, though at a cost of 53 killed and 130 wounded, while the rebel loss amounted to about 1,000. The British loss had been severe; but the victory was worth the price, for the enemy had now been forced to surrender to their conqueror a commanding position, from which he could attack them with

the greatest advantage, and the rebels had been driven ignominiously by a force far inferior to their own to take refuge within the walls of the city from which they had but lately expelled every Christian whom they had not slaughtered.

So here then, at last, on the 8th of July, a tiny British force had established itself in the heart of walled and embattled Delhi. Had it not been so audacious, not to say impudent, even had it been heard of before in the annals of warfare? Surely, was mere child's play to the capture of Sebastopol a game of battledore. But what numbers can sometimes be made up of strength of inspiration; and every British soldier felt his heart swell to the size of that of men when he looked around the cantonments before Delhi and beheld the still extant trophies of the late massacre of his countrymen—the bloodstains of blood, the broken furniture, the bloody shreds of ladies' dresses, and the locks of their hair, and, more maddening than all, the tiny boots of English babies who had been barbarously slaughtered and tossed about by the bayonets of the rebels. What the soldiers, heroically strong in their own weakness, now longed with a fierce and mastering desire to do was to cross battle with those incarnate fiends whom they had already swept back behind the walls of Delhi.

These walls, with a circumference of about seven miles, were made of large blocks of freestone, crowned by a good loopholed parapet. At intervals along the circumference there were provided with bastions, each armed with twelve, or fourteen guns, a hundred and fifty in all, in addition to sixty field-guns. There had been ten gates, strong, and aptly named after the cities or provinces towards which they opened—Cashmere, Cabul, Lahore, etc. The walls were about twenty-four feet in height, while in front ran a dry ditch, twenty-four feet wide and about twenty feet deep. The escarp—i.e. the outer side of the ditch—the glacis, or smooth open slope leading from the edge of the ditch, were such as to move the admiration of the English engineers. On one side of the city, the eastern, was washed by the broad and deep Jumna, and could not be thought of. On the other hand, with little force, it was equally impossible for the British to invest the whole place. So he selected the northern front of the city as the object of attack when he should be in possession of enough siege-artillery to breach the walls and let in the avenging flood.

while his position was the famous—a rocky elevation of about sixty feet above the general level of the city, extending in a line, obliquely to the front of attack, of over two miles, its left resting upon the ridge some three miles above Delhi, and its right reaching the Cabul gate at a distance of about a thousand yards. Prominent points on the "Ridge" were the Flagstaff Tower, a mosque, an ancient observatory, Hindoo temple, and Swami House, which, in the hands of Tommy Atkins, speedily became "Tommy's House." These were all good points of observation for the British. But, on the other

hand, the rebels, sallying out from their positions, could profit by the advantages afforded them by the numerous walled villages (Subahs, or "vegetable forts," the chief of them), the groves, house-walled enclosures, and indulgence in a series of attacks on the British position. For the English had been besieged, the few reinforcements and porary want of provisions reduced them to the position of a beleaguered garrison, and for a long time more than three months in fact—their resources were consumed in

the ferocious sorties of the Delhi

These sorties they began on the day after the sitting down of the British on the "Ridge," but were sent packing back with serious loss. The repulse of their

was mainly due to the bravery of the British Corps of Guides, composed of frontier men of all races, arrayed in loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof turbans, who had marched into the city with a swinging stride that very morning, averaging for twenty-seven miles a day for weeks, at the hottest time of the year—their greatest feats of the war. Three days after their arrival they were launched against the rebels, whom they pursued up to the city, but at the cost of their dearly-loved lives, Lieutenant Quintin Battye. "Now the chance of seeing service," he had joyfully anticipated on setting out with his regiment,

for he was a keen soldier, a good swordsman, and a splendid rider. But he fell in his very first fight, saying gaily to a comrade as he breathed his last: "Well, old fellow, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*; you see it's my case."

A few days after this General Barnard, believing with Macbeth that "'twere well it were done quickly," had yielded to a scheme for storming the city offright—a scheme in which the bold and fiery Hodson had a prominent share. Under cover of the darkness, two columns were to steal up to as many gates, blow these in with gunpowder, and then rush into the city. But owing to a misunderstanding

on the part of one of the commanders, the plan had finally to be abandoned—much to the disgust of the younger members of Barnard's staff, who were simply dying for the performance of such a feat. Another council of war debated the chances of its success; but cautious—call it not timorous—counsels meanwhile prevailed, for the news of a repulse, following upon an ill-advised assault, would have added fresh fuel to the fire of the mutiny, which was now blazing up more furiously than ever, beyond the extinguishing power of



MAJOR TOMBS.

rivers of blood, over the length and breadth of Hindostan.

From every part of the country the mutineers continued to stream in to Delhi, and ever, as fresh contingents arrived, they were sent out to try their prowess on the holders of the "Ridge"; and hold it they did with a tenacity which neither wounds, nor death, nor disease, nor pestilence could in the least degree relax. In the men's tents they made merry, and, like the Greeks before Troy, had their sports just as if they had been far away at home on the village-greens of Old England. Stricken to death, the soldier told his officer he would soon be up again and ready for another brush with the mutineers. In the space at our disposal we cannot detail, we can scarcely enumerate, the actions that were fought in front of Delhi—more than thirty of them in twelve weeks, and all to the glory of the British name. Let one or two instances of

conspicuous personal valour before the foe serve to illustrate the spirit which animated all our little besieging army.

"I must tell you," wrote an officer, "of a noble action of Lieutenant Hills of the Artillery (a young man who only four years ago had been

Disgraceful to say, the Carabineers turned and bolted. His guns being limbered up, he could do nothing, but, rather than fly, he charged them by himself. He fired four barrels of his revolver and killed two men, hurling the empty pistol into the face of another and knocking him off his



"IT WAS BAYONET TO BAYONET" (p. 130).

a pupil at the Edinburgh Academy). He was on picket, with his two horse-artillery guns, when the alarm was sounded and an order sent him to advance, given under the impression that the enemy were at some distance. He was supported by a body of Carabineers—eighty, I believe, in number. He advanced about 100 yards, while his guns were being limbered up to follow, and suddenly came on about 120 of the enemy's cavalry close upon them.

horse. Two horsemen then charged full at him, and rolled him and his horse over. He got up with no weapons, and, seeing a man on foot coming at him to cut him down, rushed at him, got inside his sword, and hit him full in the face with his fist. At that moment he was thrown down from behind, and a second blow would have done for him had not Tombs, his captain, the finest fellow in the service, who had been at his tent when the row began, arrived at

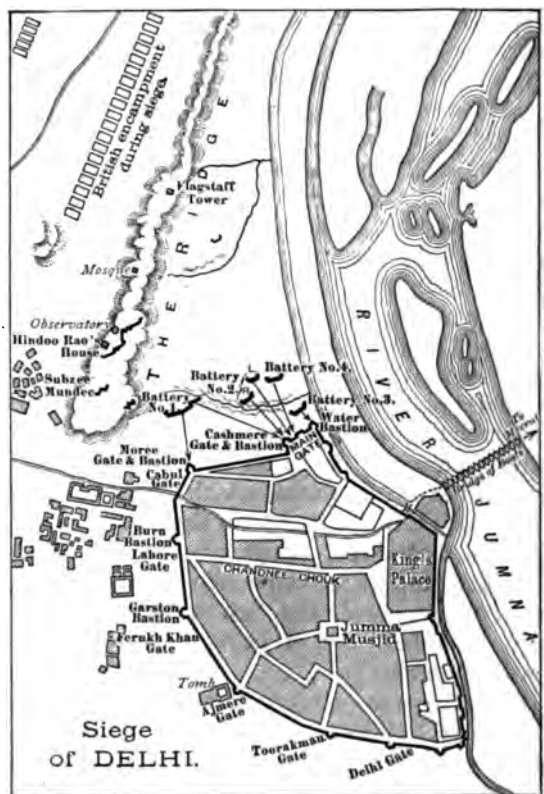
critical moment and shot his assailant—by a splendid shot, fired at thirty paces. Hills was able to walk home, though his wound was severe; and on the road Tombs saved his life once more by sticking another man who attacked him. If they don't both get the Victoria Cross, it won't be worth having." But they both did.

Another personal exploit of a similar kind was thus recorded by an officer:—"We took Khurkonda by surprise, and Hodson immediately placed men over the gates and we went in. Shot one scoundrel *instantly*, cut down another, and took a ressalidar (native officer) and some sowars prisoners, and came to a house occupied by some more, who would not let us in at all. At last we rushed in, and found the rascals had taken to the upper storey, still keeping us at bay. There was only one door and a kirkee (window). I shoved in my head through the door, with a pistol in my hand, and got a clip over my turban for my pains. My pistol missed fire at the man's breast, so I got out of that as fast as I could, and then tried the kirkee with the other barrel, and very nearly got another cut. We tried every means to get in, but could not, so we fired the house, and out they rushed—running amuck among us. The first fellow went at Hugh (the writer's brother), and somehow or other he slipped and fell on his back. I saw him fall, and, thinking he was hurt, rushed to the rescue. A Guide got a chop at the fellow, and I gave him such a swinging back-hander that he fell dead. I then went at another fellow rushing by my left, and sent my sword through him like butter, and bagged him. I then looked round and saw a sword come crash on the shoulders of a poor little boy—oh, such a cut! and up went the sword again, and the next moment the boy would have been in eternity; but I ran forward and covered him with my sword and saved him."

"What a sight our camp would be," wrote another officer, "even to those who visited Sebastopol! The long lines of tents, the thatched hovels of the native servants, the rows of horses, the parks of artillery, the British soldier in his grey linen coat and trousers, the dark Sikhs with their red and blue turbans, the Afghans with the same, their wild air and coloured saddle-cloths, and the little Goorkhas, dressed up like demons of ugliness in their black worsted Kilmarnock bonnets and woollen coats. In the rear are the booths of the native bazaars, and further out, on the plain, thousands of

camels, bullocks, and horses that carry our baggage. The soldiers are loitering through the lines or in the bazaars. Suddenly an alarm is sounded, and everyone rushes to his tent. The infantry soldier seizes his musket and slings on his pouch; the artilleryman gets his gun horsed; the Afghan rides out to explore; and in a few minutes everyone is in his place."

Such was the state of the camp in repose. And now for a picture, from another hand, of



the same camp when roused into action. "I was out this night," wrote an officer, "in one of our principal batteries with a party of my Guides, placed there to protect the guns; and I shall never forget the scene at two o'clock in the morning. The sight was a most magnificent one—all our batteries and all the city ones were playing as hard as they could, the shells bursting, round shot tearing with a *whooshing* sound through our embrasures, the carcasses (or large balls of fire) flying over our heads, the musketry rolling and flashing, made the place as light as day. The noise was terrific, though the roar of the cannon was frequently drowned in the roar of human voices, for, when the whole city turned

out, there could not have been less than 20,000 voices all screaming at once. The mutineers' yell of 'Allah! Allah! Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!' was answered by our jolly English hurrahs, and the din was most frightful. I never remember seeing such a beautiful sight or hearing such a noise. The mutineers, though they tried very hard to take our batteries, could not succeed, though some of them got up near enough to throw hand-grenades into them. The grand attack lasted about two hours, when the enemy gave in a little, though they didn't retire. The fighting went on all the rest of the night, and up to two o'clock next day, when both sides retired. We were all glad of a little rest, as most of us had been fighting for upwards of thirty hours."

It was only after the 23rd of June that the prospects of the besiegers had begun to brighten. This was the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Clive, at Plassey, had founded British rule in India; and there had been a superstitious belief among the natives that on this centenary the English Raj would also come to an end. Accordingly, the Delhi mutineers, hounded on by their priests and astrologers, as well as encouraged by copious draughts of bhang (the native intoxicant), made an unusually vigorous push for the British position with intent to turn it and assail it in the rear; but they were finally repulsed with great slaughter, carrying back with them the bitter conviction that, far from being exterminated, the British Raj was now again in a fair way of being restored to its previous supremacy.

But perhaps the most brilliant action fought in front of Delhi—or, rather, several miles to the west of it—was that of Nujuf-gurh. The mutineers had got to know that our heavy siege-train, with but a slender escort, was at last approaching, and they determined to make a dash for it. But this was a game at which two could play, and Brigadier Nicholson, one of the greatest heroes of the war, who had by this time come down from the Punjab to take part in, and indeed conduct, the siege, was despatched with the Movable Column to do diamond cut diamond against the rebels. He found them in a very strong position, and greatly superior to him in numbers and guns. But what did that matter? Turning to his infantry, whom he ordered to lie down to avoid the showers of grape, Nicholson thus addressed them: "Now, 61st, I have but a few words to say. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell

said to you at Chillianwallah, and you must also have heard that he used a similar expression (to his Highlanders) at the Alma: that is, 'Hold your fire till within twenty or thirty yards of the battery, and then, my boys, we will make short work of it.'"

Let one of his officers now take up the tale:—"Our guns went away to the flank. We got 'Fix bayonets, and trail arms; quick—march!' On we went, in a beautiful line, at a steady pace. On we went, and we got within some fifty yards of them, when the men gave a howl, and on we dashed, and were slap into them before they had time to depress the guns. It was bayonet to bayonet in a few moments, but we cut them up and spiked the guns. We had very few men killed in the charge, as we got in before they fired the grape. Lieutenant G., 61st, was bayoneted by a sepoy after cutting down two. N. shot the man that did it. He had his horse shot under him, and I saw him hand-to-hand with a sepoy, whom he polished off with his sword. . . . On we went after the brutes, and cut up a heap at the serai and behind it. We then drew up in line, rallied, and went at the camp, took it, sent a party to take the village, and then we went and took the guns at the bridge, over which the enemy was bolting in thousands. Here we took six guns more. Up came our guns, and blazed away at the enemy, and off they went, leaving a host of stores, etc., all along the road. . . . I was so tired that I lay down on a hide and fell asleep. Next morning the work of destruction was finished, and off we marched with a lot of treasure, etc., and thirteen guns, and brought all safe into camp, after a hard march, arriving at the camp-bridge just in the cool of the evening, when the camp turned out to meet us, and gave us 'three times three,' and played us in with some lively airs, with a final 'Hip—hip—hurrah!' for the gallant 61st, who had reserved their fire, as the Highlanders of the 'thin, red line' had done at Balaclava, until they had almost seen the whites of their enemy's eyes, and then 'given them beans' with bullet and bayonet."

On the 4th of September the siege train, each gun drawn by twenty pairs of bullocks, at last arrived, and the hearts of all the British beat high at the thought that the assault must now soon be delivered on the doomed city. Two days later also considerable reinforcements came in, bringing up our little siege army to 6,500 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 600 artillery

—of which only 3,317 were British troops, and the European corps were now mere skeletons of their former selves. In order to stimulate the spirits of this miscellaneous host, Wilson issued a general order, in which he expressed his assurance that "British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers whom we are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold and exterminated"; but, to enable them to do this, he warned the troops of the absolute necessity of their keeping together, and not straggling from their columns. By this only could success be secured. "Major-General Wilson," he continued, "need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders of their officers and comrades, their wives and children, to move them to the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers! At the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way."

Meanwhile the Engineers, directed by Baird-Smith, another of the giants of this Trojan-Delhi fray, set to work in the darkness and silently traced out the siege-batteries. A long string of camels brought in fascines and sandbags, and hundreds of men exerted themselves to the utmost in raising them, as the work had to be completed before dawn. Showers of grape-shot were rained on them from the battlements, but our devoted men worked on with a will, and by morning Battery No. 1 was in working order and belching forth its eighteen-pound shot at such a rate that the Moree Bastion soon became a heap of ruins. This battery was commanded by Major Brind, of whom it was said that "he never slept," and would say to his men as he shouldered a musket—"Now, you lie and rest; your commandant will defend the battery." "We talk about Victoria Crosses," said someone; "Brind should be covered with them from head to foot!" Battery No. 2, of eighteen guns, was constructed in two portions on the left about 500 yards from the Cashmere Gate, its task being to knock away the parapet right and left that gave cover to the defenders, and to open the main breach by which the city was to be stormed. Conspicuous for his cool bravery in this battery was a young lieutenant—Roberts—who had some very narrow shaves during the siege, but luckily escaped death in all its various forms to become one of the most distinguished fighters ever produced by India, that cradle of

great soldiers, and to gain for himself an immortal name as the hero of the famous march from Cabul to Candahar.

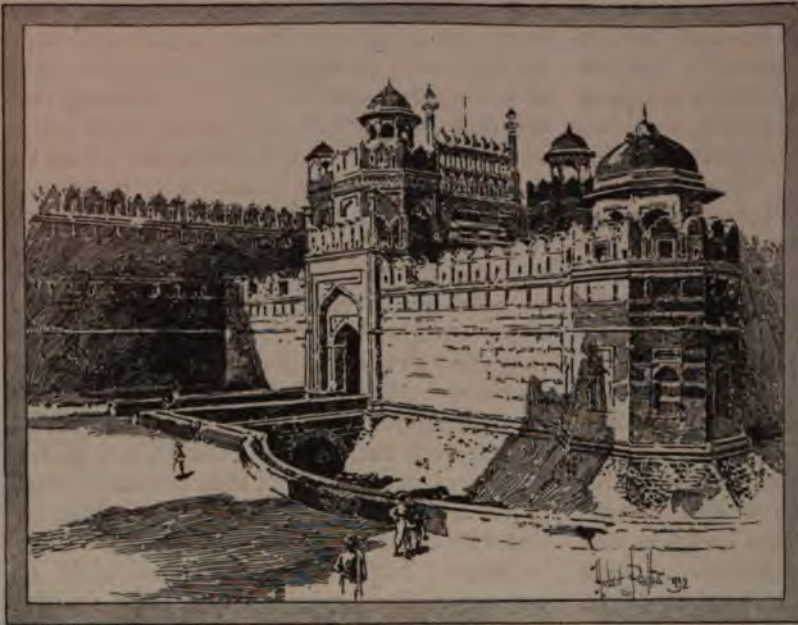
Two other batteries, Nos. 3 and 4, were also raised, one of them mounting six eighteen-pounders; and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September a terrific roar announced that our biggest breaching-guns had opened fire. A loud cheer, sending the smoke whirling away in eddies, burst from the throats of our artillerymen as they saw how well their fire had taken effect, and beheld huge blocks of stone tottering and tumbling down from the parapets of the walls. Cheer after cheer went up at this most gratifying sight, and in about ten minutes the enemy's counter-fire from the bastions had been completely silenced. Yet they did not at once give up the artillery duel. For what they could not do from the walls they tried to compass in the open, and ran out several guns, with which they did great damage by enfilading our batteries. They also sent out rockets from their Martello towers, and kept up a storm of musketry from their advanced trench as well as from the walls, causing us severe loss. But who cared for loss when Delhi was there to be won? Night and day, day and night, did our siege-batteries belch forth their thunderbolts against the city walls; and by the 13th of September it was concluded that the long-wished-for time had at last arrived. Yet it behoved the besiegers to proceed with caution, and so four Engineer officers were selected to steal forward to the Cashmere and Water Bastions and find out whether the breaches there were now big enough to allow of the assault.

There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and with the lurid light of flashing rockets and fire-balls. Suddenly, as the clock struck ten, the thunder of the guns ceased, and then the explorers, drawing their swords and feeling for their revolvers, began to creep towards the ditch. Medley and Lang, Home and Greathed were the officers who had volunteered for this perilous service. The two former got down into the ditch undiscovered; but then, to quote the words of Medley himself, "a number of figures appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not apparently see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go away,

when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile, we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns on the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable to get to the top, but

Major Reid, was told off to assault the suburb of Kissengunge and support the main attack by effecting an entrance at the Cabul Gate after it should be taken; and the fifth, under Brigadier Longfield, was to follow the first and act according to circumstances.

By three o'clock the whole camp was astir. Many of the officers and men had taken the Holy Communion the night before, and in some tents the Old Testament lesson for the day had been read—the chapter being that in which the doom of Nineveh was foretold. Some 6,000 men, of whom only about 1,200 were British soldiers, were going to take the walled city defended by



THE PALACE, DELHI.

the sentries would not move." Medley then gave the signal, and the party started to return to the camp. But the sound of their departing feet betrayed them. "Directly we were discovered a volley was sent after us; the balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched." A favourable report being also received from Home and Greathed, orders were given for the assault at dawn.

The infantry of the storming force was divided into five columns, the duty of the first, under Brigadier Nicholson, being to storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion. The second, under Brigadier Jones, had likewise to storm the Water Bastion. To the third, commanded by Colonel Campbell, fell the task of storming through the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown in; while the fourth column, under



THE CHANDNEE CHOUK, DELHI.

30,000 desperate and disciplined rebels. The news of the foul and treacherous massacre at Cawnpore by the Nana Sahib had by this time reached the soldiers, and inflamed their hearts anew with the desire to take fearful vengeance on such barbarous foes. They had suffered more than tongue could tell; but the hour of their retribution and their great reward was now at hand.

Suddenly the roar of the guns ceased, and the columns started to their feet as the Rifles, with



"THE STORMERS DASHED OVER THE DÉBRIS OF THE BREACH" (p. 133)

a loud cheer, dashed to the front in skirmishing array. In a stern silence the storming columns tramped away towards the ditch; but it was now bright day, for, owing to some hitch, they had not been able to move with the dawn. The consequence was that before they

men, leaping down after them, planted them against the scarp and swarmed up. Nicholson himself, the "Lion of the Punjab," as he was well called, was the first to mount the breach, waving with his sword for his men to follow. In a similar manner Lieutenant Fitzgerald



"OUR DEVOTED MEN WORKED ON WITH A WILL" (P. 131).

had reached the crest of the glacis, with the Engineers and laddermen in front, numbers of them had fallen under the truly infernal shower of bullets that was rained upon them from the walls. For several minutes the first column found it impossible to lower the ladders and descend into the ditch while the fiendish-looking rebels cursed and yelled at them from the other side, daring them to come on. Presently the ladders were thrown into the ditch, and the

led the escalade of the adjoining bastion and fell mortally wounded. With a rousing cheer the stormers dashed over the *débris* of the breach like an irresistible wave bursting in a breakwater wall. For a few minutes there was a wild chaos of cheers, groans, yells, blazing of musketry, and clash of crossing bayonets, and then the rebels turned and fled like a pack of wolves, leaving this portion of their ramparts in possession of the victorious Nicholson.

Meanwhile, the second column on the extreme left had carried the Water Bastion by an equally successful, but an equally sacrificial, rush. For of the thirty-nine laddermen preceding the

column, twenty-nine were struck down in a few minutes; but their comrades seized the ladders and reared them up against the scarp, while others rushed up the breach, and bayoneting all before them, drove the rebels from the walls. Then, turning to the right, the stormers swept along the ramparts towards the Cashmere Bastion, where they were joined by some of Nicholson's men, and, rushing ever along the walls, reached the Moree Bastion, where they slew the gunners and leapt on to the parapets, sending up a cheer and waving their caps to their comrades on the Ridge as a signal of victory.

All this work had been short and sharp, and done with a splendid courage. But perhaps the scene of the finest acts of individual heroism was the Cashmere Gate, where the third column, under Colonel Campbell, had meanwhile also forced an entrance in the following manner: Covered by the fire of the 60th Rifles, a party of sappers and miners advanced at the double toward the Cashmere Gate. Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Mahoo leading and carrying the powder-bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and some others. They reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing by the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder, but when this was at last laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to do its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully done his duty. Then a terrific thunder-roar and explosion, scattering large masses of masonry, and mangled human forms in all directions, announced that these acts of heroism had been crowned with success. Lieutenant Home now ordered Bugler Hawthorne to sound the regimental call of the 52nd Regiment as the signal for the advance of the column; and this was thrice repeated, lest, amid the noise and tumult of the assault, the tones of the trumpet should not be heard. Then, after having thus coolly blown his bugle, the brave Hawthorne turned to Lieutenant Salkeld

and bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, thus ensuring for himself the Victoria Cross, which was also conferred on the few survivors of this "glorious deed—the noblest on record in military history," as Baird-Smith justly called it when bringing it to the notice of his chief. "Salkeld mortally wounded," said another writer, "handing over the portfire and bidding his comrade light the train, is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history."

With a way thus opened up for it, Colonel Campbell's storming column now burst into the city, slaughtering all it met; and was only stopped in its career of conquest when it reached the Chandnee Chouk, or Piccadilly of Delhi, running right through the city from the Lahore Gate to the Palace.

In the meantime Major Reid's fourth column, whose task was to advance against the Cabul Gate, had been less successful—had, in fact, come to grief. For having to fight his way through some suburbs affording splendid cover to the rebels, his men were very much cut up, and, on the fall of their leader, had to retire. At one time it was gravely feared that the enemy, elated with their success at this point, would issue in overwhelming numbers and seek to turn the flank of the British outside position and thus threaten the camp. But at the critical moment Hope Grant brought up the Cavalry Brigade, which had been covering the assaulting columns, and made the rebels pause. For two hours the troopers, drawn up in battle array, sat like statues, while the ranks were every minute rent by musket ball and grape. Not a man flinched from his post, though under this galling fire for two hours. Of Tombs' troop alone twenty-five men out of fifty, and seventeen horses were hit. The 9th Lancers had thirty-eight men wounded, sixty-one horses killed, wounded and missing, and the officers lost ten horses. Nothing daunted by these casualties, these gallant soldiers held their ground with a patient endurance, and on their commander praising them for their good behaviour they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as ever he chose. Against such firmness the foe could make no headway, and outside the city their counter-attack was at last foiled.

It would take a volume to describe the course and incidents of the conquering career of the various storming columns which had forced their way into the heart of the city; but let the following description of the doings of Nicholson's

First column serve as a sample of the fighting which had still to be done. The writer, Mr. Forrest, drew up his narrative after visiting the spot in the company of Lord Roberts.

"On reaching the head of the street at the Cabul Gate, the enemy again made a resolute stand, but were speedily driven forward. A portion of the first column was halted here, and proceeded to occupy the houses round the Cabul Gate, while the remainder continued the pursuit. As the troops advanced up the Rampart Road, the enemy opened a heavy and destructive fire from the guns on the road and a field-piece planted on the wall. The English soldiers, raising a shout, rushed and took the first gun on the road, but were brought to a check within ten yards of the second by the grape and musketry with which the enemy plied them, and by the stones and iron shot which they rilled on them. Seeking all the scanty shelter they could find, the men retired, leaving behind the gun they had captured. After a short pause they were re-formed, and the order given to advance. Once again the Fusiliers, scathed with fire from both sides, rushed forward and seized and secured the gun. They plunged forward, and had gone but a few yards when their gallant leader, Major Jacob, fell mortally wounded. As he lay writhing in agony on the ground, two or three of his men wished to carry him to the rear; but he refused their aid, and urged them to press forward against the foe. The officers bounding far ahead of their men, were swiftly struck down, and the soldiers, seeing their leaders fall, began to waver. At this moment the heroic Nicholson arrived, and, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to follow him, and instantly he was shot through the chest. Near the spot grows a tall, graceful tree, and Nicholson ordered himself to be laid beneath its shade, saying he would wait there till Delhi was taken. But for once he was disobeyed and removed to his tent on the Ridge."

Had Nicholson been allowed to lie under the tree, he would have had to wait several days yet before the capture of the city was completed. So far the besiegers had done little more than effect a foothold within its walls, and at a cost of 66 officers and 1,100 men in killed and wounded—or about two men in nine. The bullets of the rebels had worked sad havoc among the stormers, and what these bullets had spared drink and debauchery threatened to destroy. For, knowing the weakness of the British soldier for strong drink, the rebels had cunningly strewn the

deserted shops and pavements with bottles of beer, wine, and spirits; and now there ensued scenes of revelry and abandoned indulgence in liquor which recalled to mind the assault and capture of Badajoz. But the demon of destruction filled the breast of the British soldier as well as the demon of drink, and though, true to the injunction of his commander, he spared, and was even kind to, women and children, he slaughtered without mercy all the males who crossed his avenging path. But if provocation be any excuse for massacre, or blood be the just equivalent of blood, then certainly the British soldier in Delhi must have had many apologists.

The task of carrying the rest of the town was carried out day by day with skill and caution. From the first a continuous fire from our guns was kept up on all the remaining strongholds of the rebels—the Palace, Jumma Musjid, etc.; and at dawn on the 16th the magazine was stormed and taken with but slight loss. The same day the rebels evacuated the suburb Kissengunge. On the evening of the 19th the Burn Bastion was surprised and captured by a party from the Cabul Gate, and early next morning the Lahore Gate, to which the Engineers had sapped their way through the adjacent houses, was taken, as well as the Garsten Bastion; finally, on the same afternoon, the gates of the Palace, which had witnessed the cruel murder of English officers, women, and children, were blown in, and our troops raised a final shout of victory before the throne of Bahadoor Shah. That shadow of a monarch had fled and taken refuge in the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, outside the city; but here he was sought and found by Lieutenant Hodson, who, escorted by only a few sowars, undertook the exceedingly dangerous task of capturing the king.

The story of this capture, as told by one of Hodson's comrades, reads like a romance. After securing his captives, "the march towards the city began—the longest five miles, as Hodson said, that he had ever ridden; for, of course, the palkees only went at a foot-pace, with his handful of men around them, and followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. His orderly told me it was wonderful to see the influence which his calm, undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralysed at the fact of one white man carrying off their king alone. Gradually, as they approached the city, the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore Gate. Then Captain Hodson rode

on a few paces, and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in his palkees. 'Only the King of Delhi,' was the answer, on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the king would take the honour to himself. They passed up the magnificent deserted street to the Palace Gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer, and formally delivered over his royal prisoner to him. His remark was amusing: 'By Jove! Hodson, they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this.'"

Next day Hodson returned for the king's sons, but to them he was less merciful. "I came," he wrote, "just in time, as a large mob had collected and were turning on the guard. I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words I appealed to the crowd, saying that these were the butchers who had slaughtered and brutally ill-used helpless women and children, and that the Government had now sent their punishment. Seizing a carbine from one of the men, I deliberately shot them one after another. I then ordered the bodies to be taken into the city, and thrown out on the 'Chiboutra,' in front of the 'Kotwalie,' where the blood of their innocent victims could still be traced. The bodies remained before the Kotwalie until this morning, when, for sanitary reasons, they were

removed. Thus in twenty-four hours, therefore, I disposed of the principal members of the house of Timur the Tartar. I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches."

This summary act of vengeance aroused much difference of opinion as to its justice and humanity, but Hodson himself wrote: "I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say, while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right."

That same night the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen," proposed by the conqueror of Delhi, was drunk with all honour in the Dewan-i-Khas by the head-quarters staff. Never had the old building re-echoed with any sound half so fine. The cheer was taken up by the gallant Goorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion who formed the General's personal guard, and was, indeed, soon re-echoed all over India, all over the English world.

Thus, then, ended this famous siege, one of the greatest and most memorable in the history of England—a siege which, out of an effective force that never amounted to 10,000 men, entailed a loss of 992 killed and 2,845 wounded, apart from all those who died from disease and exposure; but a siege, at the same time, which added an imperishable leaf to England's laurel-crown, and enabled her to retain her imperial hold on Hindostan.



THE VICTORIA CROSS.



WHAT battle is this?" we can conceive our readers asking; "and where is Gislikon?" The form of the name may put some on the right track. In one of the most frequented regions of Switzerland "-ikons" are as common as "-inghams" in England, and no one who has travelled over any of the railways about Zürich or Lucerne can have failed to notice some instance of the odd-looking termination. Switzerland is indeed the country to which we are going, and among those of our readers who have already visited that "playground of Europe," we will venture to say that at least one-half have been close to, if they have not actually passed over, the field on which the battle that we are going to describe was fought. For Gislikon lies not more than six miles from the top of the world-famous Rigi; it is a station on the not less famous St. Gotthard railway.

Having got so far, we are prepared for further inquiries, not unmixed with incredulity. It is hard for us to realise that a battle has been fought in Switzerland during the last fifty years. One can almost as easily imagine a battle in England as in that prosperous little country, which many of us look upon as almost an appendage to England, and associate with nothing more serious than holidays and hotels and mountain-rambles. The better-informed have heard of cantons, and probably think that they are something equivalent to English counties or French departments; while they suppose that the country called "Switzerland" has always been much where it is now, with the same frontier and the same territory. How many, we wonder, realise when they cross the well-known Gemmi Pass from Leukerbad to Kandersteg that they are passing from one sovereign State, with its own laws, into another, and that while the State into which they are going, Bern, has been part of the Confederation

which is now called Switzerland for more than 500 years, the one which they are leaving, Valais, only became so at a date when Mr. Gladstone was already six years old? So it is, however, and men much younger than Mr. Gladstone can remember a time when Bern and Valais were actually at war with each other, just as, a few years later, Pennsylvania and Louisiana were at war. Happily, in the case of Switzerland the war was quickly finished, lasting hardly as many weeks as the greater conflict lasted years, and involving, as we shall see, a far smaller loss of life and property than many wars which have had far less important results. It is probably not too much to say that had the battle not been fought where it was, or had the issue been different, there would now be no Switzerland at all on the map of Europe.

Before describing the battle, we must give some account of the events which led to it. The years of peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, were by no means years of domestic tranquillity for most of the Continental States. The various absolute governments had been thoroughly frightened by the events of the French Revolution, and ruled more absolutely than ever. The rearrangement of Europe also, which followed the fall of Napoleon, had, in many cases, produced much discontent; and, in one way or another, every country was going through a critical period. Kings were driven from their thrones; men were constantly punished for the mere expression of their opinions; secret societies were formed, and assassinations were frequent.

Switzerland, too, had its troubles, though as the form of government in every canton was already republican, these took the shape rather of fights between contending parties than of rebellion followed by repression. One great cause of difference was to be found in the various

views as to a revision of the "Federal Pact," or treaty, which governed the relations of the States to the Confederation, the Liberals wishing to see these drawn closer, while the Conservatives favoured cantonal independence. Other differences were due to local causes. Thus in Schwyz a serious quarrel arose over the use of the common pastures. The wealthier men who could keep cows were thought to have unfair privileges over those who had only sheep and goats. The former were known as "horn-men," the latter as "hoof-men." They represented the Clerical (or Conservative) and Liberal parties respectively, and the Federal Diet had, in 1838, to interfere to keep the peace between them. The comparative strength of parties varied very much in the different States, and even in the same State sudden changes of feeling were not infrequent. Moreover, matters were complicated by religious differences. Some of the cantons were Catholic, some Protestant, while in others the population was more or less evenly divided between the two forms of faith. It by no means followed that the political divisions went

on the same lines as the religious; and in almost every canton there were representatives of both parties. Lucerne was the most powerful of the Catholic cantons, and until 1841 had been on the Liberal side, and in favour of a revision of the Federal Pact. In that year, however, the Government was utterly overthrown at the polls, and the Clerical party came into power, headed by Constantine Siegwart, an able and ambitious man, who had formerly been strong on the other side. The neighbouring canton of Aargau, which was divided between

Catholics and Protestants, and which had joined the Confederation in 1803, had the previous year found it necessary to suppress monasteries, which had fomented opposition to the Government. Lucerne made a strong effort to persuade the Federal Diet to treat the

breach of the Confederation, according to all religions were respected; and although many Catholic inhabitants were in favour of the suppression, only escaped the measures by consulting the Diet to restore some of the monasteries. This question, which was finally settled till it embittered the relations between the two cantons

and in Switzerland generally.

cantons — Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, and Valais — made a formal protest against the decision of the Diet to leave the monasteries alone; and frequently for themselves to separate from the "for the protection of the Catholic religion." This was known as the *Sonderbund*.

Events now began to move rapidly. In May, 1844, fighting

took place in Valais, not far from the spot where tourists now go to see the "Grotto of the Trient," and the Liberals, who had been in power until the previous year, were driven out, not without bloodshed; the Catholics only escaping by swimming the Rhine. About the same time Lucerne called in the Jesuits to direct education in the canton. There has always been in Switzerland a deal of suspicion of this order, who have been, rightly or wrongly, believed to exercise considerable underhand influence in political



AT BERN.

indeed, the recent conflict in Valais was thought to have been instigated by them; and though they already had a footing in some cantons, their introduction into what was at this time the leading State of the Federation was viewed with alarm, even by many Catholics and Conservatives; while it grievously offended all the cantons in which there was a Liberal majority. Matters were not improved when the Lucerne Government seized and imprisoned its leading opponents. In the following winter and spring armed bands of irresponsible volunteers from Aargau, Bern, and other cantons, with some exiles from Lucerne, made attempts to invade that State. In the second and more serious of

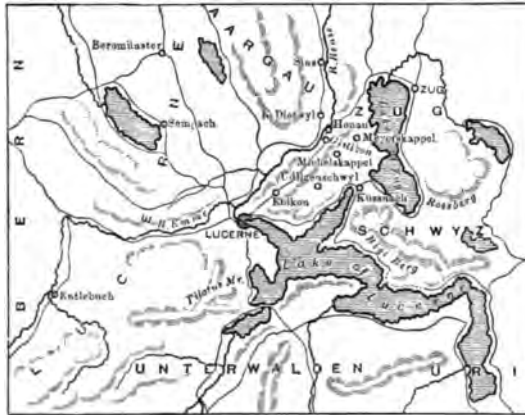
these 3,600 men, under Colonel Ochsenbein (who, a year or two later, was President of the Diet), succeeded, on March 31st, 1845, in getting within a few miles of the city of Lucerne, but were beaten back by the cantonal troops, with a loss of 140 killed and 1,800 prisoners. Herein they got no more than they deserved; but the Lucerne Government put itself in the wrong by

the extreme severity, amounting to a Reign of Terror, with which it now proceeded to treat its opponents, and by the undisguised manner in which it promoted the organisation of the separate league. The Government also began to intrigue with foreign powers, especially France and Austria, obtaining arms from the former and money from the latter. Three thousand muskets with ammunition which the Austrians attempted to forward from Milan, were impounded by the authorities of Canton Ticino; and so audacious were the Lucerne Government grown, that they actually complained of this as a violation of State rights.

It was obvious that the remaining fifteen cantons, comprising nearly five-sixths of the whole population, could not long tolerate the presence of this hostile league in their midst. A glance at the map will show that of the seven cantons composing it, one, Fribourg, lies apart, while the others stretch continuously from the extreme south-west of Switzerland, near

Chamonix, away to the Lake of Zürich. Not only do they divide the Confederation almost in two, but they hold three out of the five main roads which lead through Switzerland into Italy, including the two which at that time were, and probably still are, by far the most frequented—the Simplon and the St. Gothard. Moreover, the attitude of the Great Powers showed plainly that the very existence of Switzerland as a separate and independent nation was at stake. None of the Continental Governments had any love for the little State, which, besides showing that men could live and thrive under a republican constitution, was always ready to offer shelter to those of their subjects whose political

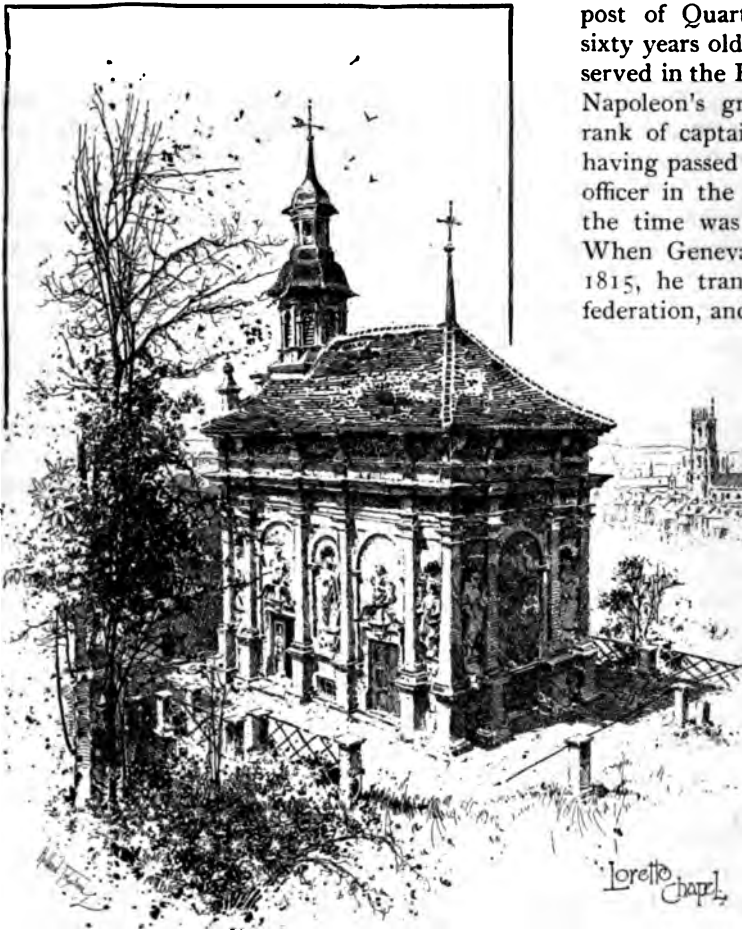
views made residence in their native countries unsafe. Accordingly, we find the Protestant King of Prussia no less anxious than the Protestant M. Guizot, Minister of Louis Philippe, for the success of the Catholic Sonderbund; while Austria and Sardinia, who a few months later were to be at each other's throat, agreed at least in sending help to Lucerne.



LUCERNE AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

The task of the loyal cantons was not easy. In several of them parties were very evenly divided. The only central authority at this time consisted of the Federal Diet, in which every canton, no matter what its size, had an equal representation, while the members were only deputies, bound to vote as the majority of their State directed them. The important canton of St. Gallen, the fifth in numbers, and one of the wealthiest, was long in deciding. The Catholics form about three-fifths of the population there, and it was not till May, 1847, that the local elections resulted in a Liberal majority, and consequently the return of a Liberal member to the Diet. On July 20th the Diet was at last able to pass a resolution calling upon the Sonderbund to dissolve itself, as being in contravention of the Federal Constitution. The next three months were spent in efforts to bring this about peaceably, but the leaders had gone too far to retreat. They relied, also, not merely on the intervention of the Great Powers, but on their own favourable

position in a district almost inaccessible from most sides, on the ancient reputation of the so-called "Forest Cantons"—Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, which had been the original cradle of Swiss liberty.



AT FRIBOURG.

On October 29th the Sonderbund deputies offered to dissolve their league, but only on conditions which were equivalent to a concession by the other side of all the claims to assert which the league had been formed, and on the rejection of these terms by the majority, they left the Diet. Bernard Meyer, the deputy from Lucerne, calling upon God to decide between them. "You had better not speak of God," exclaimed the deputy from Catholic Solothurn; "this business is not His, but the Devil's work." On November 4 the Diet finally resolved that the Sonderbund be put down by force of arms, that the frontiers of the seceding cantons be occupied, and all intercourse with them be broken off.

The command of the Federal forces had been entrusted to Colonel William Henry Dufour of Geneva. Switzerland possesses no standing army; but every able-bodied man goes through military training, and there is a permanent list of superior officers, on which Dufour held the post of Quartermaster-General. He was sixty years old; and though in his youth he served in the French army during all the time of Napoleon's great campaigns, and risen to the rank of captain, he had seen no active service, having passed those stirring years as an engineering officer in the island of Corfu, which for a time was blockaded by the English. When Geneva became part of Switzerland in 1815, he transferred his services to the new federation, and gained a considerable reputation

as a student and theorist of military science. He was also at the head of the Commission of Enquiry from 1833 onward, and engaged in the preparation of the finest military map of any country which till then had existed. He was the author of the Ordnance Map of Switzerland. Only a few days before he had remarked to some of his officers that it was for them both that their duty would prevent them from taking an active part in conflict! As the result showed, no better man could have been chosen. On October 29th he received the rank of General and took the oath of office as Commander-in-Chief.

A few days he had under

orders a force of nearly 100,000 men and guns.

The Sonderbund leaders had been unable to find a commander among the citizens of the seceding cantons. Their choice finally fell upon Colonel Ulrich Salis-Soglio, of Chaux-de-Fonds, Graubünden. Like Dufour, he was an experienced man, but had had the advantage of no military experience. He had served in the Bavarian army during the Leipzig campaign and had distinguished himself at the battle of Hanau. For twenty-five years he had been an officer in the Swiss regiment in the French service. He is described as a man of cheerful manners and chivalrous courage; but he

four's equal as a strategist. Curiously he was a Protestant. The Sonderbund counted in all to about 78,000 men. He commanded only the forces of the "Forest Cantons" and Zug. General Dufour commanded in Fribourg, General Kappeler in Valais.

His first care was to secure himself from the rear by subduing Fribourg, which, as he said, is separated by the cantons of Vaud from the rest of those composing the Sonderbund. His strategy for this was simple, but effective. The town of Fribourg is not more than sixteen or seventeen miles from Bern, in a westerly direction. It was fortified, and defended by a force of

his first division, under Colonel Rilliet, to advance in three brigades from Vevey, Moudon, and Payerne, in Canton Vaud, with instructions to reach Matran, some four miles south-west of Fribourg, on November 12th. This manœuvre was executed punctually. At the same time Colonel Burckhardt's division, which had been stationed in Canton Bern, instead of advancing directly upon Fribourg, made a night-march to the right, and took up a position about the same distance north-west of the town. Lastly, Colonel Ochsenbein was directed to make a demonstration on the side of Bern, so as to draw off the attention of the defenders from the movements on the west and north, and at the same time to watch the approaches from



"MAJOR SCHERRER SEIZED THE COLOURS" (P. 144).

100 to 15,000 men. The defenders expected that the attack would come from the direction of the Federal capital, and made their arrangements to resist it on that side by throwing up batteries and fortifying the roads with trees. Dufour caused

the south. These dispositions were all so accurately carried out that on the morning of November 13th Dufour was able to send a missive to the mayor of Fribourg, pointing out that his city was surrounded by superior forces—they were from 25,000 to 30,000 men, with sixty

guns—and that, under the circumstances he could surrender without discredit. The authorities of the city saw the force of his arguments, and agreed to an armistice for twenty-four hours; and on the following day a capitulation was signed, the first article of which bound Fribourg to leave the Sonderbund forthwith. This success was not quite bloodless, for on the afternoon of the 13th some of the outposts of the first division who were stationed in a wood on the west of a town, and had not heard of the armistice, made, under some misconception, an attack upon a redoubt which was close in front of them. The artillery on both sides came into action, and the Federal troops lost seven killed and fifty wounded.

The fall of Fribourg, says Dufour, fell like a thunderclap on the Sonderbund, and astonished the rest of Europe. His own task became much easier, owing to the spirit of cheerfulness and unanimity which now took the place of the indecision and even reluctance which had been felt in many quarters. He lost no time in grappling with the more arduous part of his work—the subjection of Lucerne. Hitherto he had given strict orders to his subordinate commanders that they were to act entirely on the defensive, and his orders had been obeyed, though to do so must have required some self-restraint on the part of those officers. For the Sonderbund forces were by no means inactive. The canton of Aargau runs down in a long tongue between Lucerne and Zug, forming the district known as the Freiamt. At the northern end of this tongue, where it widens out to the full breadth of the canton, is the village of Muri, where one of the suppressed monasteries had been situated. Perhaps the Sonderbund expected to find some sympathisers in that district. At all events, on November 12th a strong force, in two columns, under General Salis and his Chief of the Staff, Colonel Elgger, respectively, entered Aargau, with the intention of marching by different routes upon Muri. The General, starting from Gislikon, entered the Freiamt at its southernmost point; while Elgger, keeping within the territory of Lucerne, was to take a parallel line and approach Muri from the south-west. It was a foggy day, and the two columns, separated by a range of lofty hills, completely lost touch of each other. In the afternoon, Salis made an attempt to destroy a bridge which the Federal engineers had thrown over the river Reuss, to connect Zürich with Aargau. But he was met with a stout

resistance, and compelled to retire. Near he again fell in with troops from St. Gallen Appenzell, who received him with a vigorous fire, and he found nothing to do but return to his starting-point. Colonel Elgger was at more fortunate, and drove the Aargau troops back with some loss. His own son, who acting as his aide-de-camp, got a bullet in head, but lived to edit the *Swiss Military Gazette* thirty years later. Presently an order to the artillery to retire in order to take a better position, caused a panic among the troops from Valais, who probably did not understand the words, and only saw the movement. They fled, and Elgger, having lost a part of force and hearing the sound of 'Salis' guns, grew fainter and fainter, had nothing to do but to withdraw. A third column, which was to have invaded Aargau further to the west, succeeded in surprising the Federal outposts and bombarding an unfortified village; but did not wait for the arrival of the Aargau battalion which hastened up at the summons of alarm-bells.

In the south, where the Federal strength was less, matters for a few days looked more promising for the Sonderbund. On November 14th a body of 2000 men, with four guns, crossed the St. Gotthard Pass in a storm of wind and snow and fell upon Airolo. The Ticino troops, were holding that place, 2700 strong, had expected a visit in such weather, and allured themselves to be surprised. Before they knew what was happening, the village was surrounded by the riflemen of Uri, and cannon-balls were crashing through the snow-covered roofs. They fled in disorder to Bellinzona, with a loss of 100 killed and thirty wounded, leaving weakly ammunition, baggage, even their colonel's dispatch-boxes and dressing-case, in the enemy's hands. This was the nearest approach to success which the Sonderbund had. It was hoped that Ticino, being a Catholic canton, at least a portion of the population might welcome the invaders; but they received no encouragement, and in a few days the approach of the Federal army to Lucerne rendered their retreat necessary.

For Dufour did not let the grass grow under his feet. Two days after the capitulation of Fribourg had been signed, his headquarters were at Aarau, the capital of Aargau, and all dispositions were made for striking the decisive blow. Lucerne is very well situated for defence against an enemy approaching from the north.

eam of the Reuss, flowing out of the lake to the north-west, presently sweeps round north-east. Just at the angle the smaller Emme joins it from the south-west, so continuous obstacle is offered to an attacking force. Between the Reuss and the right arm of the lake (which washes the Rigi) is a range of lofty wooded hills the Rooterberg, which continue almost to the Emme. It was on this latter that the ill-starred attempt of the French had been made.

Dufour determined on this occasion to approach from the other direction, the line of the Rooterberg and between the river and the Rooterberg. It was a surprise operation: in his own words, "he gave the bull by the nose." Gislikon, a point where the Rooterberg crosses the lake while that on the right bank comes to an end, was strongly fortified; and the Rooterberg afforded an admirable position for sharpshooters and riflemen. But by advancing from this side of the lake, if successful,

to separate Lucerne and Schwyz, and would strike at the heart of the secession. Therefore, ordering all the five divisions which he had to employ, to converge by various points on Lucerne, from east, north, and west, he decided to make his main attack with the second and fifth, under Colonels Ziegler and Müller.

Of these, the former was at present stationed in Aarau, the latter between the lake and the Lake of Zürich. The attack was fixed for November 23rd. Two days before, the little canton of Zug, which had joined the Sonderbund somewhat reluctantly, had thereby relieving Dufour of anxiety for his flank. On the 22nd the General issued a proclamation to his troops, reminding them that

they were performing a duty to their country, and bidding them lay aside all feeling of hostility as soon as the victory was won. They were specially enjoined to respect all churches and buildings used in the service of religion, and to see that no injury was done to non-combatants or to private property.

That evening Colonel Ziegler's division bivouacked in the "Freiamt," right up to the frontier of Lucerne. It was a clear night, and round the Lake of Zug they could see the watch-fires of the fifth division, which was now occupying that canton. In the early morning of the

23rd the Aargau engineers threw a bridge of boats over the Reuss at Sins, another being placed a couple of miles higher up, at Ober-rüti. Ziegler, with two brigades of his division, under Colonels Egloff and König, crossed to the right bank, and came into touch with Colonel Gmür and the fifth division, advancing from the Lake of Zug. The third brigade, under Colonel Müller, was to remain on the left bank, and attack Gislikon from the direction of Klein Dietwyl.

It should have acted in conjunction with the third division, under Donatz, which occupied the next place to the westward, but bad roads hindered that commander from arriving in time to take part in the main action. About nine in the morning the batteries of Gislikon opened fire upon Müller's brigade, compelling it to retire for a time. One of the first shots killed Captain Buk, a refugee from Lucerne, who was marching with the column. Colonel Ziegler, meanwhile, was making progress on the other side of the Reuss. In spite of the fire from the Rooterberg, and from the Lucerne artillery in front of the village of Honau, he pressed on, and presently his guns coming into action caused the enemy's batteries to retire. They made a short stand in Honau, but were soon forced back upon Gislikon, where regular



earthworks had been thrown up. Here they made a resolute defence, the battery under Captain Mazzola specially distinguishing itself. On the other side, Rust's battery (from Solothurn) galloped through Honau, leaving the infantry behind, and took up its position in an orchard, five hundred paces—this was before the days of rifled cannon—from the earthworks. Its first shot killed and wounded five men in Hegi's company, which retired, leaving Mazzola's left flank uncovered. Mazzola, however, literally "stuck to his guns," though the artillery on the further side of the Reuss was now playing upon him, and presently compelled Rust to retire behind the fighting line, barely saving his guns from capture by the Lucerne *chasseurs*. A plucky action on the part of one of his subordinates is recorded. Just after the Solothurn guns had retired, a body of troops was seen in the spot they had occupied. In the smoke and haze of the November day, it was not certain whether they were friend or foe. Corporal Pfiffer asked his captain's permission to go and ascertain, which Mazzola willingly gave. Pfiffer left the battery, and went forward till he could see the others clearly; then, waving his sword, cried: "Fire, Captain; it is the enemy!" and made his way back. General Salis, who had taken up his position in the battery, pressed a piece of gold into his hand; but the sturdy Swiss rejected it, saying: "No need for that, General; I only did my duty." The narrator of this story, himself a bitter partisan on the Catholic side, adds that Pfiffer was a well-known adherent of the Liberals. Here, as later in the American Civil War, when hostilities had once begun, men put the defence of their homes first, and let their private opinions wait for quieter times.

The troops whose identity Corporal Pfiffer had ascertained were some battalions of Egloff's and König's brigades. These were Appenzellers under Benziger, and Aargauers under Häusler. The former could not face the storm of grape with which they were received, and took shelter in some gravel-pits. Häusler's men, with whom the Brigadier-Colonel Egloff was himself riding, began in their turn to waver. At this moment Major Scherrer, whose own battalion was also unsteady, seized the colours, and fixing them into the ground, cried out: "Switzers, do you know what that means?" Thus encouraged, Häusler's men held their ground, and, presently, through the personal efforts of Egloff and his staff, the fugitives were rallied, and the line restored.

Meanwhile, the Lucerne and Unterwalden panies had pressed too far in the direction Rooterberg, allowing the Federal skirmish to penetrate between them and the artillery that the earthworks were denuded of all covering infantry. Egloff at once ordered up batteries, and under the fire of these, combined with that from others on the other bank, intrepid Mazzola, after nearly an hour's fighting between his one battery and five or six enemy's, was compelled to withdraw and abandon Gislikon. General Salis, too, who had taken up his position in the battery, had been severely wounded in the temple by a shot, though he made light of his wound and refused to leave the fight.

König's brigade, meanwhile, to which had been assigned the duty of clearing the slopes of the Rooterberg and sheltering the left flank, had met with a sudden reverse. Again and again they had to fall back. Ziegler himself, dismounting and leading the right wing, succeeded in pressing the enemy far up the hill as to secure Egloff from a direct attack, and set part of his own main body to operate against Mazzola. König, with the left wing, attempted to force the position of Meierkappel, on the crest of the ridge, but could not succeed in dislodging the troops from the position who held it. Gmür's division, meanwhile, captured Meyerskappel, on the eastern slope of the ridge, and was advancing upon Lucerne by the road between the hills and the lake.

But the retreat from Gislikon had decided the battle. At 3 p.m. General Salis gave the order to retire upon Ebikon, a village not more than three miles from Lucerne. In the city itself, the people had been listening all day long, with great anxiety, to the thunder of the cannon, and the news of the fight had reached them. As soon as arrived an orderly from the General, bringing a message couched in the form usual with dispatch commanders, to the effect that he had been compelled to retire temporarily upon Ebikon, but hoped to maintain his ground there for some time. He added, however, that the position at Gislikon had rendered the position of Lucerne very precarious. A steamer had been in the lake all day, and on the receipt of this news the Council-of-War, with Siegwart and Meyer as its head, went on board, taking the military treasures and all documents, papers, etc., with them, and steamed up the lake to Flüelen, leaving the defence to General Salis to arrange for an armistice. The General himself arrived about 8

suffering from his wound, and after giving the requisite instructions, departed to Unterwalden. As an old soldier, he doubtless knew that further resistance meant useless bloodshed. Colonel Elgger, his Chief of the Staff, had been for two days maintaining a stout resistance in the Valley of Entlebuch, west of the city, to the seventh

the Federal troops were allowed to enter peaceably, and the Federal flag was displayed, no warlike measures would be taken.

Accordingly, at midday on the 24th, the Federal forces marched into Lucerne by all the gates. Twenty days had finished the civil war. The total losses were, on the Federal side, 60



"RUST'S BATTERY GALLOPED THROUGH HONAU" (p. 144).

federal division, under Colonel Ochsenbein—who had his former defeat on almost the same ground to avenge—and had hastened back to Lucerne, when night put an end to further fighting on the 23rd. He was at first in favour of defending the city; but was soon convinced of the hopelessness of the situation, and agreed to communicate with Dufour. At 9 in the evening of the 24th came the reply that it was too late to countermand the advance, but that it

killed and 386 wounded; on that of the Sonderbund, 36 and 119. Dufour attributes the smallness of these figures to the fact that the fighting took place in a broken and thickly-wooded country, where cover was plentiful. Something was, no doubt, also due to the inexperience of the gunners.

Great care was taken to prevent any excesses on the part of the victors. The Bern division, between whom and Lucerne bitter feelings had

existed ever since 1845, was not allowed to take part in the entry into the city, but had to remain, by Colonel Ochsenbein's orders, in the suburbs. Dufour ordered a joint "Church-parade" to be held, the Catholic troops attending Mass in the chief church of Lucerne, while a service was held in the open-air for the Protestants. Subsequently he wrote, "The troops on both sides showed by their conduct that every Swiss is a born soldier."

The Confederation had had a narrow escape. On the day when war had been declared, M. Guizot had, on behalf of France, proposed to the other Great Powers that a joint note should be sent to the Swiss Diet calling upon them to submit the questions at issue to foreign arbitration. As it was hardly doubtful that the proposal would be rejected, this meant armed intervention, with the certainty of an ultimate partition of Switzerland. The Continental Powers were ready enough, but Lord Palmerston,

then English Foreign Secretary, who had said, "no wish to see Switzerland made a of," managed, by objections and suggestions, to postpone the delivery of the note till November 30th. By that time the Diet was able to see that there was no longer any Sonderbund, and that the course of the following year, Prussia, and France had matters enough of their own to attend to; and the Swiss were able to continue unmolested with the revision of their Constitution into the form under which the country prospered ever since. Formerly a Confederation of States, they have since 1848 been a federated State.

The conflict left—except, perhaps, a few of the Sonderbund leaders—no ill behind. Some years later Dufour could say, "The citizens of the old cantons (*i.e.* the Cantons) nearly all have pipes with my name on them, and call me 'Our little Dufour.' My long and useful life ended in 1875."



LAKE ZUG.



ABOUT ten miles from the Buffalo river, which forms the eastern frontier of Natal, rises conspicuous a tall, rocky, precipitous hill, called in the language of the natives "Insandhlwana," or "The place of the little hand," from a fancied resemblance in its form to an outstretched hand. Near this hill was fought, on the 22nd January, 1879, one of the most desperate actions ever engaged in under the British flag. Here, overwhelmed by numbers, an English force suffered a complete and most disastrous defeat, and here, bravely facing inevitable overthrow and death, English soldiers sternly answered to the call of duty and fell with honour, grimly defiant to the last.

Of the actual details of the battle there are no complete records. The men who could have furnished them lie under the shade of the hill, and the veldt grass grows green over their silent and glorious bed. But sufficient is known, as much from the subsequent testimony of their gallant foes as from the words of the few survivors of the fatal field, to tell us how determined, though unavailing, was the courage, how great the self-abnegation, of the warriors who then maintained the honour of our country.

Let us tell the story as far as it can be gathered, and if it ends with no shout of victory, at least we can impress on our minds that the heroic dead left a memory of which we may be sadly proud, and that they were not found wanting in carrying on the noblest traditions of the English people.

The Zulu kingdom was a military power that, under a line of despotic and warlike sovereigns, had long been a standing menace to the English colony of Natal and to the Transvaal, the Dutch Republic, which in 1878 was annexed by England. The first king of Zululand, Chaka, had so organised his realm that it

was always ready for war at short notice, and his system was maintained by his successors—Dingaan, Panda, and finally Cetewayo, who became monarch in 1872. Every able-bodied Zulu was enrolled in one or other of the king's regiments, and no one was allowed to marry without the king's permission. The permission to marry was generally given as a mark of favour to a whole regiment at once for long or good service, particularly if it had "bathed" its assegais—or, in other words, had covered them with blood in conflict. The discipline of the Zulu army was the sternest. Implicit obedience was required, and every fault was punished with death. Cowardice was unknown, for the coward dare not meet the vengeance and wrath of his king. The saying of each man was, "I am the king's ox"—meaning, I accept life or death as the king may award, and my only business is to carry out his orders without question. The burden of one of their war-songs was, "If I go back I am killed; if I go on I am killed. It is better to go on." With such feelings, added to their natural fierceness and hardihood, influencing a peculiarly powerful and athletic race of men, it may be conceived how formidable was the Zulu array, and with how much truth it came to be called "a very perfect man-slaying machine."

The war-dress worn by the Zulu soldiers made them striking and alarming-looking figures. On the head of each man was a plume of feathers, or sometimes a single beautiful feather, taken from the bell crane, rising a good two feet into the air. Round his waist hung a kilt of white oxtails, and beneath his right knee and shoulder were small circles of white goat's hair. For the rest, he was naked; unless he was a chief, in which case he wore a leopard's-skin kaross, or cloak, as an emblem of authority. In his left hand he carried a fighting shield made of oxhide, of which the colour varied according to

the regiment to which he belonged. In his right hand he held his great broad-bladed "bangwan," or stabbing assegai. He also had three lighter and smaller assegais for throwing as javelins, and a "knobkerrie," or club, made of hard "umzimmete" wood. Many of them had rifles, but very few were good shots, and their fire only became formidable when they had a broad mark, like a body of men, to aim at.

The Zulu tactics were always the same. They always tried to attack in a half-circle, throwing forward both flanks of their fighting force, like two horns, which strove to encircle and threaten the rear of their enemy, while their centre, in successive waves of men, charged to their front with irresistible determination.

It has been said that the warlike Zulu kingdom had been a standing menace for years to the European colonies on its frontier. Except in the towns these colonies were only occupied by farmers, whose solitary homesteads were scattered over the country at wide distances from each other, each European's house having near it a small "kraal," or village, where lived the peaceful and unwarlike Kaffirs who formed the native population. In days not long gone by, the first settlers had frequently been obliged to fight for their lives, and the Dutch names of such places as "Weenen" (weeping) kept alive the memory of old Zulu incursions. Many were the alarms which spread through the country from time to time lest these incursions should be renewed, and many were the frontier farms which had been, in consequence, deserted by their owners. Causes of dispute had arisen, moreover, with Cetewayo, and the savage potentate had showed that war would be far from

unwelcome to him. The English Governor and High Commissioner in South Africa in 1878 was Sir Bartle Frere, one of the ablest of the many able politicians and administrators who have been produced by our Indian Empire, and he did all in his power to induce the Zulu king to come to such terms as might secure the continuance of peace—to no purpose. Finally, an ultimatum was sent to Cetewayo, and he was warned that if it was not complied with before the 11th January, 1879, operations against him would be at once commenced.

It had long been foreseen in Natal that war was almost inevitable, and all the available troops had been massed along the frontier, under the command of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B. The whole resources of the colony had been organised and prepared for a campaign. There were seven regiments of English regular infantry, a naval brigade, seventeen guns and a rocket battery Royal Artillery, and two companies Royal Engineers. There was no regular cavalry, but there were two



KING CETEWAYO.

[Photo. : Cresw.]

squadrons of mounted infantry, and nearly 800 colonial volunteers and police, besides more than 300 native Basuto horse. There was also a native contingent, about 9,000 strong. The whole amounted to 6,639 Imperial and colonial troops, 9,035 native contingent, with 802 conductors and drivers in charge of nearly 700 waggons, forming the transport train.

The period allowed to Cetewayo for reply to the ultimatum having expired, a declaration of war was made by Sir Bartle Frere, who then placed in the hands of Lord Chelmsford the further enforcement of all demands.

Lord Chelmsford's army, as detailed above, was

vided into five columns, which were to march to Zululand at different points, and to move on Ulundi, Cetewayo's capital, where they were expected to be able to concentrate victoriously. For our present purpose we need only consider

It was under the immediate command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., and was formed by six guns, R.A., one squadron mounted infantry, the 1st battalion 24th Regiment, the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment, about 200 Natal volunteers, 150 Natal police, three battalions of the native contingent, and some native pioneers. This force crossed the Buffalo river on the 11th of January, and



"THE CAMP WAS A PICTURESQUE SIGHT" (p. 150).

the 2nd and 3rd columns, as the others were in no way involved in the operations which led to the battle of Insandhlwana. The 2nd column, under Colonel Durnford, R.E., was almost entirely composed of natives, and was, in the first instance, more intended to be used as support and communication between the 1st and 3rd columns than for any other purpose. The 3rd column was the strongest and most important, and to it Lord Chelmsford attached himself and his staff.

encamped on the further side. The rainy season was not yet over, and not only was there some difficulty and even danger in crossing the flooded river, but the broken country in front of the column was nearly impassable from swamps and heavy ground, so that much road-making had to be undertaken to enable the guns and transport to push forward.

A successful attack was made on the 12th

against the Isipezi Hill, but the stubborn resistance that was then made by the induna, or chief, Sirayo and his followers showed that no final success was to be hoped for except at the cost of hard fighting. Several long reconnaissances were made by the mounted men into Zululand, and shots were exchanged with detached parties of the enemy, but there was nothing to show how fearful a storm was gathering in the horizon and was nearly ready to burst.

By the 20th of January all the first difficulties had been overcome, and the 3rd column was encamped at the foot of the Insandhlwana Hill. The position of the camp was thus described :— "We had a small 'kopjie' (stony hillock) on the right of our road, and then about fifty yards to our left rises abruptly the Insandhlwana mountain, entirely unapproachable from the three sides nearest to us, but on the further—viz., that to the north—it slopes more gradually down, and it is there connected with the large range of hills on our left by another broad neck of land. We just crossed over the bend, then turned sharp to the left, and placed our camp facing the valley, with the eastern precipitous side of the mountain behind us, leaving about a mile of open country between our left flank and the hills on our left, the right of the camp extending across the neck of land we had just come over, and resting on the base of the kopjie before mentioned."

The camp was a martial and picturesque sight in the glow of the African sunset. Here were the tents of the Queen's Infantry, the men busy cleaning their arms and cooking their rations, there the long lines of picqueted horses, there the gun-park, there the swart native contingent, as savage-looking as the foe that they had come to fight, while the flag of England waved over the marquee of the general, speaking pride and defiance to all assailants. There was one fatal mistake, however. The waggons, which should have been ranged end to end in front of or round the camp, in the fashion called in Africa a "laager," forming a defensible barricade against sudden assault, were drawn up uselessly in line behind the camp, and many a veteran of the old colonial wars saw with apprehension that old lessons were neglected, and that undue confidence had taken the place of the caution taught by experience.

It was known that, at about twelve miles from Insandhlwana, there was, on the Inhlazatye range of hills, the stronghold of a chief called Matyana; and on the 21st two separate parties

were despatched from the camp at an early hour to reconnoitre and, if possible, attack the place. One of these parties consisted entirely of mounted men—Natal volunteers and police—under Major Dartnell, the other of two battalions of the native contingent under Commandant Lonsdale. Major Dartnell, the head of the police, was an experienced soldier, who had served with the highest credit in the English army, and had taken part in several campaigns. Commandant Lonsdale was also an old soldier of proved knowledge and judgment. Major Dartnell's force encountered Matyana's men about ten o'clock in the morning, and, though the enemy appeared anxious to fight, it was not considered prudent to engage them without supports. The Zulus occupied a rugged "kloof," or cleft in the hills; and whenever the mounted men approached they sallied out in large numbers. Mr. Mansel, of the police, a most daring officer, was sent forward with a small body to try to make them show their force, and succeeded in this, as the Zulus advanced to attack, throwing forward their two "horns" and trying to surround Major Dartnell. The volunteers and police then retired before superior numbers, and joined Commandant Lonsdale's men about three miles from the kloof.

The native contingent had shown on several occasions that they were subject to panics, and were not to be depended upon; so Major Dartnell decided that he and Lonsdale would bivouac for the night where they were, and sent a messenger to Lord Chelmsford asking for the assistance of some regular infantry to enable them to storm Matyana's position.

In the middle of the night Dartnell's communication was received, and, as it told of the enemy being in far greater numbers on the Inhlazatye hills than had been supposed, the general considered that an overwhelming strength should be brought against them, and that an opportunity was presented of striking a paralyzing blow against an important part of the Zulu army. He therefore ordered the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment, the mounted infantry, and four guns to be put under arms at once in readiness to march, and, placing himself at their head, he moved with the first faint grey of morning to join Major Dartnell. As this detachment would considerably weaken the camp, Lord Chelmsford at the same time sent orders to Colonel Durnford—who, with a portion of the 2nd column, was now near Rorke's Drift—telling him to move at once to Insandhlwana with the rocket battery and the Basuto horse.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, of the 24th Regiment, was left in command of the camp. He had with him six companies of the 24th, two guns R.A., about eighty mounted men, including mounted infantry, police, and volunteers, and four companies of the native contingent. His orders were to draw in his line of defence and infantry outposts, but to keep his mounted vedettes still far advanced.

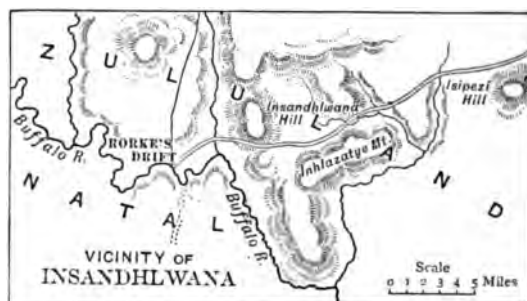
After the departure of Lord Chelmsford with the detached column, nothing unusual occurred in the camp till between seven and eight o'clock, when it was reported from a picquet about 1,500 yards to the north that a body of the enemy could be seen approaching from the north-east, and the appearance of various other small bodies was subsequently noticed. Then, in the camp, there was all the bustle of quick preparation for battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine put every available man under arms. The draught oxen, which had been grazing, were driven into camp and tied to the yokes; the native contingent was pushed forward on advanced duty on the hills to the left; the guns were put in position on the left of the camp; the mounted men stood ready by their horses; and the 24th were formed up, awaiting the duty which the turn of events might bring.

About ten o'clock Colonel Durnford arrived in camp, and, as the senior officer, became by right the commander. He did not, however, take the dispositions out of Colonel Pulleine's hands, and the two officers worked cordially together. Colonel Durnford had served for more than six years in South Africa, knew the natives and their customs thoroughly, and, with the most undaunted valour, which he had proved in war and to which a disabled arm bore testimony, he combined a chivalrous and sympathetic heart towards all who were brought in contact with him, whether Europeans or natives. A handsome, soldier-like man, with a long, fair moustache, he had an anxious expression of face, as of one who is born to misfortune.

Repeated and more or less conflicting reports now came rapidly from the outposts on the left: "The enemy are in force behind the hills;" "The enemy is in three columns, one moving to the left rear, and one towards the general;" "The enemy is retiring in all directions." The estimates of the enemy's strength were most varied, but none approximated to the real numbers that were threatening the doomed English force, and the full extent of the danger was not realised.

On hearing these reports Colonel Durnford sent one troop of his Natal Native Horse to reinforce his baggage-guard, which had not yet joined him, and two troops, under Captains G. Shepstone and Barton, to the hills on the left, while he himself determined to go out to the front with the remaining two troops, which were to be followed by Major Russell's rocket battery, escorted by a company of the native contingent.

It is here worth while to say a word about the Natal Native Horse, than which no corps fought more loyally, bravely, and disinterestedly during the troubles in South Africa. They were principally recruited in Edendale, a Basuto agricultural settlement formed by Wesleyan missionaries, who had recognised that Christianity could best be taught to people who had given up a savage life, and had been trained in and appreciated



the arts of peace. The good missionaries had taught the wild Basutos to build houses, to make waggons, and to cultivate the ground scientifically, and, in conjunction with these benefits, had inculcated the Christian's moral law and the Christian's sentiments. The settlement at Edendale flourished exceedingly, and the Basutos became not only prosperous citizens, but God-fearing men. When war threatened, they were appealed to to give their services to the Queen, and they eagerly responded. As soldiers, they were like the old Covenanters. Every morning they assembled round their head-man for prayer, during the day no troops were more daring and trustworthy, and at night, before they lay down to rest, they again assembled for united worship. In truth, they were soldiers whom any general would be glad to command, and disciples whom any religious body would be proud to claim.

Colonel Durnford had asked Colonel Pulleine to let him have two companies of the 24th, but when it was represented that they could ill be spared, the request was not pressed.

As has been said, the full amount of the

impending danger was not realised, and there was no expectation of an attack on that day. As a precautionary measure, however, a company of the 24th, under Lieutenant Cavaye, was sent out as a picquet about 1,200 yards north of the camp, while the remainder of the troops were dismissed from parade, but to remain in readiness to fall in at a moment's notice.

The two troops which had been sent out under Shepstone and Barton had proceeded about five miles from the camp, when they met a large Zulu force on the march. Captain Shepstone at once ordered a retreat, and himself rode in with the warning that an attack was probably imminent, but the appearance of masses of the enemy surging over the hills had already given the alarm. Meantime, Colonel Durnford had, with two troops, moved to the front at a canter, followed by the rocket battery at a slower pace. After he had proceeded some miles, his advanced files reported an immense "impi" behind the hills, and almost immediately the Zulus appeared in force on his front and left in loose order, ten or twelve deep, with heavy masses in support. They opened fire and advanced with the startling rapidity which marked all their movements. Colonel Durnford retired a little way behind the shelter of a "donga," a ravine-like crack in the plain. There he extended his men and commenced a steady fire, but the numbers against him were so overwhelming that he had to continue his retreat, only to find that the enemy had been beforehand, and had annihilated the rocket battery, slaying its commander, Major Russell, with all his gunners. Deserted by the escort of the native contingent, the battery had fought with unflinching courage, but had been overwhelmed by the fierce charge. Durnford, sorely pressed, disputed every inch of ground until he reached another donga, where he found himself in line with the camp troops, and was reinforced by thirty or forty Natal Volunteers, under Captain Bradstreet. Here his last desperate stand was made.

Two companies of the 24th, under Captains Mostyn and Younghusband, had been pushed forward to the support of Cavaye's picquet, but they were too weak for the gigantic task, and all were driven in upon the main body.

The situation was now this: The usual Zulu attack in half-circle was being made on the camp, while a whole Zulu regiment, the Undi, was pushing round the English left to gain possession of the waggon road and line of retreat upon Rorke's Drift.

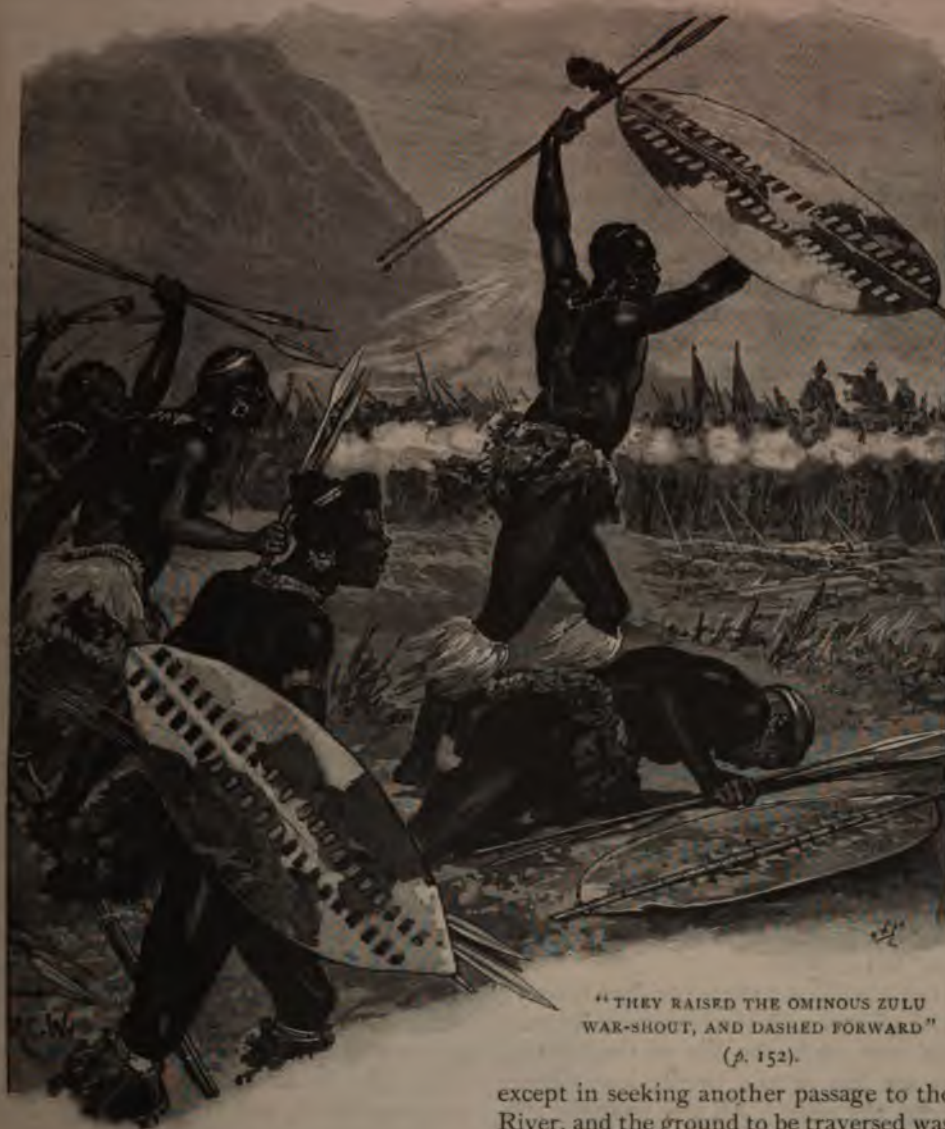
The two guns and the whole of the 24th were in line, the native contingent was on the right of the 24th, and then came Durnford's shattered and weary band. All were doing their duty manfully and well. The guns were in action, served coolly and steadily as on a home parade. The 24th, one of the smartest battalions in the service, was dealing withering volleys, and Basutos and Volunteers fought stubbornly for the homesteads of Natal. The enemy fell in hundreds, but kept on advancing with undiminished resolution. Rank after rank of the foremost were swept away, but still others pressed forward. The air was rent with the roar of battle. The guns, which had been firing shell, now at such close quarters were pouring in case, and each shot of the infantry told on the dense masses. Even Zulu courage could not maintain an advance against the deadly hail, and Cetewayo's chosen warriors wavered and lay down, seeking shelter and covering the valley in detached groups to the depth of three-quarters of a mile. It almost seemed for a space as if English tenacity was once again, as in the past, to be rewarded with victory.

But the dire crisis of the day was at hand. The widespread horns of the Zulu army had worked their way round the flanks, and were even now showing themselves in rear of the English position. The native contingent had always been a broken reed upon which to lean, and it now broke and fled in the utmost disorder, thus laying open the right and rear of the 24th. The ammunition began to fail, and the Zulu opportunity had come. Nor were their chiefs slow to note and profit by it. Hitherto the attack had been made in the silence of perfect discipline. Now, as the iron-hearted warriors recovered from their momentary check they raised the ominous Zulu war-shout, and dashed forward in a last irresistible charge. They poured through the fatal gap in the line of defence, and in a moment the English soldiers were lost in the midst of the seething savage crowd.

So sudden was the catastrophe, so rapid the charge, that but few of the English soldiers had time to fix their bayonets and prepare for the hand-to-hand struggle. Many a brave heart among the defenders was cold in death long ere this, and sadly reduced were the numbers that strove desperately against the nervous Zulu arms and the assegais thirsting for blood. The savage warriors closed upon the doomed men with a shout of "Bulala umlongo!"

Kill the white man! Then followed a scene of great confusion. Horse and foot, English and Zulu, friend and foe, in one writhing slaughtering mass, slowly pushed through the camp towards the road to Rorke's drift, the road of

to save the guns, and the mounted men who were yet unwounded forced their way, weapons in hand, through the press. But the right of the enemy already occupied the waggon road and barred the outlet. There was no safety



"THEY RAISED THE OMINOUS ZULU
WAR-SHOUT, AND DASHED FORWARD"
(p. 152).

near to safety. But of the 24th, few, if any, left the ground where they had fought so well. The battalion fell and lay by companies, surrounded by slain enemies. When the battle-field was cleared, the remains of officers and men were found in the line of their last parade. No one had flinched, and all had died as they lived, shoulder to shoulder. When all was over, the artillery had limbered up and striven

except in seeking another passage to the Buffalo River, and the ground to be traversed was rugged, boulder-strewn and broken. None but mounted men had escaped from the precincts of the camp, and the ground was such that an active Zulu could cover it even faster than a horse. The guns were soon hopelessly impeded, and the drivers were assailed in their saddles. The long ravine, which has since been called the "fugitives' path," was a scene of continuous slaughter, and even when the Buffalo was reached, it ran swift, deep and fordless, an alternation of boiling

current and sharp rocks. Not half even of those who arrived on its bank succeeded in crossing. Many were drowned, many assegaied, some were shot, and the unrelenting pursuit continued even into Natal. The only troops which had maintained a semblance of cohesion were some of the Natal Native Horse. These gallant Basutos assisted many in the flight, which they covered as well as they could under Captain Barton, who rendered essential service by checking the pursuit on the Natal bank of the Buffalo.

Such a day as that of Insandhlwana could not pass without the performance of many deeds of gallantry and devotion, but the actors and spectators in too many cases were left among the slain, and their voices are dumb. We know of the heroic death of Captain George Shepstone, who, having disengaged his men, and finding that Colonel Durnford was still among the foe, said, "I must go and see where my chief is," and turned his horse again into the *mêlée*, there to lay his body with that of his friend and leader. Private Wassall, of the mounted infantry, gained the Victoria Cross by plunging a second time into the torrent of the Buffalo, under a heavy fire, to save a wounded comrade, who would otherwise have been lost. Captains Melville and Coghill, of the 24th, who were both mounted, saved the Queen's colour of their regiment after they had fought to the last in its ranks. They made their way to the river, and Coghill managed to get to the further side. Melville lost his horse, and was left struggling in the swift current. With sublime chivalry Coghill rode back to his assistance, when his horse also was shot. Both these brave officers succeeded in reaching the Natal shore, but, exhausted and wounded, they could do no more, and were overtaken and killed, fighting till the fatal "bangwan" did its work.

In this terrible disaster there perished twenty-six imperial officers and 600 non-commissioned officers and men, while the loss of the colonial forces was not less severe, twenty-four officers being among the slain. All the waggons and oxen, two guns, 1,200 rifles, and an immense quantity of ammunition and commissariat supplies, were also lost.

Of all the regiments in the Queen's army, the 24th has perhaps paid as high a price as any for the glorious legends inscribed on its colours. Insandhlwana was the second battle-field in which a battalion had been practically annihilated. About thirty years before, at Chillianwallah, thirteen officers and the greater part of the non-

commissioned officers and men had laid down their lives for the honour of England. Then the cry of victory had been raised over the dead. The evening of the second fatal day in the regiment's history closed in gloom and unrelieved sorrow.

We must return to Lord Chelmsford and the column which he had led forth in the morning to the support of Major Dartnell. Between five and seven in the morning the general had joined the force, which had bivouacked out during the night, and operations against what was supposed to be the main portion of the enemy's army were at once commenced. The mounted infantry were despatched to the left front to press the enemy seen in the distance, while the general with the main body and the guns, protected on the right by the police and volunteers, moved up the valley against the position which had checked Dartnell on the previous day. That "kloof" was now found deserted, but a strong force was seen to be established on the mountain spurs. It was engaged and driven back with heavy loss. Everywhere the English troops gained ground; everywhere the Zulus retired before them. But it is more than probable that the retirement was a piece of elaborate strategy, intended to draw the general farther and farther away from his camp and thus render the force available for its defence. Whether this was the case or not, the result was the same, for at midday the general found himself twelve miles from Insandhlwana, looking for a spot on which to form a second camp. Several messengers had been despatched to him by Colonel Pullen, telling of the threatened attack, but by mischance none of them reached him. Between twelve and one reports were brought in from scouts that firing had been heard at Insandhlwana, but when, from the top of a hill, a careful examination had been made with a powerful telescope, nothing unusual could be detected, and, consequently, no uneasiness was felt. The presence of large bodies of Zulus on the plain, which had been traversed in the morning, was now announced, and Lord Chelmsford resolved to retrace his steps with the mounted men and the native contingent, leaving the artillery and the second battalion of the 24th in bivouac. At four p.m., when he was within six miles of the camp, a solitary horseman met him, reining in his saddle and riding at a foot's pace. It was Commandant Lonsdale, who, having been troubled all day with fever in the morning, had sought medical aid. He brought the ghastly news, "The enemy is in possession of the enemy." It appeared

iding in the half-lethargy of sickness, he
ering the camp, he was startled by a shot
him. He looked up and saw, sitting in
ound the tents, groups of red-coats. He
aw a gigantic Zulu stalking out of a
th a blood-smeared assegai in his hand.
g more carefully, he saw that the wearers
ed coats were black men, and black men
The real state of the case flashed upon his
nd he turned and galloped off under a
d fire. Providentially he was not hit,
s able to meet the general and prevent
m riding with his staff into the trap of
ion.

s were at once sent to the guns and the
join the general, but it was six o'clock
hey came. The force then collected was
case for much exertion. They had
nearly thirty miles under an African
h only the slight supply of food which
n carried in his haversack. They knew
early equal force of their comrades had
stroyed, and that a victorious army was
them and support. English soldiers
se heart, however, in the hardest straits,
rd Chelmsford's men did not fail to
gallantly to the call which he made for
l effort. The march was resumed, and
fall they were again beneath the "little

There was no sign of life or movement,
enemy might be lying hidden ready to
rth. Two or three rounds of shell were

fired, but they only awoke the slumbering echoes.
Then two companies of the 24th, under Major
Black, ascended to the neck of ground south of
the great hill. The enemy had gone, bearing
with them their bloodstained plunder.

The night had fallen, and the silence of death
was around. There was nothing for it but to
bivouac on the spot. No one who shared that
bivouac will ever forget its horrors. The air
was heavy with the scent of blood, and mangled
corpses of English soldiers and Zulu warriors
lay thickly around. It was well that the
shades of night hid the blood-curdling details.
The infantry lay down grasping their rifles, and
the mounted men held the reins of their horses
during the long, anxious night. Shots were
fired and alarms spread at intervals, but it is
doubtful whether the enemy wished to make
any real attack. If they had, though each man
was prepared to die in his place, the attempt
would in all probability have been successful.

With the earliest light of morning the retreat
to Rorke's Drift was continued unmolested.
Bodies of the enemy were seen on the hills
overhanging the road, but no collisions with
them took place. When the Buffalo River was
reached a first gleam of encouragement and hope
for the future came from the British flag, still
waving over the feeble fortifications which
Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead had so re-
solutely made good against the long assault by
a numerous and determined foe.



LORD CHELMSFORD.



"GIVE me iron in the men, and I shall not mind much about the iron in the ships," said the American admiral Farragut, when some of his officers were discussing the changes that would be introduced into naval warfare by the new ironclad navies. And Farragut was right in holding that, whatever the ships might be made of, the most important thing was to have enough "iron in the men" who worked and fought them. We are sometimes too apt to think that the power of rival fleets can be estimated by setting off their weight of guns and thickness of armour in two parallel columns, and striking a balance, as if it were an account in a ledger. But all naval history goes to prove that, within certain wide limits, the power of navies depends chiefly upon an element that can only be tested by the stress of storm and battle—namely, the courage, the nerve, and the "grit" of their officers and men.

No more striking proof of this was ever given than that which is afforded by the sea-fight of Lissa, the only battle between ironclads that has yet taken place in European waters. In ships, in guns, in armour the Italian fleet was superior to the Austrian. On paper there could be no doubt on which side lay the power that would secure, in event of war, the command of the Adriatic. The war came, and its grim reality showed how fallacious was the comparison made beforehand. The object of the Italians in 1866 was to drive the Austrians out of Venetia, by attacking them there while they were occupied elsewhere by the struggle with Prussia. The Italian plan of campaign was to march against the Austrians in northern Italy, and, after defeating their land army, besiege Venice by sea and land. The fleet was to crush the Austrians at sea, in the early days of the war, so to be ready to co-operate in the operations against Venice. It all worked out beautifully

on paper. But the plan was never reduced to practice. War was declared on June 20th, and four days later the Italian field army was defeated by the Austrians at Custozza.

Nearly a month before war was declared, Count Persano had been placed in command of the Italian fleet, and ordered to prepare it for active operations in the Adriatic, making Ancona his headquarters. On June 20th, the day of the declaration of war, eight ships (including two ironclads) were at Ancona. Persano with the main body of the fleet, consisting of ten wooden ships and nine ironclads, was still at the naval arsenal of Taranto. Admiral Tegethoff, the Austrian commander, was getting his fleet ready for sea at Fasana and Pola, at the head of the Adriatic. He had taken command on the 9th of May, and ever since had been hard at work fitting out his ships and training his crews. The only effective portion of the fleet was a squadron of seven ironclads, broadside ships, with thin armour, and no guns of really heavy calibre. At first, the Austrian Admiralty suggested that the fleet should consist only of these ironclads and a few light steamers to act as scouts and despatch-vessels. But there were lying in the dockyard at Pola and in the port of Trieste an old wooden screw line of battle-ship, the *Kaiser*, and six wooden frigates. Tegethoff asked for these to be added to his command. "Give me every ship you have," he said: "you may depend on it I will find good use for them." He was given a free hand, and he organised his fleet in three divisions. The first was composed of seven ironclads. The second, under his friend Commodore Petz, consisted of the seven wooden ships. The third was made up of gunboats, paddle-steamers, and other light craft. The crews were rapidly recruited among the fishing population of the Dalmatian coast, and the sailors of Trieste and Pola. So new were many

men to work on board a man-of-war that were not even uniformed when the fleet, and they still wore at Lissa the clothes which they enlisted. But they were brave hardy seamen to begin with, and Tegethoff given them some weeks of training in the crews were busy from morning to

one of his steamers out with orders to reconnoitre the Italian coast from Ancona southwards as far as Bari. On June 23rd she returned to the Admiral's headquarters at Fasana, and reported that there were only a few ships at Ancona, and no sign yet of the enemy's main fleet coming up the coast. Tegethoff, on this,



"FROM THIS POINT TEGETHOFF KEPT ON THE BRIDGE" (P. 160).

at target practice, the captains of the guns taught to lay a whole broadside so as to range on a single mark; and there was also practice in manœuvring under steam, in which stress was laid on the importance of rapid firing so as to avoid the enemy's rams, and the use of the same weapon successfully against them. The result was that even the newly-enlisted men earned confidence in themselves and in the skilful leader who commanded them. Soon as war was declared, Tegethoff sent

resolved to see if it was possible to make a rapid attack on Ancona, and on the 26th he put to sea with thirteen ships, including six of his ironclads. He arrived off Ancona next day, and saw for himself that in the meantime Persano had collected his entire force in the harbour. But the Italians showed no signs of coming out to meet him, and he had no intention of fighting both their forts and their ironclads at one and the same time. So he steamed back to Fasana.

Persano's orders were "to clear the Adriatic of the enemy's fleet by destroying it or blockading it in its harbours." But though he had on his side superior numbers, heavier guns,* and thicker armour, he seemed very reluctant to begin. The fact is, he had not much confidence either in his own powers or in his officers and men. He remained at Ancona till July 8th, and only put out to sea on that day because he had received a telegram from the Government bidding him to look for the Austrian fleet, and blockade it if it was still at Pola. But even then all he did was to steam across to the Dalmatian coast and come back to Ancona on the 13th, after practising some fleet manœuvres. The appearance of his fleet off the island of

Grossa was telegraphed to Tegethoff, who, however, refused to sail from Fasana till he knew clearly what were the plans and destination of the enemy.

Two days after the Italian fleet returned to Ancona its admiral received a per-

emptory message from his Government informing him that, after the great hopes that had been built upon the fleet, everyone was disappointed with his inactivity, and that if he did not do something at once he would be removed from the command. It was suggested that he should attempt to capture by a *coup-de-main* the fortified island of Lissa on the Dalmatian coast, and several battalions were placed at his disposal to act as a landing party in case he decided to adopt this plan.

Persano was thus driven to venture upon what has always been recognised as one of the most dangerous of naval operations. He was to escort a fleet of transports across the Adriatic,

* The heavier armament of most of the Austrian ships consisted of smooth-bore 48-pounders. New rifled guns of larger calibre were being made for the Austrian fleet by Krupp at Essen, but when war became probable the Prussian Government stopped the delivery of them. On the other hand, one of the Italian ships carried 300-pounder Armstrong guns, mounted in a turret, and some of the other ironclads had 150-pounders in their armament.



and co-operate with the troops embarked in an attack upon a maritime fortress, having the time a hostile fleet watching for the opportunity to fall upon him, while he was engaged in the siege. True, the Austrian fleet was supposed to be inferior to that which he commanded; but, if this was so, the sound course for him was to blockade it in its harbours or to wait for it if it tried to come out. The enemy ought to have been dealt with before any other else was attempted. If he was not strong enough to do this, he could not hope to reduce the Austrian fleet and keep Tegethoff at bay at the same time. But the fact is, he was not acting on any principle of naval war. He was merely to "do something" to satisfy public opinion, and there was just the chance that he might reduce Lissa before the Austrians arrived that Tegethoff might shrink from attacking him; or, if there was a battle, he might hope that numbers and weight of metal would give Italy the victory over Austria.

Lissa is an island about thirty miles from the Dalmatian coast, and one hundred miles from Ancona. As the nearest of the Dalmatian Islands to Italy, it has always been a naval station of some importance when a war has been in progress in the Adriatic; and in our last war with France its waters were the scene of a battle of frigate action in which our sailors defeated a much superior French force. In 1866 the harbour of Lissa, that of San Giorgio, a neighbouring inlet of Porto Carro, were protected by strong batteries. There were batteries on the high rocks at Porto Comiso and at Manego. The signal station on Monte S. Angelo, the highest point in the island (about 1,600 feet above the sea), commanded in clear weather a view of both sides of the Adriatic, and the island was connected by a submarine cable with the neighbouring island of Lesina and the Dalmatian coast. The garrison of Lissa consisted of 1,000 men, with eighty-eight guns, commanded by Colonel Urs de Margina.

On July 17th Persano steamed round the island, reconnoitred its defences, and decided his plans for the attack. Next day Admiral Persano, with three of the Italian ironclads and one wooden ship, attacked the batteries of Porto Comiso. The main body of the fleet closed upon the harbour batteries of San Giorgio in order to keep the garrison there as long as possible while Admiral Albin Izzardi's another squadron, brought six large steamers crowded with troops into the

Manego in order to effect a landing there. At Porto Comisa, Vacca found he could not get his guns sufficiently to do any serious damage to the high batteries, and he was driven back by their shells. At Porto Manego, a heavy fire from the beach and the fire of the Austrians on the shore made the landing impossible. At San Giorgio, Persano silenced the low-lying batteries at the harbour mouth, blowing up two iron magazines, but the inner batteries prevented his ships from entering the port. On the day one of his steamers had gone to the neighbouring island of Lesina and cut the telegraph cable there. While the Italians were in possession of the telegraph station at Porto Comisa, a message from Tegethoff came through.

The message was addressed to Colonel de Margina, and he was to hold out to the last, promising that the Austrians would come to rescue him. Persano was to persuade himself that this message was a bluff, and was a piece of bluff on the part of his opponent.

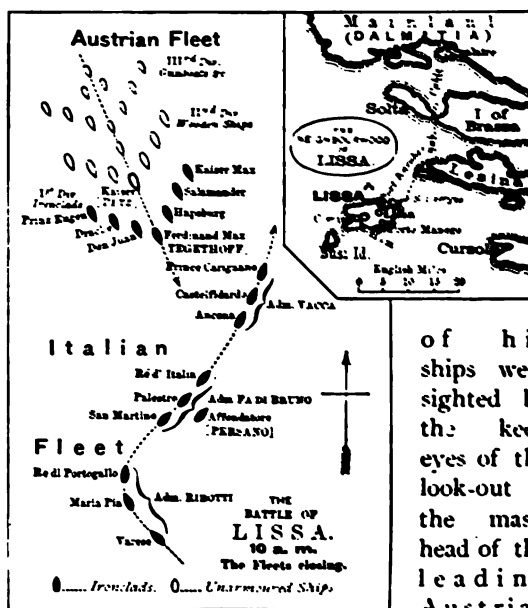
The following day he renewed the attack on the Austrian fleet, but again failed to force his way into the harbour, while an attempt to land troops at Carober was repulsed with heavy loss. On the same day, July 19th, Tegethoff put to sea every ship he could muster. His last message to his captains was to close with the Austrians before Lissa, and once the battle began, "win everything painted grey." This was the hour of the Italian ships. He gave his ironclads a coat of black paint before they went to sea, in order to make it easier to distinguish them from foes in the coming *mêlée*.

On the evening of the 19th Persano was undecided what to do next day. He had been busy in action, and though his ships had received only slight injuries, his supply both of food and ammunition was running short. Yet if he did not get back to Ancona without having obtained some success he would be deprived of his command. So he at last resolved to capture the Austrian fleet by a combined attack by land and sea.

The next day he signalled to his colleague Admiral Albini to prepare for the landing. It was a fine morning, with a good deal of white haze on the water, cutting off the distant view. Albini was getting the soldiers into the boats, and two of the ironclads were standing in towards the creek at Carober to clear the way for the landing. A third ironclad had joined the fleet and was taking wounded on board. The ironclads had been ordered to be bled, and were getting up anchor for the attack on San Giorgio. It was eight o'clock: the

attack was to begin at nine; but suddenly out of the haze to the north-westward appeared the frigate *Esploratore*, which had been scouting in the offing. She was steaming her fastest, and as she came nearer, Persano was able to read the signal she was flying. "Suspicious-looking ships are in sight." He knew at once that he had to deal with the Austrian fleet.

Tegethoff's fleet had been steaming all night in three lines, the ironclads leading, the wooden ships and gunboats following. The despatch-boat *Stadion* was out ahead, and at seven a.m., long before Persano knew what was coming, six



of his ships were sighted by the keen eyes of the look-out at the mast-head of the leading Austrian ship. She

signalled to her consorts, "Six steamers in sight." Then the haze closed down ahead, and Tegethoff slackened speed in hopes it would clear, for in such thick weather he did not care to venture into the narrow waters between Lissa and Lesina. He formed for battle, each of his lines throwing forward its centre so as to assume the shape of a flattened wedge. He led the first line in the *Ferdinand Max*, with three ironclads on either beam. The second line also consisted of seven ships, Petz in the *Kaiser* leading, with three frigates on each side. Thus the squadron moved towards Lissa under easy steam. The haze was breaking up: it was a hot summer day, and a little before ten o'clock the sky was bright, the air clear, and the sea smooth; and close ahead the Austrians saw the forts of Lissa with the imperial flag still waving over them, and in front of the harbour

mouth the mass of wooden ships, transports, and small craft, interrupted in their preparations for the landing, and nearer still the Italian ironclads steaming out in one long line ready for battle.

Persano, regarding his wooden ships as useless, had decided to take only his ten ironclads with him, believing that they would be able to deal with the seven which Tegethoff was bringing against him. He formed his ironclads in three divisions, each of three ships, with the turret ship and ram *Affondatore*, then the most powerful

d'Italia, a large broadside ship, which had then been flagship, no longer carried the Admiral.

When the haze cleared, the Italian fleet was steaming across the Austrian front. Tegethoff had already signalled to clear for action, and now signalled to open fire with the broadsides, and the distant shots from the leading Austrian ships were answered by the broadsides of the Italian ships. Vacca's division, which led that of Italy, was at the range of fully two miles, and the



TRIESTE HARBOUR.

vessel in the Adriatic,* on the starboard side of the central division. The *Affondatore*, with her ram and her heavy turret guns (two 300-pounders), was to come to the help of whichever of the three divisions was in need of succour. At the last moment he himself went on board of her—an unfortunate move, which led to much confusion during the battle, as his captains were mostly unaware that the *Ré-*

* The *Affondatore* was a new ship built in the Thames just before the war. A correspondent of the *Times* who saw her at Cherbourg, where she called on her way down Channel, wrote that she looked sufficiently formidable to destroy the whole Austrian ironclad fleet singlehanded.

bowls" did no harm. The fleets were in drifting clouds of smoke, and great foam shot up here and there from the water in the space between. "Full ahead," signalled Tegethoff. The fleet was closing, the Italians still keeping their broadsides to the advancing foe. The fire was close now, spars and ropes were cut away, broken wooden fittings were knocked to splinters, signalmen and others who had not yet got under cover were wounded or killed by bursting shells. "Ironclads will ram and sink the enemy," signalled Tegethoff, the last order he gave before the battle was won. From this point he

the bridge of the *Ferdinand Max*, regardless of personal danger, and led his fleet by showing his consorts what a well-handled battle-ship could do. Two of his captains, Molb of the ironclad *Drache*, and Klint of the *Novara*, were killed as the fleets came to close quarters, Molb

suddenly up out of the smoke loomed the tall masts of the *Ré d'Italia*, which came up to the rescue of her consort. Tegethoff, thinking he was dealing with the Italian flagship, charged her full speed and struck her fairly amidships. This time he had succeeded: the ram crushed



"THE RAM CRUSHED IN HER IRON SIDE."

being struck down by the first Italian shot that fell on board his ship.

The two lines of ironclads closed amid thick clouds of smoke. The Austrian ships broke into the gap between Vacca's three ironclads and the rest of the Italian fleet, and Vetz, with the wooden ships coming up on their right, co-operated with them in their attack on the Italian centre. In a moment all order was lost, and the battle became a *mêlée*. The *Ferdinand Max* twice rammed a grey ironclad without succeeding in sinking her, when

in her iron side, and the tall masts toppled over as the ironclad went down with her crew of 600 men. The *Ferdinand Max* had reversed her screw to clear the wreck, when another Italian vessel, the name of which could not be made out by the Austrians, came bearing down upon her, trying to ram. The Austrian flagship just avoided the collision, and the two ships grazed past each other almost touching. As she thus ranged up alongside, the Italian ship fired a broadside. What followed would be incredible, only for the clear evidence which supports the

Austrian record. So close were the muzzles of the Italian guns to the side of the Austrian flagship that the smoke of the broadside poured in through the open portholes of the *Ferdinand Max* and made her gun-deck for the moment dark as night. But neither the ship nor the men were injured, for in their hurry and confusion the Italian gunners had fired *a broadside of blank cartridge!*

Admiral Ribotti, with the rearward division of the Italian fleet, as he came into the fight encountered only the wooden squadron of Commodore Petz. Ribotti ought to have sunk them one by one, but the Austrians evaded his attempts at ramming, and Petz in the *Kaiser* boldly drove the oaken bows of his battle-ship against the iron sides of his adversaries. He was not able to do them much damage. He hit the *Ré di Portogallo*, Ribotti's own ship, one good blow, that left its mark on her armour, but in doing so his own ship was disabled. The bowsprit was carried away, the foremast fell across the funnel, and the wreck of mast and spars took fire. The *Kaiser*, her crew working hard at cutting away the *débris* and putting out the fire, steamed through the Italian fleet and stood in to the harbour of Lissa, exchanging shots with some of the Italian wooden vessels. Cheered by the garrison, she passed the harbour mouth and anchored under the guns of the forts, the first of the relieving squadron to arrive at San Giorgio.

Meanwhile the *mêlée* continued. While Tegethoff was in the thick of the fight, Persano made the great ram *Affondatore* nearly useless by persisting in keeping on the outskirts of the conflict. If he had ventured in with her it is very likely he would have been sunk by the better-handled Austrian ships. The *Palestro*, which had gone into action immediately astern of the *Ré d'Italia*, had been almost as severely handled as her leader. She had been rammed. Her steering gear and rudder had been knocked to pieces, and her gun-decks were on fire. She drew out of the fight, her commander getting his steam hose to work to drown the magazine. The Austrian ships were now clearing the Italian line, and steering for Lissa. The *mêlée*, which had lasted for rather more than half-an-hour, was over. The position of the two fleets was reversed. The Austrians with their left near Lissa, were forming up in line across the channel between that island and Lesina. Everyone of their ironclads was still in good condition, and even the disabled *Kaiser*, which had gone into the harbour with her foremast burning and her

decks strewn with nearly two hundred killed and wounded, was again clearing for action. The Italian wooden ships were assembling off the western end of the island. To the northward the ironclads were scattered here and there, on the waters that had just been the scene of the fight. As the smoke cleared, Persano signalled to the nearest ship—"Where is the *Ré d'Italia?*" and got for answer, "Sunk to the bottom." Close astern of the *Affondatore* lay the *Palestro*, the black smoke pouring from hatchway and porthole. Her crew believed that the magazine had been successfully drowned, and that they were getting the fire under. As they recognised Persano on the bridge of the *Affondatore*, they gave him a cheer. His own crew were answering it when there was a burst of flame and a volume of dense smoke from the *Palestro*, and an explosion louder than all the din of battle went echoing over sea and shore. It was the death-knell of 400 men, for the *Palestro* had blown up with all on board.

Admiral Vacca, thinking that Persano had gone down with the *Ré d'Italia*, had signalled to the fleet to re-form in line of battle. The same signal from the *Affondatore* showed him where his commander was. And the ironclads, now reduced from ten to eight, reformed in line. It was noon on a blazing hot day, and for some time the two fleets watched each other across the sunny space of open water that divided them. Persano had still the advantage of numbers, and everyone expected that he would signal to renew the attack. But if he had very little confidence in his fleet before the battle, he was now reduced to a condition of something like despair. Even the wooden ships of the Austrian squadron had passed in safety through his line, while their ironclads had destroyed two of his ships and more than a thousand of his men. It must be added that he had now been three times in action, and his stock of both coals for his engines and ammunition for his guns must have run very low. In this state of affairs, he persuaded himself that he need not actually attack the Austrians; all that honour demanded of him was to give them the opportunity of renewing the trial of strength if they wished. So for another hour he remained in line of battle, just out of long range of his enemy's guns.

But Tegethoff had accomplished the task assigned to his fleet. He had relieved Lissa, by bringing the guns, the men, and the supplies of his fleet to the help of its brave little garrison. He had done this, too, not by slipping past the

Italians in the morning fog, but by fighting his way through their most powerful squadron, making them pay dearly for their attempt to intercept him. Why should he renew the fight when there was nothing more to be gained for the moment?

Persano at last decided that he, too, had done enough for honour. He signalled to the fleet to steam away to the north-west, and shortly after altered his course for Ancona. He anchored there next day, and added to all his previous blunders the final folly of sending to his Government, and wiring all over Italy, the report that he had fought a pitched battle with the Austrians, and won a victory over them in the waters of Lissa. That night Florence (then the capital) was illuminated in honour of his "triumph." Next day the facts began to be known. It was impossible to deny that the Austrian fleet was intact; that the Italians had lost two ships, and had been forced to raise the siege of Lissa. It was in vain that Persano argued that he was the victor because he had remained in possession of the waters in which the battle had been fought, and that he had for a whole hour dared the Austrians to come on again. There was the obvious reply that a naval battle is not fought for the possession of a stretch of open water; that Persano had tried to prevent the Austrians reaching Lissa, that they had gone there in spite of him; and that they would have been fools to come back in order to show twice over that they were not afraid to fight him. There was a wild outburst of indignation against the unfortunate admiral; there were riots at Florence, and a royal decree removed him from the command of the fleet. As if to add to the general collapse of the Italian navy, the *Affondatore*, supposed to be its most powerful ship, whether through injuries received at Lissa, or through mere defects in her structure, sank at her anchors in the harbour of Ancona.

On the side of Austria, there were rejoicings in which the name of Tegethoff was celebrated as that of an heroic sailor who had given his country the consolation of a naval victory at a time when her fortunes on land were at the lowest. He had won his great victory with comparatively little loss. The *Kaiser* was the only ship that suffered at all heavily. In some of the ironclads there were only a few wounded, and every one of the ships was in a position to continue the fight when the Italian fleet retired. The battle was the first that had been fought by ironclad

fleets in European waters, and the impression it made upon naval experts was that the ram would be the chief weapon of future battles on the sea. Yet, though we have by no means clear or full accounts of what happened in the *mêlée* while the two fleets were passing through each other's lines, it is certain that the number of attempts to ram made by the Austrians was out of all proportion to their two successful attacks. All the attempts of the Italians to ram ended in failure. It must be remembered that since Lissa a great change has come over naval tactics, through the development of the torpedo and the quick-firing gun, and it is now generally recognised by naval men that to attempt to ram an adversary till he is disabled by gunfire or otherwise is to invite failure and disaster. Tegethoff regarded the ram as his chief weapon. Nowadays it is looked upon as the means of giving the *coup de grâce* and completing a victory that is already half won.

The victor of Lissa was rightly honoured by his sovereign and his countrymen, while Admiral Persano was put on his trial on the charge of having lost the battle through cowardice and incompetence. He was acquitted of the charge of cowardice, but found guilty of having sacrificed his fleet through his incompetent conduct at Lissa, and he was deprived of all rank and dismissed from the navy. There is no doubt that although he alone was condemned, he was not the only officer of the Italian fleet who was responsible for the defeat of Lissa. Throughout there was a lamentable want of energy, pluck, and decision. Otherwise the Austrians would not have achieved their victory with so slight a loss. Albini's conduct in looking on idly with his frigates while Petz on the Austrian side was leading his wooden squadron against Ribotti's ironclads, is a good instance of this.

Indeed, the Battle of Lissa, considered in its details, shows that success on the 'sea, as well as on land, is primarily a question of brave and competent leadership. Good officers are the first condition of naval success; well-trained and disciplined crews the second; powerful ships are the third. Public opinion is often so ill informed as to put in the first place what really stands last; but none of these elements of naval power can be safely neglected by a maritime State, and one which claims the Empire of the Sea must spare no effort to possess all three, and to possess them in abundance.



IT was noon of the 4th of June, 1859, before the French general, Trochu, at the head of his division, could move out in turn from Novara along the high road leading to Milan across the river Ticino. The Emperor, Napoleon III., was commanding in person the united French and Italian armies. He had gone on ahead, and was himself preceded by several divisions of the French troops. It was known, in a general way, that the Austrian enemy was not far distant to the south and eastward beyond the river. An attack was expected, but it was uncertain where it would be made.

Suddenly the noise of cannon was heard from the front, several miles away. It went on steadily increasing.

"What is the meaning of that?" inquired Trochu of an officer he met watering his horse by the roadside.

"At first we thought it was a fight," was the answer; "but it is only General Lebœuf trying his cannon."

"Cannon would not thunder like that under trial," replied Trochu. "Those guns are loaded with something heavier than powder."

He hastened the march of his troops with not a little anxiety. Soon another officer, in the sky-blue uniform which marked the personal staff of the Emperor, dashed up.

"Ah, General, what a fearful surprise! The Emperor has been attacked by the Austrians when he least expected them. We are all but beaten."

"Where is MacMahon?" asked the General.

"MacMahon had orders to march forward, no matter what happened, to the church-tower of Magenta."

"Then nothing is yet lost. MacMahon is not a Cæsar, but he is stubborn. If he has been

told to march on the tower of Magenta, he will reach it in spite of all. And then it is we who shall have outflanked the Austrian army."

Several hours passed before the guns of MacMahon made themselves heard. It was late at night before the Emperor learned what MacMahon and his men had been doing. Generals and soldiers, wearied out with the afternoon's bloody fighting by the river, could not believe that a great victory had been won in the evening without them over by Magenta. In the morning, when they looked for the battle to be renewed, they found that the enemy was indeed drawing off, sullen and beaten.

Even afterwards, when each movement of the hostile troops was known and could be followed on the map, great authorities in practical warfare, like the Prussian general, von Moltke, criticised the winning of the battle. MacMahon at Magenta is an instance of a battle won contrary to rule.

I.—THE PREPARATIONS OF BATTLE.

The enmity between Austrians and Italians was of old date. It belonged to the great popular movement in favour of a common government for all of the Italian race and language. Until now the whole of Italy had been divided up piecemeal among many rulers. To the north-west Victor Emanuel had his kingdom of Sardinia, or Piedmont. He represented the Italian hopes in this war with Austria, which held possession of the rich provinces of Lombardy and Venice to the east of his dominions. Toward the south were the petty duchies of Parma and Modena, the grand-duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the kingdom of Naples, or the Two Sicilies. All these were at one with Austria in striving to keep things as they had been so long; but their

ere were ripe for the revolution which was to come. Magenta was the first decisive victory won, after an invasion of the Austrian territory, in the name of United Italy.

The war had been long preparing. In 1849 the Austrians crushed for a time the Italian movement by a victory over the Sardinians here and there. For many years nothing could be achieved but by way of diplomacy. This was the policy of Cavour, the Minister of King Victor Emmanuel. From 1852 he had been persuading

revolutionary society, reminded him that the *carbonari* were relentless in their vengeance on traitors to their cause. In July, 1858, it was made known that the Emperor of the French had entered into close alliance with the King of Sardinia.

Austria, seeing that war was inevitable, preferred that it should come sooner rather than later. On the 19th of April, 1859, she summoned Sardinia to put her army on a peace footing within three days. Cavour refused, and on the



"GENERAL LEBEUF . . DASHED UP" (p. 166).

governments of Europe that there was an important question which would soon have to be decided.

Louis Napoleon, who was now Emperor in France, had himself been a revolutionist in Italy when he was only a needy adventurer. That was in 1831, when he took part in an insurrection in the Papal States. He then became a *carbonaro*, or member of one of those secret societies in which the chief obligation was to devote oneself to the cause of Italian unity. For a long time after he became emperor he shrank from committing the war to which his oath obliged him.

The explosion of a bomb under his feet in Paris by Orsini, the son of the man who had stood sponsor for him in the

year 1858, the Austrian commander Gyulai invaded the Sardinian territory.

Napoleon III. now announced that the acts of Austria constituted a declaration of war on France, the ally of Sardinia. At once he set about organising his army for the Italian campaign. On the 4th of May his troops were entering the valley of the Po, along which lay the open way to Lombardy. On the 10th the Emperor himself left Paris for the seat of war, to command the allied armies in person.

The news of Napoleon's coming was enough to send Gyulai back from the threatening movement which he had already made on Turin, the capital of Sardinia. Napoleon had not yet his artillery, but the Austrian commander did not

know the essential weakness and confusion of the forces that were coming to meet him. Until the battle of Magenta, when consistent and energetic measures were already too late, the Austrian movements were a strange alternation of forward marches leading to no decisive action, and of hasty and fatiguing retreats when no enemy pursued.

General Gyulai's mind in the matter is now known. He was continually urged from Vienna, and afterwards from Verona, in Italy, where the Austrian Emperor had placed himself to direct the campaign, to push forward with his numerous, well-drilled, and well-equipped troops, and take the offensive. He himself was beset with fears that the enemy might pass him by and take Lombardy unprotected. He was not reassured when a division of his army in the north had succeeded in driving the free bands of Garibaldi to the very edge of the neutral Swiss territory. He gradually drew back to the region where the river Ticino, in its lower course, separated Lombardy from Sardinia. There he gave all his attention to concentrating his forces around the strong defensive positions which he had already prepared. But all this gave time to the French army to perfect its order and equipment, and to concentrate its own strength in line with the Sardinian troops.

Such was the general situation of things on the 1st of June, when Napoleon was directing the main body of the allied troops along the great highway leading to Milan, the capital of Lombardy, only twenty miles beyond the Ticino. On that day Gyulai again retreated with all his forces, leaving the astonished French Emperor free to enter Novara. Napoleon could not believe that the Austrians would long delay their attack. On both sides the service of scouts was so ill-organised that neither commander had any clear idea of the other's strength and position.

On the 2nd of June Napoleon sent forward two divisions of MacMahon's corps to see what was awaiting them along the Ticino. General Camou reached the river, with his light infantry, at Porto di Turbigo, six miles to the north-east of Novara. He found no one facing him from the Austrian side but the single Customs officer, who was still faithful to the post which he had occupied in time of peace. From the yellow and black flagstaff beside him floated the double-headed eagle of Austria. Camou ordered first one, and then a second cannon-shot to be fired. The functionary disappeared

open-mouthed. General Lebœuf, who in command of the artillery, dashed up, pale with indignation.

"General," he cried to Camou, "what are you firing at? It is lucky there is no front of you. Do you wish to bring the Austrians down on us?"

In this campaign of blunders fortune so far favoured the French and Italian armies. Molested by any sharpshooters that might have been hidden in the marshy thickets across the river, the bridge of pontoons was crossed by boat, and at half-past six in the evening a division of the light infantry was established on the enemy's ground.

General Espinasse, with his division, had gone forward along the high road to Milan as far as the stone bridge of San Martino. It was expected to be a strong defensive position against the Austrians. To his surprise he found it too had been abandoned, after an ineffectual attempt to blow it up. The only two officers that had been seriously injured were killed that same afternoon, and another way lay open into the enemy's country.

It now seemed evident that the Austrians would make their stand along the Naviglio Grande—the broad and deep canal which follows the general course of the Ticino, at a distance of one to three miles toward Milan. The indecision of the French Emperor was still the same. He could not determine on any general advance of the allied armies further to the east, being always that the invisible enemy might be turning back to attack him from the south.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of June, the light infantry reached a bridge over the canal. It was untouched, and the Austrians were not there to defend it. Two companies of the French troops at once installed themselves in houses on the bank, and, by mattresses against the windows and otherwise, prepared a defence against any sudden attack. The remainder of the battalion crossed the bridge and disposed themselves behind the stone walls of the gardens and behind the haystacks which were near at hand. In this way an enemy would be covered by the fire from each bank. MacMahon's entire corps, composed of the divisions of Generals Espinasse and Lecomte, besides the light infantry of Camou, had been ordered to cross the river and to occupy the bridges which had thus been secured. While the greater part were still at the pontoons, MacMahon and Camou, with a small body of troops, pushed on beyond the ca-

Turbigo, a village farther north. The corps thus took the position, which it kept through all the subsequent fighting, of left wing (farthest to the north and east) of the long, scattered line of the allied armies.

General Mellinet, with the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, was substituted for Espinasse at the bridge of San Martino to the south. The Austrian division of Clam-Gallas, which was occupying Magenta, faced all these troops approaching it from the north and west.

The Turcos, whom MacMahon had brought with his other soldiers from their posts in Algiers, soon dislodged the few Austrian companies that were on guard at Turbigo. Seeing the way clear, MacMahon, with Camou and a small escort, rode forward to the hamlet of Robecchetto, where the two generals climbed the church-tower with the hope of ascertaining the position of the enemy. Instead, they saw a large number of the Austrian troops charging down on them. They had barely time to get to their horses and ride away, with the Austrians behind them in hot pursuit. The Algerian sharpshooters came to the rescue, and soon a serious battle was raging around Turbigo.

At the same time a column of 4,000 men, preceded by a battalion of Tyrolese sharpshooters, was directed against the bridge over the canal, which the French troops had occupied in the early morning. The Austrian commander now foresaw the results of the negligence which allowed the allied troops to cross both river and canal above the positions on which he relied for defence. It was too late. Before the Austrian attack could dislodge the French infantry, who answered their fire from each end of the bridge, MacMahon had gained the day at Turbigo, and his cannon sounded nearer and nearer. The enemy, fearing to be cut off from their main body, hastily retreated. It was seven o'clock in the evening. The combat of Turbigo, which was the prelude of the morrow's work, had been fought and won. Napoleon, who came up during the fray, gave the name to one of the broad, new streets he was opening in Paris.

The Emperor returned to Novara for the night, and made out the necessary orders for a general movement forward of the allied armies on the following day. These orders were changed next morning in several of their details. As they were based on no precise knowledge of the enemy's position and movements, they were again upset by the fighting and surprises of the mid-day.

II.—THE RIDE OF THE COMMANDANT.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 4th of June, Napoleon despatched Commandant Schmitz of his staff with his final orders.

"Go first to the King. Inform him of my march forward, and tell him to begin moving his men, following Camou over the left side of the river." This was for Victor Emanuel, who was in command of 22,000 men, one-half of the Italian regiments of the allied armies. He was but a short distance to the west of the pontoon bridges which had been thrown across the Ticino at Porto di Turbigo.

"Go on next to the Ticino. I have ordered two of the bridges to be brought down to San Martino, to hasten what will be the long crossing of our own troops." The Emperor referred to the main portion of his army, made up of the 41,000 men of Canrobert and Niel, who were still back of Novara, and of 40,000 more belonging to the corps of Baraguey d'Hilliers and the second Italian division. The latter were so many miles in the rear that they could be of no use in any battle to be fought that day.

"Then find MacMahon, who must be already beyond Turbigo. Ask him what he counts on doing if he has the enemy in his front. Inform him of the march and position of the Guard, which he has at his right." This was General Mellinet's division, which had been detached from Camou and was already across the river at San Martino. With the remainder of the Guard under Camou, and the entire divisions of Espinasse and Lamotterouge, this brought to 32,000 the number of men sharing in MacMahon's offensive movement on Magenta.

"I shall be at Trecate" (halfway from Novara to the bridge of San Martino), continued the Emperor, "at noon precisely. Make the entire round, and be exact in reporting to me at that hour."

The line of march thus formed left MacMahon in command of the left wing of the army. This was already in great part across both river and canal, and was to be followed closely by King Victor Emanuel with his Italian regiments as a reserve. The Emperor was commanding in person the centre and right—that is, the long line of troops which was to advance, division after division, along the high road of Milan. He had to expect a sharp fight in forcing the strong defensive positions held by the enemy where the road crosses the canal, before reaching Magenta. The movement of MacMahon's corps on Magenta from the other side was designed

by him to divide the Austrian forces during this attack.

In the absence of all precise information, Napoleon still believed that the bulk of the Austrian army was disposed in a long line parallel to his own, and several miles to the south. To avoid a possible general attack all along the line, he had arranged the march of his troops so that division trod on the heels of division from far beyond Novara. He hoped, by forcing back the right wing of the Austrian army, which alone he supposed to be defending

divisions of Novara could have marched up to their aid. Around Magenta the troops of Clam Gallas faced MacMahon to the north, and the high road from San Martino to the west. There was a strong body of cavalry at Corbetta close at hand. The divisions of Liechtenstein were at Ponte Vecchio (the Old Bridge) and Robeccon along the canal below where the road crossed it. These, which formed the right and centre of the line of the Austrian army as it was actually engaged in battle, numbered 36,000 men. The left was in the immediate neighbourhood, with



"ON THE TRACK . . . LAY A BODY COVERED WITH A BLUE CLOAK" (p. 170).

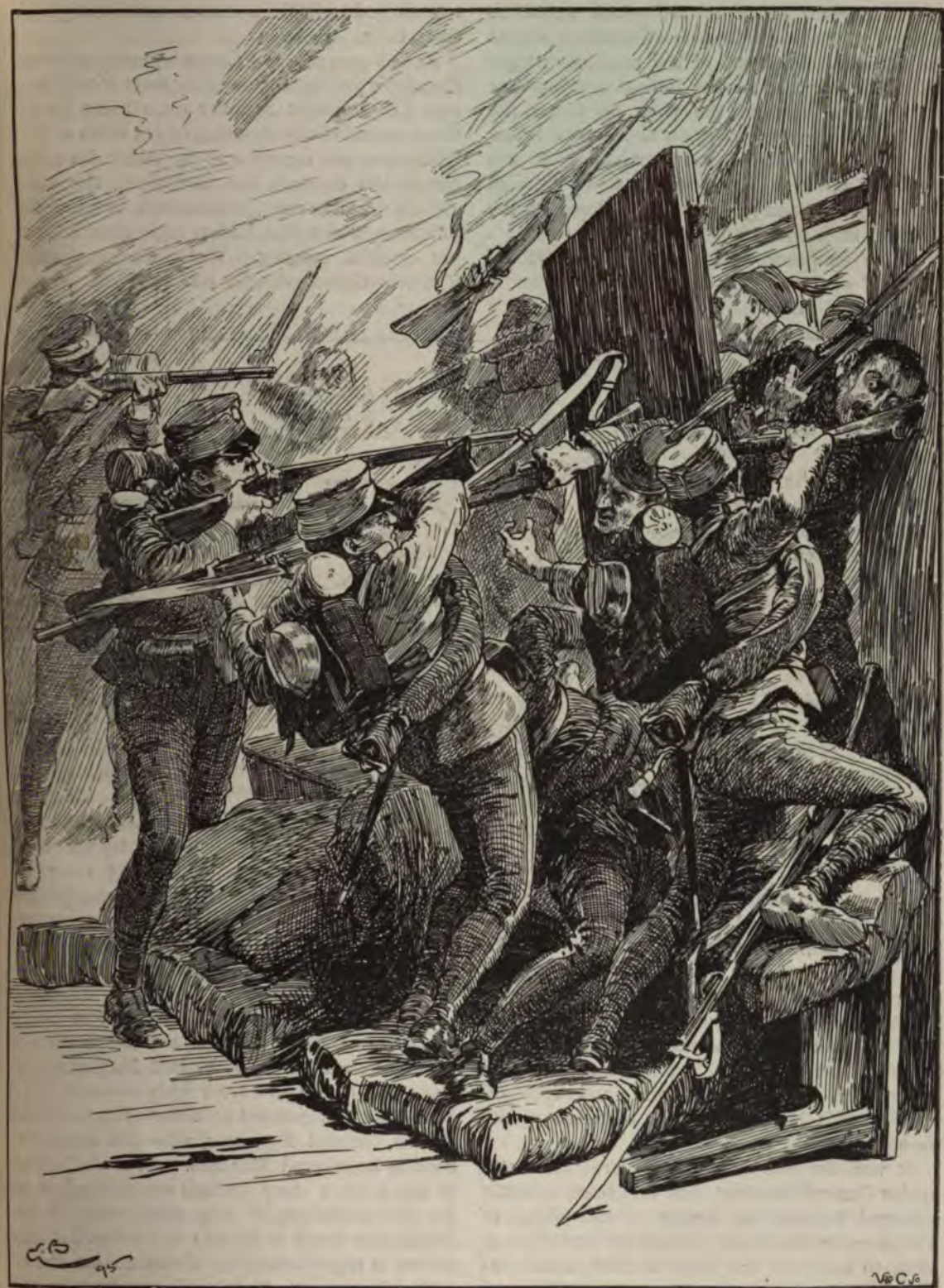
the approaches to Magenta, to be able to pass by the main body of the enemy and march on Milan. At least, this is the only way of explaining the Emperor's orders for this 4th day of June. As a line of battle his forward movement was preposterous, straddling a river and canal, which were not easy of passage, and without any defensive positions to support him in case a concentrated attack should be made in the meantime.

General Gyulai did not know the advantages of his position. The line of battle which he opposed to the French advance admitted of a quick concentration of his troops which might, by the mere force of numbers, have crushed the corps of MacMahon and the Guard before the

Zobel not two miles to the south and the rest just beyond at Abbiategrasso, 28,000 in all. At Vigevano across the Ticino there were 24,000 more, quite as near as the central divisions of the French. The remaining 25,000 men of the Austrian army, like the extreme rear of the allies, were too far away to be counted on for this day's work.

As it was, between ignorance and indecision, the battle was to be fought with about equal forces on either side. It was to be an instance of an adage often in the mouths of military men—"Victory belongs to him who makes the fewest blunders."

Commandant Schmitz galloped off on his long morning ride. He warned the King to hasten



"IN THEIR FRENZY HIS ZOUAVES BROKE THROUGH THE DEFENCES" (p. 172).

the movement of his troops, which would be needed as a reserve in case MacMahon should be attacked. Only one of the pontoon bridges would be left him for the tedious crossing over the Ticino. Beyond the river he found the division of Camou already on the way to follow the main column led by MacMahon. It was half-past ten o'clock before he came up with MacMahon himself, riding at the head of the division of Lamotterouge.

"The Emperor asks what you reckon on doing if you meet the enemy."

"I have no news yet, and there is no attack along the front. On account of the narrow road I have only the division of Lamotterouge with me. I have sent Espinasse by a roundabout way at a half-hour's march from my left. He is keeping up with me. Camou is behind. Tell the Emperor that I count on being at Magenta at two o'clock."

The Commandant rode back, after warning MacMahon that the King had not yet begun crossing the river with the troops which ought to be his final reserve for the day. He reached Trecate at noon, just as the Emperor was alighting from his carriage. All along the way he had heard the noise of cannon from beyond San Martino. Napoleon received his report, mounted his horse, and rode off hastily with his escort in the direction of the firing.

It was the portion of the Guard which was under General Mellinet that had been violently engaged beyond the bridge at the village of Buffalora by the canal. Napoleon sent back at once to hurry on the corps of Niel, which was marching forward along the road from Novara. The disposition which had been made of the troops rendered this no easy task, and Mellinet

was obliged to hold his own as best he might for three hours longer.

At half-past four the Emperor, more and more disquieted at hearing nothing from MacMahon, sent Commandant Schmitz once more by the weary round of the morning to get news of him. There was no nearer way by which he might escape the enemy's fire in crossing the canal. At six o'clock the Commandant reached the pontoons, which the Italian regiments had not yet finished crossing. Victor Emanuel asked if it was Canrobert who was attacked.

"No, sire : it is the whole army. Have you nothing from MacMahon?"

"Yes ; a word in pencil, signed by his aide-de-camp ; but it is not pressing."

Commandant Schmitz could only conjure the King not to lose a moment of time, and asked for an officer to keep him company in his own search. As they rode off, the Piedmontese infantry was straggling over the



pontoons. Some of the men were stopping to heat their soup in the islands of the river, and all, when a new burst of artillery was heard from the distance, gave vent to their patriotic cry—" *Viva l'Italia !* "

It was eight o'clock and night was falling when Commandant Schmitz reached the line of railway from Milan, just beyond Magenta. On the track before him lay a body covered with a blue cloak and guarded by a staff-officer in tears. It was General Espinasse, who had been shot dead as he entered Magenta. At the other end of the town a sharp fusilade was still going on. In the confusion, it was some time before MacMahon could be found ; and it was half-past eleven at night before the Commandant arrived with his news at Napoleon's quarters by the river. The Emperor was lying, dressed, on the bed in an attic room of the little inn. He arose,

and by the light of a candle dictated the telegraphic despatch to the Empress Eugénie which set all Paris rejoicing next day.

“ A great battle—a great victory ! ”

III.—THE FIGHT AT MAGENTA.

From the beginning, the task assigned to the troops of MacMahon was long, difficult, and dangerous. After crossing both river and canal, they had to march down toward Magenta in a line trending always to the right. They would thus be ready to aid in the attack which the divisions under the command of the Emperor were bound to make on the enemy's positions along the canal.

Shortly after Commandant Schmitz left him in the morning, MacMahon came suddenly on the enemy in front of Buffalora. This small village, situated on both sides of the canal, was one of the strongest Austrian positions, and the first serious obstacle which Napoleon would encounter in his own movement forward from the other side. MacMahon at once ordered the attack. It was made, with their wonted violence, by the Turcos and the foot-soldiers of the 49th Regiment of the line. They were in the thick of the fray when a strong column of the enemy was discovered moving up to attack the divisions of MacMahon from the right. So far as he could discern, he would have to face the main body of the Austrian army. The smoke of battle already clouded the air, heavy from the damp ricefields by the river, and it would be no light task to bring his various divisions into line from their march across country. The enemy's advance already threatened to separate him from the troops led by Espinasse, and from Camou, who was not yet in sight.

Before him, where the combat was actually engaged, disorder had already begun. The shells, on which the Austrians chiefly relied in this campaign, were whizzing through the air and leaving clouds of smoke and dust that added to the difficulty of his movements. One regiment, which had been ordered to fall back, found itself marching straight on the enemy; and another, wishing to rush forward to the attack which had been begun, turned back in the opposite direction.

MacMahon now gave orders that the Turcos and foot-soldiers should give over the attack on Buffalora and rally to his main column. This was a work of time. It was necessary to tear the men from a mortal combat which they were sharing with the Grenadiers of the Guard.

These, at the head of Mellinet's division, had come up from the other side and were already taking their position in the village. MacMahon next ordered Espinasse to move his men steadily to the right until he should be able to act in concert with the division led by himself. He then suspended his own movements until he could enter into communication with Camou, who was approaching but slowly from behind.

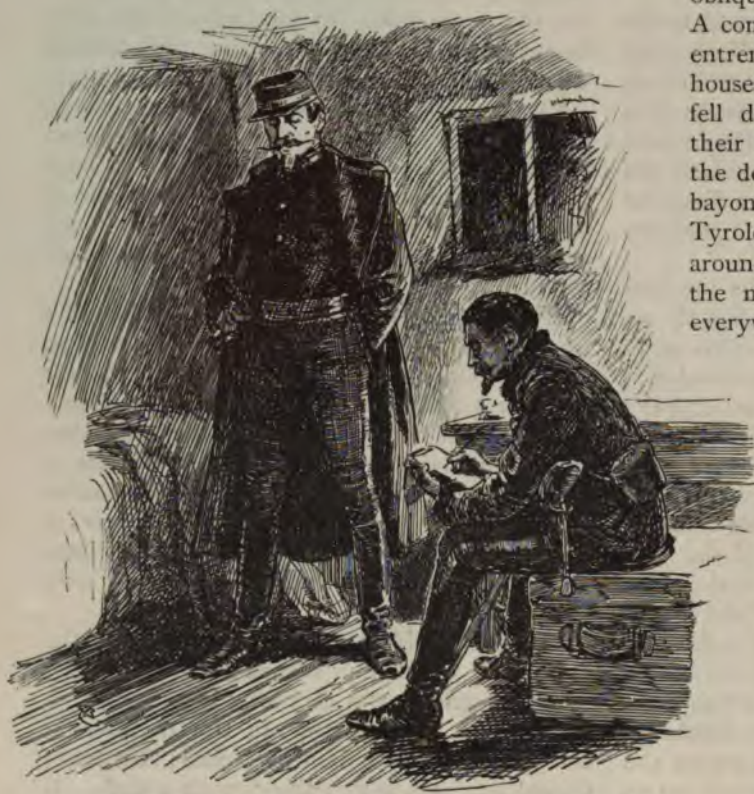
In these first movements of the day, General MacMahon has been reproached for his sudden attack on Buffalora; but this seems to have been in harmony with the essential plan of the Emperor, who had little idea of the real strength of the Austrian troops concentrated round Magenta.

He is next blamed for withdrawing his men from the attack when the Guard was in most danger; but it was the business of the Emperor to protect his own line of attack. MacMahon had been made responsible for the important attack on Magenta itself; and the advance of the enemy on his right threatened to render this impossible. Besides, the Grenadiers of Colonel d'Alton-Shee had already secured possession of Buffalora, which they had now only to defend.

Most of all, MacMahon is criticised for the long pause which now ensued in his operations, while the enemy was attacking in force close at hand. This was contrary to the tradition of the French army, praised by Moltke, that haste should be made where the cannon sounds. It can only be answered that MacMahon had been positively ordered to march forward to the church-tower of Magenta; that he was not responsible for the slowness of Camou which retarded his own movements; and that the victory which he won when he did move on the enemy shows who it was made the fewest blunders on that day.

In directing the movements of his thirteen battalions, General Camou, whose experience of war went back to the First Napoleon, had been following all the rules. At the sound of the cannonading in front, he marched straight across the fields toward the church-tower of Magenta, on which he knew MacMahon was advancing before him. The fields were separated from each other by dense thorn-hedges, and divided into small patches of maize. These, in turn, were separated by rows of mulberry trees bound together by wires, along which grape-vines were trained. At each moment the Sappers were called on to use their axes, and the

other soldiers their sword-bayonets. This needed no great time; but, at every open space, the command of the tactician Camou was heard, stopping all movement in order to straighten properly the line of his advance.



"HE DICTATED THE TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH" (p. 171).

At half-past four o'clock MacMahon himself, with his uniform in disorder and accompanied only by a few officers of his staff, dashed up to hurry forward this reserve which was necessary to his own attack. On the way he had run into a body of Austrian sharpshooters who saluted him as one of their own commanders, not dreaming of the presence of the French general. Hastening back to give directions to Espinasse, he again barely escaped being captured by the Uhlans. Camou had taken six hours for less than five miles of march.

The drums now beat the charge, and a determined attack was made on the enemy's main column. It was taken between two fires, from the division of Espinasse on one side, and from that of Lamotterouge, led by MacMahon in person, on the other. Step by step, resisting desperately to the end, the Austrian troops fell back on Magenta, where their general and his

staff were watching the fortunes of the battle from the church-tower.

Espinasse, by order of MacMahon, hastened his movement on the town from the side of the railway, to stop the fire of artillery which fell obliquely on the troops of Lamotterouge. A company of Tyrolese sharpshooters had entrenched themselves in one of the first houses. General Espinasse and his orderly fell dead under their unerring shots. In their frenzy, his Zouaves broke through the defences of the house and put to the bayonet each man of the three hundred Tyrolese. The bloody fight was continued around the railway station and through the narrow streets of the town. It left everywhere dead bodies clothed with the hostile uniforms, the red breeches of the French mingling with the white jackets of the Austrians.

On his side, MacMahon charged again and again, but the resistance was still obstinate around the church. At last, from the tower, the Austrian commander caught sight of the four regiments of Camou advancing in that regular order which became old soldiers of the Guard. They were impatient to share in the fray, but the Austrian general abandoned the place before them. Not one of their number had burned a cartridge or received a scratch. Their coming two hours earlier

would have saved no end of good French blood. The Italian reserve, under King Victor Emanuel in whose cause the war was waging, did not appear all this day.

With nightfall, the soldiers of MacMahon—those who had fought and those who had only marched bravely—bivouacked as best they could outside the town. The doctors began their all night's work among the wounded in the church.

General Trochu had brought his battalions forward at quick step along the road from Novara. At the bridge over the Ticino he found the Emperor quite alone, listening intently to the sounds of the battle. The officers of his escort had been despatched in every direction for information to relieve his uncertainty. Trochu asked for directions. Napoleon, white and trembling, could not answer. At

in a scarcely intelligible whisper, he said, "Pass!"

From General Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angély, who was in command on the other side, Trochu learned that the enemy still held the Old Bridge (Ponte Vecchio) over the Adige, in spite of Canrobert's impetuous onsets. He ordered his men to move forward, rifle on rifle, and all the drums beating and trumpets sounding. The Austrians, believing in the arrival of a large body of fresh troops, abandoned their last positions. At four o'clock in the afternoon Trochu followed them to the south of the city, and their defeat became a certainty.

When Napoleon, on this day (the 5th of June), sent 50,000 men against what he still supposed to be the main body of the enemy, no Austrian was to be found.

After a day for rest, on the 6th, MacMahon, with his corps, was off to check the advance

from the north of General Urban, who was hurrying back from his chase of Garibaldi. Napoleon stood at the bridge of San Martino to see the troops pass by. Calling MacMahon to alight from his horse, he said:

"I thank you for what you have done. I name you Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta."

At the request of the generals who could not yet understand how the battle had been won without them, the dignity of Marshal was also bestowed on the modest and valiant commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, General Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angély. It was the heroic resistance of General Mellinet and his Grenadiers of the Guard, left unaided for hours at Buffalora, that allowed to Camou all the time he required for bringing up his men according to military rules. It also gave MacMahon the shorter time needed to march forward and to reach the church-tower of Magenta.



"THE DOCTORS BEGAN THEIR ALL NIGHT'S WORK" (p. 172).



IT is now more than forty years since we entered upon our last great European war, when, allied with the French and the Turks, we were opposed to Russia. The early part of 1854 was spent in complete inaction at Varna, on the Black Sea. Cholera made terrible havoc in our camp, and the men were growing disheartened, while everybody at home was dissatisfied. The great strength of the Russians lay about Sebastopol, a nearly impregnable fortress on the opposite shore; and it was at length decided to invade the Crimea and attack Sebastopol. A magnificent armada was prepared, and the allied armies were carried across in a vast flotilla of steam and sailing transports, escorted by a proud array of battle ships. All who saw it, declare that it was one of the most imposing spectacles in modern war.

A powerful Russian fleet lay in the harbour of Sebastopol, but it made no attempt at resistance, although it might have done much mischief; and the allied armies were all safely landed on the 19th September, at a place called Old Fort, in the Crimea.

The Russians did not oppose us at first. Prince Mentschikoff, who was in supreme command throughout the Crimea, preferred to wait. Although he knew all our movements, and might easily have interfered with the disembarkation, he thought he could do us more mischief when he had us well on shore. He had chosen a fine position for his army—that, in fact, on which the battle of the Alma was fought two days later, and he thought it impregnable. He was a self-sufficient, headstrong man; a poor soldier, and very presumptuous, as we shall see.

He believed that the allies would soon waste themselves fruitlessly; that he might easily hold them at bay, perhaps for weeks. Then, when they were weakened by losses, and disheartened by failure, he meant to strike back, confidently

hoping to drive them into the sea. Not a man, he declared, should regain the ships.

Pride often goes before a fall, and the result of the first battle was very different from what Mentschikoff expected. He was wrong all round: wrong in his estimate of the fighting qualities of the troops opposed to him, especially of the British; wrong in his belief in the great strength of his position; altogether wrong in his dispositions for defence.

It was very extensive, this position: from the sea, its westernmost limit, to the eastern slopes of the Kourgané Hill was some five and a half miles; the whole front was covered by the river Alma—a river in places deep and rapid, at others fordable, and there was a good timber bridge at Bourliouk, in the centre of the position, which carried the great causeway or post road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. The western cliffs, nearest the sea, were steep, and supposed to be inaccessible; but the hills fell away as they trended further inland, and the approach from the river became practicable, although still offering a rather stiff climb. The ground about the centre and right rose high at two particular points: one was called the Telegraph Height, and it dominated the principal road; the other was the famous Kourgané Hill, an elevated peak around which the battle ebbed and flowed, and which is now acknowledged to have been the key to the position.

Mentschikoff was but scantily supplied with troops to occupy so long a line as this. But he was not very greatly concerned about it. According to his view—and he arrived at the conclusion a little too readily, as he soon found to his cost—the west cliff, that part of the position nearest the sea, could defend itself, he felt sure. They were untenable, too, as he told himself, for the whole surface of this plateau was within range of the allied fleets, and the fire of their

ould soon have swept it of the Russian

These reasons sufficed to justify him in his chief strength, about 36,000 infantry, in the two hills just mentioned, the Teleuk and the Kourgané, a front limited to less than three miles. His cavalry, in which he was very strong, having about 3,600 sabres in the line, was ordered to hold his right flank when the more open ground was favourable to their movement. Forty-six guns were distributed over the ground: some commanded the causeway, some with the cavalry, some with the reserves, some in the two redoubts.

His dispositions showed both carelessness and want of skill. The Prince had not satisfied himself of the impregnability of the west cliff. He visited and inspected it, he would have thought that a good waggon track ascended the hill from the village of Almatamak, which could be used for artillery. Yet he could not have broken up this road; just as easily as he could have thrown up formidable entrenchments to make assurance doubly sure, and forbid any attempt to attack on this side. To neglect to fortify all along the front, on the ground lent itself admirably to defensive works, was no less blamable. Whether or not the position was everywhere equally strong, it might soon have been made so. If the heights of the Alma had been turned into a properly and scientifically fortified camp, the allies would hardly, if ever, have captured them.

Prince Mentschikoff did what was to construct two redoubts named by our men the "Greater," and the "Lesser" Redoubt. The first was nothing more than a breastwork—breastwork that is to say, without a ditch, and some hundred yards above the Alma, just on the slopes of the Kourgané Hill. The Prince was very proud of this fortification, which had port sides for flanking fire, and was armed with twelve heavy guns. More to the right, on the hill, was another slight entrenchment to the north-east, and armed with field artillery, as the Lesser Redoubt.

The allied forces marching on Sebastopol, in front of this position on the 20th September, 1854. It was a momentous occasion. The first time in modern history the French and English, two hereditary foes, were about to fight by side. A newer and a better rivalry than the old feuds. The fierce contests in the past and at Waterloo were forgotten, although the English commander and many of his

generals had won their laurels against the French. Now the two old enemies were the fastest of friends. Lord Raglan, who, as Fitzroy Somerset, had lost his arm at Waterloo, was revered by all ranks in the French army; and when Marshal St. Arnaud, the French commander-in-chief, passed along the British line, he was received with loud cheers, to which he replied, lifting his hat, and speaking in good English, "Hurrah for old England!"

Emulation in great deeds is a fine thing, but when allies fight side by side there is always the fear of divided counsels, the chance of divided action in the field. The English and French generals did not exactly disagree, but each went very much his own way. St. Arnaud wished to

take the front attack from the sea to beyond the causeway, leaving Lord Raglan to turn the Russian right. This the English general did not choose to do; he thought a flanking movement would be dangerous in the presence of a superior cavalry, over ground especially suited to it—like a racecourse,

in fact, open, and covered with smooth, springy turf. It ended in an agreement that each army should go up against what was before it, the French attacking the west cliff, from the causeway to the sea, the English taking the hills from the causeway to the extreme right.

The result of this was that the French found no enemy, and the brunt of the battle fell upon us. The honour was all the greater, of course. But this arrangement neutralised all our advantages of superior numbers. French and English together numbered some 63,000, as against 39,000 Russians. As, however, Mentschikoff held the bulk of his forces about his centre and right—in other words, just opposite the English attack—it followed that Russians and English would fight upon pretty equal terms. This was all the more emphasised by the French moving so much to their right that a large portion of their army was quite out of the action, while the rest was only partially engaged.

The allied troops were astir at daylight on the



PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF.

20th September, but the battle was not really fought till the afternoon. Delays that were vexatious yet inevitable interposed. Lord Raglan was obliged to draw towards him two of his divisions, with which he had been covering his exposed left flank, and at the same time he gave a safer direction for his baggage train. The slow transfer of the latter from the left to his own immediate rear occupied the whole forenoon, and the French, who had no such troubles, chafed greatly at the delay.

But at length Bosquet began the ball at 2 p.m. He led off with his, the extreme right or seaward French division, and went up against the west cliff. One brigade, Bonat's, followed by the Turks, crossed the river Alma at its mouth, and scaling the heights without difficulty, advanced—to do no more. His 15,000 men met no enemy, and were put out of action for the rest of the day. Bosquet's other brigade,

At this moment, it is generally thought, the allies were within reach of grave disaster. Had Mentschikoff been a Napoleon or a Wellington, with the genius to see and the skill to use his opportunity, he might now have dealt a crushing blow at the allies. He was in between his foes: one army was caught amongst a difficult country, and separated in two parts by a wide interval; the other army, not yet engaged. Had he sent his cavalry to hold the English in check, just as the German cavalry at Mars la Tour with such desperate gallantry turned Bazaine back to Metz, he might have fallen upon Canrobert and almost eaten him up. The utter defeat of one French division at this early part of the day would have probably decided the battle, and in favour of the Russians.

But such masterly tactics were not to be expected from such an incapable general. All Mentschikoff could do when Bosquet scaled the



THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA

D'Autemare's, with which he rode in person, faced the stiff slope and surmounted it. Both men and guns got up, and were ready to go in and win; but, like Bonat, they found nothing in front of them. Bosquet's successful climb had only placed him alone in an isolated and really unsafe position. He was quite unsupported. Bonat was detached far away on his right; Canrobert, his nearest neighbour, had got mixed up among the rocky, broken country above him, and could barely hold his own, much less extend his hand. Next to Canrobert was Prince Napoleon; but the latter hung back unaccountably—unless the stories afterwards published discrediting his courage are deemed true.

west cliff, was to hurry up eight battalions from his reserve to confront him; then, hesitating to join issue, to march them back whence they came, and thus lose their services for more than an hour. His cavalry remained inactive till the golden opportunity was lost, and then he found himself so fiercely assailed by the hitherto despised English that he lost the power of the offensive.

While the French were in this critical condition, the English, who were also jeopardised, still remained passive, halted, and lying down under a dropping artillery fire. But now, at length, Lord Raglan gave the signal for attack; and the order was received with soldier-like glee

by our troops, to whom the long inaction was very irksome. At last the battle was to be fought in real earnest, but to understand what follows we must realise exactly how our forces were arrayed.

1. Sir De Lacy Evans with the 2nd Division stood next the French. His right rested on the village of Bourliouk opposite the causeway bridge; his left joined on to and was rather jammed in with the right of—

2. The Light Division under Sir George Brown, who faced the Kourgané hill, with its two redoubts heavily armed, and a garrison of eighteen battalions: a very formidable position to storm. At the same time his left was what soldiers call "in the air"—resting on nothing, that is to say, and exposed.

3. Immediately behind the Light Division came the Duke of Cambridge with the 1st, composed of the Guards and the Highland Brigades.

4. The 3rd Division supported the 2nd, but at a long interval.

5. The cavalry under Lords Cardigan and Lucan, not a thousand sabres, were held withdrawn to the left rear.

6. The 4th Division of infantry were a long way behind, and did not come up till after the action.

The first fighting fell to Evans, but at the moment of his advance the enemy set fire to the village of Bourliouk, which burst up into instantaneous flames, and Evans, to avoid it, drew one brigade—Pennefather's—to the left, and sent the other—Adams'—by a long *détour* to his right, where it was in touch with the French. All

Pennefather's men got across the river, but were stayed by the fierce fire of the causeway batteries; and one of his regiments—the 95th—crushed in by the right of the Light Division, joined it and its fortunes for the rest of the day. Evans had thus only three battalions left, and with so

scanty a force he could make no impression: he could but simply hold his ground beyond the river.

Part of the Light Division, the right, or Codrington's Brigade, was soon engaged in a weightier battle. The left, or Buller's, also moved forward, but being entrusted with the protection of the exposed flank of the whole army, two of its regiments were held in hand while the rest became involved in Codrington's attack; for this gallant soldier was no

"THEN YOUNG ANSTRUTHER
RACED FORWARD" (p. 178).

sooner across the river with his regiments all disorganised, and in no sort of formation, than he led them immediately forward.

His superior officer, the divisional general, Sir George Brown, was not within hail, and Codrington felt that his plain duty was to go ahead. He himself headed the desperate charge upon the Great Redoubt, which was now made in quite inferior numbers, and in the teeth of a murderous fire of big guns. His colonels, especially Lacy Yea of the 7th Fusiliers, took the cue, and springing to the front cried to their men:

"Come on—never mind forming! Come on anyhow."

"Forward! forward!" was the universal cry of all; pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, but always straight on, the first brigade of the Light Division rushed up the slope.

The Russians were really in tremendous strength. There were heavy columns of them all



around ; the Redoubt was armed with twelve big guns, yet they could not resist an onslaught which seemed only the vanguard of an imposing attack.

There was another cause, no doubt, for their weakness, as we shall presently see ; but now already they were limbering up their guns and going to the rear. Then young Anstruther, a mere boy fresh from school, raced forward with the Queen's colour of the 23rd, and placed it triumphantly on the crown of the breastworks. He was shot dead, the colour falling with him. A sergeant, Luke O'Connor, following close, succeeded to his mission, and raised the flag erect.

He, too, was struck down, but would not yield, and although des-

perately wounded, carried the colours for the rest of the day. This was the crisis of the fight ; the flag was the rallying point ; crowds came rushing in, and the Redoubt was carried—for a time. The battle itself would probably have been completely won had reinforcements been



MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

at hand. But the 1st Division, which had been ordered to support the Light Division, had not yet crossed the river. Its advance was hastened by the Quartermaster-General, General Airey, speaking for Lord Raglan, who, as we shall see, was at another part of the field. So the Duke of Cambridge moved forward, but slowly ; the Guards Brigade to the right, in line—a well-dressed two-deep “thin, red line,” which kept its formation even when crossing the stream, each man walking on whatever was before him, shallow water or deep pool. On the left were Sir Colin Campbell's three famous Highland regiments—the 42nd, 93rd, and 79th—advancing in an echelon of deployed lines, one behind and a little further to the left of the one in front of it. Such a stern array would have more than sufficed to stiffen our hold upon the Great Redoubt ; but it came too late, and other untoward events had also occurred.

The Russians, of whom there were eighteen battalions in these parts, could not brook the

loss of the Redoubt to what seemed only a handful of redcoats, and they came forward again in great strength to recover the work. The Vladimir regiment, approaching close, was mistaken for a French column, and no one fired at it ; then some misguided English bugler sounded the “retire”—by whose orders it was never ascertained—but the call was taken up and repeated, till at length, most reluctantly, Codrington's men in possession of the Redoubt prepared to leave it. They clung for a time to its reverse slopes, but presently gave way, and under a murderous fire retreated down the hill. Only indomitable Lacy Yea, with his bold regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, refused to withdraw, and, in line against a column double his strength, alone maintained the fight.

All this time the French were not prospering. Bosquet still clung, isolated, upon the west cliff ; Canrobert had climbed it, but had made no forward movement ; Prince Napoleon stood halted, irresolute, on the safe side of the river. The Russian general in command of the centre, which was posted around the Telegraph Height, now put in motion eight of his battalions, in dense double column, and crossed the plateau to smite Canrobert, who forthwith crumbled back over the cliff. He had supports at hand—a brigade (D'Aurelle's) of Forey's Division, which was on the hilly road jammed in between him and Prince Napoleon, and the Prince himself was close behind ; but these supports were in marching columns, with no frontage for attack, and could not help Canrobert. Had Kiriakoff, the Russian general, pressed on, he would probably have completely “rolled up” the French. But he paused, and the battle meanwhile passed into a fresh phase.

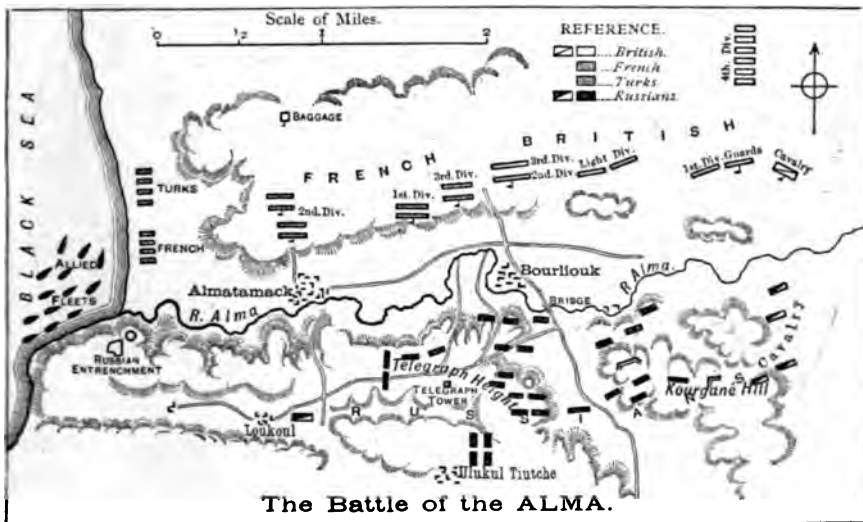
Strange as it may seem, the turning-point in the action was a hazardous, and, speaking by the book, a perfectly indefensible step taken by the English commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan, with his staff and a few dragoons—not twenty horsemen in all—had ridden boldly, blindly, into the very centre of the enemy's line. He had gone down towards Bourliouk, but avoiding the burning village, and, anxious to see what was in progress beyond the river, had dashed into it, crossed, and galloped up the opposite slope. He came out at a point under the Telegraph Height and *above* the causeway, and thence could survey at ease—for no enemy, happily, was near enough to injure him—the whole state of the battle. Better still, he looked into the enemy's line of defence, taking it in reverse, and

realised at once the supreme advantage his really dangerous position gave him.

"If only we had a couple of guns up here!" cried, and two artillery officers—Dacres and Dickson, who rode with his staff—dashed off to fetch them, while General Airey was sent to bring up the nearest infantry, Adams' brigade of the 2nd Division.

The messengers found Turner's battery struggling across the ford, and Turner himself hurried two of his guns, which were soon unlimbered and worked—one, at least—by Colonel Dickson's own hands.

across the river in support of Codrington's discomfited brigade. The Russians on the hill now numbered some 15,000 men, part of them being the Vladimir column, which had retaken the Great Redoubt. A very stout resistance was made. The Scots Fusiliers were met with so bold a front and such a withering fire that they fell back in some disorder. It seemed as though the Grenadier Guards would also be involved, but this regiment, under Colonel Hood, stood firm, and presently advanced in beautiful order—a well-dressed, steady line, as perfect as though it was in Hyde Park. To the left of the



Their very first shot was a surprise to the whole field. It proved to the enemy, whose ranks were posted in advance in the causeway, that they had been taken in reverse and had better retire. It overjoyed Evans, who still stood checked by this causeway battery. "Hark! it is an English gun," he cried, and prepared once to advance, knowing that the barrier in front would soon be removed. And so it was. Evans swept forward triumphantly with his three remaining regiments, their left still covered by stout Lacy Yea and his splendid Fusiliers, who at about this time had finally conquered the Russian column with which they had so long been engaged. Yea's obstinate heroism had not only paved the way for the advance of the 1st Division, but it had made another attack possible upon the Kourgané Hill.

The Scots Fusilier Guards had been the first to get the Duke of Cambridge's troops to get

Scots Guards were the Coldstreams, another regiment in magnificent array, which had not been touched by the fire, and moved up the hill with admirable precision. The Duke of Cambridge rode with the Coldstreams.

So fierce was the fight into which the Guards now entered, so strong the opposition, that some cried in alarm, "The Brigade will be destroyed." There was a talk of falling back, and then it was that stout old Sir Colin Campbell made his famous speech to the Duke:—"Better, sir, that every man in her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy." The Guards needed no stiffening—they were only too eager to get on. But Campbell did more than exhort in words. He had here, close at hand, his three superb Highland regiments, and he was ready to use them, to the last man, in support.

The Highlanders were now on the left of the

whole line. Although Buller's two regiments on this extremity, the 88th and the 77th, had held their own during the day, they were now beginning to fall back. But Campbell took charge of the flank, and, despising the still irresolute Russian cavalry, he brought up his

finished—"Now, men, the army will watch make me proud of the Highland Brigade. He was about to engage twelve battalions his three; each regiment as it advanced, 42nd first, seemed to be outflanked by a heavy column; but beyond each flank came



THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE ALMA.

deployed regiments in echelon, and prolonging our line, threw them at the Russian right. Our front was very extensive, for the line was only the depth of two men; but it looked so threatening, that the Russian general, Gortschakoff, concluding there were heavy masses behind, thought himself outnumbered and overpowered.

Sir Colin spoke a few words of encouragement to his men. "Be steady—keep silence—fire low;" and then, with fierce emphasis, he

next regiment in the echelon behind, and in this formation the Highlanders carried all before them. The Russians, after another desperate and unavailing stand, began to retreat, and the Guards and Highlanders took possession of Kourgané Hill.

All this time Lord Raglan had held the ground—no longer perilous—above the camp; but now he was joined by Adams' regiments, and a red line was seen surmounting the slope. He left them there, to be used, if



"TURNER HIMSELF HURRIED UP TWO OF HIS GUNS" (p. 179).

were, in hastening the retreat of the Russian columns ; a brigade of the 3rd Division, Eyre's, had also arrived, and was across the Bourliouk bridge. Now the French made head against Kiriakoff, who could not hold out with his comrades in full retreat ; and as he fell back Canrobert came on, and, gaining the heights, took full possession of the Telegraph Hill. There was very little more fighting to be done, except with a handful of forgotten riflemen : the Russians were gone. Following Canrobert, Prince Napoleon and D'Aurelle advanced, so that soon two strong and unbroken French divisions and a whole brigade occupied the ground.

Then followed the grievous mistake of not following up the beaten enemy. It was clear that the English could not do this with effect : the bulk of our men had been engaged, we had suffered severely, and the survivors were worn

out with their exertions. Our cavalry could do little against the Russian, which was still fresh, and ready, if not too anxious, to pursue the retreat. Lord Raglan hoped that the French would now reap the full advantage of the victory, and urged St. Arnaud to press the pursuit. The only answer was that any further advance of the French that day was "impossible." The men, when moving up to the attack, left their knapsacks on the other side of the river, and they could not go on without them. So the Russian army, which was now not only dissolved, a broken, helpless mass of fugitives, was suffered to continue its headlong retreat from Sebastopol. A little more energy on the part of the victors would have dealt a crushing blow and probably annihilated it.

In this first error was sown the seeds of a long and disastrous siege of Sebastopol.



LORD RAGLAN.

(From the Painting by Andrew Morton.)



ON the 21st of November, 1805, a striking and warlike cavalcade was traversing at a slow pace a wide and elevated plateau in Moravia. In front, on a grey barb, rode a short, sallow-faced man with dark hair and a quick, eager glance, whose notice nothing seemed to escape. His dress was covered by a grey overcoat, which met a pair of long riding-boots, and on his head was a low, weather-stained cocked hat. He was followed by a crowd of officers, evidently of high rank, for their uniforms, saddle-cloths, and plumed hats were heavily laced, and they had the bold, dignified bearing of leaders of men. In front and in the flanks of the party were scattered watchful vedettes, and behind followed a strong squadron of picked cavalry in dark green dolmans with furred pelisses slung over their shoulders, and huge fur caps surmounted by tall red plumes. The leading horseman rode in silence over the plateau, first to one point then to another, examining with anxious care every feature of the ground. He marked carefully the little village from which the expanse took its name, and the steep declivity which sloped to a muddy stream below. No one addressed him, for he was a man whose train of thought was not to be lightly interrupted. Suddenly, at length, he drew rein, and, turning to the body of officers, said: "Gentlemen, examine this ground carefully. It will be a field of battle, upon which you will all have a part to play." The speaker was Napoleon. His hearers were his generals and staff. He had been reconnoitring, surrounded and guarded by his devoted Chasseurs of the Guard, the plateau of Pratzen, the main part of the arena where was to be fought in a few days the mighty conflict of Austerlitz.

Napoleon's headquarters were then at Brunn. The French host, then for the first time called the "Grand Army," had, at the command of its

great chief, in the beginning of September broken up the camps long occupied on the coasts of France in preparation for a contemplated invasion of England, and had directed its march to the Rhine. It was formed in seven corps under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoust, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, with its cavalry under Prince Murat, and the Imperial Guard as a reserve.

The Rhine was crossed at different points, and the tide of invasion swept upon the valley of the Danube. From the beginning the movements had been made with a swiftness unprecedented in war. Guns and cavalry had moved in ceaseless and unhalting stream along every road. Infantry had pressed forward by forced marches, and had been aided in its onward way by wheeled transport at every available opportunity. The Emperor had resolved to strike a blow by land against his foes which should counterbalance the several checks which the indomitable navy of England had inflicted on his fleets at sea. Austria and Russia were in arms against France, and he was straining every nerve to encounter and shatter their separate forces before they would unite in overwhelming power. The campaign had opened for him with a series of brilliant successes. The veterans of the revolutionary wars, of Italy and of Egypt, directed by his mighty genius, had proved themselves irresistible. The Austrians had been the first to meet the shock, and had been defeated at every point—Guntzberg, Haslach, Albeck, Elchingen, Memmingen—and the first phase of the struggle had closed with the capitulation at Ulm of General Mack with 30,000 men.

But there had been no stay in the rush of the victorious French. The first defeats of the Austrian army had been rapidly followed up. The corps which had escaped from the disaster at Ulm were pursued and, one after another, annihilated. The Tyrol was overrun, and its

strong positions occupied by Marshal Ney. From Italy came the news of Massena's successes against the celebrated Archduke Charles, and at Dirnstein Marshal Mortier had defeated the first Russian army under Kutusow. The Imperial headquarters had been established at Schönbrunn, the home of the Emperor of Austria. Vienna had been occupied and the bridge across the Danube secured by Lannes and Murat. Kutusow, after his defeat at Dirnstein, had been driven back through Hollabrunn on

camp at Boulogne was left, that the common saying passed in the ranks that "Our Emperor does not make use of our arms in this war so much as of our legs"; and the grave result of this constant swiftness had been that many soldiers had fallen to the rear from indisposition or fatigue, and even the nominal strength of the corps was thus for the time seriously diminished. It is recorded that in the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard alone there was a deficiency of more than four hundred men from this cause.



"THE SAYING PASSED, 'OUR EMPEROR DOES NOT MAKE USE OF OUR ARMS IN THIS WAR SO MUCH AS OF OUR LEGS.'"

Brunn by the same marshals at the head of the French advanced guard, and had now joined the second Russian army, with which was its Emperor Alexander in person, and an Austrian force under Prince Lichtenstein, accompanied by the Emperor of Austria.

The main body of the "Grand Army" had, under Napoleon, followed its advanced guard into the heart of Moravia. Its headquarters and immediate base were now at Brunn, but its position was sufficiently critical, at the extremity of a long line of operations, numbering less than 70,000 disposable men, while the Russo-Austrian army in front amounted to 92,000. So rapid had been the movements since the

But all these laggards were doing their best to rejoin the army before the great battle took place which all knew to be inevitable, and in which all were eager to bear their part.

Napoleon had himself arrived at Brunn on the 20th of November, and during the following days till the 27th he allowed his army a measure of repose to enable it to recover its strength after its long toils—to repair its arms, its boots and worn material, and to rally every man under its eagles. His advanced guard had been pushed forward under Murat towards Wischau on the Olmutz road, Soult's corps on his right had pressed Kutusow's retreat towards Austerlitz, and the remainder were disposed in various

positions to watch Hungary and Bohemia and to maintain his hold upon Vienna.

On the 27th the French advanced guard was attacked and driven back by the Russians at Wischau, and certain information arrived that this had been done by a portion of the main Russian army under the Emperor Alexander. It had been thought possible by Napoleon that

peaceful negotiations might be opened, but this confident advance of his enemies seemed to show that they had by no means lost heart, and when on the 28th he had a personal interview with Prince Dolgorouki, the favourite of Alexander, he found the Russian proposals so insulting and presumptuous that he broke off abruptly any further communication.

We have seen Napoleon reconnoitring on the 1st of November, and we have marked the marvellous *coup d'œil* and prescience with

which he foresaw the exact spot where the great battle, then looming before him, must take place. Every succeeding day saw the reconnaissances renewed, and never was a battle-field more thoroughly examined, never was forecast by a general of the actual turn of events to be expected more completely justified by fulfilment.

It had become certain that the united army of two mighty empires was close at hand. From the tone of Dolgorouki's communication it was evident that both the Russian and Austrian monarchs had resolved to trust their fortunes to

the ordeal of battle, and that they, with their generals and soldiery, were eager to retrieve their previous misfortunes, and full of confidence that they would do so. That confidence had been increased by the repulse of the French advanced guard at Wischau; and they now longed to complete their work by pouring their superior numbers on the comparatively weak

French main body.

With this knowledge before him, Napoleon proceeded to carry out the plan of action which he had carefully matured. To the astonishment of many veterans in his army, a general retreat of his advanced troops was ordered. Murat fell back from Posoritz and Soult from near Austerlitz. But this retrograde movement was short, and they were halted on the ground chosen by Napoleon for his battle-line. The outlying corps of Bernadotte and Davoust

were summoned

to complete his array. Munitions, food, ambulances were hurried to their appointed posts, and it was announced that the battle would be fought on the 1st or 2nd of December.

The line of a muddy stream, called the Goldbach, marked the front of the French army. This stream takes its source across the Olmutz road, and flowing through a dell, of which the sides are steep, discharges itself into the Menitz Lake. At the top of its high left bank stretches the wide Pratzen plateau, and it appeared to Napoleon's staff that he had made an error in relinquishing such a vantage ground to his



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.
(From the Painting by Paul Delaroche.)

enemy ; but he told them that he had done so of set purpose, saying, "If I remained master of this fine plateau, I could here check the Russians, but then I should only have an ordinary victory ; whereas by giving it up to them and refusing my right, if they dare to descend from these heights in order to outflank me, I secure that they shall be lost beyond redemption."

Let us examine the positions occupied by the French and the Austro-Russian armies at the close of November, and we shall the better understand the general strategy of the two combatant forces and the tactics which each made use of when they came into collision. The Emperor Napoleon rested his left, under Lannes and Murat, on a rugged eminence, which those of his soldiers who had served in Egypt called the "Santon," because its crest was crowned by a little chapel, of which the roof had a fancied resemblance to a minaret. This eminence he had strengthened with field works, armed and provisioned like a fortress. He had, by repeated visits, satisfied himself that his orders were properly carried out, and he had committed its defence to special defenders under the command of General Claparède, impressing upon them that they must be prepared to fire their last cartridge at their post and, if necessary, there to die to the last man.

His centre was on the right bank of the Goldbach. There were the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, the Grenadiers of Duroc and Oudinot, and the Imperial Guard with forty guns. Their doubled lines were concealed by the windings of the stream, by scattered clumps of wood, and by the features of the ground.

His right was entrusted to Davoust's corps, summoned in haste to the battle-field, and of which only a division of infantry and one of Dragoons had been able to come into line. They were posted at Menitz, and held the defiles passing the Menitz Lake and the two other lakes of Telnitz and Satschau. Napoleon's line of battle was thus an oblique one, with its right thrown back. It had the appearance of being only defensive, if not actually timid, its centre not more than sufficiently occupied, its right extremely weak, and only its left formidable and guaranteed against any but the most powerful attack. But the great strategist had weighed well his methods. He trusted that the foe would be tempted to commit themselves to an attack on his right, essaying to cut his communications and line of retreat on Vienna. If they could be led into this trap, the difficulty or

movement in the ground cut up by lake, stream, and marsh would give to Davoust the power to hold them in check until circumstances allowed of aid being given to him. Meantime, with his left impregnable and his centre ready to deal a crushing blow, he expected to be able to operate against the Russo-Austrian flank and rear with all the advantage due to unlooked-for strength.

The right of the Russo-Austrians, commanded by the Princes Bagration and Lichtenstein, rested on a wooded hill near Posoritz across the Olmutz road. Their centre, under Kollowrath, occupied the village of Pratzen and the large surrounding plateau ; while their left, under Doctorof and Kienmayer, stretched towards the Satschau Lake and the adjoining marshes.

The village of Austerlitz was some distance in rear of the Russo-Austrian position, and had no immediate connection with the movements of the troops employed on either side, but the Emperors of Russia and Austria slept in it on the night before the battle, and Napoleon afterwards accentuated the greatness of his victory by naming it after the place from which he had chased them.

The two great armies now in presence of each other were markedly unequal in strength—92,000 men were opposed to 70,000, and the advantage of 22,000 was to the allies. But this inequality was to a great extent compensated by the tactical dispositions of the leader of the weaker force. Of the two antagonist lines, one was wholly exposed to view, the other to a great extent concealed—first advantage to the latter. They formed, as it were, two parallel arcs of a circle, but that of the French was the more compact and uninterrupted—second advantage ; and this last was soon to be increased by the imprudent Russian manœuvres. The two armies, barely at a distance of two cannon-shot from each other, had by mutual tacit consent formed their bivouacs, piled arms, fed and reposed peaceably round their fires, the one covered by a thick cloud of Cossacks, the other by a sparse line of vedettes.

Napoleon quitted Brunn early in the morning of the 1st December, and employed the whole of that day in examining the positions which the different portions of his army occupied. His headquarters were established in rear of the centre of his line at a high point, from which could be seen the bivouacs of both French and allies, as well as the ground on which the morrow's issue would be fought out. The cold

was intense, but there was no snow. The only shelter that could be found for the ruler of France was a dilapidated hut, in which were placed the Emperor's table and maps.

The Grenadiers had made up a huge fire hard by, and his travelling carriage was drawn up, in which he could take such sleep as his anxieties would permit. The divisions of Duroc and Oudinot bivouacked between him and the enemy, while the Guard lay round him and towards the rear.

In the late afternoon of the same day Napoleon was watching the allied position through his telescope. On the Pratzen plateau could be seen a general flank movement of Russian columns, in rear of their first line, from their centre to their left and towards the front of the French position at Telnitz. It was evidently supposed by the enemy that the French intended to act only on the defensive, that nothing was to be feared from them in front, and that the allies had only to throw their masses on their right, cut off their retreat upon Vienna, and thus inflict upon them a certain and disastrous defeat. It was forgotten by the Russo-Austrians that in thus moving their principal forces to the left, the centre of their position was weakened, and on the right their own line of operations and retreat was left entirely unprotected. When Napoleon detected what was being done, trembling with satisfaction and clapping his hands, he said: "What a manœuvre to be ashamed of! They are running into the trap! They are giving themselves up! Before to-morrow evening that army will be in my hands!" In order still more to add to the confidence of his enemy and to encourage them in the prosecution of their mistaken plan, he ordered Murat to sally forth from his own position with some cavalry, to manœuvre as if showing uneasiness and hesitation, and then to retire with an air of alarm. This order given, he returned immediately to his bivouac, dictated and issued the famous proclamation in which he assured his army that the Austro-Russians were exposing their flank and were offering certain glory to the soldiers of France as a reward for their valour in the coming struggle: he said that he himself would direct their battalions, but that he would not expose himself to danger unless success was doubtful, and he promised that, after their victory, they should have comfortable cantonments and peace.

The evening of the 1st of December closed in. The allied movement towards their left was

still continuing, and Napoleon, after renewing his orders, again visiting his parks and ambulances and satisfying himself by his own observation that all was in order, threw himself on a bundle of straw and slept. About eleven o'clock he was awakened and told that a sharp attack had been made on one of the villages occupied by his right, but that it had been repulsed. This further confirmed his forecast of the allied movements, but, wishing to make a last reconnaissance of his enemy's position, he again mounted, and, followed by Junot, Duroc, Berthier, and some others of his staff, he ventured between the two armies. As he closely skirted the enemy's line of outposts, in spite of several warnings that he was incurring great risk, he, in the darkness, rode into a picquet of Cossacks. These sprang to arms and attacked him so suddenly that he would certainly have been killed or taken prisoner if it had not been for the devoted courage of his escort, which engaged the Cossacks while he turned his horse and galloped back to the French lines. His escape was so narrow and precipitate that he had to pass without choosing his way the marshy Goldbach stream. His own horse and those of several of his attendants—amongst others Ywan, his surgeon, who never left his person—were for a time floundering helpless in the deep mud, and the Emperor was obliged to make his way on foot to his headquarters past the fires round which his soldiery were lying. In the obscurity he stumbled over a fallen tree-trunk; and it occurred to a grenadier who saw him, to twist and use some straw as a torch, holding it over his head to light the path of his sovereign.

In the middle of the anxious night, full of disquietude and anticipation, the eve of the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, the face of Napoleon, lighted up and suddenly displayed by this flame, appeared almost as a vision to the soldiers of the nearest bivouacs. A cry was raised, "It is the anniversary of the coronation! Vive l'Empereur!"—an outburst of loyal ardour which Napoleon in vain attempted to check with the words, "Silence till to-morrow. Now you have only to sharpen your bayonets." But the same thought, the same cry, was taken up and flew with lightning quickness from bivouac to bivouac. All made torches of whatever material was at hand. Some pulled down the field-shelters for the purpose—some used the straw that had been collected to form their beds; and in an instant, as if by enchantment, thousands of lights flared

upwards along the whole French line, and by thousands of voices the cry was repeated, "Vive l'Empereur!" Thus was improvised, within sight of the astonished enemy, the most striking of illuminations, the most memorable of demonstrations, by which the admiration and devotion of a whole army have ever been shown to its general. It is said that the Russians believed the French to be burning their shelters as a preliminary to retreat, and that their confidence was thereby increased. As to Napoleon, though at first annoyed at the outburst, he was soon gratified and deeply touched by the heart-felt enthusiasm displayed, and said that "This night is the happiest of my life." For some time he continued to move from bivouac to bivouac, telling his soldiers how much he appreciated their affection, and saying those kindly and encouraging words which no one better than he knew how to use.

The morning began to break on the 2nd of December. As he buckled on his sword, Napoleon said to the staff gathered round—"Now, gentlemen, let us commence a great day." He mounted, and from different points were seen arriving to receive his last orders the renowned chiefs of his various *corps-d'armée*, each followed by a single aide-de-camp. There were Marshal Prince Murat, Marshal Lannes, Marshal Soult, Marshal Bernadotte, and Marshal Davoust. What a formidable circle of men, each of whom had already gathered glory on many different fields! Murat, distinctively the cavalry general of France, the intrepid paladin who had led his charging squadrons on all the battle-fields of Italy and Egypt; Lannes, whose prowess at Montebello had made victory certain; Soult, the veteran of the long years of war on the Rhine and in Germany, the hero of Alten-

kirchen, and Massena's most distinguished lieutenant at the battle of Zürich; Bernadotte, not more renowned as a general in the field than as the minister of war who prepared the conquest of Holland; Davoust, the stern disciplinarian and leader, unequalled for cool gallantry and determination—all were gathered at this supreme moment round one of the greatest masters of war in ancient or modern times, to receive his inspiration and to part like thunder-clouds bearing the storm which was to shatter the united armies of two Empires.

The Emperor's general plan of action was already partly known, but he now repeated it to his marshals in detail. He was more than ever certain, from the last reports which he had received, that the enemy was continuing the flank movement, and would hurl the heaviest attacks on the French right near Telnitz.

To Davoust was entrusted the duty of holding the extreme right and checking, in the defiles formed by the lakes, the heads of the enemy's columns which, since the pre-

vious day, had been more and more entangling themselves in these difficult passes.

Of Soult's three divisions, one was to assist Davoust on the right, while the other two, already formed in columns of attack, were to hold themselves ready to throw their force on the Pratzen plateau.

Bernadotte's two divisions were to advance against the same position on Soult's left. This combined onslaught of four divisions on the centre of the Russo-Austrians which they had weakened by the movement to their left, would be supported by the Emperor himself with the Imperial Guard and the Grenadiers of Oudinot and Duroc. Lannes was ordered to hold the left, particularly the "Santon" height; while



MARSHAL PRINCE MURAT (AFTERWARDS KING OF NAPLES).
(From the Painting by Gérard.)

Prince Murat, at the head of his horsemen, was to charge through the intervals of the infantry upon the allied cavalry which appeared to be in great strength in that part of the field.

It was thus Napoleon's intention to await and check the enemy's attacks which might be expected on both his flanks, and more especially on his right, while he himself made a determined and formidable forward movement against their centre, where he hoped to cut

heights, the sun rose, brilliantly piercing the mist and lighting the battle-field—the "Sun of Austerlitz," of which Napoleon ever after loved to recall the remembrance.

The moment of action for the French centre had come, and the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, led by the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, rushed forwards. No influence that could animate the minds of these gallant troops was wanting. They fought directly



"THOUSANDS OF LIGHTS FLARED UPWARDS" (p. 188.)

them in two, and then, from the dominant position of the Pratzen plateau, turn an overwhelming force against the masses on their too-far-advanced left, which, entangled and cramped in its action among the lakes, would then be crushed or forced to yield as prisoners.

It was eight o'clock. The thick wintry mist hung in the valley of the Goldbach and rolled upwards to the Pratzen plateau. Its obscurity, heightened by the lingering smoke of bivouac fires, concealed the French columns of attack. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry told that the allied attack on the French right had begun and was being strenuously resisted, while silence and darkness reigned over the rest of the line. Suddenly, over the

under the eye of their Emperor. They were led by chiefs in whom they had implicit confidence. Their ardour was fired by the proclamation which had been issued on the previous evening, and the bands accompanied their regiments, playing the old attack march—

"On va leur percer le flanc
Rataplan, tire lire en plan!"

The Pratzen height was escalated at the double, attacked in front and on the right and left, and the appearance of the assailants was so sudden and unexpected, as they issued from the curtain of mist, that the Russians were completely surprised. They had no defensive formation ready, and were still occupied in the

movement towards their left. They hastily formed in three lines, however, and some of their artillery were able to come into action. Their resistance was feeble. One after another, their lines, broken by the stern bayonet charge, were driven back in hopeless confusion, and at nine o'clock Napoleon was master of the Pratzen plateau.

Meanwhile, on the left, Lannes and Murat were fighting an independent battle with the Princes Lichtenstein and Bagration. Murat, as the senior marshal and brother-in-law of the Emperor, was nominally the superior; but, in real fact, Lannes directed the operations of the infantry, which Murat powerfully supplemented and aided with his cavalry. General Caffarelli's division was formed on the plain on Lannes's right, while General Suchet's division was on his left, supported by the "Santon" height, from which poured the fire of eighteen heavy guns. The light cavalry brigades of Milhaud and Treilhard were pushed forward in observation across the high road to Olmutz. The cavalry divisions of Kellermann, Walther, Nansouty, and d'Hautpoul were disposed in two massive columns of squadrons on the right of Caffarelli. Against this array were brought eighty-two squadrons of cavalry under Lichtenstein, supported by the serried divisions of Bagration's infantry and a heavy force of artillery.

The combat was commenced by the light cavalry of Kellermann, which charged and overthrew the Russo-Austrian advanced guard. Attacked in turn by the Uhlans of the Grand Duke Constantine, Kellermann retired through the intervals of Caffarelli's division, which, by a well-sustained fire in two ranks, checked the Uhlans and emptied many of their saddles. Kellermann re-formed his division and again charged, supported by Sebastiani's brigade of Dragoons. Then followed a succession of charges by the chivalry of France, led by Murat with all the *élan* of his boiling courage. Kellermann, Walther, and Sebastiani were all wounded, the first two generals seriously. In the last of these charges the 5th Chasseurs, commanded by Colonel Corbineau, broke the formation of a Russian battalion and captured its standard. Caffarelli's infantry were close at hand, and, pushing forward, made an Austrian battalion lay down its arms. A regiment of Russian Dragoons made a desperate advance to rescue their comrades, and, mistaking them for Bavarians in the smoke and turmoil, Murat

ordered the French infantry to cease firing. The Russian Dragoons, thus encountering no resistance, penetrated the French ranks and almost succeeded in taking Murat himself prisoner. But, consummate horseman and man-at-arms as he was, he cut his way to safety through the enemy, at the head of his personal escort,

The allies profited by this diversion to again assume the offensive. Then came the opportunity for the gigantic Cuirassiers of Nansouty, which hurled the Russian cavalry back upon their infantry, and, in three successive onslaughts, scattered the infantry itself, inflicting terrible losses with their long, heavy swords and seizing eight pieces of artillery. The whole of Caffarelli's division advanced, supported by one of Bernadotte's divisions from the centre, and, changing its front to the right, cut the centre of Bagration's infantry, driving its greater part towards Pratzen, separated from those who still fought at the extremity of their line.

The Austro-Russian cavalry rallied in support of Bagration, who was now hotly pressed by Suchet. Then came a magnificently combined movement of Dragoons, Cuirassiers, and infantry. The Dragoons drove back the Austro-Russian squadrons behind their infantry. Simultaneously followed the levelled bayonets of Suchet's division and the crushing shock of d'Hautpoul's mailclad warriors. The victory was decided—the Russian battalions were crushed, losing a standard, eleven guns, and 1,800 prisoners. The rout was completed by the rapid advance of the light cavalry brigades of Treilhard and Milhaud on the left, and of Kellermann on the right, which swept away all that encountered them, and drove the shattered allied troops towards the village of Austerlitz. The Russo-Austrian losses on this part of the field of battle amounted to 1,200 or 1,500 killed, 7,000 or 8,000 prisoners, two standards, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery.

While Napoleon had thus struck a heavy blow at the allied centre and had been completely victorious on his left, his right, under Davoust, was with difficulty holding its own against Buxhowden (who had assumed the command of the columns of Doctorof and Kienmayer), and but that the masses brought against it were unable to deploy their strength it must inevitably have been crushed. Thirty thousand foemen of all arms were pressing in assault upon 10,000 French, already wearied by a long and rapid march to their position at Raygern. But Davoust was able to concentrate what power he



"SIMULTANEOUSLY FOLLOWED THE LEVELLED BAYONETS OF SUCHET'S DIVISION" (A. 190).

had, and to meet at advantage the heads only of the columns which were winding their way along the narrow passes that opened between the lakes and through the marshy ground in his front. Even so the strain was terrible, and would have been more than less hardy troops under a less able and determined leader could have stood. But Napoleon was quite alive to the necessities of the gallant soldiers who were standing their ground so staunchly. He ordered his reserve of Grenadiers and the Imperial Guard to move up to the support of his right centre and to threaten the flank of the columns that were attacking Davoust, while he also directed the two divisions of Soult's corps, which had made the attack on the Pratzen plateau against Buxhowden's rear.

It was one o'clock, and at this moment, while the orders just given were being executed, the Russian infantry, supported by the Russian Imperial Guard, made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day near Pratzen, and threw themselves in a fierce bayonet charge on the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, which offered a stout resistance. But, with the Russian Guard ready to join in the combat, the odds against the French divisions were too great. It was the crisis of the day.

Napoleon, from the commanding position where he stood, saw before him the Emperor Alexander's guard advancing in dense masses to regain their morning position and to sweep before them his men, wearied and harassed by the day's struggle. At the same time he heard on his right the redoubled fire of the advanced Russian left, which was pressing Davoust and was threatening his rear. From the continued and increasing roar of musketry and artillery it almost seemed as if success must, after all, attend the great flank movement of the allies. Small wonder if even his war-hardened nerves felt a thrill of confusion and anxiety when he saw dimly appearing through the battle smoke another black mass of moving troops.

"Ha! Can those, too, be Russians?" he exclaimed to the solitary staff-officer whom the exigencies of the day had still left at his side. Another look reassured him, however. The tall bearskins of the moving column showed him that it was his own Guard, which, under Duroc, was moving towards the lakes to the support of Soult and Davoust. His right and rear were, at any rate, so far safe.

But the Russian infantry attack had been followed by a headlong charge of the Chevalier

Guards and Cuirassiers of the Russian Guard, under the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander, supported by numerous lines of cavalry. So well led and so impetuous was the attack, that the two battalions on the left of Vandamme's division were broken and swept away in headlong flight. One of these battalions belonged to the 4th of the line, of which Napoleon's brother Joseph was colonel, and the Emperor saw it lose its eagle and abandon its position, shattered and destroyed, forming the one dark spot to sully the brilliancy of French steadfastness on that day of self-devotion. The tide of panic-stricken fugitives almost surged against the Emperor himself. All efforts to rally them were in vain. Maddened with fear, they heard not the voices of generals and officers imploring them not to abandon the field of honour and their Emperor. Their only response was to gasp out mechanically: "Vive l'Empereur!" while still hurrying their frantic pace. Napoleon smiled at them in pity; then, with a gesture of contempt, he said: "Let them go!" and, still calm in the midst of the turmoil, sent General Rapp to bring up the cavalry of his Guard.

Rapp was titular Colonel of the Mamelukes, a corps which recalled the glories of Egypt and the personal regard which Napoleon, as a man, had been able to inspire into Orientals. They, with the Grenadiers à Cheval and the Chasseurs of the Guard, now swooped upon the Russian squadrons. The struggle of the *mêlée* was bloody and obstinate between the picked horsemen of Western and Eastern Europe; but the Russian chivalry was at length overwhelmed and driven back with immense loss. Many standards and prisoners fell into the hands of the French, amongst others Prince Repnin, Colonel of the Chevalier Guards. His regiment, whose ranks were filled with men of the noblest families in Russia, had fought with a valour worthy of their name, and lay almost by ranks upon the field. It had been the mark of the giant Grenadiers à Cheval, whose savage war-cry in the great charge had been, as they swayed their heavy sabres, "Let us make the dames of St. Petersburg weep to-day!"

When success was assured, Rapp returned to report to Napoleon—a warlike figure, as he approached, alone, at a gallop, with proud mien, the light of battle in his eye, his sword dripping with blood and a sabre cut on his forehead.

"Sire, we have overthrown and destroyed the Russian Guard and taken their artillery."

"It was gallantly done: I saw it," replied the Emperor. "But you are wounded."

"It is nothing, sire: it is only a scratch."

"It is another quartering of nobility, and I know of none that can be more illustrious."

Immediately afterwards the young Count Apraxin, an officer of artillery who had been taken prisoner by the Chasseurs, was brought before Napoleon. He struggled, wept, and wrung his hands in despair, crying: "I have lost my battery; I am dishonoured: would that I could

part of the Guard, he entrusted the crushing of the enemies who had been driven from the Pratzen plateau; while he himself led all of Soult's corps, the remainder of his infantry, and reserve artillery descended the heights and threw himself on the Austro-Russian left near Telnitz and Teufelsdruff. This unfortunate wing—nearly 30,000 men—had in vain striven since the morning to break its way through Davoust's 10,000. It was checked in front and entangled in the



CHARGE OF THE CHEVALIER GUARDS.

die!" Napoleon tried to console and soothe him with the words, "Calm yourself, young man, and learn that there is never disgrace in being conquered by Frenchmen."

The French army was now completely successful on its centre and left. In the distance could be seen, retiring towards Austerlitz, the remains of the Russian reserves, which had relinquished hope of regaining the central plateau and abandoned Buxhowden's wing to its fate. Their retreat was harassed by the artillery of the Imperial Guard, whose fire ploughed through their long columns, carrying with it death and consternation. Napoleon left to Murat and Lannes the completion of their own victory. To Bernadotte, with the greater

roads by the Goldbach and the lake, he left himself in hopeless confusion, attacked and ravaged with fire from three sides simultaneously by Davoust, Soult, Duroc, Grenadiers and Vandamme. It was the gallantry and sternness which drew the admiration of its enemies, but so driven, overwhelmed, it could not help but succumb to its difficulties. The way of escape open but the Menitz, whose frozen surface seemed to promise safety, and in an instant the white was blackened by the flying multitude. The most horribly disastrous phase of the war was at hand. The shot of the French which was firing on the retreat broke

many points, and its frail support gave way. The water welled through the cracks and washed over the broken fragments. Thousands of Russians, with horses, artillery and train, sank into the lake and were engulfed. Few succeeded in struggling to the shore and taking advantage of the ropes and other assistance which their conquerors strove to put within their reach. About 2,000, who had been able to remain on the road between the two lakes, made good their retreat. The remainder were either dead or prisoners.

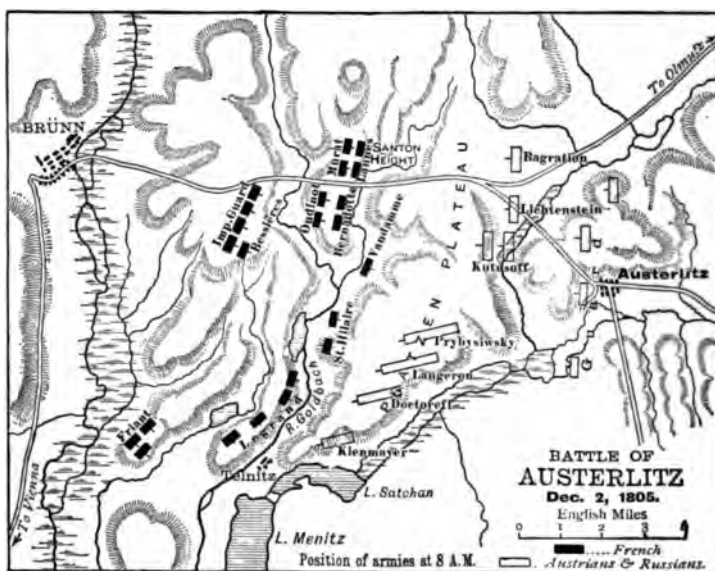
At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle was over, and there was nothing left for the French to do but to pursue and collect the spoils of their conquest. This duty was performed with energy by all the commanders except Bernadotte (even then more than suspected of disloyalty to his great chief), who allowed the whole of the Russo-Austrian right, which had been defeated by Lannes and Murat and driven from its proper line of retreat on Olmutz, to *defile scatheless* past his front and to seek shelter in the direction of Hungary.

After the great catastrophe on the Menitz lake which definitely sealed the issue of the conflict, Napoleon passed slowly along the whole battle-field, from the French right to their left. The ground was covered

with piles of the poor remains of those who had died a soldier's death, and with vast numbers of wounded laid suffering on the frozen plain. Surgeons and ambulances were already everywhere at work, but their efforts were feeble in comparison with the shattered, groaning multitude who were in dire need of help. The Emperor paused by every disabled follower and spoke words of sympathy and comfort. He himself, with his personal attendants and his staff, did all in their power to mitigate the pangs of each and to give some temporary relief till better assistance should arrive. As the shades of night fell on the scene of slaughter and destruction, the mist of the morning again rolled over the plain, bringing with it an icy rain, which increased the darkness. Napoleon ordered the strictest silence to be maintained, that no faint cry from a miserable sufferer

should pass unheard; and his surgeon Yvan, with his Mameluke orderly Roustan, gave to many a one, who would otherwise have died, a chance of life by binding up their hurts and restoring their powers with a draught of brandy from the Imperial canteen.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the Emperor arrived at the Olmutz road, having almost felt his way from one wounded man to another as they lay where each attack had been made and each stubborn defence maintained. He passed the night at the small posthouse of Posoritz, supping on a share of the soldiers' rations, which was brought from the nearest



bivouac, and issuing order after order about searching for the wounded and conveying them to the field hospitals.

Though many of the most noted leaders in the French army were wounded in the great battle, comparatively few were killed. One of the most distinguished dead was General Morland, who commanded the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard. His regiment had suffered terrible losses in the charge under Rapp against the Russian Guard, and he himself had fallen, fighting amongst the foremost. Napoleon, who was always anxious to do everything to raise the spirit of his troops and to excite their emulation, ordered that the body of General Morland should be preserved and conveyed to Paris, there to be interred in a specially magnificent tomb which he proposed to build on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The doctors with the

army had neither the time nor the materials necessary to embalm the general's body, so, as a simple means of conservation, they enclosed it in a barrel of rum, which was taken to Paris. But circumstances delayed the construction of the tomb which the Emperor intended for its reception until the fall of the Empire in 1814. When the barrel was then opened for the private interment of the body by General Morland's relations, they were astonished to find that the rum had made the dead general's moustaches grow so extraordinarily that they reached below his waist.

The defeat suffered by the Russians was so crushing, and their army had been thrown into such confusion, that all who had escaped from the disaster of Austerlitz fled with all speed to Galicia, where there was a hope of being beyond the reach of the conqueror. The rout was complete. The French made a large number of prisoners, and found the roads covered with abandoned guns, baggage, and material of war. The Emperor Alexander, overcome by his misfortunes, left it to his ally, Francis II., to treat with Napoleon, and authorised him to make the best terms he could for both the defeated empires.

On the very evening of the 2nd December the Emperor of Austria had asked for an interview with Napoleon, and the victor met the vanquished on the 4th. An armistice was signed on the 6th, which was shortly afterwards followed by a treaty of peace concluded at Presburg.

The total losses of the Austro-Russians at Austerlitz were about 10,000 killed, 30,000

prisoners, 46 standards, 186 cannon, 400 artillery caissons, and all their baggage. Their armies practically no longer existed, and only about 25,000 disheartened men could be rallied from the wreck.

In the joy of victory Napoleon showed himself generous to Austria and Russia in the terms which he imposed, and he at once set free Prince Repnin, with all of the Russian Imperial Guard who had fallen into his hands. To his own army he was lavish of rewards and acknowledgments of its valour, and in the famous order of the day which he published he first made use of the well-known expression—"Soldiers, I am content with you." Besides a large distribution of prize-money to his troops, he decreed that liberal pensions should be granted to the widows of the fallen, and also that their orphan children should be cared for, brought up, and settled in life at the expense of the State.

The campaign of Austerlitz is probably the most striking and dramatic of all those undertaken by Napoleon, and its concluding struggle was the most complete triumph of his whole career. It was the first in which he engaged after assuming the title of Emperor and becoming the sole and irresponsible ruler of France. Unlike the vast masses of men which he directed in subsequent wars, his army was then almost entirely composed of Frenchmen, and its glories belonged to France alone. Though for several years to come the great Emperor's fame was to remain undimmed by the clouds of reverse, it never shone with a brighter lustre than at the close of 1805.





ARABI PASHA and his rebellious ambition were the cause of the British campaign in Egypt (1882) which culminated in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—a word which simply means “the large village.” Arabi was of low origin, but had risen by his ability and force of character to be a very popular colonel in the Egyptian army of the Sultan of Turkey’s Viceroy, or Khedive, Tewfik. He was an ardent advocate of the policy of “Egypt for the Egyptians”; but in the championship of this policy he forgot that, amongst other countries, England had immense interests at stake in Egypt, not only as the holder of about four millions sterling of Suez Canal stock, but also as the mistress of India, to which the Canal formed a commercial and military route. But Arabi, making light of these things, became violently opposed to the growth of English influence in his native country, and to such an extent that at last he even sought to substitute his own power for that of his master, the Khedive.

To let things go on in Egypt in this way would have been to allow them to drift into chaos, and therefore England resolved to put down the rebellious Pasha. The latter had been making great progress with his plans at Alexandria, which became the scene of a massacre of Europeans; and he had begun to arm the seaward forts of the city in a manner most threatening to the British fleet. Thereupon he was told that if he placed any more guns in position, he would draw upon himself the fire of Sir Beauchamp Seymour’s ironclads in the bay. Arabi made bold to disregard this warning, and, accordingly, on the morning of July 11th, Sir Beauchamp’s war-vessels opened fire on Arabi’s forts, battering some to pieces and silencing all before sunset. This was the first noteworthy action which the British fleet had fought since the days

of Sebastopol, proving that its glory—founded on the courage, skill, and discipline of its sailors—had by no means departed.

But his defeat at Alexandria, far from breaking the power and pride of Arabi, had the effect only of deepening his hatred of the English, and he retired into the interior with the view of organising further opposition to our arms. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and England could not refuse to pick it up. As our fleet could not sail up the Nile to Cairo, it behoved us to equip and send out an army which should land in Egypt, seek out Arabi wherever he was to be found, and make an end, once and for ever, of him and his rebellious force. This army was entrusted to the command of Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount) Wolseley, who had already distinguished himself in so many of our “little wars” that he was facetiously termed “our only General.”

Nor could the command of the expedition have been given to a better man. Sir Garnet was a tried soldier, and now he became a prophet as well. Before leaving England he had laid his hand, with remarkable foresight, upon the map, and, pointing to Tel-el-Kebir, said that he would engage and beat the army of Arabi there, about the 13th September; and he kept his word to the very letter. At first the French seemed inclined to share with us the work of restoring order in Egypt; but at the last moment they stood aside and left England to deal with the task of quelling Arabi.

To accomplish this task, England at once began to bring together in Egypt an army—or Army Corps—of about 40,000 men. Some came from our garrisons in the Mediterranean—Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar—others were brought from India, and the remainder sent out straight from England.

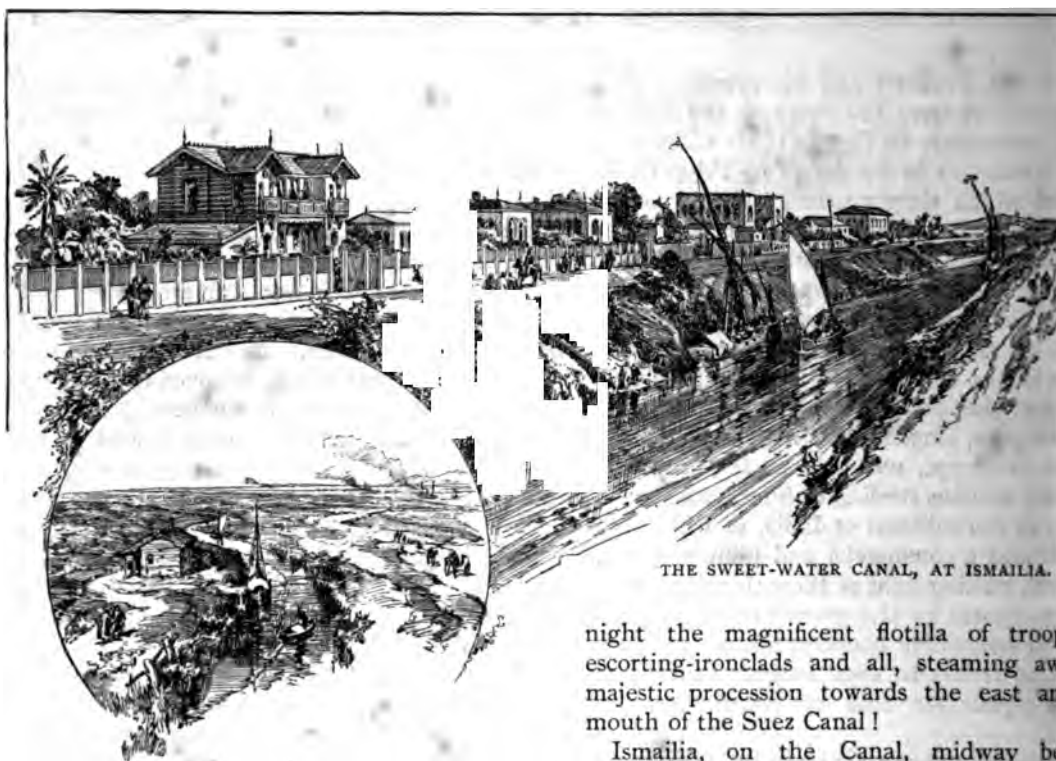
Being gathered, as it was, from so many

different sources, this huge force could not, of course, all land at once; but the marvel was that its component parts reached the trysting-ground in Egypt so soon as they did, and it was admitted on all hands that no other nation in the whole world could have performed such a difficult transport operation so swiftly and so well.

It was known that Arabi had about 60,000 fighting men at his disposal, which was 20,000 more than were commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley; and if these two armies had met one

challenge him to battle at the Egyptian li Kafr Dowar.

In order to encourage this delusive belief in the mind of the rebel Pasha, a considerable force had already landed here and indulged in feints against the foe. Sir Garnet had caused it to be spread abroad that the greater part of his force aboard the transports in the bay was going to be put ashore; but what was the surprise of everyone—for the secret had been kept—of only one or two—to behold



THE SWEET-WATER CANAL.

THE SWEET-WATER CANAL, AT ISMAILIA.

another in full force, there is no saying but that the result of the campaign might have been different. But the beauty of Sir Garnet's war-policy was that he kept his opponent so long in the dark as to where he meant to strike; with the natural result that Arabi, deeming it wise to be prepared on every hand, had his 60,000 men portioned out at the likeliest places, all over the Delta—some in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, some at Cairo, and some at Tel-el-Kebir, a commanding point on the railway between Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, and the capital. This suited Sir Garnet to perfection, and his great aim was to make Arabi think that he meant to land the bulk of the British force in Alexandria, and

at night the magnificent flotilla of troop-escorting-ironclads and all, steaming away in a majestic procession towards the east and the mouth of the Suez Canal!

Ismailia, on the Canal, midway between Port Said and Suez, had been aimed at by Sir Garnet from the beginning; and here, in the night of the 20th August—only a short eighteen days after he had left England by the sea route—the British army began to disembark on the burning sands of Egypt.

Among these burning sands water was as precious as gold and silver to the British soldier; but the only source of its supply was the Fresh-water Canal running through the desert from the Nile to Ismailia alongside the railway line, and it therefore behoved the English commander to secure the water in the canal from being cut off by the enemy. To do this it was necessary above all things to forward an advance force about twenty miles into the very heart of the desert as far as a

called Kassassin, where there was a lock, and accordingly this was done with the utmost courage and promptitude.

At Mahuta the Egyptians had made an attempt to bar this advance, but their opposition was swept away like chaff, and soon thereafter General

were things on which no one could reasonably hope to whet his teeth and thrive. Two main actions were fought at Kassassin—though these formed the mere prelude, so to speak, to the grand spectacular drama that was presently to be enacted at Tel-el-Kebir.



"THE EGYPTIAN BATTALIONS . . . HAD BEEN TRAMPLED AND SABRED INTO POSITIVE ANNIHILATION" (p. 199).

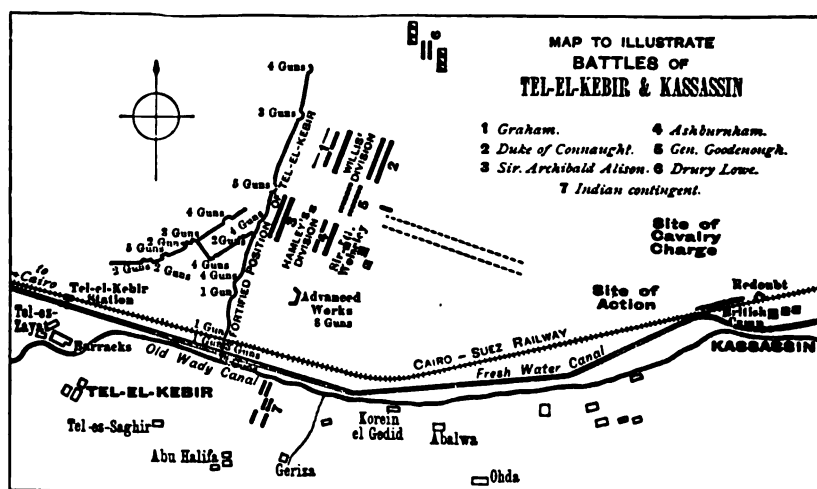
Graham reached Kassassin Lock with his vanguard, entrenching himself in that position with strict orders to hold it against all comers. Well aware of the importance of this position for the British, the Egyptians made several attempts to drive them out of it and back to Ismailia before reinforcements could reach them; but each time they recoiled from the enterprise with the bitter conviction that British bullets and sabres

The chief of these preliminary actions, fought on the 28th August, will always be memorable for the grand cavalry charge which closed it. Early in the morning General Graham had become aware that the Egyptians were making preparations to attack him from a circle of sand-hills which formed a kind of amphitheatre around Kassassin. Graham's force was by no means a large one, but it was impossible

for the Egyptians to make out how strong it really was, and it is always half the battle to be able to conceal your plans and numbers from the enemy. A few days previously Arabi had sent out his second-in-command, Mahmoud Fehmi Pasha, a great engineer and reader of military signs, to discover the strength and dispositions of Graham, but by a curious accident he fell into the hands of the English and never returned to his own side. To this capture Arabi himself afterwards attributed the sole blame of his not having been

battle. Come they also did with right will, for they were all burning for a fight only to hear that the Egyptians, after their guns for some time, had apparently again behind their sand-hills; so back they to Mehsameh and off-saddled again.

The heat was terrific, and bucketfuls of from the canal had to be poured on the the English artillerists to enable them to to their guns. Sunstrokes were numerous our men bore all their sufferings with a for truly heroic. The scorching heat was pr



able to oust the audacious English from their advanced post at Kassassin—and the incident will show how very important it must always be in warfare to seize and detain spies.

Graham's force at Kassassin was not a large one (under 2,000), consisting mainly of a company of Royal Marine Artillery, the Duke of Cornwall's regiment, the York and Lancasters, with some mounted infantry and a few guns, one of which, under Captain Tucker, was mounted on a railway truck. But the Egyptians, taking a leaf out of our own book of war, had by this time imitated us in this respect—though they were very bad range-finders, and did us little harm.

Drury Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards and three squadrons of Household Cavalry (contributed by the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and "Blues," or Horse Guards, respectively) were stationed some miles to the rear at Mehsameh, and Graham heliographed to these splendid troopers to come and help him on his right flank in the impending

the reason why the Egyptians had drawn from their first attack on Kassassin, but to the cool of the evening they again began to move forward from their sand-hills and threaten British position. The left of this position was well protected, but the right less so; and indeed, General Graham expressly made his disposition of his force on the latter flank might tempt the enemy down from his hills so as to essay a turning movement, they would be caught in the trap which he was preparing for them.

To this end, about 5.20 p.m., he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Pirie, 4th Dragoon Guards, with a message to Drury Lowe, in the rear, at Mehsameh, or wherever he should be found, "to take the cavalry round by our left under cover of the hill, and attack the left of the enemy's skirmishers."

But when Lieutenant Pirie did at last appear, after a long and fatiguing ride through the arid desert sand—in the course of which his horse fell under him from sheer exhaustion

he had to borrow another mount from a gun-team—he delivered his message in this altered form, that “General Graham *was only just able to hold his own*, and wished General Drury Lowe to attack the left of the enemy’s infantry skirmishers.” The famous cavalry charge at Balacava had been due to a similar mistake in the delivery of a verbal order, though at Kassassin, as it turned out, the repetition of this mistake did not result in disaster, but in victory. So far was Graham from not being able to hold his own that, about two hours after despatching Lieutenant Pirie for the cavalry, he had ordered a counter-attack and a general advance of his line, which had meanwhile been reinforced by a fresh battery, for his other guns had been obliged to retire out of action, owing to want of ammunition, it having been found impossible to drag the battery carts through the deep and yielding sand.

It was while Graham was engaged in this general advance that at last Drury Lowe arrived upon the scene with his cavalry. The sun had now set, but a bright moon was shining, and the flashes from the Horse Artillery and infantry afforded some guide for the movement of the British horsemen, which was directed on the evening star—the orbs of heaven being the only landmarks in the nocturnal desert. Suddenly the cavalry came in sight of the extreme left of the Egyptians, and was at once exposed to a heavy fire. “Shells screamed and shrapnel bullets tore up the road on either side of us.” Rushing to the front, the guns of the Horse Artillery attached to the Cavalry Brigade unlimbered and belched out several rounds of shell on the Egyptian masses. Then the front of these British guns was rapidly cleared, and Drury Lowe gave the Household Cavalry the order to charge.

Led on by Colonel Ewart, away with a wild cheer went the three ponderous squadrons of clanking giants straight at the Egyptian battalions, which in a few more moments had been trampled and sabred into positive annihilation. “Now we have them!” Sir Baker Russell had cried out to the men; “trot—gallop—charge!” Sir Baker’s own horse was shot under him, but he caught another, and was soon again in the thick of the fray. Many were the feats of personal adventure in connection with this glorious charge. Some of the troopers were killed, some lost themselves in the darkness and were taken prisoners, happy to escape the barbarous mutilations that were perpetrated

by the Egyptians on the British dead and wounded.

The cavalry charge at Kassassin was a splendid feat of arms, but it somehow or other became the subject of as curious a myth as that which gathered round the sinking of the *Vengeur* on the “glorious 1st of June.” At Balacava the Light Brigade had ridden down upon the Russian guns, and nothing would content the chroniclers of Kassassin but the performance of a similar act of glory. The illustrated papers of the day which had artists in Egypt gave stirring pictures of our Life Guardsmen dashing through the smoke of the Egyptian batteries, slashing and thrusting at the gunners as they crouched for shelter beneath their pieces. But this was pure imagination. If commanded to do so the Life Guards would have charged into the very “mouth of hell,” not to speak of Egyptian guns. But what they were ordered to “go for” was the Egyptian infantry, which was considerably in front of its guns, and these had limbered up and retired from action, rendering it impossible for our victorious troopers to see and capture them in the darkness. But the day had been won all the same, and another bright name blazoned on the victory roll of the British army.

A few days later, on 9th September, another attack of the Egyptians on Kassassin was beaten off in the most brilliant manner, the 13th Bengal Lancers, in their picturesque turbans, especially distinguishing themselves; and there were many who thought that Sir Garnet Wolseley ought to have rushed the not far-distant entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir there and then. But though this might certainly have been done, there were certain weighty reasons of military policy against the step. For a commander must not be too much of a Hotspur, but think of ulterior aims as well as of present opportunities. It is the man who can bide his time that will ultimately win.

Foiled in their repeated attempts to bar the British advance, Arabi and his Egyptians now finally withdrew behind the entrenched lines of Tel-el-Kebir, there to stand on the defensive and await attack. These formidable lines, which ran along a ridge of rising ground, presented a front of about four miles long, and had been constructed according to the most advanced principles of military engineering. The Egyptians are great hands at the spade, being constantly employed in the throwing up of water-dams and the like, and many thousands of

willing hands had been at the disposal of Arabi in the task of raising his famous line of earthworks. How many men of all kinds—Egyptians, Nubians, Bedouins, etc.—Arabi had behind the shelter of these parapets Sir Garnet Wolseley did not exactly know, but concluded that the number could not be far short of 22,000.

On the other hand, the English commander had now with him about 17,000 officers and men, with sixty-seven guns, wherewith to crack the nut that was presented by Arabi's entrenchments, and these Sir Garnet resolved to storm at the hour when darkness was beginning to glide into dawn—for the reasons that

them. On the right marched the 1st Division, commanded by General Willis, the first leading Brigade, under Graham, consisted of the Royal Irish, Royal Marines, York and Lancaster, and Royal Irish Fusiliers. Behind at a distance of about a thousand yards, the 2nd Brigade of Guards (Grenadiers, Scots, and Buffs), under the Queen's soldier-son, the Duke of Connaught. The left of the British line was occupied by the 2nd Division, General Hamley (a great writer and of high repute in the war), the front position of honour and of being accorded to the Highland Brigade, and the one-armed Sir Archibald Alison (son



SABA BIER.

The Valley of the Saba Bier (Seven Wells), along which the troops marched on the advance upon Tel-el-Kebir.

at this cool hour his troops would naturally fight much better than under the roasting rays of the sun, that they would be less exposed to the enemy's fire in the faint light, and that they would also profit by the demoralisation which invariably seizes upon soldiers when set upon unawares. But, to make the surprise complete, it was necessary that the very utmost care should be taken to give no indication to the watchful Egyptians behind the earthworks of the stealthy approach of their British foes. When ranked into line, the storming columns were to advance—not to the word of command, but by the mere guidance of the stars, like so many ships at sea. Not a pipe was to be lit, not a whisper heard in the ranks, and one man of the Highland Light Infantry, whose high-strung feelings found vent in sudden shouts, only escaped bayoneting on the spot by being chloroformed to keep him still and left behind.

The night (September 12-13) was more than usually dark, and it was some time before the troops could be placed in the positions assigned

celebrated historian of "Europe"), composed of the famous Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, Cameron Highlanders, and Highland Infantry, four of the finest battalions that wore the kilt and trews or thrilled to the stirring strains of the Celtic war-pipe. These Scottish battalions marched, as did the Ashburnham's Brigade of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, while the interval between the two Divisions was General Goodenough's crushing mass of about forty-two guns. On the extreme right flank of the assaulting force marched Lowe's cavalry heroes of Kassassin, spoiling for another charge; while on the extreme left of the British line, on the other side of the Fresh-water Canal, followed the contingent of General Macpherson, consisting of the Seaforth Highlanders, three battalions of native infantry, Bengal Cavalry, and mountain guns, the task of this contingent being to turn Arabi's right flank, which was exposed on the canal.

Arabi and his men fondly believed that all the British force was sleeping the sleep of tired soldiers at Kassassin and other points between that place and the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, it was marshalling itself in line of battle array as above detailed on an elevation called Ninth Hill, about five and a half miles

by the long and strenuous march, they were all eager to be led on to the fight without further delay. Until the hour of starting, all the men stretched themselves on the sand to snatch what brief and hurried sleep they could. From previous experience it was reckoned that the actual progress over the desert, with its darkness



"CARRYING THEM WITH THE BAYONET" (p. 203).

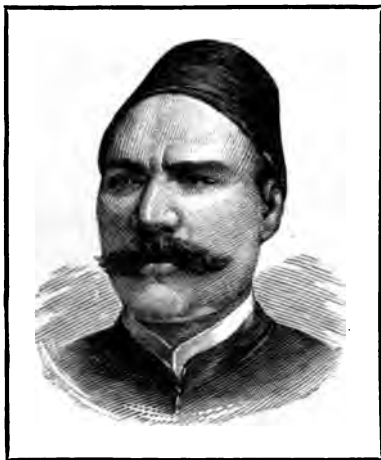
from Arabi's lines, from which it remained hidden by the impenetrable curtain of the night. One of the regiments—notably the Highlanders—had but a few hours before hurried up to the front from Ismailia*; yet, though wearied

* For an account of many striking incidents of the night, some of our readers may be glad to be referred to a graphic narrative of Sergeant Arthur V. Palmer, of the 75th Highlanders, in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1900, entitled "A Battle Described from the Ranks," and to the controversy to which it gave rise in ensuing numbers of the same publication.

and other difficulties, would be about one mile per hour—just think of that!—so that by starting at 1.30 a.m., Sir Garnet calculated to reach the enemy's works just before the first gleam of dawn—so nicely was everything planned beforehand. "The long sojourn at Ninth Hill," wrote General Hamley, "while waiting for the moment to advance was of a sombre kind: we sat in silence on our horses or on the sand, while comrades moving about appeared as black figures coming out of the darkness, unrecognisable

except by their voices. A skirmish had taken place some days before near this spot, in which men and horses were slain, and tokens of it were wafted to us on the breeze." Once there was a false alarm on the right, and the prostrate men sprang to their feet; but it turned out to be only a body of British cavalry moving across the front of the line.

At last, in the lowest undertone, word was passed along all the line to advance, and soon nothing was heard but the "swish-swish" of the battalions footing it warily across the sand as if it had been snow—silence otherwise



ARABI PASHA.

and darkness around and above, with the stars shining down as they had done in the time of the Pharaohs and the other dynasties of Egyptian kings lying entombed in the Pyramids. Well might the British troops have been impressed with the suspense of the moment and the awful solemnity of the scene. Directing poles had been previously fixed in the sand by the Engineers, but they proved of little or no use, the only effective finger-posts being the everlasting stars, and even these were now and then obscured by clouds. Sometimes the mounted men of the Headquarters' Staff, moving up to the columns with whispered instructions, were mistaken for prying Bedouins; but silence and discipline were wonderfully well preserved, and forward, ever forward, moved the invisible and barely audible masses of fighting men. Once the Highland Brigade lay down to rest for twenty minutes, and this was the occasion of some confusion which was like to have ended in a calamity. For the order thus given in the centre of the Highland line did not reach the outer flanks,

by reason of its being so cautiously passed mouth to mouth, till some time after, the sequence being that as the flanks continued to step out, while maintaining touch with the recumbent centre, those flanks lost their cohesion and circled round in such a manner that the Brigade finally halted in a crescent formation, with the right and left almost fronting each other; and but for the intelligence and efforts of the officers, these opposing mistaking each other for enemies, might have come to actual blows.

With great difficulty the proper marching order was restored, and on again swept—or, crept—the whole line, like thieves in the night. The weird and ghostly was the effect of the long, dark streaks, looking like shadows of moving phantoms but which were really lines of men stealing through the desert. All these men knew that they were forbidden to fire a single shot until within fifty yards of the Egyptian lines, and that these were to be followed with a cheer and a rush at the point of the bayonet; so that they almost held their breath with eagerness, and plodded ever on like the tombs of the desert—silent, resolute, and patient. For nearly five hours they had thus advanced, and then they knew that the supreme moment must now be near. Nearer, indeed, than they fancied! For, to use again the words of Captain Hamley, who was riding behind his Highness, "Just as the paling of the stars showed day to be near, but while it was still as dark as night, a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries, or small pickets on the side of the enemy's lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the shots killed a Highlander. The movement was unchanged, and at length a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before dark, which just before seemed very doubtful. A minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the Egyptian bugle was blown, and then the extent of entrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown of, poured forth a volley of rifle fire. Then, for the first time that I could really be said to see my men, lighted up the flashes. The dim phantom lines which we had been looking on all night suddenly were as life as our bugles sounded the charge, answering with lusty, continued cheers, and without a moment's pause or hesitation, they sprang forward in steady array."

It was as if the footlights of the rebel long-extended stage had suddenly flashed

nding flame ; and now the vast and heatre of the desert, which a moment ad been wrapped in the deepest silence .ness, grew luminous with lurid jets of resonant with the deafening rattle of musketry and the roar of guns—a nation scene as sudden as it was impressive had British soldiers been actors a grandly picturesque stage. But suppose that these soldiers returned the ained on them by the Remingtons of en? Not a bit of it. Not a single shot l from our lines ; but bayonets were d away like an avalanche dashed the on the foe. Their distance from the ine of entrenchment was deemed to be o yards, and in the interval nearly 200 t down, the 74th (Highland Light In- the left losing five officers and sixty men got to the ditch. This was six feet wide feet deep, and beyond was a parapet igh from the bottom. The first man to is parapet was Private Donald Cameron, ameron Highlanders, a brave young om the braes of Athol ; but he at once among his struggling comrades with a ough his brain, dying the noblest of all Little wonder that, on passing the 79th, battle, General Alison exclaimed, "Well e Cameron men ! Scotland will be this day's work !"

appened that in the darkness the High- ade, which formed the left of the attack, considerably in front of the rest of the at it was the first, so to speak, to break et-teeth on Arabi's entrenchments ; and ire of these works for the first ten to a quarter of an hour of the fight was ry of the advance of the kilted warriors North. They had not fought better Fontenoy, Quebec, and Quatre Bras ; their present foes to be despised, seeing : allowed by all to have borne the charge iscipline and a desperation worthy of roops. "I never saw men fight more " said Sir A. Alison. "Five or six times o close on them with the bayonet, and I e poor men fighting hard when their ere flying before us. All this time, too, goodly sight to see the Cameron and ighlanders—mingled together as they the stream of the fight, their young eading in front, waving their swords ir heads—their pipes playing, and the ing on with that proud smile on their

lips which you never see in soldiers save in the moment of successful battle."

When the Black Watch had reached the crest of the works, and were being re-formed to attack some other guns in the interior entrenchments, a battery of the newly-formed Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery swept past them, shouting out "Scotland for ever !" as the Greys and the Highlanders had done on the ensanguined slopes of Waterloo. Here the Black Watch had to mourn the death of Sergeant-Major MacNeill, who fell pierced by three bullets after laying low six of the enemy with his good claymore. At one time some confusion was caused in the onward rushing ranks of the Camerons by some voices shouting "Retire ! Retire !" but these cries were found to have emanated from a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen"—Fenians who wished no good to the cause of England and her army—and they were put an end to there and then, meeting with the just fate of all traitors. But the treachery of these two unworthy sons of Erin was more than atoned for by their countrymen of the Royal Irish on the extreme right of the position, who, with a wild yell, and all the splendid valour of their nation, went straight as a dart at their particular portion of Arabi's works, carrying them with the bayonet, and completely turning the flank of his position.

All along the line the engagement now became general, our men plying butt and bayonet upon the Egyptians, who fell in scores—in swarms. At the bastions stormed by the Highland Brigade the enemy lay in hundreds. On the other hand, the total casualties of the British army at Tel-el-Kebir amounted to 339, of which 243 occurred in the Highland Brigade, leaving 96 to represent the losses of the rest of the force.

Many died of their wounds, and the Guards almost died of grief at the thought that they had never got a chance to die of wounds. Under the Queen's soldier-son they were in the second line as a reserve, but so quickly and successfully had the works been stormed that they were not required to fire a shot. On the other side of the canal, the Indian contingent, with the Seaforth Highlanders, the bronzed companions of Roberts in his immortal march from Cabul to Candahar, had met with less opposition, and come up just in the nick of time to turn Arabi's right flank and complete the rout of his broken men. His camp, stores, and ordnance were all captured, and he

himself fled, alone from the field of battle on a swift steed.

It was asserted by some of our ill-natured foreign critics who were rather jealous of our brilliant victory, that we had dimmed its lustre by massacring many of the wounded Egyptians. But this was not true in the sense implied. None but savage nations commit such barbarities, and British troops have never been wanting in a humanity equal to their courage. Certainly some of the wounded soldiers of Arabi had to be bayoneted as they lay, but this was simply owing to the fact that when our triumphant troops were rushing on through the prostrate ranks of their foes, numbers of the latter, feigning to be dead, suddenly raised themselves and fired at the backs of our forward-bounding men. There was even one case, at least, where a wounded Egyptian did this after being treated to a pull from the water-bottle of a kind-hearted Highlander (the Sergeant Palmer to whose account of the battle reference has already been made in a note); and for such an act of base ingratitude and treachery, there could only have

been one possible answer—the bayonet point. By the time the action was over, our own men were suffering frightfully from thirst, nor could many of them be restrained from rushing to quench their thirst in the adjacent canal, although the water was almost putrid from the corpses of men and the carcases of animals.

The battle had been won by the British infantry, but the artillery and cavalry (as well as a splendid body of Blue Jackets) came up to carry on the pursuit of the flying foe and pluck the fruits of victory, which, on the night of the following day, fell into the hands of the English when their cavalry, after a splendid forced march of about forty miles under a blazing sun, entered Cairo just in time to save the city from destruction and capture Arabi himself.

After Waterloo we sent the despot Napoleon to St. Helena, and after Tel-el-Kebir we sent the rebel Arabi to Ceylon, where he had leisure enough to reflect on the folly of his conduct, called out into the field against him as he was, and organised a force as ever added lustre to British arms.



ARABI SURRENDERING TO GENERAL DRURY LOWE.



IT must have seemed to the people of the United States as if Sunday was to be for them a day of fate. Bull Run, the initial battle of the Civil War, was fought on a Sunday, and Shiloh, the battle which may be considered the second clear point of the great struggle, began on a Sunday. But here coincidences between the battles did not end. A General Johnston (Albert Sidney at Shiloh and Joseph Eggleston at Bull Run) and General Beauregard commanded the Southern forces on both occasions; moreover, each battle may be said to have had two clearly defined parts, and in each first appearances, as is so often the case in things civic or military, proved deceptive. At noon on the Sunday of Bull Run the Federals had carried all before them; and at noon on the Sunday of Shiloh the South was in as favourable a position. Yet, in the end, the North suffered defeat at Bull Run, as did the South at Shiloh.

The fortunes of war, ever fickle, went sadly against the Confederates at Shiloh. Skilfully planned and boldly executed by the Southern leaders, if luck had been at all equally divided between the two armies, the Confederates must surely have won. But in the thick of the action, when Sherman had been driven back step by step, when Prentiss and his whole command had been captured, and when nothing seemed able to stay the march of the South, and none to withstand their savage charges—when, in fact, it looked as though Grant and his army must inevitably be annihilated or swept into the Tennessee River—then it was that a rifle-bullet struck General Johnston. The leader of the Confederate army fell, and in a few minutes bled to death.

The news ran along the Southern line, and to everyone who heard it, foretold disaster.

It checked the charges of the South more effectively than ten thousand Federals could have done. The men from the South lost heart. Their ardour cooled, and the partial cessation of the fight allowed the Northerners the breathing-time they so sorely needed.

To add to the confusion of the Confederates, General Beauregard, second in command to Johnston, could not at once be found, and for a time the army was leaderless. When Beauregard learned of the death of his chief, he hastened to assume command; but before he could get his army in hand, two invaluable hours were lost. This left him with far too short a spell of daylight before him to successfully accomplish all that was needed to be done for victory. Night came on, and with the night came General Buell and 30,000 men to the relief of Grant.

Next day General Beauregard found himself outnumbered, an army of fresh men opposing him, and the victory so nearly won was snatched from him.

The defeat of the Federal forces at Bull Run came as a great humiliation to the North, but it served a good purpose nevertheless. Up to the destruction of McDowell's army at Bull Run, the people of the Free States had looked upon the rebellion of the Slave States as a trivial matter, of little moment, scarcely a rebellion at all. But when the dead, wounded, and missing of Bull Run were counted, the gravity of the situation came home to a people unused to war. It was then recognised that the enlisting of 75,000 men, and these for three months only, had been but trifling with a situation full of grave danger. President Lincoln called for 500,000 men to serve for three years, and this call was answered by close upon 700,000. These men enlisted in all sincerity, and from that day to the close of the war there were no longer

lighthearted, boisterous mobs, tramping gaily to the South, but armies moving seriously, and fully recognising that a stubborn contest lay ahead. Bull Run was fought near Washington on the Atlantic slope, but Shiloh brings us to the Mississippi Valley. The battle-field is in the State of Tennessee, near to the border of the State of Mississippi, and rests on the Tennessee River at a place called Pittsburg Landing. Indeed, the battle would have been more appropriately named the Battle of Pittsburg Landing—many do speak of it as such.

Leading up to the Battle of Shiloh were several important movements and events. In the first place, at the outbreak of rebellion, the State of Kentucky, to use an American expression, attempted to "sit astraddle the fence." A majority of those in authority in that important State, sympathising with the South, but recognising that the people of the State were largely in favour of maintaining the Union, tried to induce them to declare neutrality—to notify both North and South that any attempt to send troops into Kentucky would be resisted by the troops of the State.

This, on the face of it, was an impossible position. If President Lincoln had recognised the right of a State to remain neutral, and to forbid the passage across it of national troops, he would soon have found a barrier of such States running clear across the continent, and in the end he would have been unable to stamp out the rebellion at all. Lincoln refused to recognise such a position, and the people of Kentucky, thinking better of it, declared their loyalty and offered service.

When those at the head of Southern affairs saw that Kentucky could not be hoodwinked even by such a plausible plea as negative action, General Polk, commanding a Southern force of considerable dimensions, was ordered to push up into the State. This he did, and seizing Columbus, an important town some twenty miles or so south of the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, established there his headquarters.

Another force of Southern troops took possession of Bowling Green, an important centre on the far east of Kentucky. Between these two Confederate centres the rivers Tennessee and Cumberland flowed, the rivers themselves and their valleys forming natural highways to the very heart of the South. To prevent any such use being made of these by the Federals, the Confederates built two forts—Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donaldson on the

Cumberland River. These were placed at points where the two rivers were only twelve miles apart; and a line drawn from General Polk's headquarters, Columbus, on the Mississippi east to Bowling Green, intersecting the two forts, would be the line between the North and the South.

This General Polk, commanding at Columbus, was a character in his way. When war broke out it found him Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Louisiana; and without resigning his ecclesiastical position—intending, in fact, to again resume active work when the war should be over—he accepted command of a Confederate force and served with considerable distinction, effectively checking Grant at the Battle of Belmont, and holding Columbus until the capitulation of Fort Donaldson, when he fell back to join General Johnston at Corinth, which movement brought him on the field of Shiloh. He was killed on Pine Mountain by a cannon shot in 1864.

When Polk and his Confederates seized Columbus, a Federal force was massed at Cairo, in the State of Illinois, not many miles north of the Confederate headquarters. Among the officers stationed at Cairo there was one who, although as yet in a comparatively subordinate position, was destined to become the central figure of the war. Before the struggle ceased the name Ulysses S. Grant became known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Like a large majority of the officers engaged in the war, Grant had served through the Mexican campaign, and at the taking of Mexico won personal compliments from General Worth for, among many other remarkable deeds, mounting a Howitzer in a church belfry, and from that elevation firing upon the enemy. When the Mexican war collapsed, Grant retired from the army and lived in obscurity, at one time tilling a small farm near St. Louis, at another clerking in a hardware store, and again, earning his living as a carter; but when the civil strife began, the Governor of Illinois appointed him mustering officer, and step by step he advanced until the capture of Fort Donaldson brought his personality vividly before the people of America. From that day his fame as a leader spread. After years of fighting he brought the war to a conclusion, and before he died had been twice elected President of his country.

But stationed at Cairo, and confronting General Polk, he had his reputation still to

he headquarters of the Northern at St. Louis, General Halleck being commander of the Federals in that country. To him Grant proposed a applied for permission to break the ie by an attack and capture of the Henry and Donaldson. Supplement-appeal, this plan was urged upon many prominent military experts h.

ng time General Halleck did not to Grant's request. However, on st, 1862, Grant obtained the per- which he sought, and, marching t Henry, quickly reduced it. With- a moment's time he pushed across miles intervening, and set about of Fort Donaldson. This proved ore difficult undertaking than Fort been, but on account of divided mong the Confederates holding the xcellent fighting by the Northern in time fell. For these successes lleck was assigned to the command partment of the Mississippi, and ed to the rank of major-general, o the command of the military Tennessee.

uated Columbus, made a stand at . 10," was driven from there, and n line was shattered.

ove the Southern forces out of the ntucky and across the whole breadth of Tennessee.

ohnston, the Southern commander, ncentration at a place called Corinth, der-line of Tennessee and Mississippi, Northern forces concentrating at twenty-three miles farther north, ttle of Shiloh inevitable.

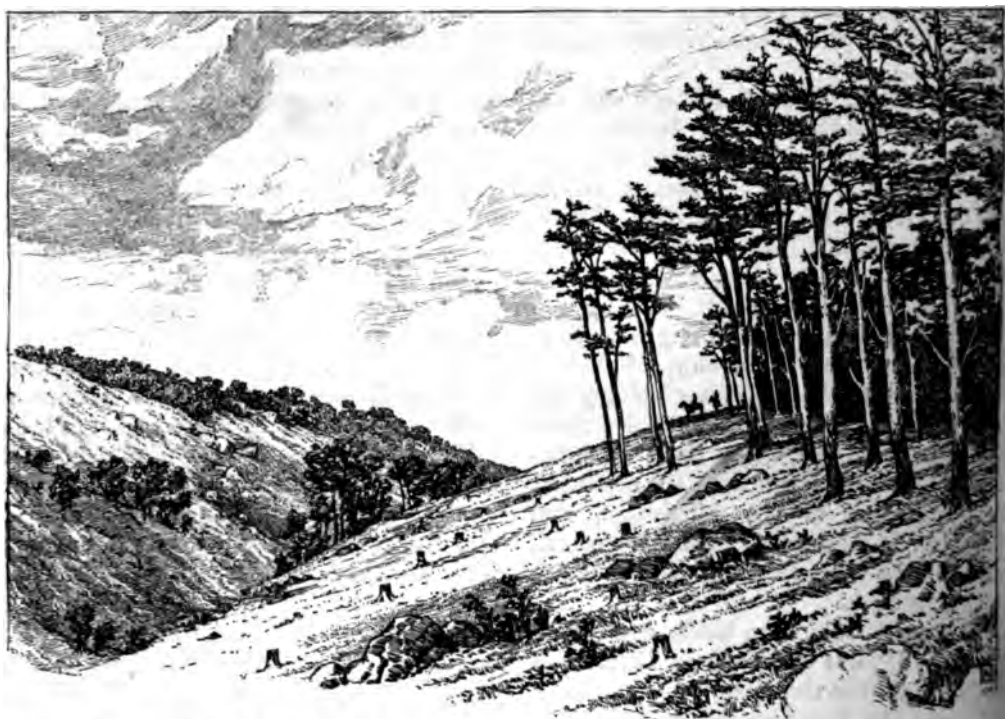
h 11th President Lincoln in a war anded, "That the two departments the respective commands of Generals 1 Hunter, together with so much of General Buell as lies west of a north line indefinitely drawn through Tennessee, be considered and desig- Department of the Mississippi, and otherwise ordered, Major-General re command of said Department." s an exacting officer, who carried l prudence to such an extent that to be virtues. About the time Lincoln war order, Grant in some way had alleck, and, as a consequence, had

been superseded for the time being in the command by General C. F. Smith, a sturdy soldier, held in high esteem by his superiors. Smith was first ordered to Savannah, and when there, General Halleck instructed him to search out a fit position in the vicinity to assemble the Federal army preparatory to advancing on Corinth. Pittsburg Landing, nine miles south of Savannah on the Tennessee River, and on the direct line to Corinth, was the chosen spot, and thither General Grant, reinstated in his command, proceeded to take up his position to await the arrival of General Buell and 22,000 Northern troops who were on their way to reinforce him before he advanced to Corinth. Both North and South, recognising the inevitability of a decisive battle, set about the amassing of troops at their respective centres—Pittsburg Landing and Corinth.

Albert Sidney Johnston, a general who had seen much service against the Mexicans and Indians, and who was looked upon as the most brilliant of all the Southern leaders, had his headquarters at Nashville, Tennessee, when the crushing news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson reached him. He saw that he must without delay fall back and at some point consolidate the scattered forces of the South. On February 18th he moved out, evacuating Nashville, and leaving in that city only a small company to preserve order, made Corinth his object point. General Beauregard, second in command at this time as at Bull Run, was guarding the Mississippi, and Johnston now set about joining their two armies to check the advance of the Federals under Grant. To accomplish this it was imperative that Johnston should give up his hold either on the Mississippi or Central Tennessee, and he decided to hold the Mississippi at all hazard. For this purpose, and to retain control of railways indispensable to the South, he decided that Corinth was the proper point for concentration. Picking up on his way all those who had escaped capture at Fort Donaldson, he arrived at Corinth on March 24th with 20,000 men. To meet him came General Bragg, from Pensacola, with 10,000 men; General Polk, from Columbus; General Ruggles, from New Orleans; and General Beauregard, commanding the whole. In all, his force numbered about 50,000 men. General Grant, already stationed on what was destined to be the field of the Battle of Shiloh, had about 38,000 men, and General Buell, marching to reinforce Grant, had something like 22,000 men.

Johnston's troops as a whole were poorly armed. Thousands of them were, in fact, practically without arms, and many regiments were under the necessity of borrowing rifles from other regiments with which to do their drills. Moreover, there was a serious deficiency

and roads well-nigh impassable from heavy rain and overflowing streams ; but Grant, with full security, awaited his coming with no impatience. It seems never to have crossed Grant's mind that there existed a possibility of Johnston attacking him. He erected no breastworks,



SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD : SCENE ABOVE THE RIVER WHERE THE CONFEDERATES' ADVANCE WAS CHECKED IN THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

in ammunition, and the clothing of the majority of the troops was in a deplorable condition. But Johnston and his officers set to work with the greatest determination. Green regiments were broken into their duties, the country was scoured for volunteers, and train-loads of arms were hurried from the Atlantic coast. Johnston strained every nerve to complete arrangements and to get his army in a proper state to admit of his attacking Grant and beating him, before Buell could arrive with reinforcements. He had been so fortunate as to effect the concentration of his forces first, and there was, so it seemed to him, a good chance of finding himself in a position to fight the Northern army in sections. If he could but come at Grant before Buell arrived he entertained no fears of the results. Grant once beaten, a highway to the north would be thrown open to him. Buell, as it happened, was being seriously delayed by broken bridges

and does he seem to have taken the simple precaution of keeping a sharp look-out with scouts or pickets at a reasonable distance in front of him. The absence of ordinary prudence may have cost him thousands of lives in this, the Battle of Shiloh.

All matters carefully arranged, Johnston determined to strike at Grant without further delay, issuing marching orders on the afternoon of April 3rd, and the Confederate army set out to surprise the Federal army as it lay on the banks of the Tennessee. The marching force consisted of 40,000 men divided into three columns commanded by Generals Bragg, Hardee, and Polk ; Breckenridge commanding the reserve. Johnston, of course, assumed supreme command, and Beauregard was second in command, without specific orders. Hardee led the van, Bragg followed, and Polk and Breckenridge on the left and right brought up the rear.

As it turned out, the march to Shiloh was one of galling hardship. Blinding sleet, and snow, and rain beat upon the advancing hosts that struggled along knee-deep in slush and mire, painfully dragging after them laden waggons and heavy guns. Ill clad, poorly fed, and sore-footed from long marches to the place of concentration, the soldiers of the South still made the best of matters, and seemed as eager as their commander to strike the blow before it would be too late. Johnston hoped to reach a position to permit of his attacking Grant early on Saturday, April 5th; but when he saw the slow progress his men made along roads that were nothing but stretches

Johnston bivouacked his army within four miles of the Federal camp, and neither Grant nor his officers knew anything about the movement.

To show how completely in the dark the Federal commander must have been, it is only necessary to look at official reports.

Sherman on Saturday reported to Grant—"All is quiet along my line"; and later, "I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position."

The same day Grant, reporting to his superior, Halleck, wrote—"I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attempt being made upon us"; and



THE MARCH TO SHILOH.

of quagmire, he almost despaired of ever covering the miles that lay before him, and, indeed, gave up all hope of surprising the Federals. That Grant would fail to hear of his approach he could not believe. But in this he was mistaken. Grant seemed to have abandoned all caution, and to have made very little, if any, attempt to keep himself in touch with the movements of the Confederates.

After two days wallowing through the mire,

in an earlier telegram he said—"The main force of the enemy is at Corinth."

When he was writing these words the Confederate army, 40,000 strong, was at his very door.

It clearly could never have entered the head of General Smith, when he picked upon Pittsburg Landing as the proper camping-place for the Northern army until such time as accumulated forces warranted a march against Corinth,

that there was a ghost or a chance of the South assuming the offensive. Three sides of the camp were bordered by waterways impassable to troops. To the rear of the camp the broad Tennessee River flowed, to the right Snake Creek, to the left Lick Creek—both deep, sluggish, and unfordable. The ground enclosed by these waters was high, and in places deeply scarred with gullies. The situation was a *cul-de-sac*, the only opening that towards Corinth. And when on that Sunday morning General Johnston's army suddenly appeared, stretching across this opening, the army of the North found itself in a trap from which, it beaten, there could be no escape. Retreat was utterly impossible. There was nowhere to retreat. Never was an army more hopelessly hemmed about than the army of Grant at Shiloh.

Shiloh Church stood at what may be called the entrance to the *cul-de-sac*. Against it, forming the right wing of Grant's army, lay Sherman, clearly the hero of the battle. In the centre, and on a line with Sherman, was stationed Prentiss, while at the extreme left near Lick Creek lay Stewart. To the left and rear of Sherman was McClernand, while in the rear lay the divisions of Generals Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace. Another General Wallace, Lewis by name, with 5,000 reserves, was encamped some miles distant on the northern side of Snake Creek. On the Tennessee River, opposite Pittsburg Landing, a few gunboats rode at anchor, and these, later in the day, played a prominent part in the action.

It was a few minutes after five o'clock on Sunday morning, April the 6th, that Johnston ordered his army to advance. A short distance from the Northern army the Federal pickets were encountered. These were brushed aside, and the Southern soldiers came cheering and firing through the wood. Before the Federals encamped on the banks of the Tennessee were rightly awake, the Confederates came charging down upon the camp. Sherman's men were the first encountered. The firing of the pickets and the subsequent cannonading had awakened this general to the situation, and he called his men under arms, and drew them up to resist the attack. Sherman's brigades standing firm as a rock, the Confederate attack glanced off his ranks and struck Prentiss with irresistible force. This unfortunate general attempted to stay the charge, and for some minutes his men, half-dressed and in confusion,

fought valiantly; but in a very short Prentiss himself and whole companies of his were surrounded and taken prisoners, his camp captured, and his camp overrun and destroyed.

Grant on Saturday had received a message from General Buell to meet him at Savanah this Sunday morning. Little thinking that an engagement was imminent, Grant had come thither to keep the appointment, and the news he had of the Confederate movement was conveyed to him by the thunder of the cannon. Listening, he soon realised that a serious engagement was beginning.

On his way from General Buell to Pittsburg Landing, he arrived at the scene of battle at eight o'clock, and found the whole Confederate army about him. With 33,000 men, to all intents and purposes, he was fighting against 40,000 men who had been taken by surprise, he fought 40,000, who for days had been looking forward to the fray. Already his men had been driven back all along the line. The situation was desperate, Sherman alone having for three hours made a good struggle of it. He was bravely fighting against overwhelming odds, himself sorely wounded, and his men falling in scores about him, General Sherman held his ground so that those behind him might have time to get into line and take up favourable positions. Hard pressed, and in the thickest fire, he rode up and down the lines, personally supervising every detail of the fight, and encouraging his men to the great occasion. But the forces of the South were not to be gainsaid. In the wedge, they drove themselves between Sherman and Prentiss, being slaughtered by him in the process; but, unflinchingly persisting, they assailed Sherman's left so savagely that the general was in the end forced to turn right as a pivot, and in that way to swing his whole command into a fresh position to meet the left being turned. In the process he lost his batteries and his camp. This movement Sherman's permitted General Johnston to bring his forces against McClernand, who, unable to withstand the ferocity of the charge, was far back. Stewart, who held the extreme left near Lick Creek, also fell back, and Hurlbut in the centre was only saved from annihilation by General W. H. L. Wallace's division coming to his succour, and allowing his command to retreat from the open ground into a wood, where the day he was obliged to fight like a lion, withstanding charge after charge delivered by the fiery Southerners. In the defence of his position General W. H. L. Wallace was

General Lewis Wallace, in command of the Federal reserves—5,000 men—lay the other side of Snake Creek, and for his arrival Grant waited with impatience, for matters were becoming desperate. The only way Wallace could possibly reach the scene of battle was by means of a bridge across Snake Creek, and so it seemed to Grant the existence of his army now depended on this bridge being held against capture. Sherman knew this, too, and he gradually fell back, until to fall back any further meant the loss of the bridge. Then he took up as favourable a position as he could find, and refused to retreat one step more, although one-half of the Confederate army dashed against his lines. During the long hours that he stood there, waiting for Lewis Wallace and the reserves, it seemed as though his whole command must be wiped out of existence.

Drawn up in the partial cover of a wood, with before them open rough country, across which the enemy's forces must rush, and with the knowledge that should they allow themselves to be forced back their whole army would be exterminated, each Federal under Sherman and McClelland stood and fought with the desperation of a trapped and stricken tiger. General Johnston, hoping to force the position, hurried forward brigade after brigade, and hurled them against the soldiers of the North. Again and again the van of the Confederates pierced the ranks of the Federals, fighting hand to hand and face to face, with thrust of bayonet and crash of clubbed rifle, but pierced the line only to be blotted out of existence by the men who stood, as it were, with their backs to a wall, and who fought the fight of grim despair. This was the first great slaughter-pen of the bloody battle of Shiloh. Whole companies of Southern troops, bareheaded, barefooted, in rags, hungry, and ill-equipped, but undaunted and determined, rushed headlong across the rugged ground, and with the fury of fanatics flew at the hemmed-in ranks of the North, only to be beaten back by those who could go back no farther. The men of the North grimly held to their position, trusting that fate would soon bring Lewis Wallace and his reserves on the scene to succour an already defeated army.

The South fought for victory, but the North fought for time, for darkness, for life.

At ten o'clock in the morning General Johnston had the satisfaction of knowing that all his plans had worked out to a nicety. He had forced Grant into a corner, carried position

after position, captured many guns, and taken prisoners by hundreds. Grant's army was now confined in a space of not more than 400 acres. At eleven o'clock there came a lull in the fight. The time had arrived for General Johnston to begin the second movement of his plan of battle. This was to turn Grant's left, sweep him from Pittsburg Landing, and crush the left against Sherman on the right. To do this the Confederates must advance across open ground in the very teeth of batteries and intrenched infantry. In the thick of this, the



most difficult work of the day, the South suffered a sudden and irreparable loss. General Johnston while directing the movement was struck by a rifle-bullet. He fell, and almost immediately died. The news ran from lip to lip, and checked the charge. And, to add to the confusion, General Beauregard, on whom the command devolved, could not at once be found to be told that his chief was dead. The fight still continued, but during the time it took to find Beauregard, and the further time that elapsed before he could get the strings of battle into his hands, the Southerners fought themselves into some confusion, and Grant was able to re-form and tighten up his lines. Moreover, the Southerners had driven the Federals so close to the river that they themselves, in following up their successes, found themselves

within range of the guns aboard the boats on the Tennessee River, and shells from the gunboats began to play havoc in the Confederate lines. But this could not be helped. It was the price of success. The afternoon was advancing, and Beauregard hastened to the task of the turning of the left before darkness should make further fighting impossible. Across the ground that divided Federal from Confederate ran a deep scar, and on the shoulder of the opposite bank of this Grant had thrown up

reporting the state of things after the first fight, said :

"At six o'clock p.m. we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl (a tributary of Snake Creek) and Lick Creeks but nearly all his field artillery, about thirty colours, and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small-arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions."



SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD : SCENE WHERE GENERAL JOHNSTON FELL

some hasty breastworks. When the Southerners dashed into this gully, shot and shell from the gunboats on the river shrieked up the length of it, and an appalling rifle-fire came down the slope and into the mass of men that struggled forward to take the breastwork. The Federals were at their last resource. If the breastwork should be taken, and their left turned, it meant the end of all things to them. The Confederates, too, were in desperation, for night was falling upon the land, and victory still unwon. Into the valley they poured, and up the bank they struggled and scrambled, but scarcely one of them reached the top. Shot and shell and bayonet-thrust soon filled the valley with Southern dead and wounded ; and while the fight still continued, darkness fell, and put an end to the day's struggle. Beauregard,

war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a conquering victory—such, indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles."

But this was to be the end of the fruitless victory for the South.

When the bugles rang out on the evening air the order to cease fighting, the soldiers of the North, as well as those of the South, sat on the ground in hopeless exhaustion. They had fought like fiends from early morning, tramping miles of country, scrambled through thickets, across quagmires and stagnant waters, hauled guns and waggons and stores, assisting the wounded, savagely attacking and repelling attack ; and now that a truce for the night had been declared, the soldiers found themselves worn and weak that many paid no attention

cravings of hunger and the urgings towards material comforts, but lay down on the ground bivouacked where they had stood when the order to cease fighting reached them. All the dark, stormy night it rained a chilling

Tennessee, kept up a deafening bombardment of the Confederate quarters throughout the whole of the night, the shells shrieking and crashing among the trees, hurling great limbs, and even whole tree-tops, to the ground, and



"UP THE BANK THEY STRUGGLED AND SCRAMBLED" (p. 212).

A cold wind moaned through the trees, so exhausted were the unwounded that the wounded lay in the main unattended. Grant himself lay with no other covering than the leaves he wore, his head to the stump of a tree, and passed the night as best he could. To the horrors of the night, the two gunboats, riding safely upon the bosom of the

river, finally setting fire to the leaves that were on the ground and the underbrush, until the badly wounded were burned where they lay.

It was indeed a night of horror, of suffering, and of despair.

But worst of all for the South, in the middle of the night Buell arrived, and had the field of battle explained to him; and when the morning

dawned, his army—22,000 men—fresh and eager to fight, marched upon the scene, together with General Wallace's 5,000 reserve. When Beauregard arose to continue the battle, he found himself hopelessly outnumbered, and, fighting bravely still, was rapidly driven from all the advantages he had gained, and in the end routed. His men marched a miserable march to Corinth, again through sleet and mire, but, fortunately for them, the North had been too sorely cut up to follow for any great distance. In this woeful retreat 300 men died of cold and privation.

In this Battle of Shiloh about 100,000 troops all together were engaged, and of these 23,269 were killed, wounded, or missing. It was simply a hard, stubborn fight from start to finish; and the death of Johnston, and Buell's fortunate arrival in the nick of time, in all likelihood saved the Northern army from a most disastrous defeat. The Confederates fought with the fury that distinguished them all through the war. On the other hand, the Federals fought with the dogged determination which ultimately won them the rights for which

they had taken up arms. Draper, in his history of the American Civil War, gives the following as the Federal and Confederate losses:—

In Grant's army there were six divisions. Their losses, in killed and wounded, were:—

1st. McClelland's, loss both days	...	1,861
2nd. W. H. L. Wallace's, loss both days	...	2,424
3rd. Lewis Wallace's, loss second day	...	305
4th. Hurlbut's, loss both days	...	1,985
5th. Sherman's, loss both days	...	2,031
6th. Prentiss' (no report), loss estimated	...	2,000

Aggregate loss 10,601

Of Buell's army, four divisions had marched to Grant's aid; of these, three were engaged:

2nd. McCook's loss	...	881
4th. Nelson's loss	...	693
5th. Crittenden's loss	...	390

Aggregate loss 1,964

The Confederate losses were 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, 959 missing. Total, 10,699.

General Beauregard, after Shiloh, resigned from the command of the Confederate forces on the plea of ill-health, and General Bragg made permanent commander.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

(Photo., Handy, South Washington, D.C.)



THE 31st of January, 1874, will long be a day noted in the memories of the people who were, prior to that time, a scourge to their neighbours and a standing menace to the native tribes under the British protectorate at Cape Coast. It is probable that the exact date itself has long ere this been forgotten, even if—which is very doubtful—the Ashantis possess a calendar, or have any means of calculating the dates of events, unless these happen to occur on the longest or shortest day, or, perhaps, on the occasion of a new or full moon. The memory of the battle, however, owing to a singular custom that prevails among them and the other peoples of the coast, will never be lost as long as the Ashantis remain a tribe. As the Greeks and Romans used to swear by their divinities, the Ashantis swear by their misfortunes; and the most solemn oath that can be taken by a king or chief of these peoples is a national defeat or disaster. Assuredly, then, Amoaful will for many generations be one of the most binding oaths among the Ashantis.

Ashanti had long shared with Dahomey the reputation of being the most warlike and blood-thirsty of the peoples of West Africa; they were constantly at war with their neighbours, the object of the incursions committed being not so much the extension of territory as the carrying away of large numbers of prisoners, to be sacrificed on the occasions of their solemn festivals. They had long borne ill-will to the British at Cape Coast, because of the protection granted by us to the Fanti tribes; and from the commencement of the present century hostilities have broken out at frequent intervals, and more than once the Ashantis have carried fire and sword up to the very walls of Cape Coast, and on one occasion defeated and destroyed a British force under Sir Charles Macarthy.

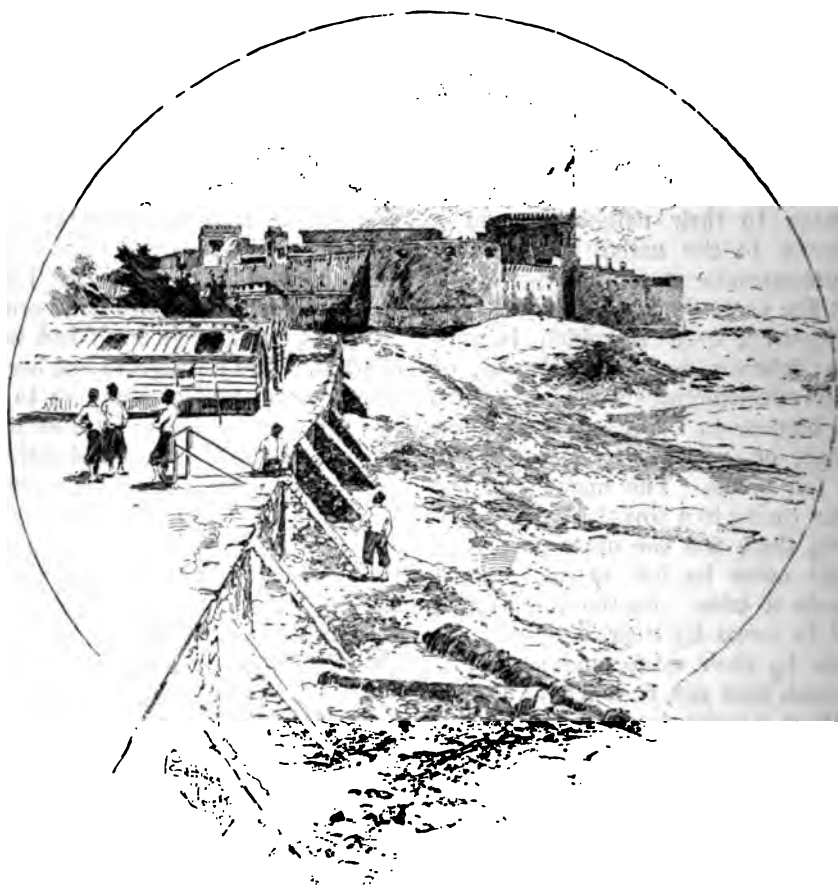
This state of occasional warfare might have continued indefinitely, had not the British exchanged some possessions with the Portuguese, acquiring by this transaction the town of Elmina, some five miles north of Cape Coast Castle, and the protectorate of the district lying behind it. The tribe of this district had been allies of the Ashantis, and Elmina itself had been their port of trade. The Portuguese had been in the habit of paying a small annual sum to the Ashanti; this sum was considered by them to be a present, but was regarded by the Ashantis as a tribute. Ashanti, therefore, objected to the transfer, and marched an army across the Prah to the assistance of their allies in the districts dependent on Elmina. Early in June, having brushed aside the resistance of the Fantis, the invading army reached Elmina, being joined by all the tribes in its neighbourhood. A small party of Marines and Marine Artillery were landed from the ships on the coast, and inflicted a severe blow on the invaders as they were on the point of entering the town.

The position was so serious that the British Government sent out Sir Garnet Wolseley, with some twenty British officers, to organise, if possible, a native force to cope with the enemy; or, if this could not be done, to prepare the way for the landing of a British force of sufficient strength to strike a heavy blow at the Ashantis in their own country. Just as the party left England, a disaster befell us. Commodore Commerell started to ascend the Prah with boats from the squadron on the coast. They had gone but a short distance when they were fired upon by the Ashantis, in ambush behind the bushes lining the bank of the river. Commodore Commerell was severely wounded, as were other officers and many seamen, and the expedition was forced to return.

The attempt to get up a large native force

failed ; but an expedition was undertaken from Elmina, composed of blue-jackets and marines, and a portion of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, and this, after a sharp brush with the enemy, burnt several villages and cleared the neighbourhood of the Ashantis, who had been suffering very much during the wet season from disease and the want of food. An attack on Abra Crampa, whose king had joined us heartily,

and when these landed, early in January, all ready for their advance. The force consisted a battalion of the Rifle Brigade and the 4th the 23rd Regiment remained on board the ship that had brought them, it being considered that it was better for them to stay in reserve the difficulties of carriage were so great that fewer the number of men taken up the hill. There was also a naval brigade, composed



CAPE COAST CASTLE.

was repulsed ; there was sharp fighting at Dunqua and other skirmishes ; and the Ashantis, disheartened by want of success, and more than decimated by fever, fell back across the Prah. The invasion had, thus far, been repelled solely by the naval forces, aided by the 2nd West Indian Regiment and two native regiments commanded by Sir Evelyn Wood and Major Baker Russell, each of whom had some eight English officers under him.

A road was made to the Prah, huts erected at suitable distances for the use of the white troops,

blue-jackets and marines, some companies 1st and 2nd West Indian Regiments, Wood Russell's native regiments, and a battery of little mountain guns commanded by Col. Rait, and manned by natives trained by and a small party of Royal Engineers. After a few skirmishes of no great importance, a force made their way nearly to Amoaful, it was known that the Ashanti army assembled in force to oppose their advance.

The white regiments halted at Ingafoo,



"THE BONNY MEN LED THE ADVANCE" (p. 221).

in showers of grape. At last the Ashanti fire diminished, and the troops dashed forward up the lane, and the bush thickened on either side until too dense even for the Ashantis to occupy it. With a cheer the Black Watch issued from the upper end of the pass, and spread out into the wide open space dividing the village of Amoaful into two sections. For a short time the Ashantis kept up a fire from the houses and from the other end of the cleared space, but the 42nd soon drove them from the houses; and a shell from a gun fell among a group at the farther end of the clearing and killed eight of them, and the rest retreated at once. Major McPherson and eight other officers were wounded, and the total of 104 casualties in a force of 450 men showed how severe had been the struggle.

It was now twelve o'clock, and although they had lost their camp and village and had suffered terribly, the Ashantis were not yet finally beaten. The principal part of the force that had been engaged upon our left had swept round to the right, and were pressing hard upon our right column, and cutting in between them and the 42nd. Fortunately, however, the left column had cut its path rather too much to the east and now came into the main path, and so formed a connecting link between the 42nd at Amoaful and the head of the right column. Although the latter had been strengthened by the addition of a company of the Rifles, it suffered severely: Colonel Wood and six naval officers were wounded, together with some forty men. The fire of the enemy at last slackened, and it seemed as if all was over, when suddenly a tremendous fire broke out from the rear of the column, showing that the Ashantis were making a last and desperate effort to turn our right flank, and to retake the village from which they had been driven in the morning.

For a few minutes the scene in the village was exciting. So near were the enemy that the slugs came pattering down among the remainder of the Rifles still held in reserve there, and they and the guard of the reserve ammunition prepared to resist an attack, three companies of the Rifles at once moving out to prolong the rear of the right column, and so to cover that side of the village. For a while the roar of musketry was as heavy and continuous as it had been during the morning, and continued so for three-quarters of an hour. While it was going on another strong body of the enemy attacked Quarman, but the small force of forty men of the 2nd West Indian

Regiment and half a company of Wood's, although taken by surprise—for with a battle raging but half a mile away, they had no idea of being attacked—defended themselves with great gallantry, and even sallied out and fought in a convoy that had arrived near them, and finally, being reinforced by a company of Rifles, took the offensive and drove off the assailants.

Finding themselves met on whatever side they attacked, the Ashanti fire began to diminish. As soon as it did so, Sir Garnet gave the order for the line to advance, sweeping round to the rear so as to drive the enemy before them. The movement was admirably executed. A company of men who had been raised at Bonny, and who had fought bravely in a defensive, now raised their shrill war-cries, slinging their rifles and drawing their bayonets, dashed eagerly forward, while by the time the skirmishing was steadily and quietly passing into a full-scale battle, the men of the Rifle Brigade were every bush with their bullets; and in five minutes from the commencement of their advance the Ashantis were in full retreat.

The number of casualties on the part of the white and native troops amounted to 104—a very heavy proportion, considering the comparatively small number of the force engaged. Fortunately the wounds, for the most part, were comparatively slight: the flying slugs made ugly-looking gashes, but seldom penetrated to the bone. Captain Buckle, of the Engineers, was the only officer killed, but the number of wounded was large, and included two other Engineers. Out of the total of five engaged.

No one had shown more determined bravery than the natives, who worked as sappers and miners under their orders. The work was trying enough for the men, who for five hours remained prone, returning the fire of their rifles at the foe's. The natives, however, for the most part, were working continuously, cutting through the thick bush and exposed themselves less to the enemy's fire. Nearly half the number were among the wounded. The number of deaths did not exceed twenty on the side of the Ashantis; no accurate record was obtained of the number who fell. It is the custom always to carry off the killed and wounded, unless hotly pressed; and the last rush of the Black Watch at Amoaful, they had ample time to follow

om. Nevertheless, the number of was very large, and the lowest calculated their loss at 2,000. Among these in Quatia, the general-in-chief of the and Aboo, one of the six great tributaries of Ashanti. The Ashantis fought ordinary pluck and resolution ; they,

to the British for their long endurance of a terrific fire from unseen foes, by the manner in which they fought under conditions so absolutely novel to them, and for the unwavering resolution with which they won their way through the bush and finally defeated a foe of ten times their own numerical force. The victory of Amoaful



THE LITTLE RISE WAS HELD OBSTINATELY BY THE ENEMY" (p. 218).

ormously outnumbered the little ce, and their position was admirably or their peculiar method of fighting. e other hand, they were wretchedly l their old and worn-out muskets were ons indeed compared with the breech- the whites, who had, in addition, the of their guns and rocket tubes.

edit was due to both sides : to the or their obstinate and long-continued id for the vigour with which, when e was penetrated, they strove to re-day by their flank attack upon us ;

virtually decided the result of the campaign, for although the Ashantis fought again on the other side of the river Dah, the terrible punishment inflicted upon them at Amoaful had greatly reduced their spirit ; nevertheless, they fought stoutly.

On this occasion the Bonny men led the advance up the path beyond the river, and before they had gone half a mile were hotly engaged. Lieutenant Saunders, with one of Rait's guns, endeavoured to clear the bushes, but little progress was made for two hours, and Lieutenant Eyre, the adjutant of Wood's regiment, fell

mortally wounded when standing near the gun. The Rifles now relieved the Bonny men, and led the advance, and made their way slowly forward until within fifty yards of a large clearing, surrounding a village; then with a cheer they rushed forward, drove the enemy from the clearing, and occupied the village. But behind them the combat raged for another two hours. The troops lined the sides of the path, and repulsed all the efforts of the Ashantis to break through them, holding the position while the native carriers took the stores, spare ammunition, and medical comforts along the path and up to the village. As soon as the last of these had passed along, the troops followed, until the whole force were gathered in and round the village.

The loss of the Ashantis can have been but little inferior to that which they suffered at Amoafu, for they several times approached in such masses that the whole bush swayed and moved as they pushed forward. On the other hand, our casualties were very slight, for as the road was, like all the paths in the country, hollowed out by the traffic fully two feet below the general level, the troops lying there were protected as by a breast-work of that height. When the whole force were assembled in the village, the enemy still kept up serious and desperate attacks upon the rear, but were always repulsed by the Rifles, who lined the edge of the clearing. Mingled with the continued din of musketry was the lugubrious roar of the great war-horns throughout the woods, and the wild war-cry of the Ashantis.

The halt was a short one; Coomassie was still six miles distant, and soon after the force were gathered round the village the Highlanders, with Rait's guns, moved forward along the path. For the first twenty minutes the fire of the enemy was very heavy, but when the Black Watch gained the crest of the rise beyond the village, the resistance became more feeble, and they dashed forward at the double, sweeping all opposition aside. The resistance of the Ashantis at once ceased; they had done all that was possible for them to do to oppose our advance, and had failed. Their main body was still in the rear of the village, engaged in unavailing attacks upon the force there. Probably their best and bravest troops were with this force, and at the rapid advance of the 42nd a panic seized the defenders of the path; those in the bush could not hope to move forward as rapidly as did the troops in the open, while those in the villages along the path, warned by flying fugitives of the rapid approach of the foe, joined in their flight. The

road was strewn with articles of clothing, stools of state of the chiefs, weapons, and

From this time no single shot was fired. The warriors in the bush, seeing that they could not hope to get ahead of the advance force and make another effort to defeat the capital, either went off at once to their villages or made a wide circuit and came down upon Coomassie upon the road between that town and a spot, five miles away, where the killed Ashanti were buried, and where, doubtless, another battle would have been fought had the troops advanced to the sacred spot. They halted at the last village before arriving at Coomassie, until they were there joined by the remainder of the force; then, after crossing a deep arched marsh surrounding the town, they entered the capital of the enemy. It was not, as might have been expected, deserted: a good many inhabitants remained, some of the men being armed, and watched with curiosity rather than with alarm, the entry of the white men who had broken the strength of their country. Orders were given to disarm them at once, as soon as they perceived that this was their intention they gradually withdrew, and in half an hour the whole of the natives of Coomassie had disappeared in the bush.

Several fires broke out in various parts of the town. Some of these may have been those of the Ashantis themselves, but most of them were caused unquestionably by the native followers, who, in spite of the stringent orders against looting, stole away in the dark to gather plunder. Some of them were killed, and one was hung, and then, after posting sentries thickly outside the town, the troops went to sleep.

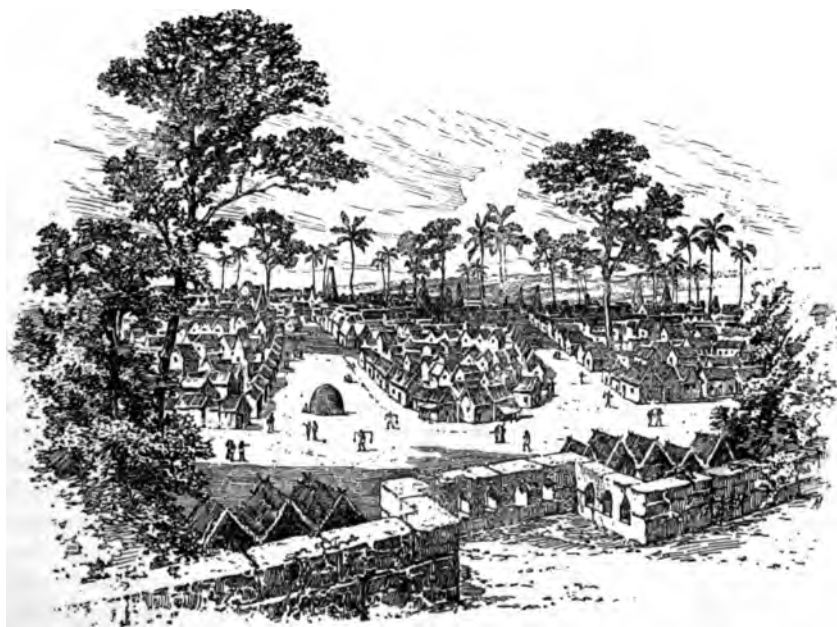
The next morning the captured town was fairly seen. The streets were very wide and straight, and grew in them; and from the irregularity which the houses were scattered about resembled a great straggling village rather than a town. The houses were of the kind with which the troops had already become familiar; they resembled the architecture of a Chinese rather than that of any other known to the British. Outside was an alcove with red steps, high floor, and white pillars supporting the roof. This formed the front of the house, as there was no entrance from it in the interior, it was, in fact, a sort of sitting-house and balcony, where the master usually sat to look at the passing world and converse with his acquaintances. Inside, the houses were

of the same character, comprising a number of little courts with alcoves on one or more sides. Everything in Coomassie bore signs of the superstitious belief of the inhabitants in fetish. Over every door was suspended a variety of charms—old stone weapons, nuts, gourds, amulets, beads, bits of china, bones, and odds-and-ends of all kinds. The principal apartments of the larger houses were lumbered up with drums, great umbrellas, and other paraphernalia of processions; but there were no real valuables of any kind.

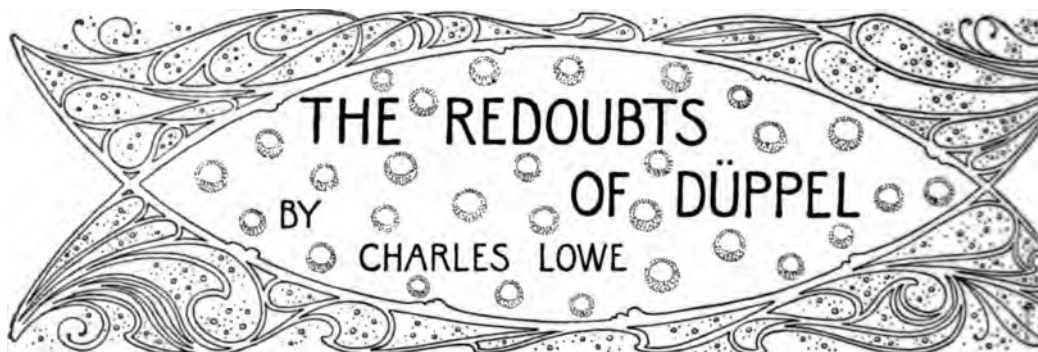
The great objects of interest to the troops in the town were the palace and the great fetish-tree from which Coomassie took its name. In a large clump of bushes adjoining the latter were found the remains of some thousands of victims sacrificed in the bloody festivals. The majority were, of course, but skeletons; but there were hundreds that could have lain there but a few weeks, many which must have been sacrificed within a few days. The stench from this charnel-place was horrible, and pervaded the whole town. The palace occupied a very large extent of ground. It consisted of a central stone building of European architecture, which was used as a storehouse and was crowded with articles of furniture, silver plate, gold masks, clocks, glass,

china, guns, cloth, and caskets, resembling in its confusion and the variety of its contents a succession of auction-rooms. The rest of the palace was of native work—similar, but on a much larger scale, to the houses of the great chiefs.

A horrible smell of blood pervaded the whole place—for many of the executions were held in the palace itself. During the day the rain fell in torrents; and as it became known that the king had gone right away into the interior of the country, as provisions were running very short, the troops were already feeling much the effects of the climate, and as the rains would swell every stream and fill every swamp, it was decided to make a start for the coast the next morning, after burning down the place that had been the scene of such countless horrors and atrocities. This was done as the column marched out of the town. The Engineers fired the houses and blew up the king's palace; and a vast cloud of smoke rising high into the air must have told the Ashantis, scattered far and wide through the forests, that vengeance had at last fallen on the city that had for so many years been regarded by them as sacred, and had been the object of superstitious terror and hate to the tribes for hundreds of miles round.



COOMASSIE.



THE REDOUBTS OF DÜPPEL

BY CHARLES LOWE

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race, was the beautiful and interesting province which formed the bone of bloody contention between the Prussians and the Danes in the year 1864, just a year after the Prince of Wales had wedded the Danish "sea-king's daughter from over the sea," and made all Englishmen take the very deepest interest in the hopeless struggle of her undaunted countrymen against an overwhelming foe.

The cause of quarrel was one of the most complicated questions which ever vexed the minds of statesmen, and seemed so incapable of solution that an irreverent Frenchman once declared it would remain after the heavens and the earth had passed away. But on the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark, in November, 1863, Herr von Bismarck, who had the year before become Prussian Premier, determined that the difficulty should now be settled by "blood and iron." Briefly put, the new King of Denmark, Christian IX., father of the Princess of Wales, wanted to rule over the Elbe Duchies, as Schleswig-Holstein was called, in a way, as was thought at Berlin, unfavourable to the rights and aspirations of their German population; while, on the other hand, the Germanic Diet, or Council of German Sovereigns at Frankfort, was resolved that this should not be so. And rather than that this should be so, it decreed "execution" on the King of Denmark, who had a seat in the Diet as for the Duchies, and selected two of its members, Hanover and Saxony, to enforce its decision.

But not content with this, Austria and Prussia, the leading members of the Diet, also resolved to take the field, as executive bailiffs, so to speak, of the judgment of the German Court; and this they did at the beginning of 1864 with a united force of about 45,000 men.

That was not so very large a force, considering the size of modern armies, but it was larger than that opposed to it by the Danes, about 36,000 in number, who were commanded by General de Meza. The Austrians were commanded by Field-Marshal von Gortschakoff and the Prussians by their own Prince Frederick Charles, surnamed the "Red Prince," from his scarlet uniform of his favourite regiment, the Zieten Hussars.

The Commander of the combined Austro-Prussian army was the Prussian Field-Marshal von Wrangel—"old Papa Wrangel," as he was fondly called—who looked, and spoke, and acted like a survival from the time of the Thirty Years' War. He was a great *beau sabreur*, who, in his later days, would grind his teeth (what of them were left) under the impression that he was sowing of bullets that would yet spring up and cause the death of all democrats and other non-military characters dangerous to military monarchy and the rule of the sword in the civil state.

"*In Gottes Namen drauf!*"—"For God's name!"—"Papa" Wrangel had with him the various contingents of his forces on the 1st of February, when at last the Danes had yielded to his demands with an emphatic "No!" then the combined Austro-Prussian army moved over the Eider amid a blinding storm of snow.

The Prussians took the right, the Austrians the left of the advance into the Duchies. After one or two preliminary actions of no great moment, the invaders reached the Danes at a very strong line of earthworks which had been the place of the bulwark thrown up by the Danes in ancient times against the incursions of the Germans. Here the Prussians met with a stubborn resistance, but what was their surprise and their delight, on the morning

6th February, to find that the Danes had evacuated overnight this first bulwark line of theirs, leaving 154 guns and large quantities of stores and ammunition a prey to their enemies! Caution, not cowardice, had been the motive of this retreat of theirs, for they saw that, if they had remained, they would have run the risk of being outflanked and outnumbered; so they determined, from reasons of military policy, to retire further northward and take up their dogged stand behind their second line of entrenchments at Düppel, there to await the assault of their overwhelming foes.

Sending on the Austrians on the left into Jutland to dispose of the Danes in that quarter, "Papa" Wrangel selected the "Red Prince" and his Prussians to crack the nuts which had been thrown in their way in the shape of the redoubts of Düppel. Prince Frederick Charles was one of

the best and bravest soldiers that had been produced by the fighting family of the Hohenzollerns since the time of Frederick the Great. A man about the middle height, strongly built, broad-shouldered, florid-faced, sandy-bearded, bull-necked, rough in manner and speech, and homely in all his ways—he was just the sort of leader to command the affections and stimulate the courage of the Prussian soldier. There was much of the bulldog in the "Red Prince," so he was the very man to entrust with such a task as that of hanging on to the Danes at Düppel.

Yet this task was one of exceeding difficulty, for the redoubts of Düppel formed such a formidable line of defence as had rarely, if ever, before opposed the advance of an invading army in the open field. All the natural advantages of ground, with its happy configuration of land and water, were on the side of the Danes, whose main object it was to prevent their foes from setting foot on the Schleswig island of Alsen,

forming a stepping-stone, so to speak, to Denmark itself, much in the same way as the island of Anglesey does to Ireland. To continue the comparison, the Menai Strait corresponds to the Alsen-Sund which separates the mainland of Schleswig from the island of Alsen. Of this island the chief town is Sonderburg, which was connected by the mainland, into which it looks over, by two pontoon bridges, at the end of which the Danes threw up a *tête-du-pont*, or

bridge-head entrenchment, to defend the approach and passage; while about a couple of miles further inland they had constructed a chain of no fewer than ten heavy forts, or redoubts, all connected by lesser earthworks and entrenchments.

This line of redoubts, about three miles long, ran right across the neck of a peninsula of the mainland, called the Sundewitt, one end resting on the Alsen-Sund and the other

on a gulf, or bay, of the Baltic, called the Wenningbund. The redoubts were placed along the brow of a ridge which overlooked and commanded all the undulating country for miles in front, while in the rear again the ground dipped away gently down towards the Alsen-Sund and its bridge-head, affording fine shelter and camping-ground to the Danes. A lovelier or more romantic-looking region, with its winding bays and silver-glancing straits, its picturesque blending of wood and water, could scarcely be imagined.

Such a position as that which the Danes had taken up would have been of no value whatever against foes like the English, seeing that the latter might have gone with their warships and shelled the Danes clean out of their line of redoubts without ever so much as landing a single man, for, as already explained, the line of forts rested on the sea at both ends. But at this time, fortunately for the Danes, the Prussians had little or nothing of a navy, so that they



FIELD-MARSHAL VON WRANGEL.

must needs essay on land what they could not attempt by sea; while the Danes, on the other hand, though weaker on land, were decidedly superior to their foes on water. In particular, they had one warship, or monitor, the *Rolf Krake*, which gained immortal fame by the bold and devil-may-care manner in which it worried, and harassed, and damaged, and kept the Prussians perpetually awake. It lurked like a corsair in the corners of the bays, and creeks, and winding sea-arms of that amphibious region, and darted out upon occasion to shell and molest the Prussians in their trenches before the Düppel lines.

For the Prussians had soon come to see that it would be quite impossible for them to capture the Düppel redoubts save by regular process of sap and siege. The redoubts proved to be far more formidable than they ever fancied; and it would have involved an enormous sacrifice of life on the part of the Prussians to rush for them at once. The pretty certain result of such impetuosity would have been that not a soul almost of the stormers would have lived to tell the tale. For three whole years the Danes had been at work on these redoubts, and what it takes three years to construct cannot by any possibility be captured in as many days. Much had to be done by the Prussians, then, before sitting down before the redoubts. If a simile may be borrowed from the game of football, the "forwards" of the Danes had first to be disposed of. For not only did they occupy the redoubts, but likewise all the strong points in the country for two or three miles in front of them, just as modern ironclads hang out nets to guard their hulls from the impact of torpedoes. In a similar manner the Danes had thrown out a network of men to fend off all hostile approach to their forts and prevent the Prussians from settling down near enough to them for the purposes of sap and siege.

While, therefore, the Prussians were busy bringing to the front their heavy guns and other siege-material, others of them were set to the work of sweeping clean, as with a broom of bayonets, the open positions in front of the redoubts held by their defenders. But this sweeping process was by no means either an easy or a bloodless task. For while the Danes numbered 22,000 troops, the "Red Prince" in front of them disposed at this time (though later he was reinforced) of no more than 16,000 men, and there was always the danger that the Danes, assuming the offensive, would sally out of their

lines and seek to overwhelm their numerous weaker foes. Consequently the Prussians recourse to the spade in order to supplement the defensive power of their rifles, thus they first of all took up an entrenching position running in a long semicircle from Broacker on their right to Satrup on the left, at a distance of about three miles or more from the redoubts—the real object of their ambition—the line of Düppel redoubts.

Two positions in front of these redoubts—the villages of Düppel and Rackebüll—were first contested by the Danes; but on the 17th March, after fighting in a manner which gave their foes a very high opinion of their courage, they retired behind their earthworks with a loss of 676 men, while the Prussians, on the other hand, had to pay for their victory by only 100 lives. This disparity in loss was doubtless due to the fact that, while the Danes were armed with the old smooth-bore muzzle-loading musket, the Prussians had adopted the *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun, the principle of which gave them a tremendous advantage over their opponents. In one of the preliminary encounters above referred to, a party of 100 Danes against whom a superior force of Prussian infantry (*Jäger*) was advancing, threw down their arms in token of submission; but as the Prussians came forward, they snatched the arms again, fired a volley, and rushed on with bayonet. The Prussians let them come within twenty-yards' distance, and then, with their deadly needle-guns, shot them down one by one. The treacherous conduct of the Danes above referred to caused great bitterness among the Prussians; but, even after death, the Danes showed their foes the respect which brave men owe to one another, and in West Düppel raised a cross with this inscription:—"Here twenty-five brave Danes, who died the death, 17th February, 1864."

The result of these preliminary tussles was that the Danes attempted no more outfall from the 17th to the 28th of March, and one almost may have concluded that an armistice had been agreed to but for an occasional sputter and spitting of rifle-fire between the forces who thus employed their time when not changing other courtesies in the form of lights, tobacco-pouches, and spirit-flasks. Now the time was come when it behoved the Prussians to get as close to the redoubts as possible, for the purpose of opening their

trenches, and General von Raven's Brigade was selected to sweep the ground in front of the Danish position of all its outposts. It was an early Easter this year, and just when the preachers were proclaiming to their congregations that the season of peace and goodwill to all men had now again come round, the Danes and Prussians were fighting like fiends under cover of the darkness.

The 18th Prussian Fusiliers had crept forward as far nearly as the wire-fencing and palisades in front of the redoubts, when the dawn suddenly revealed them to the Danes; and just at this moment, too, what should appear upon the scene but the ubiquitous *Rolf Krake*, which, at a distance of about five hundred yards, opened upon the advancing Prussians such a shower of shell and grape-shot as forced them to retire, causing these baffled fusiliers to curse the very name of the ship-builder who had ever laid the keel of such a bold and bothersome vessel.

At length, during the night of the 30th March, the Prussians

managed to open their first parallel at a distance of about eight hundred paces from the line of the redoubts, and now, so to speak, they had reached the beginning of the end. The men on duty in this parallel, or shelter-trench (about eight feet deep), were relieved at first every forty-eight hours, and then every twenty-four, the former period having been found to be too great a strain on the soldiers, who, in consequence, had soon as many as ten per cent. on the sick list. For nothing could have been more trying to the constitution than this trench-life, with its cold nights, and rain, and mud, and manifold wretchedness.

Yet the Prussian soldiers, who were all very young fellows—mere boys some of them—kept up their spirits in the most wonderful manner, and indulged in all kinds of fun—mounting a gas-pipe on a couple of cart-wheels, and thus drawing the fire of the Danes, who imagined it to be a cannon; making sentries out of clay, and otherwise indulging in the thousand-and-one humours of a camp. They were also cheered by frequent

visits from their commander, the "Red Prince," who—although housed in most comfortable, not to say luxurious, quarters at the Schloss, or château, of Gravenstein, about six miles to the rear—failed not to ride to the front every day and acquaint himself with all that was going on. With such a commander soldiers will do anything, and hence the whole Prussian force in front of the Danish redoubts began to burn with a fighting ardour which neither cold, nor wet, nor knee-deep mud could in the least degree damp or depress.

On the other hand, the Danes, though better off for shelter in their block-houses, wooden barracks, and casemates, were not in such good spirits. One of the few things, apparently, that cheered their hearts was the sight of the numerous English tourists—"T.G.'s," or "traveling gents," as they used to be called in the Crimea, and *Kriegsbummeler*, or war-loafers, as they are dubbed in Germany—who, arrayed in suits of a most fearful and wonderful make, streamed over to the



Cimbrian Peninsula in quest of sensation and adventure, exposing themselves on parapet and sky-line to the shells of the Prussians with a devil-me-care coolness which proved a source of new inspiration to the Danskes.

Simultaneously with the pushing on of their parallel work, the Prussians kept up a tremendous fire on the forts, but the Danes showed their good sense by lying quietly in their casemates and scarcely noticing the storm of missiles directed against them. These missiles did them and their earthworks very little harm, and they were not to be terrified by mere noise. Before the Prussians had settled down to their trench-work, their batteries over the bay at Gammelmark firing day and night had in the course of a fortnight thrown about 7,500 shot and shell into the Danish redoubts, yet not more than seventy-five officers and men had been killed or disabled by all this roaring volcano of heavy guns; and, indeed, it was computed about this time that the Prussians were purchasing the lives of their enemies at

about 500 cannon-shots per head. "The huge earthen mounds or humps (of forts)," wrote a correspondent, "might have marked the graves



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

of an extinct race, or been the result of some gigantic mole's obscure toil," for all the signs of life which the Prussian bombardment drew from the redoubts.

One night a curious thing happened to a company of the 60th Prussian regiment. In the course of some skirmishing it got too far forward, and, when day broke, it found itself in a slight hollow of the ground so near to Forts 1 and 2 that, had it tried to return to its own lines, it must have been annihilated by the grape-shot of the Danes. The shelter afforded it by the nature of the ground was so trifling that the men were forced to lie down flat upon their bellies to avoid being shot. In this unpleasant position they lay the whole day, for the Danes, strange to say, did not seek to sally out and capture them; and it was not till late in the evening that the company, under cover of the darkness, was able to rejoin their friends. They had eaten nothing in the interval, for, though they had provisions in their pockets, or haversacks, the least movement they made to get at this provender exposed them to the enemy's fire.

The first parallel had been opened on the 30th of March, and the second was accomplished in the night of the 10th of April. It was now

expected that the "Red Prince," without ado, would make a rush for the forts and done with them—the more so as there began to be whisperings of a political conference of the Powers which might meet and baulk the Prussian soldier of the final reward of a toil. But still Prince Frederick Charles did not give the signal for the assault, and then it came out that this delay was simply due to the command of his royal uncle, King (afterwards Kaiser) William, a very humane monarch wishing to spare as much as possible the blood of his brave soldiers, had directed that still another—a third—parallel should be made, so as to shorten the distance across which the soldiers would have to rush before reaching the redoubts. Meanwhile the Prussians prepared themselves for the assault, among other things by getting up sham works in imitation of those they were to attack, where the battalions destined for the purpose were practised in breaking through palisades and using scaling-ladders, as well as in disposing of *chevaux de frise* and other impediments usual in the defence of a position. The Danish redoubts were known to the Prussians as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, a beginning from their—the Prussian—right towards the sea, and their foremost parallel fronted a line of forts from 1 to 6. Against these the Prussians had thrown up twenty batteries mounting ninety-four guns, and at last these guns were to give voice in a manner such as had not rent the sky since the fall of Sebastopol.

But just as every storm is preceded by a strange delusive silence, so the day before the assault on the Düppel redoubts—the 11th of April—was a beautifully calm, sunny day, with earth and sky embracing in a communion over the birth of spring, and the encircling smooth as glass—a lovely day, and the last one that many a brave man was doomed to live. For the order had gone forth from Prince Frederick Charles that at 10 o'clock precisely the following (Monday) morning the redoubts should at last be stormed. At dawn of day the whole line of Prussian batteries should open on the forts, pouring upon them one continuous cataract of shot and shell till 10 o'clock, the storming columns would start out of their trenches and "go for" the redoubts with bayonet and main.

At 2 o'clock a.m. these columns—40,000 in number, drawn by lot from the various battalions, so that all might have an impartial

the honour of the day—emerged from Büffel-Koppel wood well in the rear, and then marched in the darkness to the parallels. One of these six columns was thus commanded:—First of all a company of infantry with orders to take extended front about 150 paces from its particular redoubt, and open fire on the besieged. Following these sharpshooters, pioneers and engineers with spades, axes, ladders, and all other storming gear, including a quantity of blasting powder, and after them, at a short distance, the storming column itself, followed at 150 paces by a reserve of equal

strength, aroused out of their sleep by such an infernal outburst of cannon-thunder all along their front as had never before, in lieu of the twittering and chirping of birds, greeted the advent of a beautiful day in spring. For six long mortal hours did the Prussians continue this terrific cannonade, of which the violence and intensity may be inferred from the fact that during this time no fewer than 11,500 shot and shell were hurled at and into the Danish redoubts. The material damage done to these redoubts was less, perhaps, than the demoralisation thereby caused to their defenders; but the latter was



THE GERMAN SOLDIERS MAKING SENTRIES OUT OF CLAY (p. 227).

together, together with a score of artillerists for the purpose of mounting the captured guns of the Danes. The Danes, in the darkness of the night, knew nothing whatever of all these preparations, and it was only when the first streaks of dawn began to chequer the eastern sky that they were

the result which the Prussians, perhaps, aimed at and valued most.

Shortly before ten the awful cannonade suddenly ceased, and was followed by a few minutes' painful silence. During this brief interval the field-preachers, who had given the Sacrament to

all the stormers the night before, now again addressed to them a few fervid words of religious encouragement, and then at the "*Nun, Kinder, in Gottes Namen!*" ("Now, my children, away with you in God's name!") of their commanders, the six storming columns, raising a loud and simultaneous cheer, dashed out of their trenches and across to their respective redoubts to the stirring music of the *Preussenlied* played by the bands of three regiments—"Ich bin ein Preusse; kennt Ihr meine Farbe?" ("I am a Prussian: know ye then my colours?")

For a few seconds the Danes seem to be taken aback by this sudden onrush of their foes, and then they recognise that this is no mere outpost affair such as caused them some time before to boast that they had repulsed a Prussian attack all along their line. They look and comprehend; and by the time their Prussian assailants have half covered the distance between the trenches and the forts, their parapets are fringed with the smoke of sharp-crackling volleys of musketry, for, strange to say, they do not use their guns and dose their assailants with destructive rounds of grape. The Prussians rush forward, and many of them fall. Their pioneers cut down the wires, hack and blow up the palisades, tug, strain, and open up a passage for the stormers, who swarm down into the ditch and up the formidable face of the breastwork.

The Crown Prince, at the side of "Papa" Wrangel, is looking on from the Gammelmark height on the opposite side of the bay, while his cousin, the "Red Prince," and his staff have taken their stand on the Spitzberg, well to the rear of the line of zigzags. The stormers swarm up the breastworks like ants, and some of them fall back upon the heads of their comrades mortally struck by Danish bullets. At last they reach the top of the parapets and see the whites of their enemies' eyes, and a short but desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensues. Many of the Danes, seeing the foe thus upon them, throw down their arms and surrender, but many will not give in, and are shot or struck down with bullet, bayonet, and butt.

At Fort 2 the Prussians cannot force their way through the palisades, and are consequently slaughtered as they stand. "Better one of us than ten!" cries a pioneer, Klinké by name (for a monument now stands to his memory on the exact scene of his heroism), who rushes forward with a bag of powder and blows at once the palisades and his own person into atoms—sacrificing himself to save his comrades, and thus

secure himself a golden register in the annals of the Prussian army. The stormers now dash and up, and presently the black-and-white flag of Prussia is seen waving on the parapets of the redoubt. It sinks again, but is once more to remain, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time that the stormers sprang over their trenches they are masters of six redoubts. It was all done, so to speak, in the twinkling of an eye—short, sharp, and decisive. For six redoubts thus so swiftly rushed, the Prussians made a sweep to the rear of the other forts, and captured them in much the same manner, though one fort spared them the necessity of fighting for it by surrendering.

As it was at Fort 2 where the highest individual heroism had been performed on the side of the Prussians by brave pioneer Klinké, it was also within this redoubt that the courage found its most brilliant exponent in the person of Lieutenant Anker. The Prussians were quite aware that a man of more than ordinary bravery was posted here, for they had a foreboding of the stubborn valour with which the redoubt had always been defended. And when at last they had stormed their way behind its parapets, they beheld the man himself whose acts had hitherto moved their admiration. He had spiked the muzzles of his guns, and was in the act of firing at them when a Prussian officer sprang upon him, clapping a revolver to his breast, cried, "Fire, I fire!" Anker hesitated, and desisted. But just afterwards he took a lighted match and was making for the magazine, when the Prussian officer came over his head with his sword, only just in time to prevent him from blowing up himself and a considerable number of his foes. He was then taken prisoner, and his lifelike figure is now to be seen on the fine bronze bas-relief of the Storming of the Düppel Redoubts, which is on the Victory Column in Berlin.

The Danes had been defeated—not so much because the Prussians were braver men, than because they were not, as because the latter were better armed with guns and rifles, and more expert in handling them; but, above all things, because they had taken their foes by surprise. It cannot be doubted that this was the fact. A Danish officer who was taken prisoner said, "We waited all morning, thinking the battle might still be given, although we had expected that it would take place still sooner; we were under the terrific cannonade kept up again and again while hour after hour passed slowly away."

last we said to ourselves that we must have been misinformed, or that the Prussians had changed their minds, and the reserves were withdrawn. It was past nine o'clock when I left the forts and went back to breakfast. While thus engaged, I heard somebody utter an exclamation of dismay. 'What is that? The Prussian flag floats over Fort 4!' And so it was—the forts were lost."

But there was still another and a better reason for concluding that the Danes had not yet while expected the Prussian assault, and that was the circumstance that the *Rolf Krake*, most daring and deviceful of warships, did not immediately appear upon the scene to pour its volleys of shell and shrapnel into the flanks of the storming columns. True, it was lying at the entrance to the bay (Wenningbund), like an ever-vigilant watch-dog; but by the time it had got its steam up and come to where it was most wanted, the Prussians were already within the Danish redoubts, and, after firing a few ineffectual rounds, the monitor had to retire again well battered with Prussian cannon-balls, but by no means beaten yet like the battalions which had held the forts.

Yet even these battalions, when beaten out of the redoubts, continued to cling tenaciously to the ground behind them, and once or twice they even made a counter-attack with the object of recovering their lost positions. But Prussian ardour proved too much for Danish obstinacy; and at last the Danes in the country behind the forts, after several hours' fighting, were all swept back to the bridge-head in their rear, and then over into the island of Alsen, leaving their foes undisputed masters of all the field.

This latter phase of the fight was well described by a correspondent with the Danes, who wrote:—"Düppel was lost, but the battle was by no means at an end. Indeed, as we watched the terrible cannonade from 12 at noon till 3 or 4 p.m., the violence of the fire seemed to increase at every moment. Anything more sublime than that sight and sound no effort of imagination can conjure up, and we stood spellbound, entranced, rooted to the spot, in a state that partook of wild excitement and dumb amazement—a state of being which spread equally to the dull hinds, ploughmen, woodmen, and the foresters, and their families of wives and children, as they emerged from fields, woods, and huts, and clustered in awestruck, dumbfounded groups around us. The flashes of the heavy artillery outsped the rapidity of the glance that strove to watch them; the reports were far

more frequent than the pulsations in our arteries, and the reverberation of the thunder throughout the vast spreading forest lengthened out and perpetuated the roar with a solemn cadence that was the grandest of all music to the dullest ear. The air seemed all alive with these angry shells. I have witnessed fearful thunderstorms in my day in southern and in tropical climates; but here the crash and rattle of all the tempests that ever were seemed to be summed up in the tornado of an hour. Nor was all that noise by any means deafening or stunning. It came to us lingering far and wide in the still air, softened and mellowed by the vastness of space, every note blending admirably and harmonising with the general concert—the greatest treat that the most consummate pyrotechnic art could possibly contrive for the delight of the eye and ear."

Many of the Danes surrendered, but many more were taken prisoners; and as they came along the Prussian soldiers shook them good-naturedly by the hand and tried to cheer them up. Few of the men seemed to want cheering up, being only too glad, apparently, to have escaped with their lives, though their officers looked gloomy enough over their defeat. The Prussians found these captive Danes "sturdy fellows, but by no means soldierly-looking," with their "rich sandy hair reaching far below the nape of their necks." And, to tell the truth, their victors, no less than their admirers throughout Europe, expected that they would have made a far more vigorous defence; for desperate a defence could scarcely have been called which resulted in the capture of their chief redoubts within the brief space of about ten minutes.

The Prussians had won a glorious victory, but a dear one; for in dead they had lost 16 officers and 213 men, and in wounded 54 officers and 1,118 men. Among the officers who were wounded—mortally, as afterwards proved—was the brave General von Raven, who, as he was being borne to the rear, exclaimed: "It is high time that a Prussian General should again show how to die for his King." On the other side General du Plat was also killed, while in dead and wounded officers and men and prisoners the Danish loss otherwise amounted to about 5,500. Among the trophies of victory which fell into the hands of the Prussians were 118 guns and 40 colours.

On being informed of all this, King William telegraphed from Berlin—"To Prince Frederick Charles. Next to the Lord of Hosts.

I have to thank my splendid army under thy leadership for to-day's glorious victory. Pray convey to the troops the expression of my highest acknowledgment and my kingly thanks for what they have done." On seeing that victory was his, the "Red Prince" had bared his head and muttered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, while some massed bands played a kind

Prince Frederick Charles, his acknowledged leader of their bravery. Following hard on his telegram his Majesty himself hurried to the seat of war with his "blood-and-iron" Minister, Bismarck at his side, and passed in review the troops who had so stoutly stormed the redoubts of the Danes. These troops appeared on parade in the dress and equipment they had worn on the day of



THE PRUSSIAN ATTACKING THE DANISH BREASTWORKS (p. 230).

of *Te Deum*. "In the broad ditch to the rear of Fort No. 4," wrote Dr. Russell, "the bands of four regiments had established themselves, and while the cannon were firing close behind them, they played a chorale, or song of thanksgiving, for the day's success. The effect was striking, and the grouping of the troops and of the musicians, with their smart uniforms and bright instruments, standing in the deep trench against the shell-battered earthwork, and by palisades riven and shattered and shivered by shot, was most picturesque."

But King William was not content with telegraphing to his troops, through his nephew

their great feat, and in the course of their march past jumped a broad drain to show his Majesty how nimbly they had stormed in upon the Danes. A fortnight later a select number of the Düppel stormers escorted into Berlin the guns—more than a hundred in number—which they had captured from the Danes, and were received with tremendous enthusiasm.

But this popular jubilation grew loud still when a few weeks later the war was ended altogether by the storming of the island of Alsen, into which the Danes had retired after their defeat at Düppel and entrenched themselves down to the water's edge. In the

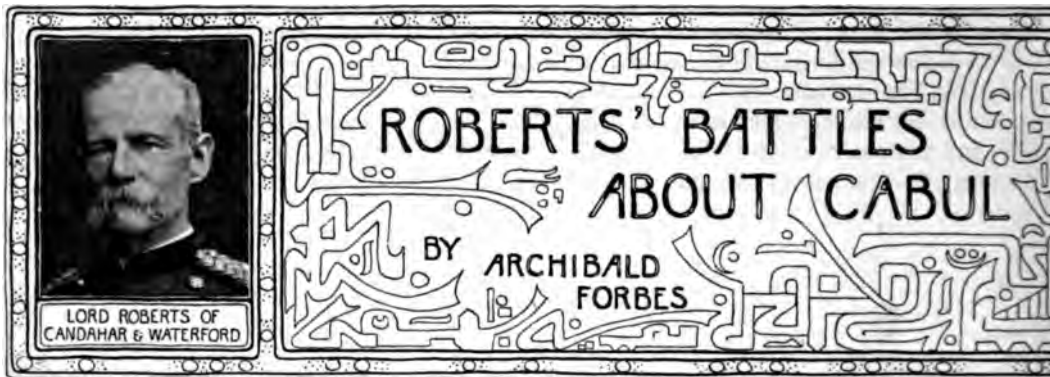
rkness of a summer night (June 29th) sians, in 160 boats, crossed the channel—ght hundred yards broad—between the 1 and the island, though not without the nount of harassing opposition from the *ake*, and under a murderous fire jumped and made themselves master of the

position in a manner which made some observers describe the affair as a mere "skirmish and a scamper."

But all the same it was a feat which recalled the "Island of the Scots," as sung by Ayton, and will always live in military history as a splendid feat of arms.



LIEUTENANT ANKER TAKEN PRISONER (p. 230).



THE Afghan War of 1878-79 was terminated by the completion of what is known as the "Treaty of Gundamuk," which was signed at that place in May, 1879, by Yakoub Khan—who, on the flight of his father, Shere Ali, had succeeded that ill-starred potentate as Ameer of Afghanistan—and by Major (afterwards Sir Louis) Cavagnari, representing Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India. This treaty gave practical—although, as it turned out, only temporary—effect to the "scientific frontier" of North-Western India, on the attainment of which the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister, greatly plumed himself. The "scientific frontier" detached from Afghanistan and annexed to British India for the time being a large tract of territory. The Treaty of Gundamuk stipulated that a British envoy should thenceforth be resident in the Afghan capital; and to the onerous and dangerous post, at his own request, was assigned the resolute and cool-headed officer to whose wise and calm strength of will was mainly owing the accomplishment of the treaty. Sir Louis Cavagnari took with him to Cabul a subordinate Civil Servant, a surgeon, and a small escort of the famous "Guides," commanded by the gallant Hamilton.

On the night of September 4th, 1879, a weary trooper of the Guides—one of the few who had escaped the slaughter—rode into a British outpost on the Shutargurda height, with the startling tidings that Sir Louis Cavagnari, the members of his mission and the soldiers of his escort, had been massacred in the Balla Hissar of Cabul on the 3rd. The news reached Simla by telegraph on the morning of the 5th, and next day Sir Frederick Roberts, accompanied by Colonel Charles Macgregor, C.B., was speeding with relentless haste to the Kurum valley, the

force remaining in which from the previous campaign was to constitute the nucleus of the army of invasion and retribution, to the core of which Roberts was appointed. In less than a month he had crossed the Shutargurda, temporarily cutting loose from his base in the Kurum valley, was marching swiftly on to Cabul, whence the Ameer Yakoub Khan had fled, and thrown himself on Roberts' protection.

All told, the army which Roberts led on to Cabul was the reverse of a mighty host. Its strength was little greater than that of a Pioneer brigade on a war-footing. Its fate was in its own hands, for, befall it what might, it could count on no timely reinforcement. It was a detachment marching against a nation of fighting men plentifully supplied with artillery, not shooting laboriously with jizails, but with arms of precision equal or little inferior to those in the hands of our own soldiery. But of Roberts' command, Europeans and English hillmen of Scotland and hillmen of the plainmen of Hampshire and plainmen of the Punjab, strode along buoyant with vigour and with health, believing in their leader, in their discipline, in themselves, of varied race, no soldier who followed but came of fighting stock; ever blithely facing the combat, one and all burned for strife now before them with more than valour, because of the opportunity it presented to exact vengeance for a deed of foul treason. Roberts' column of invasion consisted of a cavalry brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Ham Massy, and of two infantry brigades, the first commanded by Brigadier-General Masson, the second by Brigadier-General Baker. It had three batteries of artillery, a company of sappers and miners, and two Gatling guns.

The soldiers had not long to wait for the

fight of the campaign. At dawn, of October 6th, Baker marched out from Charasiah towards his left front, against the heights held by an Afghan host in great strength and regular formation. Sweeping back the Afghan hordes with hard fighting, Baker wheeled to his right, marched along the lofty crest, rolling up and driving before him the Afghan defence as he moved towards the Sung-i-Nagusta gorge, which the gallant Major White* had already entered. While Baker had been turning the Afghan right, White and his little force had been distinguishing themselves not a little. After an artillery preparation, the detached hill covering the mouth of the pass had been won as the result of a hand-to-hand struggle. Later had fallen into the hands of White's people all the Afghan guns, the heights to the immediate right and left of the gorge had been carried, the defenders driven away, and the pass opened up. Artillery fire crushed the defence of a strong fort commanding the road through the pass. The Afghans were routed, and on the following day the whole division passed the defile and camped within sight of the Balla Hissar, and the lofty mountain chain overhanging Cabul. In the fight of Charasiah less than half of Roberts' force had been engaged, and this mere brigade had routed the army of Cabul and captured the whole of the artillery the latter had brought into the field. The Afghan loss was estimated at about three hundred; the British loss was twenty killed and sixty-seven wounded.

On the 9th the camp was moved forward to the Siah Sung heights, a mile eastward from the Balla Hissar (the palace and citadel of Cabul), to dominate which a regiment was detached; and a cavalry regiment occupied the Sherpur cantonment, the great magazine of which had been blown up, and whence the regiments which had been quartered in the cantonment had fled.

It was a melancholy visit which Sir Frederick Roberts made to the Balla Hissar on the 11th. Through the dirt and squalor of the lower portion, he ascended the narrow lane leading to the ruin which a few weeks earlier had been the British Residency. The commander of the avenging army looked with sorrowful eyes on the scene of heroism and slaughter, on the smoke-blackened ruins, the blood-splashes on the white-washed walls, the still smouldering *débris*, the half-burned skulls and bones in the blood-dabbled chamber where apparently the final struggle had

* Now Sir George White, Commander-in-Chief in India.

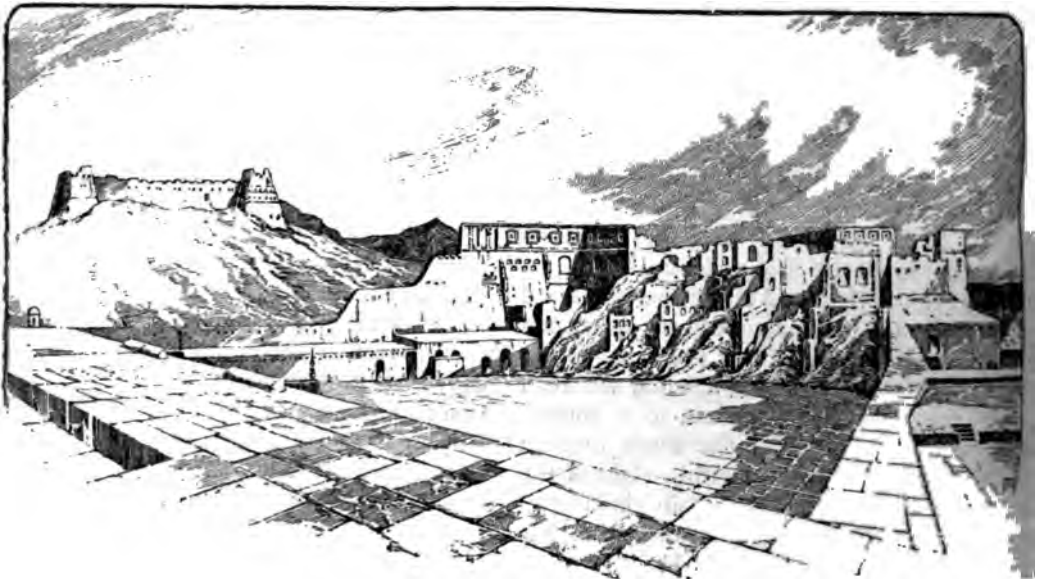
been fought out. He stood in the breach in the quarters of the staunch and faithful Guides, where the gate had been blown in after the last of the sorties made by the gallant Hamilton, and lingered in the tattered wreck of poor Cavagnari's drawing-room, its walls dented with bullet-pits, its floor and divans brutally defiled. Next day, under the flagstaff from which waved the banner of Britain, he held a durbar in the audience chamber of the palace—in front and in flank of him the pushing throng of obsequious sirdars, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow; behind them, standing immobile at attention, the guard of British infantry, with fixed bayonets which the soldiers longed to use.

Promptitude of advance on the part of the force to which had been assigned the supporting line of invasion by the Khyber-Jellalabad route was of scarcely less moment than the rapidity of the stroke which Roberts was commissioned to deliver. But delay on delay marked the mobilisation and advance of the troops operating by the Khyber line. There was no lack of earnestness anywhere, but the barren hills and rugged passes could furnish no supplies; the country in rear had to furnish everything, and there was nothing at the base of operations, neither any accumulation of supplies nor means to transport supplies if they had been accumulated. Communications were opened from Cabul with the Khyber force and India, it was true, but no reinforcement came to Roberts from that force until the 11th December, when there arrived the Guides, 900 strong, brought up by Jenkins from Jugdulluck by forced marches. Five weeks earlier, when the Kurum line of communication was closed for the winter, Roberts had received the welcome accession of a wing of the 9th Lancers, Money's Sikh regiment, and four mountain guns: his strength was thus increased to about 7,000 men.

For some weeks after Roberts' arrival at Cabul, almost perfect quiet prevailed in and around the Afghan capital, but the chief was well aware how precarious and deceitful was the calm. When the impending announcement of Yakoub Khan's dethronement and deportation should be made, Roberts knew the Afghan nature too well to doubt that the tribal blood-feuds would be soldered for the time, that Dooranee and Baraksai would strike hands, that Afghan regulars and Afghan irregulars would rally under the same standards, and that the fierce shouts of "Deen! deen!" would resound on hill-top and in plain. He was ready for the strife, and would not hesitate to strike quick

and hard, for Roberts knew the value of a resolute and vigorous offensive in dealing with Afghans. But it behoved him, above all things, to make timely choice of his winter-quarters where he should collect his supplies and house his troops and their followers. After careful deliberation

Charasiah. The northern contingent from Kohistan and Kohdaman was to occupy the Asmai heights north-west of the city, while troops from the Maidan and Warduk territories away to the south-westward of the capital, by Mahomed Jan in person, should come in



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AFTER THE ATTACK.

the Sherpur cantonment, a mile outside of Cabul, was selected. It was overlarge for easy defence, but hard work, skilled engineering, and steadfast courage would remedy that evil. And Sherpur had a great advantage in that, besides being in a measure a ready-made defensive position, it had shelter for all the troops and would accommodate also the horses of the cavalry, the transport animals, and all the needful supplies and stores.

The deportation to India of Yakoub Khan and his three principal ministers was the signal for a general rising. The Peter the Hermit of Afghanistan in 1879 was the old Mushk-i-Alum, the fanatic chief moulla (or priest) of Ghuznee, who went to and fro among the tribes proclaiming the sacred duty of a religious war against the unbelieving invaders. The combination of fighting tribes found a competent leader in Mahomed Jan, a Warduk general of proved courage and capacity. The plan of campaign was comprehensive and well devised. A contingent from the Logur country south of Cabul was to seize the Sher Darwaza heights, stretching southward from Cabul toward

Urgundeh across the Chardeh Valley, take possession of Cabul, and rally to their banners the disaffected population of the city and the surrounding villages. The concentration of the three bodies effected, Cabul and the ridge against which it leans occupied, the next step was to be the investment of the Sherpur cantonment preparatory to an assault in force upon the stronghold.

The British general, through his spies, had information of those projects. To allow the projected concentration would be fraught with mischief, and both experience and temperance enjoined in Roberts a prompt initiative. He resolved, in the first instance, to deal with Mahomed Jan's force, which was reckoned some 5,000 strong; the other contingents might be disregarded for the moment. On the 8th of December Baker marched out with a force consisting of 900 infantry, two and a half squadrons and four guns, with instructions to break up the tribal assemblage in the Logur valley, march thence south-westward, and take a position across the Ghuznee road in the Maidan valley on the line of retreat which it was hoped the

Macpherson would succeed in enforcing on Mahomed Jan. Macpherson was to move westward with 1,300 bayonets, three squadrons, and eight guns, across the Chardeh valley to Urgundeh, where it was expected that he would find Mahomed Jan's levies, which he was to attack and drive southward to Maidan upon Baker. Should this combination come off, the Afghan leader would find himself, it was hoped, between the upper and the lower millstone, and would be punished so severely as to hinder him from giving further trouble.

It happened, however, as Macpherson was about starting on the 9th, that a cavalry recon-

the previously arranged combined movement and bringing about a very critical situation. After a sharp fight Macpherson routed the Kohistanees, and halted on the ground for the night. In the hope that the combination might still be effected, he was ordered to march southwest toward Urgundeh on the morning of the 11th, where it was hoped he would find Mahomed Jan and drive him towards Baker. Macpherson had left his cavalry and wheeled guns at Aushar on the eastern edge of the Chardeh valley; and he was informed that they would leave that place at 9 a.m. of the same day, under the command of Brigadier-General Massy, and move across



"HE HELD A DURBAR" (p. 235).

naissance found the Kohistanee levies in considerable strength about Karez Meer, some ten miles north-west of Cabul. It was imperative promptly to disperse them, and Macpherson, on the 10th, had to alter his line of advance and move against the Kohistanees, a divergence from the original plan which had the effect of wrecking

the valley in the direction of Urgundeh, where Macpherson, it was expected, would re-unite himself with them. Massy's orders were to proceed cautiously to join Macpherson, but "on no account to commit himself to an action until the latter had engaged the enemy."

Macpherson marched from Karez Meer at

eight a.m. of the 11th. Massy left Aushar an hour later, and went across country instead of keeping to the road. His force consisted of two squadrons 9th Lancers, a troop of Bengal Lancers, and four horse artillery guns. Near Killa Kazee his advance guard sent back word that the hills in front were occupied by the enemy in considerable force. Massy halted when he saw some 2,000 Afghans forming across the road, and from the hills to right and left broad streams of armed men pouring down the slopes and massing in the plain. The surprise was complete, the situation full of perplexity. There was no Macpherson within ken of Massy. If he retired, he probably would be rushed. If, on the other hand, he should show a bold front, and, departing from his orders in the urgent crisis face to face with which he found himself, should strain every nerve to "hold" the Afghan masses in their present position, there was the possibility that he might save the situation and give time for Macpherson to come up. Massy, for better or for worse, committed himself to the offensive, and opened fire on the Afghan masses. But they were not daunted, and the guns had again and again to be retired. The outlook was ominous when Roberts arrived on the scene. He acted promptly, as was his wont, directing Massy to retire till he found an opportunity to charge; he sent General Hills back to Sherpur to warn its garrison to be on the alert, and to order the despatch at speed of a wing of the 72nd Highlanders to the village of Deh Mazung in the throat of the gorge of the Cabul river, which the Highlanders were to hold to extremity.

The moment seemed to have come for the action of the cavalry. Colonel Cleland led his lancers straight for the centre of the Afghan line. Captain Gough, away on the Afghan left, eagerly "conformed," crushing in on the enemy's flank at the head of his troop. There have been few forlorn hopes than the errand on which, on this ill-starred day, over 200 troopers rode into the heart of 10,000 Afghans flushed with unwonted good fortune. Through the dust-cloud of the charge were visible the flashes of the Afghan volleys and the sheen of the British lance-heads as they came down to the "engage." There was a short interval of suspense, the din of the *mêlée* faintly heard, but invisible behind the bank of smoke and dust. Then from out the obscurity of the battle riderless horses came galloping back, followed slowly by broken groups of dismounted troopers. Gallantly led home, the charge had failed. What other could have

been the result? Sixteen troopers had slain, seven were wounded; two brave officers lay dead where they fell. Cleland out with a sword cut and a bullet wound, latter gave him his death a few months. The Afghans pressed on. A gun had spiked and abandoned, its officer, Lieu Hardy, remaining by it until killed; other guns stuck fast in a watercourse. A were gallantly recovered by Colonel Mac the same afternoon by a most skilful and effort, which only he would have ventured. The retreat was stubborn and orderly; but was an anxious interval at Deh Mazung, the Highlanders came through the gorge double; when, after a short interval of the Afghans climbed the slopes of the Derwasa heights, and occupied the summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah. Macpherson, marching struck and broke the Afghan rear. On the Baker fought his steadfast way back to Sherpur. The casualties of the 11th were not light—men killed and forty-four wounded. The Afghans were naturally elated by the success they achieved, and it was clear that Mahomed had a quick eye for opportunities and son in handling men.

From the Sher Derwasa heights Macpherson with barely 600 men, attempted, on the morning of the 12th, to carry the rocky summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah, but after a prolonged and struggle it had to be recognised that the attack by so weak a force, unaided by a sion, could not succeed. Macpherson re-appeared on the ground he had actually won, in that on the following morning he was to Baker's co-operation from the south. casualties of the abortive attempt include officers, one of whom—Major Cook, V.C., Goorkhas, than whom the British arm tained no better soldier—died of his wound.

The lesson of the result of attempting sibilities had been taken to heart, and the which Baker led out on the morning of the 13th was exceptionally strong, consisting as it was of a wing of the 72nd Highlanders and the Guides in a wing of the 3rd Sikhs, a cavalry regiment with eight guns. Marching in the direction of a lateral spur stretching out from the main road eastward towards Beni Hissar, Baker ordered that large masses of the enemy were to be driven from the plain villages in which they had been spending the winter night, and were to be driven upward to gain and hold the summit of the spur, which constituted the main de

of the Afghan reserve. His opponent rushed upon the ready-witted Baker. In the centre of the spur he would cut the Afghan mass, holding its continuous and so isolate and neutralise the portion mass in position from the centre of the its eastern extremity. To effect this was, however, necessary that he should promptitude and energy. His guns shot fire on the Afghan bodies holding the spur. His Sikhs, extended the plain, protected his right flank; his on the left cut into the groups of Afghans to ascend the eastern extremity of the. With noble emulation the Highlanders

Guides sprang up the rugged slope, set towards the centre of the summit. Major White, who had already earned laurels in the campaign, led on the 92nd; his men, burning to make the most of their opportunity to distinguish themselves, eagerly the gallant Jenkins, the chief who so often led them to victory on other. Lieutenant Forbes, a young officer of the 1st, heading the advance of his regiment, the summit accompanied only by his sergeant. A band of Ghazees rushed on and the sergeant fell dead. As Forbes covering the body, he was overpowered. The sudden and bloody catastrophe for a moment the soldiers following hesitated, but Lieutenant Dick Cunyngham immediately led them forward. For his conduct on this occasion Major White worthily received the Victoria

rolling volleys the Highlanders and the reached and won the rocky summit. The Afghans momentarily defended the position, but the British fire swept them away, and the British disposed of the Ghazees, who fought under their standards. The severance of the Afghan line was now complete. A sentry was left to maintain the isolation of the enemy who had been cut off; the 1st swinging to their right with a cheer the regiments swept along the spur towards the ridge and the Takht-i-Shah. As they moved forward they rolled up the Afghan line, the enemy fled in panic flight. Assailed on both sides, for Macpherson's men were on the north side of the peak, and shaken by the fire of the mountain guns, the garrison of the Takht-i-Shah evacuated the position. The soldiers toiled vigorously upward towards

the peak, keen for the honour of winning it; but that honour justly fell to their comrades of Macpherson's command, who had striven so valiantly to earn it on the previous afternoon, and who had gained possession of the peak and the standards left flying on its summit a few minutes in advance of the arrival of White's Highlanders and Jenkins' Guides. As the mid-day gun was fired in the Sherpur cantonment, the flash of the heliograph from the peak told that the Takht-i-Shah was won.

While the fight was proceeding on the mountain summits, another was being fought on the Siah Sung upland springing out of the plain, within artillery range of Sherpur. On this elevation had gathered masses of Afghans from the turbulent city and from the villages about Beni Hissar, with intent to hinder Baker's return march. The Sherpur guns shelled them, but they held their ground, and the cavalry galloped out from the cantonment to disperse them. The Afghans showed unwonted resolution; but the British horsemen were not to be denied. Captains Butson and Chisholme led their squadrons against the Afghan flanks, and the troopers of the 9th Lancers swept their fierce way through and through the hostile masses. But in the charge Butson was killed, and Chisholme and Trower were wounded; the sergeant-major and three men were killed, and seven men were wounded. Brilliant charges were delivered by the other cavalry detachments, and the Siah Sung heights were ultimately cleared. The Guides' cavalry attacked, defeated, and pursued for a long distance a body of Kohistanees marching north apparently with intent to join Mahomed Jan. The casualties of the day were sixteen killed and forty-five wounded—not a heavy loss, considering the amount of hard fighting. The Afghans were estimated to have lost in killed alone from 200 to 300 men.

The operations of the 13th were successful so far as they went, but the actual results attained scarcely warranted the belief that the Afghans had suffered so severely that they would now break up their combination and disperse to their homes. The General, indeed, was under the belief that the enemy had been "foiled in their western and southern operations." But the morning of the 14th effectually dispelled the optimistic anticipations indulged in overnight. At daybreak large bodies of Afghans, with many standards, were discerned on a hill about a mile northward of the Asmai heights, from which hill and from the Kohistan road they were

moving on to the Asmai crest. They were presently joined there by several thousands climbing the steep slopes rising from the village of Deh Afghan, the northern suburb of Cabul. It was estimated that about 8,000 men were in position on the Asmai heights, and occupying also a low conical hill beyond their north-western termination. The array of Afghans displayed itself within a mile of the west face of the Sherpur cantonment, and formed a menace that could not be brooked. To General Baker was entrusted the task of dislodging the enemy from the threatening position, with a force consisting of

up to the Afghan breastworks, on the north edge of the summit. The British shrapnel had driven many of its defenders to seek down in Deh Afghan; but the Ghazees breastworks fought desperately, and died their standards as the Highlanders carried their defences with a rush. The crest—about a mile long—was traversed under heavy fire, and the southern breastwork on the Asmai was approached. It was strong, and was held; but a cross-fire was brought to bear on the garrison, and then the frontal attack, brilliantly by Corporal Sellar of the 72nd



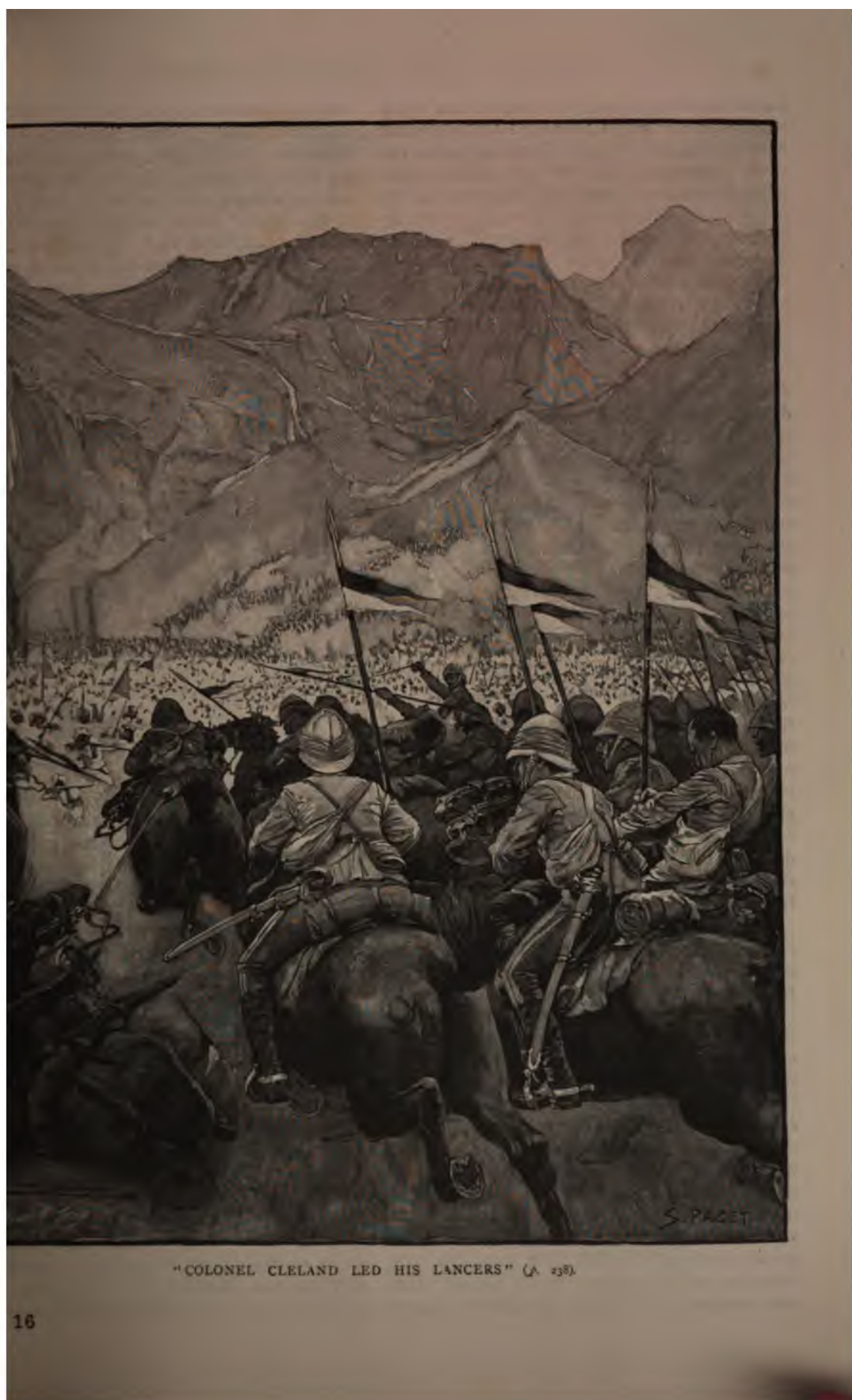
CABUL.

about 1,200 bayonets, eight guns, and a regiment of native cavalry. Baker's first object was to gain possession of the conical hill already mentioned, and thus debar the Afghan bodies on the Asmai heights from receiving accessions either from the hill further north or by the Kohistan road. Under cover of the artillery fire, the Highlanders and Guides occupied the conical hill after a short conflict. A detachment of all arms was left to hold it, and Colonel Jenkins, who commanded the attack, set about the arduous task of storming from the northward the formidable position of the Asmai heights. The assault was led by Brownlow's brave Highlanders of the 72nd, supported on their right by the Guides operating on the enemy's flank, and the Afghan position was heavily shelled from the plain and the cantonment.

In the face of a heavy fire the Highlanders and Guides climbed the rugged hillside leading

delivered. After a hand-to-hand struggle in which Highlanders and Guides were frequently killed and slashed by the Ghazees, the position was full of dead, was carried, but with considerable loss. The Afghans streamed down the heights, torn as they descended by shell and musketry-fire: when they took refuge in the Afghan that place was heavily shelled, and the whole summit of the Asmai heights was in British possession, and it seemed for the moment that a decisive victory had been won.

But scarcely had Jenkins found himself in possession of the Asmai position, when the fortune of the day was suddenly overcast. A host of Afghans, estimated to number from 10,000 to 20,000, had debouched from the direct road from Indiki into the Chardeh valley, and was moving swiftly northward with the apparent object of forming a junction with the masses occupying the hills to the north-west of the Asmai heights.



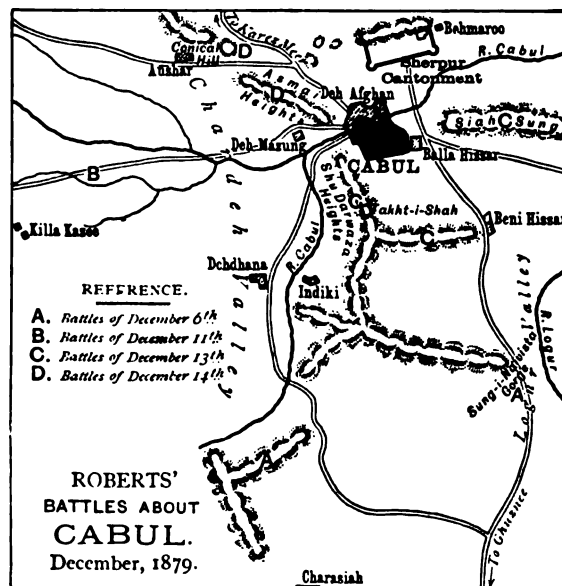
"COLONEL CLELAND LED HIS LANCERS" (A. 238).

Cavalry scouts galloping from the Chardeh valley brought in the tidings that large bodies of hostile infantry and cavalry were hurrying across the valley in the direction of the conical hill, which was being held by Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, with only 120 Highlanders and Guides. Baker, recognising Clark's weakness, reinforced that officer with four mountain guns and 100 bayonets—a reinforcement which proved inadequate. The guns, indeed, opened fire on the Afghan bodies crossing the valley and drove them out of range; but these bodies coalesced dexterously with the host advancing from Indiki, and then the great Afghan mass, suddenly facing to the right, struck the whole range of the British position, stretching from near the Cabul gorge on the south to and beyond the conical hill on the north. The most vulnerable point was about that eminence. Baker sent Clark a second reinforcement, and 200 Sikhs doubled out from Sherpur to further strengthen him. But the Afghans, swarming up from out the Chardeh valley, had the shorter distance to travel, and were beforehand with the hurrying reinforcements. As the Afghan front and flank attacks developed themselves, they encountered from the garrison of the conical hill a heavy rifle fire, and shells at short range tore through the loose rush of Ghazees; but the bhang-maddened fanatics sped on and up without wavering. As they gathered behind a mound for the final onslaught, Captain Spens with a handful of his Highlanders, charged out on the forlorn hope of dislodging them. A rush was made on the gallant Scot; he was overpowered and slaughtered after a desperate resistance, and the charge of the infuriated Ghazees swept up the hillside. In momentary panic the defenders yielded the ground, carrying downhill with them the reinforcement of Punjaubees which Captain Hall was bringing up. Two of the mountain guns

were lost, but there was a rally at the foot of the hill, under cover of which the other two extricated. The Afghans refrained from descending into the plain, and directed their efforts towards cutting off the British troops from their position on the Asmai heights.

It was estimated that the Afghan strength disclosed this day did not fall far short of 10,000 men; and General Roberts, reluctantly compelled to abandon for the time any offensive efforts, determined to withdraw his troops from all isolated positions and to concentrate his whole force within the protection of the Sherpur Cantonment.

The British issued to Baker Macpherson, an ally to the retreating Afghan baggage sent to the front under a British officer, Jenkins' evacuation of the Asmai position was a conspicuous feat of adroitness. Baker's covering position until all the details had made good their retirement, and this was the last to



draw. By dusk the whole British force was safely concentrated within the Sherpur Cantonment. The period of the defensive had begun. Casualties of the day were serious—35 killed and 107 wounded. During the week of fighting the little force had lost altogether, in killed and men, 83 killed and 192 wounded.

Although overlarge for its garrison, the Sherpur Cantonment possessed many features of a strong defensive position. On its southern and western faces the massive and continuous enceinte made it impregnable against a force unprovided with siege artillery; but on the eastern face the incomplete wall was weak, and the northern line of defence on the Behmaroo heights was defective until strengthened by a series of blockhouses supporting a continuous entrenchment studded with batteries. The space between the north-western bastion and

heights was closed by an entrenchment supported by a laager of Afghan gun-carriages and limbers; the open space on the north-eastern angle was similarly fortified; the unfinished eastern wall was heightened by built-up tiers of logs, and its front, as elsewhere, was covered with *abattis* wire entanglements, and other obstacles. The enceinte was divided into sections, to each of which was assigned a commanding officer with a specified detail of troops; and a strong brigade of European infantry was under the command of Brigadier-General Baker, ready at short notice to reinforce any threatened point. Before the enemy cut the telegraph wire, in the early morning of the 15th, Sir Frederick Roberts had informed the authorities in India of his situation and need for reinforcement.

During the 15th and 16th the Afghan troops were busily engaged in sacking the Hindoo and Kuzilbash quarters of Cabul, in looting and wrecking the houses of chiefs and townsfolk who had shown friendliness to the British, and in fiercely quarrelling among themselves over the spoil. On the 17th and 18th they made sundry ostentatious demonstrations against Sherpur, but these were never formidable. Although they made themselves troublesome with some perseverance during the daytime, they consistently refrained from night-attacks, to which ordinarily the Afghan hillmen are much addicted. There never was any investment of Sherpur, nor indeed any approximation to an investment. The Afghan offensive was not dangerous, but annoying and wearisome. It was pushed, it was true, with some resolution on the 18th, when several thousand men poured out of the city, and skirmished forward under a cover of the gardens and enclosures on the plain between Cabul and the cantonment. Some of the more adventurous were able to get within four hundred paces from the enceinte, but could make no further headway, although they long maintained a brisk fire. The return fire was chiefly restricted to volleys directed on those few of the enemy who offered a sure mark by exposing themselves; and shell-fire was chiefly used to drive the Afghan skirmishers from their cover in the gardens and enclosures. On the morning of the 19th it was found that in the night they had occupied the Meer Akhor fort, a few hundred yards in front of the eastern face of the enceinte. Baker went out on the errand of destroying it, with 880 bayonets, two guns, and a party of sappers. In the approach through the mist, a sudden volley struck down several men, and Lieutenant

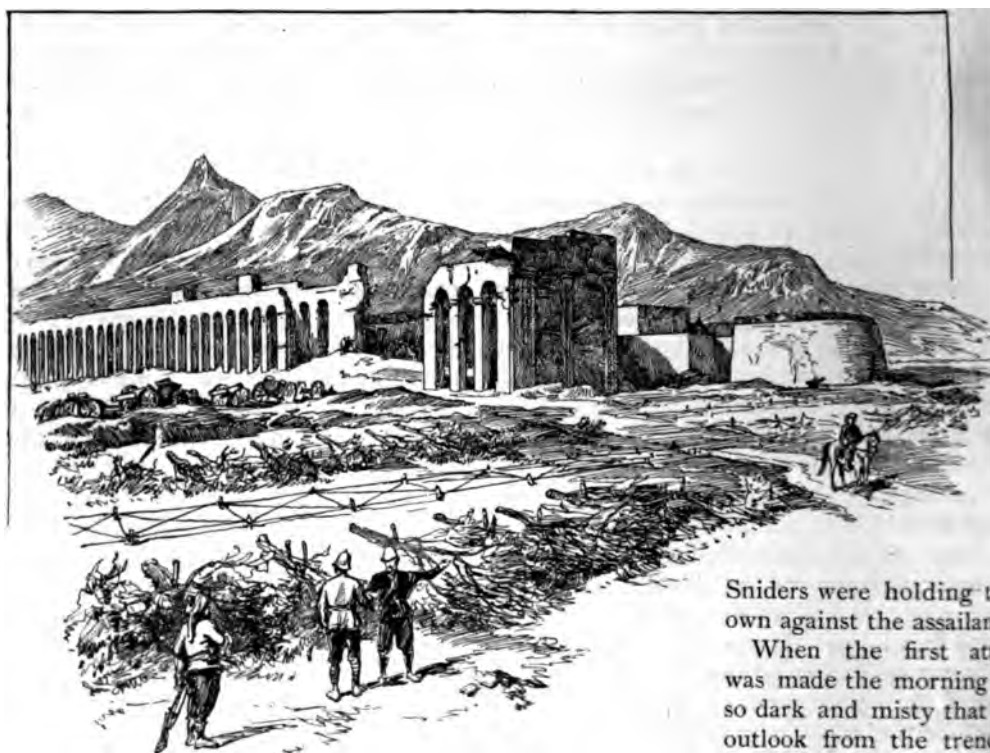
Montenaro, of the mounted battery, was mortally wounded. The fort was heavily shelled, its garrison was driven out, and it was blown up.

For the moment circumstances had enforced on Roberts the wisdom of accepting the defensive attitude, but he nevertheless knew himself the virtual master of the situation. He had but one anxiety—the apprehension lest the Afghans should not harden their hearts to deliver a real assault on his position. That apprehension was not long to give him concern. On the 20th the enemy took strong possession of the Mahomed Shereeff fort on the southern face of Sherpur; and they maintained themselves there during the two following days against the fire of siege guns mounted on the bastions of the enceinte. On the 21st and 22nd large numbers of Afghans quitted the city, and passing eastward behind the Siah Sung heights, took possession in great force of the forts and villages outside the eastern face of Sherpur, which should have been destroyed previously. On the afternoon of the 22nd a spy brought in the intelligence that Mahomed Jan and his brother chief had resolved to assault the cantonment early on the following morning. His tidings were true; and the spy was even able to communicate the details of the plan of attack. The 2,000 men who were holding the King's Garden and the Mahomed Shereeff post had been equipped with scaling-ladders, and were to make a false attack, which might become a real one, against the western section of the front. The principal assault, however, was to be made against the eastern face of the Behmaroo village, unquestionably the weakest part of the defensive position. The 23rd was the last day of the Mohurru — the great Mahomedan religious festival—when fanaticism would be at its height; and further to stimulate that incentive to valour, the Mushk-i-Alum was his holy self to kindle the beacon fire on the Asmai height which would be the signal to the faithful to rush to the attack.

The information proved perfectly accurate. All night long the shouts and chants of the Afghans filled the air. Purposeful silence reigned throughout the cantonment. In the darkness the soldiers mustered and quietly fell into their places. The officers commanding sections of the defence made their dispositions. The reserves were silently standing to their arms. Every eye was toward the Asmai height, shrouded still in the gloom of the night. A long tongue of flame shot up into the air, blazed brilliantly for a few moments, and then waned. At the signal a

fierce fire opened from before one of the gateways of the southern face, the flashes indicating that the marksmen were plying their rifles within two hundred yards of the enceinte. The bullets sped harmlessly over the defenders sheltered behind the parapet, and in the dusk of the dawn reprisals were not attempted. But this outburst of powder-burning against the southern face was a mere incident. What men listened for and watched for was the development of the true

our thin line of men. Led by Ghazees, the main body of Afghans, who had been hidden in the villages and orchards on the east side of Sherpur, rushed out in one dense horde, and every throat was filling the air with shouts of "Allah-Allah!" The roar surged forward as the line advanced, but it was answered by such a roll of musketry that it was drowned for the moment and then merged into the general turmoil and sound that told our men with Martinis a



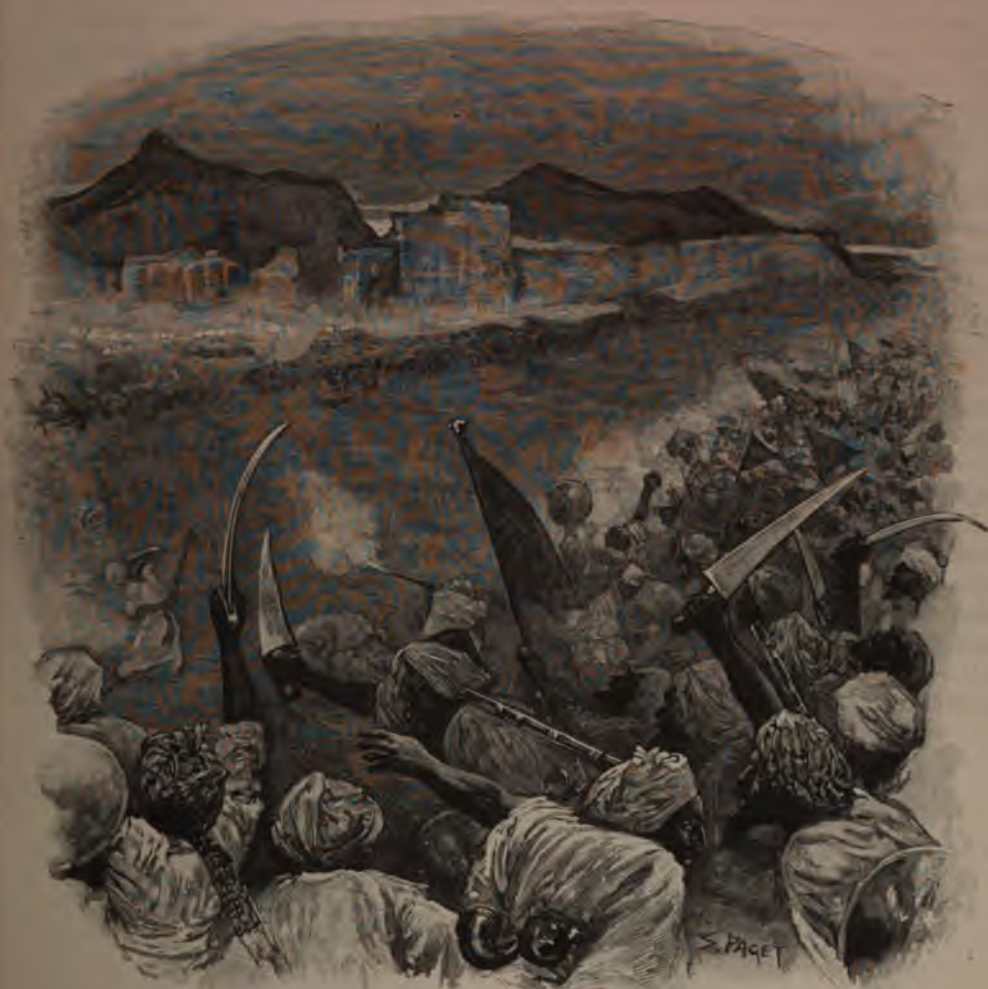
NORTH END OF SHERPUR ENTRENCHMENTS,
CABUL.

assault on the eastern end of the great parallelogram. The section-commanders there were General Hugh Gough, in charge of the eastern end of the Behmaroo heights, and Colonel Jenkins from the village down past the native hospitals to the bastion at the south-eastern corner. The defending troops were the Guides from Behmaroo to the hospital, in which were two Punjaubees; and beyond to the bastion the 67th reinforced by two companies of the 92nd. From beyond Behmaroo and the eastern trenches and walls as day broke, there came a roar of cannon so loud and menacing that it seemed as if an army 30,000 strong was charging down on

was restricted, and the order to the troops was to hold their fire until the enemy should be distinctly visible. The Punjaabee detachment in the hospital opened fire prematurely and presently the Guides, holding Behmaroo and the trenches on the slopes, followed example, and sweeping with their fire the terrain in front of them broke the force of attack when its leaders were still several hundred yards away. Between the hospital and the corner bastion, the men of the 67th and 92nd awaited with impassive discipline the word of permission to begin firing. From out the ranks at length emerged dense masses of men, some of whom were brandishing swords and knives while others loaded and fired when hurried forward. The order to fire was not given until the leading Ghazees were within eighty yards

the mass of assailants not more than two hundred. Heavily struck by volley on volley, recoiled, but soon gathered courage to come again; and for several hours there was sharp fighting, repeated efforts being made to carry the low eastern wall. So resolute were the

determined to take them in flank, and with this intention sent out into the open through the Behmaroo gorge four field-guns escorted by a cavalry regiment. Bending to the right, the guns came into action on the Afghan right flank, and the counter-stroke had an immediate effect. The



"THE ROAR SURGED FORWARD" (p. 243).

ans that more than once they reached the wall, but each time they were driven back with heavy loss. About ten o'clock there was a lull, and it seemed that the attacking force was suffering from the frustration of its attempts; but an hour later there was a partial recrudescence of fighting, and the assailants once more came forward. The attack, however, was not pushed with the same vigour, and was soon beaten down, though the Afghans still maintained a threatening position, and the fire from the defences was continual to dislodge them. The General then

enemy wavered, and soon were in full retreat. The Kohistanee contingent, some 5,000 strong, cut loose and marched away northward with obvious recognition that the game was up. The fugitives were scourged with artillery and rifle fire; and Massy led out the cavalry, swept the plain, and drove the lingering Afghans from the slopes of Siah Sung. The false attacks on the southern face from the King's Garden and the Mahomed Shereef fort never made any head. Those positions were steadily shelled until late in the afternoon, when they were finally

evacuated, and by nightfall all the villages and enclosures between Sherpur and Cabul were entirely deserted. Some of these had been destroyed by sappers from the garrison during the afternoon, in the course of which operation two gallant Engineer officers, Captain Dundas and Lieutenant Nugent, were unfortunately killed by the premature explosion of a mine.

Mahomed Jan had been as good as his word: he had delivered his stroke against Sherpur; and that stroke had utterly failed. With its failure came promptly the collapse of the national rising. Before daybreak of the 24th the formidable combination, which had included all the fighting elements of North-Eastern Afghanistan, and under whose banners it was believed that more than 100,000 armed men had mustered, was no more. Not only had it broken up—it had disappeared. Neither in the city itself nor in the adjacent villages, nor on the surrounding heights, was a tribesman to be seen. So hurried had been the Afghan dispersal that the dead were left to lie unburied where they had fallen. His nine days on the defensive had cost Sir Frederick Roberts singularly little in casualties: his losses were eighteen killed, and sixty-eight wounded. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded, from first to last of the rising, was reckoned to be not under 3,000.

On the 24th the cavalry rode far and fast in pursuit of the fugitives, but they overtook none,

such haste had the fleeing Afghans made. On the same day Cabul and the Balla Hissar were reoccupied, and General Hills resumed his functions as military governor of the city, *vice* the old moulla Mushk-i-Alum, departed precipitately to regions unknown. Cabul had the aspect of having undergone a siege at the hands of an enemy; the bazaars were broken up and deserted. After making a few examples, the General issued a proclamation of amnesty, excluding therefrom only five of the principal leaders and fomenters of the recent rising. This policy of conciliation bore good fruit; and a durbar was held on January 9th, 1880, at which were present about 300 sirdars, chiefs, and headmen from the various provinces. Although the country remained disturbed, there were no more outbreaks. Cabul and Sherpur were strongly fortified, military roads were made, and all cover and obstructions for the space of 1,000 yards outside the enceinte of Sherpur were swept away. In March the Cabul force had increased to a strength of about 11,500 men and twenty-six guns; and General Roberts formed it into two divisions, one of which he himself commanded, the other being commanded by Major-General John Ross.

On 2nd May, Sir Donald Stewart arrived at Cabul from Candahar, and took over from Sir Frederick Roberts the command in North-Eastern Afghanistan.



SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS IN 1880.

[Photo., Lock & Whitfield, Regent St., W.]



WHEN Nicholas Nickleby suggested to Mr. Vincent Crummles that the "terrific broadsword combat" on his stage would look better if the two adversaries were more of a size, the veteran manager replied that the remark showed how little he knew about the business. What the public really liked to see was the little fellow getting the better of the big one. And Mr. Crummles was right. Most men have a "weakness for the weaker side," and if there is one thing they like better to see than a fair and even fight, it is the spectacle of a victory won by skill and pluck against superior strength. Such was the victory that splendid old soldier the Archduke Albert of Austria won at Custozza during the brief campaign of Northern Italy in 1866.

As it happened, it was—so far as tangible results were concerned—a barren success. The prize that was fought for was the possession of Venice and its territory; and by the course of events this went to Italy at the close of the war, notwithstanding her defeats by land and sea. But for all that, Custozza and Lissa were a solid gain to Austria, for they enabled her to yield to fate without losing heart and hope for the future. Broken as her power was on the wider field of the struggle with Prussia, she could yet trust to sailors of the stamp of Tegethoff, soldiers like the Archduke Albert, to secure for her the respect even of the victors, and to ensure that before long she would again be a factor to be reckoned with in the councils of Europe.

The Archduke Albert was the son of a famous soldier, the Archduke Charles, who was one of the most formidable opponents of the Great Napoleon, and who by the victory of Aspern brought him within sight of ruin many years before Waterloo was fought and won. The

Archduke Albert had distinguished himself in the campaigns of Italy in 1848 and 1849, taking part in more than one hard-fought action on the very ground which he held in 1866. When, in that year, Italy began to prepare to take the field against Austria as the ally of Prussia, the Government at Vienna concentrated the bulk of its forces on the northern frontiers of the empire to meet the more formidable attack that was threatened from Berlin, and the Archduke was left to hold Venetia against the Italians with very inferior forces. It was this marked inferiority that gave special interest to his successful campaign against the great armies that were marshalled against him.

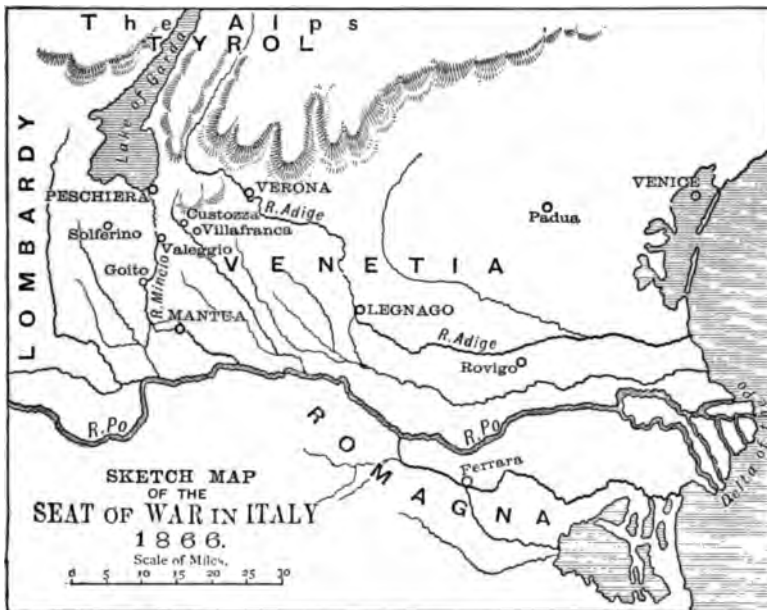
At the end of the month of May the Italians had concentrated a main army of 140,000 men in Lombardy, and a second force of about 60,000 between Ferrara and Bologna in the Romagna. The army in Lombardy was commanded nominally by the King, Victor Emmanuel; really by his chief of the staff, the veteran General La Marmora, the same who had commanded the Sardinian contingent in the Crimea. The army was divided into three corps under Durando, Cucchiari, and Della Rocca. The King's eldest son, Prince Humbert, then Crown Prince and now King of Italy, commanded a division in Della Rocca's corps. His brother, Prince Amadeo, afterwards King of Spain, commanded a brigade of Grenadiers in the first corps. This army was destined to cross the little river Mincio, which formed the boundary between Lombardy and Venetia, thus attacking the Austrians in front; while the second army of 60,000 men under Cialdini would be in a position to cross the lower course of the Po, and fall upon their flank. On the left of the royal army Garibaldi was assembling a third force of between 30,000 and 40,000 men, with which he was to invade the Tyrol.

To meet these three armies—amounting in all to at least 235,000 men—the Archduke Albert had nominally at his disposal a force of 135,000. Thus he had a majority of 100,000 against him at the very outset, but even this does not represent the whole deficiency. First he had to detach 12,000 men for the defence of the Tyrol. These were expected to be able to deal with Garibaldi's 30,000 or 40,000 volunteers; 12,000 more were assigned to the defence of Istria and the neighbourhood of Trieste and Pola, where, considering the strength of Italy on the sea, there was supposed

the King or against Cialdini, he left only a screen of cavalry outposts along the Mincio, between Peschiera and Mantua, and along the north bank of the Po, opposite Ferrara. Once war was declared they allowed no one to pass the frontier in either direction, and even before that only those few privileged persons who had obtained a special passport from the Austrian military authorities were allowed to cross.

The cavalry scouts and vedettes did their work to perfection. They prevented the Italians from obtaining any information as to the plans or movements of the Archduke, and they kept

him well informed as to all that was going on upon the Lombard shore of the Mincio. The Archduke had in the last few days before the declaration of war made up his mind to attack the King's army. If Victor Emmanuel crossed the Mincio he would fall upon him on the ground between that river and the Adige; or if the Italians remained in Lombardy he intended himself to cross the Mincio, trusting to be able to defeat them, and then return in time to deal with Cialdini. In both cases he would have the advantage of being able to make one or other of the four fortresses of the Quad-



to be some danger of a naval descent; 40,000 were employed in the garrisons of the Quadrilateral (Mantua, Verona, Peschiera and Legnago) and in the fortresses of Rovigo and Venice; finally 6,000 had to be left to guard his communications with Austria. This reduced the field army to a little over 60,000 men, and with these he had to meet the 200,000 of Italy.

The Italians had divided their forces, and the Archduke saw that his best chance of success would lie in an attempt to deal with one of their armies before the other could come to its assistance. In order to do this it would be necessary from the very outset to conceal his own position and movements, and be fully informed of those of his opponents. Therefore, concentrating his army in a central position behind the Adige, a little to the east of Verona, a point from which he could move either against

the King or against Cialdini, he left only a screen of cavalry outposts along the Mincio, between Peschiera and Mantua, and along the north bank of the Po, opposite Ferrara. Once war was declared they allowed no one to pass the frontier in either direction, and even before that only those few privileged persons who had obtained a special passport from the Austrian military authorities were allowed to cross. The cavalry scouts and vedettes did their work to perfection. They prevented the Italians from obtaining any information as to the plans or movements of the Archduke, and they kept him well informed as to all that was going on upon the Lombard shore of the Mincio. The Archduke had in the last few days before the declaration of war made up his mind to attack the King's army. If Victor Emmanuel crossed the Mincio he would fall upon him on the ground between that river and the Adige; or if the Italians remained in Lombardy he intended himself to cross the Mincio, trusting to be able to defeat them, and then return in time to deal with Cialdini. In both cases he would have the advantage of being able to make one or other of the four fortresses of the Quad-

the Austrian horsemen were to fall back on them, to do as little fighting as possible, or to lose sight of them.

Thursday, June 22nd, the royal army of Austria concentrated on the right or Lombard side of the Mincio. At Monzambano the engineers were at work constructing bridges. At Mantova and Goito the cavalry of De Sonnaz was ordered to seize the existing bridges as soon as

the Italians very slow and cautious in their advance. It was the afternoon before he retired from Villafranca, and behind the little country town he made a stand with his horsemen and a battery of artillery; and though he again retreated after a short skirmish, the result was that the Italian cavalry of De Sonnaz did not push their explorations any further that day. They reported to the royal headquarters that



VERONA.

was given to advance. In the grey of the morning of Friday they crossed the river at both points. The Austrian cavalry, under Colonel Pulz, fell back without firing a shot, avoiding the hills that lie northward of the lake of Garda. Pulz retired across the plain of Villafranca. The country is thickly populated. There are numerous villages and hamlets, and plenty of roads, foot-paths, and tracks; but it is difficult country to march in, for everywhere the ground is covered with small watercourses and irrigation ditches—hedgerows, orchards, and plantations are in the view. Along the course of the river are swampy rice-fields, and on every slope of sloping ground there are thickly-planted vineyards. Pulz was able to make the

Austrians had no force between the Adige and the Mincio beyond a couple of regiments of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; and this confirmed La Marmora in his idea that the Archduke would be compelled by his inferior numbers to remain on the defensive near Verona.

All day the Italian army had been pouring across the bridges of the Mincio, and advancing by the hot, sandy roads—the right into the plain of Villafranca, the left towards the low hills that border it on the northward, stretching from the lake of Garda to Custozza and Somma Campagna. General La Marmora was confident of victory. He was occupying the very ground where the allied armies of France and Italy had stayed their onward march in 1859. He was

going to take up the work of conquest where Napoleon III. had left off, and he hoped to complete it by entering Venice as a victor. North and south and away to his front lay the famed fortresses of the Quadrilateral, the keys of Northern Italy; but their garrisons were cowering behind the ramparts, and doing nothing to disturb his movements.

On the Saturday night about half the Italian army was across the river, and the rest was close up to the bridges, ready to follow in the morning. The troops were to be moving by 3.30 a.m., and La Marmora had issued orders for an advance upon Verona. The right was to move by the plain of Villafranca to the hills round Somma Campagna; the left was to enter the hill country, more directly marching from Monzambano and Valeggio on Castelnovo and Sona. The object of the movement was to occupy the mass of hills to the south-east of the lake of Garda, cut off Peschiera from Verona, and threaten the positions held by the Archduke near that fortress.

On the Sunday morning the Italians were under arms at half-past three, and soon after their columns were on the move. The men had no breakfast before starting, beyond a piece of bread or a biscuit taken from the haversack and eaten as they waited for the order to march off. It was intended to halt later on for breakfast, but the Italian staff was anxious to get the march over as early as possible, as it was expected that it would be a very hot day. So sure were they that the enemy would not be encountered in force that no cavalry were sent out to scout in front. In front of each column there was an advance guard; but so badly was the march arranged, and so loosely was the connection between the advance guards and those that followed them kept up, that the vanguard of Sirtori's division, consisting of some 2,500 men with six guns, took the wrong road, and got in front of the vanguard of Cerale's division; while, by a blunder of the leading portion of Cerale's column, his main body wandered on to the road assigned to General Sirtori. Thus there was the singular spectacle of two advance guards following each other on one road, while their main bodies calmly marched in long procession along another.

The start had been made shortly before four o'clock. The march had proceeded for a little more than an hour, and five had just struck from the village bell towers, when General La Marmora, who was riding with centre, was

surprised at hearing far away to the right the direction of Villafranca, the roar of in action. The two divisions of the first third corps, commanded by the Crown Prince Humbert and by General Bixio, had been attacked by Austrian cavalry and horse art. The Italians behaved well. The infantry fell into squares, and beat off three cavalry charges. The artillery galloped up, unlimbered, and away the Austrian guns with a few well-shells. By six o'clock the fight was over; the enemy was in retreat. La Marmora ridden towards the firing, and when he received the report of what had happened, he made up his mind that the affair was of little importance. He felt sure that the Austrian force consisted only of Pulz's regiment, the same which had been watching the river days before, and had retired through Villafranca when the Italians advanced on the Saturday night.

The divisions of his first corps on the left now entered the hilly country, and at half past six, a good half-hour after the last shells had been fired at Villafranca, there was a still startling incident on the left. Sirtori was leading his division across the deep little ravine through which the Tione flows, and the first regiment was ascending the slope beyond the river bank. Sirtori himself rode near the head of the column. Suddenly a volley was fired; the leading ranks by riflemen lying in a trench among the trees and enclosures of a farm at the top of the slope. Sirtori, pulling up his horse, looked through his field-glasses at the wreaths of smoke that hung in the still morning air; but so well hidden were the men that he could not make out their uniforms. Nevertheless, he felt so sure that the Austrians were not in front of him, and he so suspected that his vanguard was on a road, that he told those near him that the ambushed foes must be their own comrades. The vanguard firing on them by mistake, he sent two of his officers galloping forward to stop the fire. They came careering back down the slope to tell him that they had narrowly escaped being killed or captured by a regiment of Austrian Jagers, and the next minute the shells unlimbering on the ridge told the Italian general that he had come upon an Austrian army in battle array. A minute more and a deep voice of the first gun told General La Marmora that he had made a terrible mistake, and that the Austrians were in action on the left as well as his right.

it had happened? The Italian columns found their way into the hills—one by this another by that, with no connection between them, with no concerted plan of action, that was worse, with the men fasting and tired for a long day's battle, were one by one running into collision with the army drawn to receive them under the cover of the first of the hills. Late on the Friday the Archduke had learned of the Italian advance, and had given orders for the crossing of the Adige near Verona. On the Saturday, while the Austrians believed he was still inactive behind the river, he had got his whole army across it, bivouacked for the night within striking distance of the royal army, in which no one, except the King to the youngest soldier, had an idea that 60,000 foes were so close in their front.

Seeing how densely peopled the whole of the hills, it is a marvel that none of the scouts warned the Italians of their danger.

Some of them made an effort to pass the mountain outposts, the attempt was a failure. In the night the Archduke received a telegram from General Scudier, who commanded on the left. It informed him that Cialdini's van was crossing the river, and the Austrians were slowly retiring before his advance. But it made no change in the arrangements for the next day. The Archduke still counted on smashing the King's army before the two Italian divisions could get near enough to help each other. He believed the King's plan would be to march direct through the plain of Villafranca to the Adige; and his own orders for next day were that the various corps were to face southward and westward, moving from their camps at the foot of the hills, and then sweeping round so as to descend on the flank of the Italian advance. Although he had not comprehended the plans of the Italians, his instincts were so sound that they met even their own arrangements. Instead of falling on their flanks, they struck the heads of their ill-connected divisions as they strove to gain the hills. His march had begun at 2 o'clock, in the darkness of a midsummer night. There was soon

light to move rapidly and surely. At the sound of guns engaged in the brief fight at Villafranca led the Austrians for awhile to believe that the main Italian advance was in that direction; but their scouts soon brought them to the real direction in which the enemy was moving, and when the Italians entered the hills they blundered into a fight for which they

were not prepared, while the Austrians met them with a well-organised battle line, every unit in which worked well with those to the right and left of it, and proved once more that even enormous numbers count for less than discipline and union under one strong will directed by a clear and well-trained mind.

So far as the Italians were concerned, Custozza was a series of detached fights; for the Austrian commander it was a tremendous struggle, of which he controlled and co-ordinated all the parts.

Let us return to the fight at the point where it began on the Italian left. As soon as Sirtori found that he had an Austrian force to deal with, he got his division into line on the very unfavourable ground on which its leading battalion stood when the first shots were fired, and made repeated efforts to drive the enemy from the farm and the ridges round Pernisa. Soon he heard firing away to the left and right. The battle was becoming general. To the left, about a mile and a half away, his advanced guard, under General Villahermosa, had come upon the Austrian reserve division holding the slopes of Monte Cricol, a bold ridge over which the Valeggio road runs about two miles to the south of Castelnuovo. The fight here had a very important effect on the fortunes of the day. Villahermosa, believing that he had the whole of Sirtori's division close behind him, resolved to clear the way for it by driving the Austrians from the hill, and sent forward his riflemen—the famous Bersaglieri—whose ordinary marching pace is a smart run. They made a gallant dash at the Monte Cricol, but the attack was a failure. Outnumbered and over-weighted, the Italian riflemen fell back, and then the Austrians came charging down the hill after them, and began to drive Villahermosa and his vanguard along the Valeggio road. More than an hour had passed in this fight in front of Monte Cricol, when again the tide was turned by the arrival of the leading troops of General Cerale's division, which had marched towards the firing. The division consisted of some 12,000 men, with eighteen guns. First came General Villarey, a Savoyard soldier, with two battalions of Bersaglieri as the vanguard. Then came the rest of Villarey's brigade—eight battalions—and behind it the guns and a brigade of eight more battalions under General Dhò. As Cerale brought his division into action he saw not only the victorious Austrians in front, but other white-coated columns moving on the hills to his right,

beyond the Tione. These were part of the corps that was attacking his colleague Sirtori, but they brought their guns to bear even upon the Valeggio road, so that Cerale had to turn some of his own artillery upon them. His main force he threw against the Austrians in front, in order to rescue Villahermosa, and for the moment superior force was on the side of the Italians. They cleared the road, captured two guns, and, pushing boldly on, got to the crest of the Monte Cricol, and also turned the enemy out of



ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

Mongabia on the right of the road. It looked as if here, on the extreme western edge of the battle, the Italians were winning.

But now came an incident which shows how, even in modern war with tens of thousands in the field, a handful of brave men can change the whole aspect of a battle. Across the Tione, to the right of this portion of the fight, there was a regiment of Austrian cavalry, known as the Sicilian Uhlans (lancers, who had formerly had the King of the Two Sicilies for their honorary colonel). Colonel de Berres, who commanded the lancers, had been watching through his field-glass the fight for the Monte Cricol, and seeing that the Austrian brigade, which was now retiring before the Italians, was hard pressed, he thought he could help his friends by a sudden

charge on Cerale's flank. One Italian battalion was in line of battle driving in the Austrians, the other was in a long marching column on the road. Berres called up one of his captains, Bechtoldsheim—and ordered him to take three troops and attack the enemy on the road. Three troops numbered exactly 103 officers and men. The brigade of General Dhò was a strong force, but the hundred without a moment's hesitation trotted off to charge the 5,000. They descended the slope to the Tione, found the road, got across, and quietly made their way up the hill to the right of the Italians. These men were to have had the least warning of the enemy's attack. They were moving slowly forward in column when the handful of splendid horsemen came rushing down the hill like a hurricane. Generals Cerale and Dhò, with their staffs riding at the head of the column. The Uhlans falling on the flank of the foremost regiment crashed through it with levelled lances, and rode for the crowd of officers, and scattered them right and left. The two generals escaped with difficulty. Cerale was hit by a bullet in the *mêlée*, and Dhò received lance wounds. Two guns which were on the road just behind the staff were galloped back to the rear by their teams, and the Austrian battalion broke and ran as the lancers came down the road cheering and striking right and left with their lances, the retiring guns now the main object of their charge. The frightened gunners cut the traces, and the guns were overturned in the press. But with the exception of one battalion, Dhò's division was now a panic-stricken mob. On both sides of the road the valley was full of men who had thrown away their arms and were running for their lives. Two thousand of them did not get away till they had put the bridges of Monza and Valeggio between them and the Italians. And yet that enemy consisted only of a handful of lancers. If one company had stood its ground and fired one steady volley the charge would have been stopped. When the lancers pulled bridle and turned to ride back they had not lost a score of their small number. Colonel Bechtoldsheim, their brave leader, had his horse killed under him, but close by another major had just been run through with a lance, and Bechtoldsheim caught the horse of his foe and again put himself at the head of his men. But as they rode back they found the Italian battalion that had kept together lined the ditches on both sides of the

possible track. The lancers had to gallop through a sheet of flame from the hostile rifles, and the road was strewn with men and horses. When Bechtoldsheim regained the hill there were only sixteen of his brave Uhlans beside

had just witnessed the charge of the lancers. The Italians tried more than once to make a stand, but they were driven from position after position, and their commander, Villarey, was shot dead while forming the 30th Regiment for



THE CHARGE OF THE AUSTRIAN LANCERS (p. 252).

him. They had left two officers, eighty-four men, and seventy-nine horses in the valley, killed and wounded; but they had done their work, and their charge had decided the fortune of the day.

Villarey's brigade was now all that was left of Cerales's division. The Austrians had been reinforced, and they promptly attacked and took the Monte Cricol, and drove the Italians down the hill and along the same valley which

a counter-attack on the victors. After his fall there was nothing but wild confusion on the Italian left. Here and there, however, handfuls of brave men acted in a way that did something to redeem the honour of the Italian arms. A little group of ten officers and thirty men of the 44th Regiment, finding that they were abandoned by their panic-stricken comrades, threw themselves into a farmhouse, taking the flag of

the regiment with them. They held it for two hours against the Austrians, and only surrendered it when the building was set on fire. But their flag was not captured. They had cut it into forty pieces, and each of them took a piece. When they came back from Austria after the war the pieces were sewn together, and the flag was restored to the regiment.

The village of Oliosi, between the Valeggio road and the Tione, was held by the Italians, and afforded some protection to their retreat from the disastrous fight before the Monte Cricol. It was stormed by a column of two Austrian regiments under General Piret, which crossed the river, and cleared the village without much difficulty. In one house—the presbytery, near the village church—the Italians held out for nearly two hours. When the house was all but demolished the little garrison surrendered, and five officers and forty-nine men were made prisoners.

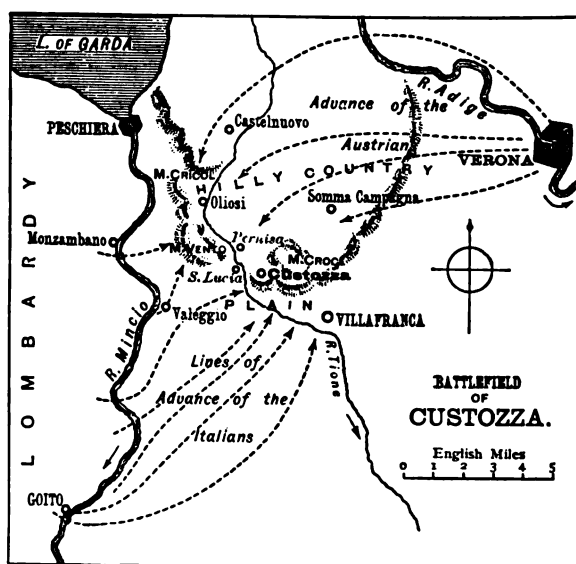
What was left of

Cerale's division, together with part of Sirtori's vanguard, now rallied on the bold ridge of Monte Vento. To their left General Pianelli's division, which had just crossed the Mincio, was coming up from the bridges of Monzambano, bringing some 12,000 fresh men to support them. The Austrians were pushing in between the hill and the river; and one of their rifle regiments advancing over-boldly, was surrounded by Pianelli's troops, and the 700 Jagers were all either shot down or captured. The reserve of the Italian 1st corps, consisting chiefly of Bersaglieri, was also directed upon Monte Vento. On the possession of this ridge the safety of the whole army depended, for if the Austrians took it they would be in a position to cut off the Italians from the bridges over the Mincio.

So far the fight on the left had gone by ten o'clock. On the rest of the field it was the same. Everywhere the Italians had come into action

piecemeal against solid masses of Austrian in every one of the detached fights that progress from left to right they were pushed back. In the Tione valley Sirtori failed to carry the ridge near Pernisa. He himself been routed and driven across the by the advancing Austrians, and had lost guns. He had rallied his men and crossed stream a second time, only to be a second driven back. Still further to the right the hills towards Custozza Brignone's division had come to grief. The Italians had

well and lost by Prince Amadeo General Gou both falling wounded at the of their brig About ten, La mora was so alarmed by the report reached him every side he told the King thought it a lost battle, and on the point giving the order to retire to the bank when an enclosing message Durando, who bringing the serves into



on the left, led him to change his mind and continue the fight. Having made at the such a terrible mistake as to the position of the Austrians, he seemed all day to be expecting some new surprise and disaster; and truly there were only Pulz's cavalry in plain to his extreme right, he was so anxious about a possible attack in that direction that he kept Bixio and Prince Humbert's division inactive all day at Villafranca. They had not fired a shot since the short skirmish with cavalry in the early morning, and all through the blazing heat of the day the men sat stretched in the shadows of the trees, listening to the roar of the fight in the hills, while officers impatiently waited for orders to advance. The only order they got was a message that the flag was lost, and the moment had come to retreat. But this was some hours later. By 4 o'clock the Austrians had disposed of Sirtori's division, and crossing the river after his retreat

ons, they stormed the strong position
a Lucia, thus almost interposing between
lian left and right. Artillery was massed

Monte Vento, and further westward a
of attack moved forward to attempt to
the bridges on the Mincio at Monzambano.
e right the two fresh divisions of Cugia
ovone strengthened the Italian line, and
l for a while the advance of the Austrians,
object in this quarter was the capture of
lage of Custozza, which stands on a bold
erlooking the plain of Villafranca.

loss of Santa Lucia made it very difficult
e Italians to hold on to Monte Vento.
d Durando was actually discussing the
m of retiring when he was shot down, and
d Chilini, who had assumed the command
stead, abandoned the position as soon as
ustrians advanced upon it. This made
feat of the whole Italian army inevitable,
e Austrians could now advance and seize
round between Monte Vento and the
, the very ground over which the Italian
must retire if it was to withdraw to its
rritory, and across which it would have to
up its communications with Lombardy,
it could maintain itself in Venetia.

the right the Italians had been driven
upon Custozza. It was near four o'clock.
Austrians had every available man and
gun in action. Their men were weary
the night march and the long fight among
hills under the blazing midsummer sun,
shone in a cloudless sky. But it was
for the Italians. Most of them had eaten
g all day, and they had none of the
tion of success. They had been losing
l all day, and they had lost all confidence
r chiefs and in themselves. Yet they had
arty thousand men who either had not
shot or had not been seriously engaged.

were the two divisions at Villafranca
s and the Crown Prince's) and the two
e divisions of Cucchiari's corps, which were
ling along roads so encumbered with
used mass of baggage and ammunition
ns that it was only when all was over that
pproached the field. It would be difficult
l more striking proof of the hopeless
city of La Marmora and his staff.

ve o'clock the village and hill of Custozza

were stormed with a fierce rush by the columns
on the Austrian left. The hills were now com-
pletely in the possession of the Archduke. He
had driven the last of the Italians on to the low
ground, and everywhere they were retiring
towards the river, thousands having already
streamed across the bridges in a confused and
disorderly march. The Austrians were so ex-
hausted with their nineteen hours of marching
and fighting that there was no pursuit. If the
Archduke had had a few thousand fresh troops
he might have captured whole masses of the
fugitives, who were huddled together along the
Mincio, waiting to cross. Next day the Austrian
cavalry pushed into Lombardy, and such was
the impression made on the Italian army by the
collapse of Custozza that La Marmora made no
effort to stop them, but retired first behind the
Chiese and then behind the Oglio, abandoning a
considerable part of Lombardy. Meanwhile, the
Archduke had marched from the scene of his
victory back to the Adige, in order to be able to
fall on Cialdini if he persisted in his invasion of
Venetia. But the lesson of Custozza was enough
to make the second Italian army withdraw into
the Romagna.

The Austrians lost in the battle 960 killed,
3,690 wounded, and some hundreds of prisoners,
chiefly the Jagers captured by Pianelli's division.
The Italian loss in killed and wounded was not
quite so heavy, the killed being 720 and the
wounded 3,112, but they lost in prisoners and
missing 4,315 officers and men. On the Italian
side General Villarey was killed, and Generals
Dhò, Durando, Gozzani, and Prince Amadœ
were wounded. But a mere comparison of
losses can give no idea of the effect of the battle
on the two armies. The Austrian army was for
all practical purposes intact, full of confidence
in itself and in its leader. A great part of the
Italian army had degenerated into something
like an armed mob, all confidence in the
generals was gone, and, instead of talking of
a march upon Venice, men were asking them-
selves if they could hold Northern Italy against
an Austrian invasion. Custozza had given one
more proof of the fact that victory is not always
with the big battalions, and that a skilful leader
can bring to nought the onset of less ably handled
troops, though they outnumber his own by tens
of thousands.





ON the 16th of March, 1812, when the poplar trees that fringed the Guadiana were bending under a tempest of wind and rain, a British force some 15,000 strong, with a battering train of fifty-two guns, reached Badajoz—a strongly-fortified Spanish town near the frontier of Portugal—the bugles of the “95th” playing “St. Patrick’s Day” as they faced the furious equinoctial gale.

About a year before, the scoundrel Imas had delivered up the place to Marshal Soult, whose clubfoot did not prevent his being one of the most active men and fearless riders in the French service; and although we had made two attempts to retake it, we had failed on each occasion after heavy losses, our battering train being shamefully insufficient, and the enemy very much on the alert; the third time we were successful, and it is of this I am about to tell.

Badajoz was the *pax augusta* of the Romans, and a granite bridge with twenty-eight arches, dating from Roman times, still spanned the sluggish river on the north-west; but, save that the town had been frequently taken and retaken by Moors, Goths, and Spaniards, and was the birthplace of Morales, the painter, there was nothing very remarkable about its quaint, crooked streets and massive cathedral beyond the natural strength of its position, rising some 300 feet above the marshy plain, with eight bastions and their connecting curtains to protect it from attack.

It remained for Philippon and his gallant garrison, and our veteran troops under the Earl of Wellington—as he was then styled—to render Badajoz immortal, and bring a flush of pride and a thrill of horror to future generations who may read the tale.

The General of Brigade Philippon, colonel of the 8th of the French Line, and member of the Legion of Honour, commanded in Badajoz with

a force of 4,742 men—composed of the 9th Light Infantry, the 88th Regiment of Hesse-Darmstadt, some dragoons and chasseur artillery, engineers, and invalids, and seven Spaniards who ought to have been fighting on the other side.

Although somewhat short of powder and shell, Badajoz presented a formidable target to a besieging army, being protected on one side by the river, 500 yards wide in places, having several outworks, or forts, notably called the Picurina, on a hill to the south, whose defenders could be reinforced by a covered-way leading to the San Roque close to the town walls.

Philippon had, moreover, taken every possible step to strengthen his post: mines were laid under the arch of a bridge built up to form a barrier; inundation, ravelins constructed and repaired, ditches cut and filled with water, so that he should have no useless mouths to feed; for, the inhabitants were ordered to lay up their provisions or march out there and back.

Such was Badajoz when Picton’s 3rd Division, “Fighting,” Division; Lowry Cole’s 4th Division, they were nicknamed at the close of the war, “Enthusiastic”—Division; and the Light Division, as “The” Division, invested it in the rain.

The rest of the army watched Soult’s movements closely, and prepared to oppose them if the town if that should be attempted, a 5th Division was on its way from Beira to the siege.

As soon as darkness had fallen on the night of the 17th, 2,000 men moved silently forward to guard our trenching parties, and, with mattocks and shovel, we began to break ground, 160 yards from the Picurina, the sentinels on the ramparts hearing nothing, as the howling of the wind drowned the sound of digging, and the driving rain fell incessantly into the works. S

the volunteers from the 3rd Division red, for we had no regular sappers, that the of the misty March morning revealed 4,000 of communication, and a parallel 600 yards on perceiving which the garrison opened a adous fire of cannon and musketry. The ding roar of the heavy guns and the crack es and smooth-bores continued with little on for many days, increasing as we finished y after battery and brought them to bear the doomed town.

e condition of our siege artillery would e credited were it not borne out by the mous published statements of credible ses.

the fifty-two pieces, some dated from the

a little body of horsemen jingling out, followed by 1,300 infantry, who concealed themselves in the covered trench connecting San Roque with the Picurina.

The cavalry pretended to skirmish, and, dividing into two parties, one pursued the other towards our lines, where they were challenged, and allowed to pass, on replying in Portuguese.

There was some excuse for the conduct of our pickets, as the French dragoons, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring new uniforms from France, were allowed to use the brown cloth so general all over the Peninsula, and were thus easily mistaken for our Portuguese allies, some of whom also dressed in brown. But we were soon undeceived, for the troopers dashed at the



BADAJOZ.

of Philip II. and the Spanish Armada ; e were cast in the reigns of Philip III. also John IV. of Portugal, who reigned 40 ; we had 24-pounders of George II.'s and Russian naval guns ; the bulk of the ordinary medley being obsolete brass engines required seven to ten minutes to cool en each discharge, lest the overheating d cause the muzzles to drop.

e ammunition was little better, and an eer officer tells us that his 18-pound shot of *three* distinct sizes, which had to be l out and painted different colours, while it ften possible to put a finger between the nd the top of the gun, when the former laced ready for ramming. Yet, with this able *matériel* we were expected to fight ast intelligent army in Europe !

Wellington learned from his spies that the on were to make a sally on the 19th, and elock the Talavera Gate suddenly opened,

engineers' park, cut down some men, and galloped off with several hundreds of the entrenching tools, for which Philippon had offered a large reward.

Simultaneously the infantry sprang out of the covered-way with a part of the Picurina garrison, and, rushing forward, began to destroy our works.

We drove them back almost to the walls of Badajoz, killing thirty and wounding 287. But we lost heavily, for it was a sharp encounter ; and, unhappily, our chief engineer, Colonel Fletcher, was badly hit, a bullet striking a silver dollar in his fob and forcing it an inch into the groin, confining him to his tent until the latter end of the siege, the Earl going each morning to consult about the day's operations.

Our movements were by no means faultless, Wellington having great difficulties to contend with in many directions ; in fact, during the whole of the Peninsular War he may be said to have fought the French with one hand, and

Spanish pride, obstinacy, and selfishness with the other—fortunate indeed in possessing a genius which was ever at its best the more trying the emergency. We stationed a cavalry regiment to prevent any further surprises, and continued our digging, the pitiless rain slanting unceasingly on the trench guards in their grey overcoats and oilskin shakoe-covers, while the working-parties shovelled and measured, and piled up long ridges of earth, standing ankle-deep in the water which filled the saps and trenches.

Many a man of the 3rd Division spun round and fell on the wet ground, for the enemy kept up a steady fire, and one shell dropped, fizzing, into a parallel and exploded, killing fifteen of the workers in a moment.

The Guadiana, too, rose in full flood and tore away the pontoon bridge which connected us with our stores at Elvas: it was replaced, however, and the garrison of Badajoz saw us creeping nearer and nearer to their walls, until, at last, our men finding the fire from the Picurina terribly galling, it was decided to storm that fort on the 24th.

The rain had ceased, and the dark mass of the fort, held by some of the Hesse-Darmstadt Regiment, loomed up, stern and silent, as five hundred of Picton's Division mustered before it about nine o'clock on a fine night.

A hundred men were kept in reserve, while the remainder, divided into two bodies, were to advance against the right and left flanks, also securing the communication with San Roque to prevent any succour coming from the town.

Scarcely had the word to march been given, when soaring rockets went up from the ramparts, port-fires illuminated the darkness in places, and the stillness became a babel of sounds, as shells came hissing towards us, drums rolled, and the bells of Badajoz rang wildly amid the deep booming of the heavy cannon. Red flashes streamed through the openings in the palisading, the Hesse-Darmstadt opened a murderous fire, but we swarmed irresistibly up the rocks and groped for the gate, the pioneers of the Light Division leading with their axes.

Down in the communication our fellows repulsed a battalion coming to the rescue, but it seemed for a time as if we had been baffled; the sides of the hill were dotted with our dead. Oates, of the Connaught Rangers, three engineer officers, with Majors Rudd and Shaw, who commanded the attack, and many a private soldier had fallen there. But as Powis, of the 83rd,

brought up the reserve and forced the pal front, the pioneers discovered the gates the town side, and, battering it down, ru with a shout.

Nixon, of the 52nd, was shot two yards the entrance, and we fought with gun-b bayonet against a most heroic resistance; last they were overpowered, and half the slain. One officer and thirty men flo through the inundation and gained Ba safety, but brave Gaspard Thierry, wi eighty-six survivors, were compelled to su and the death-dealing Picurina was ours.

The firing from the town ceased at ni but with the dawn of day they turned th on to the captured fort, driving us o crumbling it to pieces.

Philippon had hoped to have held t for four or five days, while he completed partially-finished defences, and its capt destruction were a severe blow to him. urged his garrison to fresh efforts by re them of the English prison-hulks, w Napier justly says, were a disgrace to our

Three breaching-batteries were no structured, one against the Trinidad another to shatter the Santa Maria, : third—which consisted of howitzers— throw shrapnel into the ditch, and so the garrison from working there. We h eleven days before the town, and in spi the obstacles had made considerable p although latterly a bright moon had ir with our nocturnal operations.

Overcoats were laid aside, and our : peared in the well-worn scarlet coat white-tape lace, and the black kne which was the dress of a British-infantry at that time. Pigtales had been dor with four years previously, and the wel grey trousers were not issued to the until the following September. The Ri wore dark green, and used a wooden n drive the ball down the grooved barrel; and the grenadier companies of the l bearskin caps, and light infantry w tinguished by green tufts in their felt while our Portuguese friends were mostl blue or brown, with green for the *caça*. riflemen, each man carrying—including sack, accoutrements, kit, and weapons weight of seventy-five pounds twelve o ten pounds more than their opponen soldiers were enraged at the inhabi Badajoz for admitting the French, a a

which boded ill to them if we took the town. But, in the meantime, many instances of pluck on both sides were exhibited. One morning, early, before the working-party arrived, a brave fellow crept out of Badajoz and moved a tracing-string nearer to the walls, so that when we began digging in fancied security, their guns suddenly opened and bowled the men over like nine-pins. Another time, two of our officers and some men stole forward in the night, gagged a sentry, and laid barrels of powder against the dam which confined the inundation, and got back in safety ; but the explosion did not have the desired effect.

At last, the stones began to fall from the Trinidad bastion, amid clouds of dust, as ball after ball went home with terrific force ; the Santa Maria also crumbled under the cannonade, but, being casemated, it resisted better than the other, which, by the 2nd of April, yawned in a manner that must have dismayed the garrison, for they commenced to form what is known as a retrenchment, or second line of defence, within the walls, by levelling houses behind the growing breach. In places where the fortifications had not been completed the energetic Frenchman hung brown cloth which resembled earth, and his men were able to pass freely along ; they also made a raft with parapets and crossed the inundation to our side. But all their efforts were useless : the breaches became larger as masses of stone and rubbish fell like mimic avalanches into the fosse below ; and, on the 6th, a tremendous gap showed in the ancient masonry of the curtain between the two bastions which had not been renewed when the bastions themselves were rebuilt about 1757.

Then came a moment's pause. Soult, Drouet, and Daricau were advancing : a battle was imminent, and would need all our forces. In twenty-one days we had expended 2,523 barrels of gunpowder, each barrel containing ninety pounds, and we had fired 35,346 rounds of ammunition. Badajoz must be taken at all risk ; and orders were now given for the most terrible of all species of warfare—the *night-attack by storm* !

Wellington's commands were precise and to the point, but they were terribly eloquent to those who read them. I have extracted a few paragraphs from the original memorandum, and give them word for word :—

"1. The fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at 10 o'clock this night (6th of April). 2. The attack must be made on three points—the castle, the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the

flank of the bastion of Santa Maria. 3. The attack of the castle to be by escalade ; that of the two bastions, by the storm of the breaches. . . . 20. The 4th Division must try and get open the gate of La Trinidad ; the Light Division must do the same by the gate called the Puerta del Pilar. 21. The soldiers must leave their knapsacks in camp. . . . 24. Twelve carpenters with axes, and ten miners with crow-bars, must be with the Light, and ditto with the 4th Division."

The time had been altered from 7.30 to 10 o'clock, and during that interval the French placed the celebrated *chevaux-de-frise* of sharpened sword-blades in the gap we had made in the connecting curtain ; piles of shot and shell were laid along the ramparts, with beams of wood, old carriage-wheels, and every conceivable missile that their ingenuity could devise ; each soldier had three loaded muskets beside him, and, as the unusual stillness in our trenches warned them that something was in preparation, an officer tried to reconnoitre us with a little escort of cavalry, but we drove him back, and all was quiet once more.

It was the calm before the storm, and men grew silent and thoughtful as the time drew near.

Letters were written home by hands that would never use pen again ; absent friends were talked of in hushed voices, wills hastily made as in the presence of death ; the married soldiers lingered in their quarters till the last moment, and then gave it out that they were "going on guard" !

The April day drew into evening ; a grey mist rose from the river and stole among the trenches and the marshy ground, where frogs piped dismally and field-cricket kept up their perpetual chirp ; then night came, still and cloudy, not a star visible, but here and there lights flitted along the ramparts, and the challenge of the sentries could be distinctly heard.

There was no bustle to show that eighteen thousand men were forming for a desperate attack ; company after company they mustered and got under arms silently, words of command being given in a whisper.

Picton had been hurt by a fall, and his famous 3rd Division was led by Kempt in consequence.

Its destination was the castle, whose walls were from eighteen to twenty-four feet high ; and the regiments which formed it were the 5th, 45th, 74th, 77th, 83rd, 88th, and 94th British, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese.

The 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General

unless, until the "forlorn hope" came up, and each man sighting carefully at the heads of the rampart, they poured in a volley, and attack began.

was unfortunate—as it happened—for

trenches and broken ground, and, filing over the Rivillas by a narrow bridge, reached the foot of the castle wall under a heavy fire.

Brave Kempt, who afterwards fought at Waterloo, fell, badly wounded, and as they



"THE NEXT THEY WERE
LEAPING, SLIDING, CLIMB-
ING" (p. 262).

ington wished all our assaults to take place simultaneously, but it could not be undone; over the garrison threw a huge mass of combustibles, called "a carcass," from the walls, by its powerful blaze they saw the 3rd Division drawn up under arms; so, "Stormers to the front!" was our cry, and we rushed on in an uproar of cheers and shouting. The ladder-parties and those carrying the bags ran forward, scrambling across the

carried him back he met Picton hurrying to take command with his sword drawn.

The 3rd Division had only twelve ladders, and eighty to a hundred men were all that could mount at a time; but they reared them against the masonry, and fought with each other who should be first to ascend.

Stones, earth, live shells, beams, heavy shot, and a rain of musket balls poured down ; those who reached the top were stabbed and flung on to the others behind them—here a cheer as a man grasped the coping—there a howl of rage as the ladder was hurled broken from the wall and all its occupants flung in a heap below.

“Forward the 5th Fusiliers—Come on, Connaught Rangers.” A corporal of the 45th fell wounded on hands and knees, a ladder was placed on his back in the confusion, his comrades mounting above him, and he was found next day crushed to death, the blood forced from his ears and nose.

Several of the ladders were broken, and those that remained were flung off repeatedly by the garrison on the ramparts, until the French cried “Victory,” and the 3rd Division retired for a moment, to re-form under the crest of the hill.

Meanwhile, the 4th and Light Divisions, after a double allowance of grog had been served out, marched quickly on to the breaches, and the trench-guard rushed at San Roque with such fury that they bayoneted its defenders and carried the lunette without a rebuff.

As the stormers of the Light Division moved off, Major Peter O'Hare—who had risen from the ranks to a commission in the 95th (a most unusual thing in those days), and who was, moreover, one of the ugliest men and one of the bravest in the army—shook hands with George Simmonds, of the Rifles, saying—“A lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours !” They found him next morning stone dead and stark naked, with nearly a dozen bullets in his gallant frame. Officers were divided into two categories by the Peninsular soldiers—the “Come on” and the “Go on.” O'Hare was one of the former.

As the firing commenced at the castle, the heads of the double columns reached the glacis to find all quiet and the place wrapped in profound gloom.

The ditch yawned beneath them, and the stormers threw their grass-bags, which measured some six feet by three feet, into it, lowered the *five* ladders which did duty for both divisions, and the “forlorn hope” of the Light Division descended into the chasm, doomed to a man !

A musket-shot told them that the silence was a treacherous one ; but none were prepared for the awful scene that followed. The ditch was crowded with the stormers, and men waited their turn to follow down the ladders, when all at once a tongue of flame lit up the darkness, a

terrific explosion seemed to rend the earth and five hundred brave fellows were blown to eternity under the eyes of their comrades on the glacis above them.

One second's space the Light Division aghast, the next, they were leaping, still climbing, never heeding the depth, into the grave that lay between them and the breach with a roar that went echoing along the walls of Badajoz—a roar of fury never to be appeased until bayonet should meet bayonet on the towering ramparts, fringed with the foe, beyond.

Down poured the 4th Division and mingled with them : the ditch was full of shouting men in coats, all struggling, regardless of rank, to get to the French, who, yelling defiance in their faces, showered grape, round shot, canister, grenades, stones, shells, and buckshot on them ; rolling huge cannon-balls from parapet, sending baulks of timber thudding into the tumult, and coach-wheels that acquired fearful velocity as they bounded down the slope into the living mass of British valour pent up in the death-trap below.

Bursts of dazzling light were succeeded by moments of intense darkness ; for an instant huge bastions showed, bristling with armed men, to be lost again in a Stygian gloom, re-illuminated the next minute by the flashing guns, the wavering port fires, and trailing rockets. A hundred Albuera men of the Fusiliers drowned in an unexpected water-ditch, the air was heavy with gunpowder smoke and a sickening stench of the stagnant pools. Individuals and regiments alike surged and scrambled to find a passage ; until at last, getting on to an unfinished ravelin, mistaken in the confusion for a breach, both divisions were jumbled together and great disorder ensued.

Wellington, watching from a hill, and in the pause, exclaimed repeatedly : “What the matter ?” sending aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to report progress, as the glare reached the faces on the ramparts and the peal of hollow booming reached him, caused the garrison firing down into the cavernous darkness of the ditch.

At length there was a rush for the breach. Officers and men, having extended themselves from the carnage below, rushed to find an impenetrable barrier of bayonet blades fixed in wooden beams and set across the opening, while the *débris* in front strewn with planks covered with spikes. A soldier trod on one of them it slid down,



THE 5TH DIVISION STORMING BY ESCALADE THE RAMPARTS OF SAN VINCENTE (A. 1812)

ing him on the spikes or sending him to the bayonets of his comrades ; and, to all, the garrison rolled barrels of powder in the middle of us, which exploded with great effect, filling the nostrils with the odour of burning flesh and singed hair, and staining the breach with scarlet figures in every possible attitude of agony and death !

gallant fellows charged madly in masses, ups, and even singly, one private of the forcing himself among the sword-blades, the enemy shattered his bare head with musket-butts.

s not until the cruel slaughter had lasted
rs that the diminished divisions with-
o the bottom of the slope and stood
and exhausted, but powerless to effect
aim, and still under a fire that was
g their broken ranks, while the enemy
locking down to them, "Why don't
ne into Badajoz?" Captain Nicholas, of
gineers, gathered a few men and made
efforts to force the Santa Maria breach,
was joined by Lieutenant Shaw, of the
who collected fifty men from various
its and struggled over the broken
y with them, but, two-thirds of the way
il of balls and hissing grape-shot mowed
early all down, and the divisions re-
stolidly confronting inevitable death,
to advance, unwilling to retire, for the
sounded twice unheeded, while, strange
seemed, a bright moon shining peace-
verhead, the Santa Maria, or "Holy
looking down upon them on the one

"The Trinity," on the other, Inferno such as Danie never About midnight Wellington to re-form for another attack, time Picton's position, whom ing, had rushed forward again, ridge, who placed a ladder the wall, where an embrasure a chance of foothold. A grenadier named Canch reared a second one along and the two mounted together, followed men, securing the ramparts after a te hand-to-hand conflict, and driving my out of the castle into the town.

Farrison sent a reinforcement, and there sharp passage of arms at the gate, our firing from one side almost muzzle to with the blue-clad, square-shakoed on the other; but we kept the castle, unhappily, the gallant Ridge was slain.

Our reserves found the two ladders still standing, the top rungs of one being broken ; and when the 28th Regiment practised storming a dry bridge with these, a couple of months afterwards, they were even then covered with blood and brains !

It was about half-past eleven when the 3rd Division succeeded in their escalade, and, retarded by unforeseen obstacles, it was not until the same hour or thereabouts that the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, came under the breastwork before San Vincente at the west end of the town. As the 1st, 4th, 9th, 30th, 38th, and 44th Regiments, with a Portuguese brigade, halted, undiscovered, a few yards from a guard-house where the French could be heard talking, the roar of a distant explosion sounded, and the men whispered among themselves, "It is at the breaches!"

All was intensely silent around them ; the murmur of the river rose on their left, the fortifications showed clearly before them as the moon came out ; they knew that their comrades far off on the other side of the citadel were engaged, and an eager thrill went through the ranks. A sentinel discovered the mass of men and the glint of the moonbeams on the bayonets at the moment when our engineer guide exclaimed " Now's the time ! " and as he fired we ran forward against the gateway.

Seized by a sudden panic the Portuguese ladder-party bolted, but we snatched up the heavy ladders and our axemen chopped fearlessly at the gate and wooden palings that fringed the covered-way, while from the walls which towered thirty-one feet overhead, the same tempest of beams, and shot, and bags of powder showered down on the heads of the 5th Division.

We cleared the paling and jumped into the ditch, crossing the cunette with difficulty and finding the ladders too short for our purpose ; the engineer was killed, and a small mine exploded under our feet, but, as luck would have it, the ramparts at San Vincente had been thinned of some of their defenders, who had gone off at the double to attack Picton's men in the castle, and we placed three ladders under an embrasure where there was a gabion instead of a gun, and where the scarp was only twenty feet high.

Hand over hand, the troops clambered up under a concentrated fire that dropped them off by dozens, and the topmost stormers had to be pushed up by those behind before they could

reach the embrasure, as the ladders were all too short ; but at last the bold fellows got a foothold, and pulled the others up alongside them, until the redcoated mass grew larger and larger, and half the King's Own charged the houses while the rest of the division went roaring along the ramparts, Brown Bess in hand, hurling the stubborn garrison out of three bastions in succession. There was a great shouting, mingled with the scream of the grape-shot and the whistling hum of shells ; yells, howls, prayers and curses were drowned or half-heard amid

solemn chime of the cathedral rang on the noticed hour after hour of that night of battle.

A strange incident occurred at San Vicente when General Walker fell : either by accident or design, he made a masonic sign as he staggered backwards, and a brother-mason in the French ranks dashed aside the three bayonets of his countrymen and saved him. Afterwards, it is said, the general found a way to preserve a prisoner-of-war in Scotland, and procured his exchange in remembrance of his chivalry on the ramparts of Badajoz.

The 5th Division had obtained a foothold, knowing nothing of what was happening at the castle or the town, and as a portion of them were posted along the walls they fired at an angle and came upon a solitary man with one artilleryman, who was port-firing down as they approached.

Instantly there arose a cry, "mine ! a mine !" and our fellows helter-skelter, followed by a fire from under Vielland, who drove them to the parapet again and sent several over into the ditch, became the serve of the 38th, under Nugent, about two hundred of whom poured a volley into them, who rallied and charged along the ditch towards the breaches.

The King's Own had entered the town at the first onslaught of the 5th Division, and a strange contrast was found it to the uproar of the



the boom of cannon and the incessant bang-bang of the deadly muskets fired at close-quarters.

The awestruck watchers on the hill above our camp stood in an agony of suspense, spectators of the terrific struggle ; the entire citadel seemed full of flame and noise, as mine after mine exploded, and fire-ball after fire-ball was flung over the walls to light the besieged in their heroic resistance : never had Napoleon's soldiers fought with more determined gallantry, officer and man vying with each other in their efforts to keep us out, and as we drove them from one defence they retired into another and stood once more at bay.

Philippon, and Vielland, the second in command, though both wounded, flew from rampart to rampart, sword in hand, encouraging their brave fellows by word and deed, while the

tions, as, with bayonets fixed and bugle blowing, they filed through the streets, silently deserted as the tomb ; every door shut tight in many of the windows, but not abroad, except some soldiers leading ammunitious mules, who were promptly taken prisoner.

Sometimes a window opened and was immediately closed again ; voices were heard, speakers were invisible ; a few shots came beneath the doors, but they were unheard. The adventurous 4th continued its march through the great square, where the same silence reigned, although the houses round it were brightly lighted.

The renewed fury at the breaches turned their steps in that direction, and they hurried to take the garrison in rear : the attempt was meant, but they were met by a fire that mowed them down, and they continued their war.

down streets and lanes, but the French began to be disheartened, as well they might.

The castle in our possession they could possibly have besieged from the town side, as there was only one gate by which the 3rd Division could have issued; the Trinidad and Santa Maria were also well-nigh impregnable in spite of their shattered condition, had the garrison

town's our own, hurrah!" and the carnage-maddened men, breaking from all control, began a wild orgy, which lasted for two days and two nights, indelibly sullyng the glory of our triumph.

Churches and mansions were entered and pillaged; costly sacramental plate and silver money from the military chest strewed the



"WILL YOU DRINK, OLD BOY?"
(p. 266).

rugged pavement of the town; wine flowed down the gutters as freely as blood had done on the ramparts, and men staggered along with their

been able to concentrate there, but the forcing of San Vincente had let us in *behind* them, and the struggle was only a matter of time; so, brave Philippon and Vielland, with their remnants, forced the bridge and shut themselves up in San Christoval across the Guadiana, sending a few horsemen on the spur to carry news to Soult, and, the bleeding 4th and Light Divisions scrambling up again and rushing the breaches, BADAJOZ WAS OURS!

As the heavy firing died away towards morning, a mighty shout arose inside the walls, caught up and echoed far and near by our victorious soldiery, "Hurrah! hurrah! the

shakoes full of liquor. One bestrode a cask with a loaded musket and compelled officer and private alike to drink as they passed him; here a group fired aimlessly down a street, caring little whom they hit, others blazed away at the convent bells, while some masqueraded in court-dresses, in French uniforms, and monks' cowls, howling, singing, dancing, like men possessed.

Many of the wretched inhabitants placed lighted candles and flasks of aquadienta on their tables and sought to hide themselves, hoping the marauders would drink and go away; they drank, but every cranny of the house was ransacked before they took their leave, and things

were done of which we cannot speak, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the army.

"The town is ours, hurrah!"

Women and children ran shrieking to the officers for protection, which, alas, it was not always in their power to afford. Many an indignant subaltern risked his life among his own men in frantic attempts to recall them to order; an officer of the Brunswickers was shot while struggling for the possession of a canary bird; one party was seen tormenting a wounded baboon that had belonged to the colonel of the 4th French Regiment. And breaking open the jail, they liberated the prisoners, some of the 5th and 88th holding candles aloft as the scum of a Spanish prison poured out to add to the disorder. Wellington himself was surrounded by a mob of drunkards, who fired their muskets to his infinite peril, shouting as they brandished bottles of wine and brandy—"Will you drink, old boy? The town's our own, hurrah!"

At length a gallows with three nooses reared its ominous form in the square, and a man named Johnny Castles, of the 95th, was placed beneath it; but no one was hanged, and by degrees the troops were drawn out of the town, credited with having murdered eighty-five of the inhabitants—in actual fact, the number being thirty-two. In fearful contrast to the licence within the walls was the scene outside. Philippon had surrendered to the future Lord Raglan, and retired from the service, in 1816, a General of Division, Baron of the Empire, and wearer of the Legion of Honour and the Order of St. Louis. The ditch, the slope, from the edge of the glacis to the top of the bastions, resembled a huge slaughter-house, nearly 2,500 of our men having fallen between the Santa Maria and La Trinidad alone, within a space of a hundred square yards; the 43rd and 52nd, respectively

the gayest and the most sedate regiments in Spain, losing 670 men between them, and the place presenting an unusually shocking appearance from the explosions which had taken place there.

In one place the wife of a grenadier of the 83rd moaned over the corpse of her husband, and another a little drummer-boy of the 88th with his leg broken beside his dead father. The most heartrending sights were witnessed; women and children sought frantically for their dear ones amid thousands of bodies, and men gazed at the mangled fragments of what had once been men.

Amid the horror of it all, two Spaniards came out of the town and implored two of the Rifles to assist them: one of them, Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon, after married her protector, who became Sir John Smith, of Aliwal fame, and was long a prominent figure in English society—a curious instance of the "romance of war."

We took the colours of the garrison of the Hesse-Darmstadt, but there were none in the town. The first man to die at the battle of Badajoz was a Portuguese grenadier, and was a story current in the army that João Castro, bugle-boy of the 7th Caçadores, sounded the French "recall" at a critical moment, for which he received a hundred guineas from the Earl of Wellington: certain is that when a very old man, gaining a living by teaching the cornet in the town of Golega, he was still petitioning the Portuguese Government for a pension.

Five generals wounded, five thousand casualties, and men fallen during the siege—that is the story of Badajoz. And when Wellington entered the breach and looked around him, Spartan though he was, he burst into tears.

THE BLOCKADE OF CALLAO

BY W. B. ROBERTSON

AT the invitation of the newly-created Republic of Chili, Admiral Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, sailed from England in the month of August, 1818, in the *Rose*, merchantman, to organise and take supreme command of the Chilian navy. With him he took, besides his wife and two children, English naval officers upon whom he could rely in the arduous fighting he was soon to engage in against the superior armaments of Spain. He landed on November 28th at Valparaiso, whither General O'Higgins, Supreme Director of the Chilian Government, had come to receive him. His reception was so warm both at Valparaiso and at Santiago, the capital, and the continuation of proposed festivities in his honour threatened to be so prolonged, that he had to remind his Excellency O'Higgins that he had come to Chili to fight, and not to feast.

Preparations were accordingly pushed forward to get such ships of war as the Chilians possessed into some kind of fighting order. These ships were the *O'Higgins*, formerly the *Maria Isabel*, a Spanish frigate of 50 guns, which the Chilians had captured and re-named after their adored chief; the *San Martin*, formerly the *Cumberland*, Indiaman, with 56 guns; the *Lautaro*, also a purchased Indiaman, with 44 guns; the *Galvarino*, recently the British sloop-of-war *Hecate*, with 18 guns; the *Chacabuco*, with 20 guns; and the *Araucano*, with 16 guns. This modest squadron of seven vessels was to contend with and conquer the Spanish fleet, made up of four frigates—the *Esmeralda*, 44 guns, the *Venganza*, 42 guns, the *Sebastiana*, 28 guns; four brigs—the *Maipo*, 18 guns, the *Pezuela*, 22 guns, the *Potrillo*, 18 guns, and another, whose name is not known; one schooner, name not known; six armed merchantmen—the *Resolution*, 36 guns, the *Cleopatra*, 28 guns, *La Focha*, 20 guns, the *Guarmey*,

18 guns, the *Fernando*, 26 guns, and the *San Antonio*, 18 guns; and twenty-seven gunboats.

Such were the opposing forces, whose operations for the next two years now were to command the attention of the civilised world. Under any other but Cochrane's leadership the result could never have been doubtful. Cochrane, however, had already shown under the British flag that odds made no difference to him—a reputation that he was still further to maintain.

It is necessary here to say that though Chili had vanquished the Spanish forces in the interior and had overthrown the Spanish Government, her long line of coast was still exposed to attacks from the Spanish fleet. Besides, the enemy still held the impregnable forts that commanded the port of Valdivia. These advantages, added to the fact that her power in Peru was still intact, made Spain even yet a formidable foe to the newly-acquired liberties of the Chilians. Thus, before Chili could rest assured that Spanish dominion would not again be re-asserted over her, she must break the power of the Spanish navy, clear the Spanish garrisons out of Valdivia, and see her neighbour, Peru, liberated. It was to contribute to the accomplishment of these ends that Admiral Cochrane had now conferred upon him by commission the titles of "Vice-admiral of Chili" and "Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of the Republic."

On December 22nd, nearly a month after his arrival at Valparaiso, Cochrane hoisted his flag on the *O'Higgins*, named, as already mentioned, in honour of the Supreme Director, who was the son of an Irish gentleman of great distinction, who had risen so high in the Spanish service as to occupy the position of Viceroy of Peru—the highest post at that time in South America. The son, however, on the outbreak of revolution, joined the patriots, and, as a reward for his

signal services in the field, was chosen head of the young Republic.

Resuming our narrative, we find Cochrane sailing from Valparaiso on January 16th, 1819, with only four ships—the other three being not yet ready. On that day Lady Cochrane with the children had come on board to bid him adieu. She had gone ashore, and the last gun to summon all hands on board had been fired, when suddenly a loud hurrah near the house in which she was residing made her go to the window to see what the matter might be. She was petrified at the sight that met her gaze. Her little boy of five years, who had slipped away from her unperceived, was perched on the shoulders of Cochrane's flag-lieutenant who was hurrying with him down to the beach. The excited populace were shouting and hurrahing, while the little fellow, who had begged of the by no means unwilling lieutenant to be taken aboard, was waving his cap over their heads and crying "*Viva la patria.*" Before Lady Cochrane could interfere, the two were being rapidly rowed off in a small boat to the flagship which was already under weigh. It was thus impossible, to the delight of the sailors as well as the youngster, for him to be sent back; and though he had only the clothes that were on him, which were altogether insufficient, the sailors said that didn't matter—they would make him others!

During this cruise Cochrane inflicted so many disasters upon the Royalist cause, as to become known amongst the Spaniards by the title "*El diablo.*" These disasters cannot be given in detail:

so we pass to the end of February, when we entered the port of Callao with the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro* under American colours.

The port was practically concentrated the navy of Spain in the Pacific; yet such was the spirit with which Cochrane had already inspired them that the Spaniards dared not go out to meet him. Instead of this they dismantled their ships of war, and with the topmasts alone made a double boom across their anchorage to prevent his approach. An unimportant engagement, however, took place, and at the commencement of the firing Cochrane locked his little boy in the after-cabin. In the middle of the engagement a round shot took off a marine's head which attracted Cochrane's attention to the spot. He was horror-stricken to see his son, close to the decapitated marine, and covered with blood.

The boy escaped from the confusion through a quarter window, throughout the fight, in the midshipman's uniform that the men had taken from him, had busily engaged in handing to the ship. His father thought he was killed. But only the brains of the unfortunate were spattered and up he came his age father. "I am hurt, pay shot did not me: Jack ball is not that can

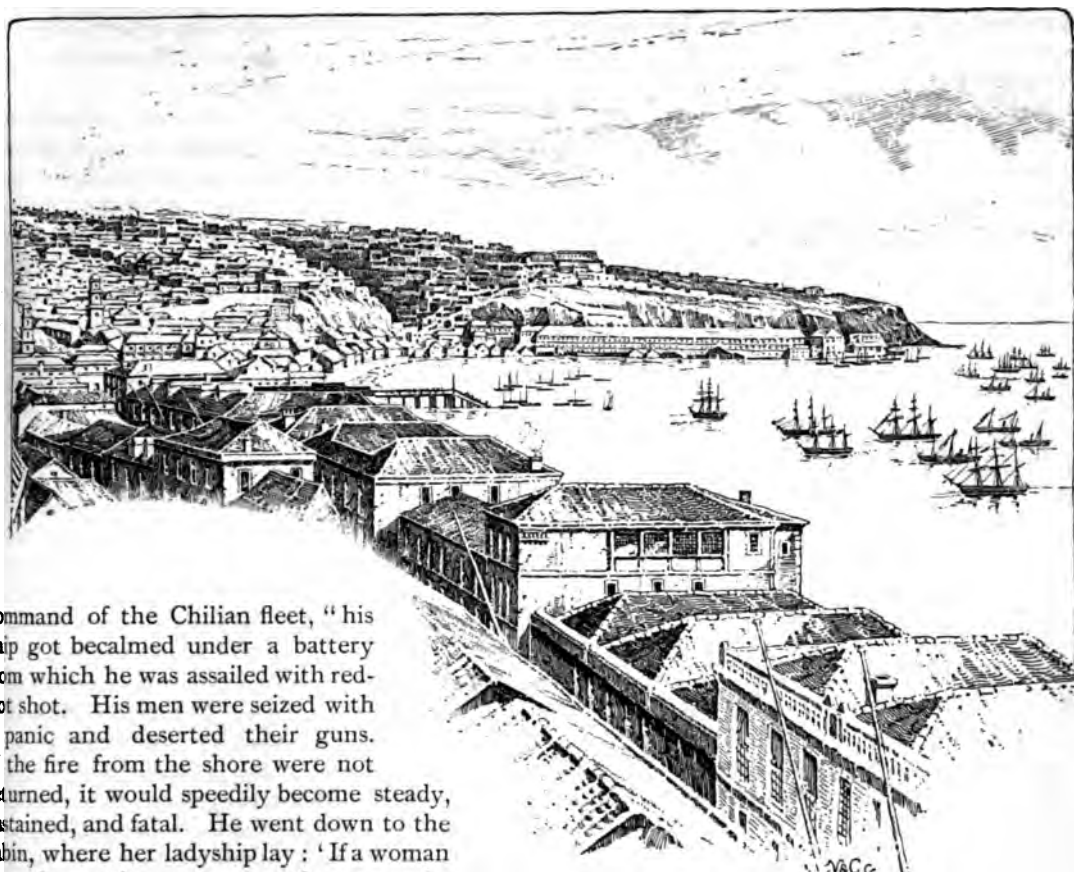


LORD COCHRANE.

(From the Painting by Stroehling.)

mama's boy." "Mama's boy," however, forthwith ordered to be carried below.

It may here be pardonable to cite a few anecdotes as showing what kind of "mama" that he was. By a writer in the *North British Review* it is told that one night whilst Lord Cochrane



VALPARAISO.

command of the Chilean fleet, "his ship got becalmed under a battery from which he was assailed with red-hot shot. His men were seized with a panic and deserted their guns. If the fire from the shore were not returned, it would speedily become steady, sustained, and fatal. He went down to the cabin, where her ladyship lay: 'If a woman sets them the example, they may be shamed out of their fears: it is our only chance.' She rose and followed him upon the deck. We have heard her relate that the first object that met her eye was the battery with its flaming furnaces, round which dark figures were moving, looking more like incarnate demons than men. A glance at her husband's impressive features and his 'terrible' calmness reassured her. She took the match, and fired the gun when he had pointed it. The effect on the crew was electrical: they returned to their posts with a shout, and the battery was speedily silenced."

One more glimpse at Lady Cochrane. General Miller—subsequently the hero of Ayacucho, and as brave an officer as ever unsheathed sword—was on one occasion sent on a secret service under the orders of Lord Cochrane. With his force, comprising 600 infantry and sixty cavalry, he proceeded to Huacho, a little to the north of Lima. "On the day after his arrival there," the account proceeds, "and whilst he was inspecting the detachments in the Plaza, Lady Cochrane galloped on to the parade to speak to him. The sudden appearance of youth and beauty on a

fiery horse, managed with skill and elegance, absolutely electrified the men, who had never before seen an English lady. '*Que hermosa! Que graciosa! Que linda! Que airosa! Es un angel de cielo!*' were exclamations which escaped from one end of the line to the other. Colonel Miller, not displeased at this involuntary homage to the beauty of his countrywoman, said to the men, 'This is our *generala*;' on which Lady Cochrane, turning to the line, bowed to the troops, who no longer confining their expressions of admiration to suppressed interjections, broke out into loud '*vivas*.'"

After the action in Callao Harbour, already referred to, Lord Cochrane, on March 2nd, sent Captain Foster with a Spanish gunboat and crew they had captured, and the launches of the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro*, to take possession of San Lorenzo, a small island about three miles distant. Here they found thirty-seven Chileans, who had been taken prisoners eight years before, and who, all that time, had worked in chains under the

supervision of a military guard. The military guard were now taken prisoners, and the Chilians released.

These showed their liberators the filthy shed in which, chained by one leg to an iron bar, they had been compelled to sleep. From them, too, it was learnt that the patriot prisoners in Lima were in a more deplorable plight still, and that the fetters on their legs had worn their ankles to the bone. The pitiful tale told by these men moved Cochrane to send a flag of truce to the Viceroy in Lima, with a request for an exchange of prisoners, and complaining of the harsh treatment accorded the Chilian prisoners, while the Spanish prisoners in Chili were well treated. To this message the Viceroy replied that he had a right to treat the prisoners as pirates, and that he was surprised that a British nobleman should be found in command of the maritime forces of a Government "unacknowledged by all the Powers of the globe." So he refused to treat for an exchange of prisoners. To the Viceroy, Cochrane replied that a British nobleman was a free man, and therefore had a right to adopt any country which was endeavouring to re-establish the rights of aggrieved humanity, and that he had, hence, adopted the cause of Chili with the same freedom of judgment that he had previously exercised when refusing the offer of an admiral's rank in Spain, made to him not long before by the Duke de San Carlos in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh.

So ended Cochrane's humane endeavour on behalf of the prisoners of both parties. Meanwhile, with the rather contemptible force and appliances at his command being unable to successfully attack the Spanish fleet, which lay under the shelter of the guns of the forts of Callao, he put to sea and made some important captures. Among these was a vessel laden with treasure lying in the river Barranca; another on the way from Lima to Guambucho with 70,000 dollars, the pay of the Imperial troops; and on April 10th the *Gazelle*, with 60,000 dollars. He also landed parties at various points on the Peruvian coast, routed the different Spanish garrisons with his marines, and captured their military stores. In this way he was able to make the enemy provide for the wants of his squadron, and his extraordinary success was due to his treatment of the natives. These he always paid for everything required from them. He also paid them highly for any information they might bring him regarding the movements of the enemy. Thus the natives became a kind of detective force working on his behalf. On June

16th he returned to Valparaiso, where, laden with the spoils of many victories, he was received with loud and warm acclamations.

It was not for these, however, that he returned. It was to organise a more effective force, whereby he might not only blockade the coast but also drive the enemy out of the country—and so himself command the approach to the sea. His plan was, by means of rockets and explosives, to blow up the booms protecting the enemy's ships to seaward, and to break up their shipping. To superintend the making of rockets Mr. Goldsack, principal assistant to William Congreve, at Woolwich, was engaged, and to actually make the rockets the Government foolishly employed the prisoners. These prisoners, knowing that the explosion they were engaged in making were intended for the destruction of their own friends, put sawdust, manure, and whatever other rubbish they could find, at intervals in the tubes, should otherwise have contained a compact packing of gunpowder. The result was that when, some months later, Cochrane again brought himself before Callao, and proceeded to put his scheme into execution, the rubbish in the tubes prevented the progress of their combustion, and reduced his elaborate design to a fiasco. Then the Spaniards fired red-hot shot upon him, and, after losing twenty men and a lieutenant who was cut right in two by a round shot, was forced to abandon the attempt.

However, he did not proceed home without having gathered fresh laurels, equipped though he was with weapons more useless than toys. He captured one or two treasure-ships, of which the *Potrillo*, had on board 30,000 dollars, the pay of the garrisons at Valdivia; he also captured a schooner at Pisco, in the square of which town General Miller was shot with three bullets—one entered his arm, another entered his chest and came out at his back, while the third shattered his left hand. He even captured Valdivia, a feat that was considered impossible.

The result of all these achievements was that when he again put in at Valparaiso, he was covered with fresh glory, to the discomfiture of those who had been sedulously seeking to discredit him and to put upon him the entire blame of the failure of the expedition against Callao. Strange to say—and, indeed, mortifying to those who would entertain favourable views of his nature—Cochrane's brilliant exploits and his consequent popularity had awakened feelings

y against him amongst political intriguers iago. Their machinations drove him to is resignation. Thereupon the officers of t tendered him their commissions, with urance that under him, and him alone, they serve. This brought his enemies to enses. He was implored to withdraw his ed resignation, and induced to do so by mise of more earnest support.

Chilian Government had not behaved well sailors who had been fighting so bravely for nder Cochrane. These sailors actually had en paid their wages, and had not re- their proper prize-money, though their s of money and stores had been more fficient to keep the squadron afloat. The was that, when preparations for the next ion were nearing completion, seamen, lly, refused to enlist. To overcome this ty the following proclamation was issued :

my entry into Lima I will punctually pay oreign seamen who shall voluntarily enlist e Chilian service the whole arrears of their which I will also add to each individual, ng to his rank, one year's pay over and his arrears, as a premium or reward for his s, if he continue to fulfil his duty to the the surrender of that city and its occupa- the liberating forces.

" (Signed) JOSE DE SAN MARTIN.

" COCHRANE."

eral San Martin signed this proclamation mander-in-chief ; but his signature alone not have moved the men. They knew ne was their friend. In him they had on him they could rely to do whatever he ed, if it were humanly possible. Conse- y, on the appearance of this proclamation ws were immediately completed, and the on sailed, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of ople, on August 21st, 1820.

er convoy Cochrane had transport vessels, with 4,200 troops under the command of al San Martin. These troops were to be arked in close proximity to Lima, and to upon the city by land, while the ships-of- ngaged the enemy by water at Callao. nces between Cochrane and San Martin developed themselves. Cochrane was for mediate attack upon Lima. San Martin d, and was landed, according to his varying , now here and now there, all the while plishing nothing ; so that at last Cochrane

lost patience, and on the 30th of September they parted company in the roads of Callao. Cochrane had reconnoitred the fortifications, and urged San Martin to immediately disembark and storm the forts of Callao. He himself would see that the troops were safely landed. San Martin, however, shrank from the undertaking, and insisted on being landed at Ancon, a little to the north. Cochrane, having no power as regarded the disposition of the troops, detached from his squadron the *San Martin*, *Galvarino*, and *Araucano* to convoy the transports to Ancon. He himself retained the *O'Higgins*, *Independencia* (an American-built corvette that had been added to the squadron in the previous year), and *Lautaro*, under the pretence of continuing the blockade. In reality, he had, while reconnoitring the fortifications, formed a daring plan of attack, which he kept concealed even from the commander-in-chief. That plan was nothing short of capturing the brigs-of-war in Callao harbour, moored though they were beneath the ordnance of the surrounding forts, putting their crews to the sword, cutting adrift or burning the entire shipping of the enemy, and getting possession of a treasure-ship on which he had learnt was embarked a million of dollars, kept in readiness in case it should be necessary for the authorities at Lima to seek safety in flight. How far he succeeded in carrying out his ambitious design, it now remains for us to describe.

The attack was to begin on the *Esmeralda*—a frigate of 44 guns and manned by 370 picked sailors and marines, who slept every night at quarters in readiness against surprises. The *Esmeralda*, with two other frigates, lay under the protection of 300 pieces of artillery mounted in the batteries ashore. Surrounding her, in semi-lunar shape, were 27 gunboats and armed blockships ; and exterior to them, as the first line of defence, was a strong boom with chain moorings. How on earth was Cochrane to capture this, the finest ship on the Pacific Ocean ? How even was he to get near her, situated amid such defences ? As well try, one would think, to capture the Castle of Callao itself by proposing to creep into the mouths of the cannon and pluck out the charges ! However, Cochrane went to work ; and for three days, without divulging his design to anyone, continued to make ready for the final *coup*. Let it here be said that two neutral warships were lying in Callao—the British man-of-war *Hyperion* and the American *Macedonian*.

On the evening of November 5th, Cochrane's

intentions were revealed with this proclamation, which was posted up on his own ship, the *O'Higgins*, and sent to be similarly posted up on the other two, *Independencia* and *Lautaro*, which comprised his squadron :

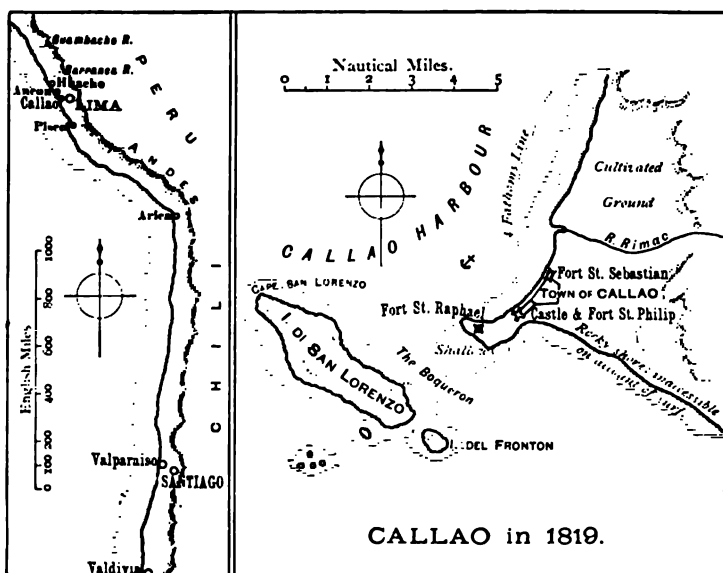
"Marines and seamen ! This night we are going to give the enemy a mortal blow. Tomorrow you will present yourselves proudly before Callao, and all your comrades will envy your good fortune. One hour of courage and resolution is all that is required of you to triumph. Remember that you have conquered in Valdivia, and be not afraid of those who have hitherto fled from you.

stepped forward. As it was impossible to them all, the captains of the ships were to select men from each crew—the total exceed 160 seamen and 80 marines—having been assembled on the flagship, gave the signal for the *Independencia* and *Lautaro* to weigh anchor with all hands off to sea as if in pursuit of some vessel offing. This manœuvre had the desired effect. The look-out on the *Esmeralda* reported the departure of the two vessels, and the command, as he received the report, "Ah, well, then we may sleep a quiet night !" It had been all along the

of the Spaniards that they would spring a mine upon them ; and, instead of such, an arrangement had been made with neutral vessels, the *Macedonian*, which should display certain lights, so as not to be taken for the enemy, directing the fire from batteries ashore.

The Spanish officer scarcely finished his concluding remark, "We may soundly to-night," when he picked men from each crew, who had been receiving minute instructions as to what each was to do, were on the deck of the *O'Higgins*. It was now dark ;

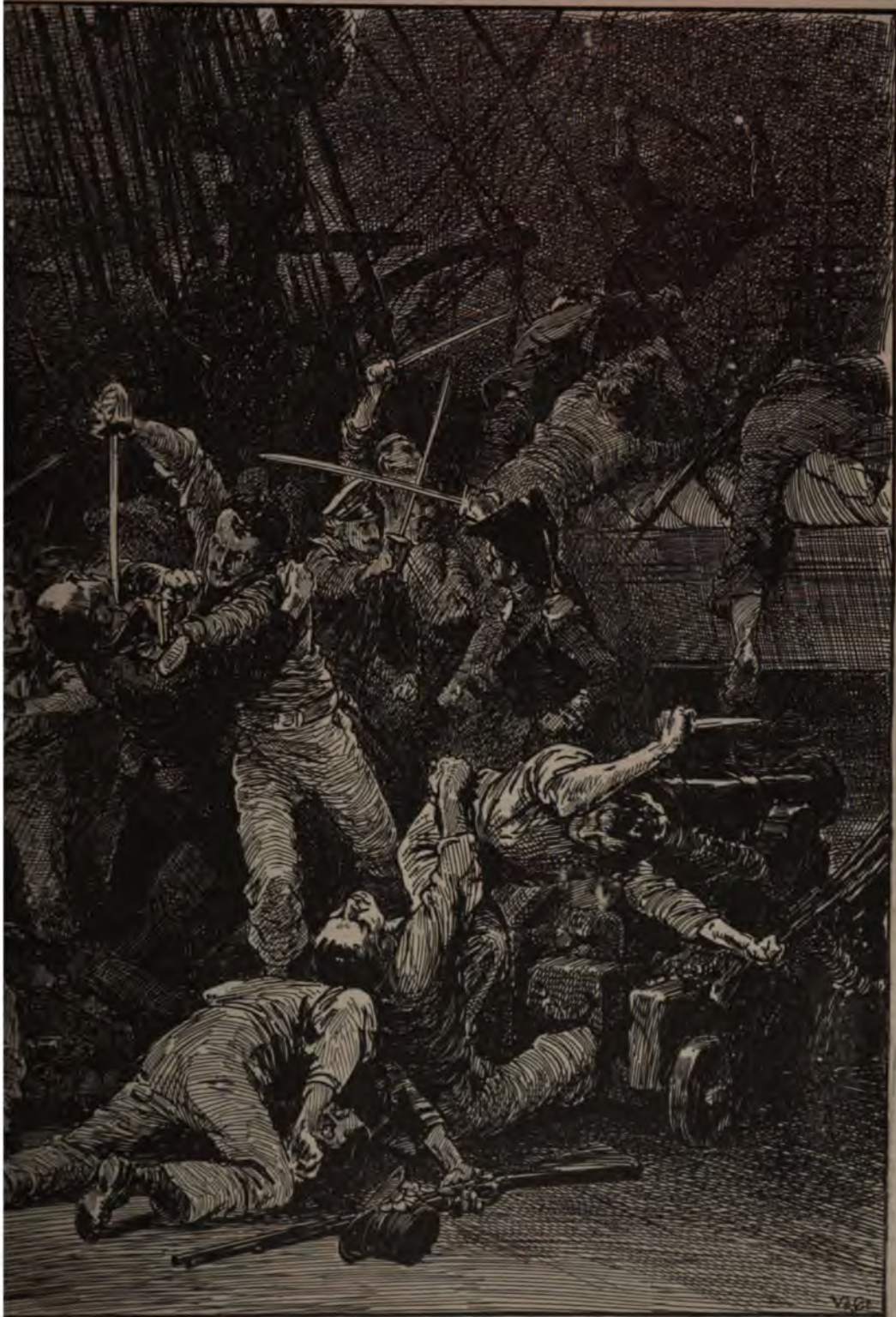
the enemy, however keen their vision, could see no movement. The men presented a ghastly appearance as they moved quietly to their posts and dropped into the fourteen gunboats arranged below to receive them. Not a word was spoken, not even an order given. But the men were draped in white with a blue band round each left arm—this, that in the confusion soon to stain the waters of Callao Harbour, in the blindness of their ferocity, with blood boiling, they might not in mistake upon and slay one another. In each right hand was a gleaming cutlass and in each left a pistol. In each man's ears, too, still ringing with Cochrane's last command, given below : ' a word, not a sound, not a whisper ; use cutlasses alone : now come and do your duty ! ' It must have been a weird sight that of 200 white-sheeted men, in the darkness



"The value of all the vessels captured in Callao will be yours, and the same reward in money will be distributed amongst you as has been offered by the Spaniards in Lima to those who should capture any of the Chilean squadron. The moment of glory is approaching, and I hope that the Chileans will fight as they have been accustomed to do, and that the English will act as they have ever done at home and abroad.

"(Signed) COCHRANE."

While the men on the different ships, gathered in groups, discussed the proclamation, it was announced that Cochrane was to lead the attack in person, and volunteers were invited to come forward, as he would lead no man unwilling to go into so hazardous an undertaking. A buzz of excitement followed this, and the whole of the marines and seamen on the three ships



"THE CHILIAN CUTLASSES SWEEP THE DECK" (p. 274).

night, dropping silently and stealthily into the boats.

By ten o'clock this strange company, every one with visage firmly set, began to move slowly towards the small opening left in the boom for the enemy's own convenience. Cochrane's boat led the way. The boats were in two divisions—the first commanded by Flag-Captain Crosbie, the second by Captain Guise. One division was to board the *Esmeralda* at different points on one side, while the other division was simultaneously to board her from the other side. Thus, in the same instant of time upon the unsuspecting Spaniards would rush from every point a couple of hundred armed and determined men. Meanwhile, these daring seamen have more than two hours' silent rowing—for the oars are muffled—before them, and during their progress to the scene of action we shall give an extract from the orders issued, as revealing somewhat of Cochrane's full design. "On securing the frigate," runs the order, "the Chilian seamen and marines are not to give the Chilian cheer; but to deceive the enemy, and give time for completing the work, they are to cheer '*Viva el Rey*.' The two brigs-of-war are to be fired on by the musketry from the *Esmeralda*, and are to be taken possession of by Lieutenants Esmonde and Morgell, in the boats they command; which, being done, they are to cut adrift, run out, and anchor in the offing as quickly as possible. The boats of the *Independencia* are to turn adrift all the outward Spanish merchant-ships; and the boats of the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro*, under Lieutenants Bell and Robertson, are to set fire to one or more of the headmost hulks; but these are not to be cut adrift so as to fall down upon the rest." This shows that Cochrane meant nothing less than clearing out the entire port so far as Spain was concerned in it.

Just on midnight, to return to our surplised dare-devils, they are nearing the opening in the boom and are challenged by the vigilant gun-boat set to guard it. Cochrane himself is well in front of his party, and in a low voice, but with a look that means all he says, gives the watch to know that instant death will follow any attempt at raising the alarm. So no alarm is raised, and in a few minutes the boats are in line alongside the unsuspecting frigate. Another moment and that peaceful deck is the scene of a hundred fights. The Chilian crews have swarmed up her sides, and their bare cutlasses are already drenched in blood. Cochrane, boarding her by the main chains, has been knocked back by

the butt-end of a sentry's musket and has on the thole-pin of his boat. The pi entered his back near the spine, and inflicted severe injury. He feels it not, however, recovering his feet, re-ascends. This time he reaches the deck, and is immediately hurled through the thigh. Hastily a handkerchief is bound round the bleeding wound and he takes his place in the fight, hewing down Spaniards till he meets Captain Guise with his party, driving them down from the other side. Then they drive them back now, and the Spaniards retreat to take their final stand on the castle. Meanwhile Cochrane hails the fore-top and receives an "Ay, ay, sir," from his own men; he similarly hails the main-top, and is similarly answered. So far his orders have been obeyed, and his men have got possession of the fore-top.

The Spaniards, however, entrenched in the fore-castle have yet to be overcome. The Chilians charge them with their cutlasses, and are repulsed back scorched with their fire. The Spaniards, the Chilian knows by experience, cannot face steel; so another charge immediately follows, and again the Chilians have to retire. It is for a second, and, at the third charge, the Spanish musketry being spent, the Chilian musketry sweeps the deck. At this juncture it is known that this scene of carnage had attracted the lookers. The British ship *Hyperion* was so near the *Esmeralda* that those on board witnessed the whole proceeding, and a midshipman standing in the gangway so far forgot his neutrality to cheer at the way Cochrane cleared the fore-castle. For this he was immediately ordered before his commander, Captain Searle, and, threatened with arrest.

After the fore-castle was cleared as described, the fight was renewed on the quarter-deck. For a moment, however, the Spanish marines did not leap overboard or into the hold, but instantly cut down. Meanwhile, the last of an hour's uproar had attracted the attention of the garrisons ashore, and these, presuming what had been so much dreaded—viz., the capture of their frigate—had been accomplished, commenced fire upon the *Esmeralda*. For this, however, Cochrane was prepared. He knew the armament made with the neutral vessels where they were to be distinguished by carrying red lights, so he hoisted similar lights on the captured frigate. The result was that the garrison was puzzled, and struck the neutral vessels more than they did the *Esmeralda*. This made the neutral vessels cut their cables and move away.

it was that Cochrane's orders began to be carried out. Wounded twice, as we have seen, he was at length obliged to retire from the direction of the conflict. The command accordingly, fell upon Captain Guise, who ordered to cut the *Esmeralda's* cables. This there was nothing for it but to loose her and follow the retiring neutrals. Captain Guise's excuse for so violating his superior's command was that he had lost all control of the ship who had burst into the spirit-room of the *Esmeralda*, and had otherwise broken up into mixed bands bent solely upon pillage. But seeing that they had succeeded in capturing the *Esmeralda*, with her picked and well equipped crew, they might surely have drawn the Spaniards from the other ships, one by one, as fast as their boats would take them, and so the whole fleet might either have been captured or burned. This was Cochrane's plan, and to this end all his previous plans were laid. But Cochrane now lay a wounded and exhausted man, and perhaps, under any circumstances, his daring design—if attempted—would have ended disastrously.

It was, their prize was no mean one. They had missed the treasure-ship with its millions, which the captured frigate, provisioned for six months and with stores sufficient for a year's cruise, was meant to convoy. Aboard, however, they found and made prisoner the Spanish admiral, with his officers and 200 sailors. The rest of the 370, who had originally been on her, had been either killed or drowned. On Cochrane's side the losses were eleven killed and thirty wounded. The whole affair, from the moment of boarding to the cutting of the frigate's cables, occupied only a quarter-of-an-hour. Yet in a quarter-of-an-hour, according to Captain Guise, who at the time was commanding the warship *Conway* in the Pacific—Cochrane struck "a death-blow to the Spanish naval power in that quarter of the world; for although

there were still two Spanish frigates and some smaller vessels in the Pacific, they never afterwards ventured to show themselves, but left Lord Cochrane undisputed master of the coast."

The bitter feelings aroused in the breasts of the Spaniards by the disaster of that night received brutal exemplification next morning. Then, as usual, the market-boat put off from the United States ship *Macedonian* for the shore for provisions. As the boatmen jumped ashore they were surrounded with an angry crowd, who began to accuse them of assisting the Chilians the previous night. The boatmen's denials were made in vain, and were answered with the confident and positive statement that, without such assistance, the feat had been impossible. Then the mob, their anger increasing and their belief in the charges they were making becoming more assured by the mere force of repetition, set upon the innocent boatmen and foully massacred them.

After this, Cochrane tried hard to draw the Spaniards from the shelter of their guns by placing the *Esmeralda* in positions that might tempt them to try to recapture her. Only once; when she was placed in a more than usually tempting position, did they venture out with their gun-boats, and an hour's sharp firing followed. As soon, however, as they saw the *O'Higgins* manœuvring to cut them off, they hastily retreated. Thus, finding it impossible to draw the enemy into an engagement afloat, Cochrane induced General San Martin to lend him 600 soldiers, and with these and the ships of his squadron he so harassed the Peruvian coast from Callao to Arica, that he virtually compelled Lima to capitulate on July 6th, 1821. Three weeks later, on the 28th of July, the national flag was hoisted in the city of the Incas and in these words Peruvian Independence declared:—

"Peru is from this moment free and independent by the general vote of the people and by the justice of her cause, which God defend."



The Taking of the Gate Pah

by A. Hilliard Merriage

"A POOR benighted heathen, but a first-rate fighting-man," is the description of a savage adversary which Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts into the mouth of Tommy Atkins. The New Zealanders who fought against us in the sixties were not all of them "poor benighted heathens": some of them had been pupils in the mission schools, others had come into the mission stations as grown men to learn something of the religion of the white men. When the everlasting quarrel between natives and settlers over land rights led to strife and bloodshed, and the Maories, or natives, took to the bush, most of them forgot what Christianity they had learned, though some of them clung to the old observances; and it is said that when one of their forts was surprised on a Sunday morning, they told the victors that, had it not been for a service which they were holding, they would have been at their posts, and that the English must be strange Christians to fight on Sunday. But whatever were the opinions of the Maori tribesmen in such matters, there is no doubt the second part of the description applied to them. They were "first-rate fighting men." They had a skill in constructing earthworks which no other race has ever surpassed, and they held them with desperate courage. Frequently when they abandoned them it was not from any fear of their adversaries, for it was one of the principles of their mode of warfare that the rapidly constructed pah, or fort, was only to be held long enough to inflict labour, delay, and loss upon the enemy, and then it was to be secretly evacuated and another work of the same kind held further inland. Of all the battles they fought against us, none displayed their soldierly qualities in a higher degree than the fight at the Gate Pah, which for a time seemed likely to end in a serious disaster to a force that far outnumbered the Maori garrison

of the pah, and that brought against it the resources of modern civilised warfare.

The fight was one in a long series, all of which ended in successes for our arms. Sir D. Cameron, who commanded the British forces operating against the rebel Maories in the Island of New Zealand, was a brave and experienced Highland soldier, and the temporary defeat at the Gate Pah was no fault of his, for he had done everything to ensure success, and it was only at that time that there was anything like failure in his whole career. In the spring of 1864, when that southern climate is the late summer, he had made Andover his base of operations, and while the British blockaded the coast to prevent arms and ammunition being conveyed to the rebels, he had made a successful expedition up the Thames, and with very little bloodshed had broken up the Maori power on that coast and on the Waikato.

Early in April all fighting was over in the province of Auckland and the district of the Thames. The natives who had been in rebellion against the Government had returned to allegiance. General Cameron was discussing with the local authorities the steps to be taken for the further pacification of the North Island when news arrived that there was a considerable gathering of armed natives near Tauranga in the Bay of Plenty, and the General resolved to transfer the forces under his command from Auckland and the mouth of the Thames to this new centre of disturbance. A detachment of the 68th Regiment, under Colonel Greer, already encamped near the mission station at Tauranga. With the help of the naval squadron on the coast, the troops were rapidly transferred from the Thames Estuary to the Bay of Plenty, and by April 26th General Cameron had collected at Tauranga a formidable little force of men

1,700 men, including a naval brigade of 400 men and officers, the 68th Regiment, 700 strong, the 43rd, nearly 300 strong, detachments of the 14th and 70th Regiments, each about 100 strong, and a small force of the Royal Artillery, with

three miles and a half from the Tauranga mission station, on a neck of high ground about 500 yards wide, over which ran the road or track from Tauranga to the interior. The ridge was a swell of the ground about fifty feet high. On



THE ATTACK.

two 40-pounder Armstrongs, and two 6-pounders, two 24-pounder howitzers, and eight mortars. In the harbour, or close at hand and within call, was a strong naval squadron made up of her Majesty's ships *Curaçoa*, *Esk*, *Miranda*, *Harrier*, and *Eclipse*, under the command of Commodore Sir William Wiseman, and there was a small garrison at Maketu.

The enemy had taken up a position about

both sides it sloped easily to a tract of swampy land very difficult to pass anywhere, even by men on foot. To the right beyond the swamp was one of the inlets of Tauranga Harbour. The Maories had rapidly fortified the high ground, the spot where they fixed their pah, or earthwork, being evidently suggested to them by the fact that just below the highest swell of the ridge it was crossed by a three-foot trench,

which marked the boundary between the mission station property and the bush and native lands. They deepened and widened this trench, carrying it down to the swamp on either side. Behind it they dug out their pah—an oblong enclosure, about eighty yards long by thirty wide. The military despatches of the time describe it as a "redoubt," but the word is rather misleading. The Maori pah in this case, as in all others, was a series of trenches, one within the other, and communicating by cross cuts, and looking at first sight like a labyrinth. In the sides of the trenches shelters were hollowed out so that the garrison could crouch in them until the assault was actually begun. Further shelter was secured by roofing in the trenches with wattle hurdles, made with twigs and branches, thatching over this with ferns, and sometimes shovelling earth upon it. The eaves of the roofs were kept up by posts at a height of six or eight inches above the edge of the trench, so that the garrison could sweep the ground in front with their guns. At the Gate Pah, as this improvised fortress was called, there were three tiers of rifle-pits or trenches, one within the other, all having a zigzag trace, so that it was all the more difficult to make out at first sight their general plan. On either side of the ridge, a line of trenches or rifle-pits ran down the hill towards the swamps, so as to sweep with their fire the approaches to the flanks of the main work. In these rifle-pits, at intervals, traverses or banks of earth lying across the general direction of the trench, had been erected to protect them from flanking fire. In front of the works a light, open fence of posts and rails, a kind of loosely-constructed stockade, had been erected to impede the rush of a storming party. The whole was a work which would have done credit to European engineers. The garrison was certainly not more than 400 natives, perhaps less. They had very few rifles, their favourite firearm being double-barrelled shot-guns, which they were able to load and fire much more rapidly, and at close quarters quite as effectively, as the old-fashioned muzzle-loading Enfield rifle then carried by the soldiers. They loaded with slugs and bullets, and sometimes even with buckshot. For the fight at close quarters they had their spears of hard wood, small axes, or tomahawks, sometimes of stone, and the beautiful greenstone or jade war-clubs or *merés* of the chiefs.

On Thursday, April 27th, General Cameron began his preparations for the siege of the pah. The naval brigade had made a formidable

addition to his artillery force by getting from one of the ships an Armstrong 110-lb gun, then the heaviest gun in the service, probably the heaviest gun ever used on land against a tribe of half-savage warriors.

On the 27th the 68th Regiment, and a detachment of 170 men under Major Ryan, of the 70th, moved up to a point about 1,200 yards from the edge of the pah and encamped there.

The Maories had no artillery, and no long-range guns, and were not likely to risk a sortie, so that the garrison was safe from disturbance. On the following day the guns and mortars were got into position for the attack, the heavy gun-jackets from the fleet lending, as they do on such occasions, invaluable assistance. During the day it was ascertained that it was possible to pass along the edge of the water outside the swamp on the enemy's right flank, and get to the rear of his position. Acting on this information, Colonel Greer, with the 68th Regiment, left the camp after dark on the 28th evening and slipped down to the beach, along quietly in the dark, so as to surprise the Maories. To prevent the garrison from paying any attention to chance coming from the beach and so discovering the move, the main body at the camp put forward a few riflemen, who fired long shots at the stockade, from which the Maori sentries answered with random shots fired in the dark, without any idea of range, or even of direction. The attack was soon over, and meanwhile Greer's party got round the back of the swamp and settling down for the night among the trees to landward of the enemy's position. In the camp the sailors and gunners spent the night hours making the last preparations for the day's bombardment. When the sun rose the Armstrong guns, including the big 110-lb gun, besides a battery of mortars, were in position waiting for the word to open fire. In the morning the 68th held a position from which they could shoot down any of the garrison of Maories who ventured out of the work to get water from the stream behind it, or who attempted to escape inland.

At half-past six a thin line of skirmishers pushed forward to the edge of the swamp on the left of the pah and in front of the right. General Cameron thought it probable that the enemy would abandon the work and bolt across the swamp, and took this in view by hemming them in on all sides. The naval

the rifle-pits on the slope above thought this move must be the beginning of an attack, and fired ineffectually at the redcoats. This was taken as the signal for opening fire from the batteries, and guns and mortars began to send their shells roaring through the air. Over the pah a red flag waved on a tall mast. From the batteries this seemed to be the centre of the pah, and at first most of the gunners took it for their mark in laying their pieces. When the pah was captured, it was discovered that the flagstaff really stood, not in the centre of the pah, but further off, just behind its rearward stockade. The result of this mistake was that for the first two hours many of the shells passed harmlessly over the Maori position.

Not long after the artillery opened fire the Maori musketry ceased. The garrison had got under cover, but they were watching the proceedings of the besiegers, for when the guns were directed on the left angle of their fort in order to demolish the stockade and make a breach in the parapet, every now and then a brave rebel would creep up to the crumbling mound, shovel a few spadefuls of earth into the gap, and slip back again, heedless of the imminent danger of being blown to pieces by a bursting shell. Once a plucky fellow actually succeeded in hanging a blanket across the stockade, evidently to conceal the movements of those who were bringing up material to repair the breach close by. By this time the mortars had got the range, and were dropping shells into the work. The place was completely surrounded. The 68th and the naval brigade had closed in, and were firing at the pah on the right and in the rear. Twelve guns and mortars were blazing away at the front and breaching the left angle. A thirteenth gun had been got into position beyond the swamp on the left, so as to rake the rifle-pits on the slope, and thirty riflemen on the edge of the marsh were firing into the pah at a range of only 400 yards. Surrounded on all sides, and with shells bursting over the wattle roofs of their trenches, the garrison was in a position in which most European troops would

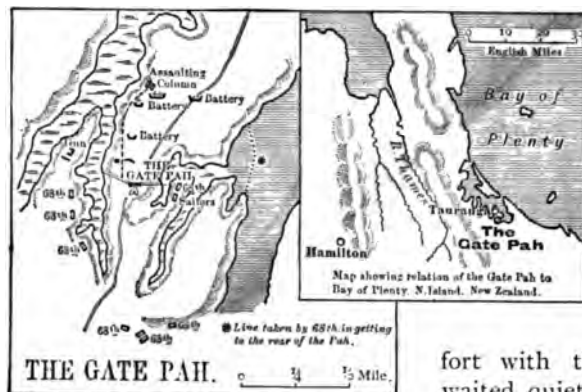
have given up the defence as hopeless. The big Armstrong gun fired no less than a hundred 110-pound shells at the pah before it had to cease firing (towards 3 o'clock) for want of ammunition. The marvel is that the wretched little fort was tenable. But subsequent inquiry showed that the Maories had constructed their shelters so well, and lay so close in them, that they lost very few men. About noon they replied for awhile with musketry to the storm of bullets and shells that was pouring into the pah, but their fire was ineffectual. Indeed, in the earlier stage of the attack, the only losses of the assailants appear to have been three men of the 68th Regiment, wounded by shells that flew over the pah and burst close in their front.

Crouching in the hollowed sides of the trenches, or stealing round to the front to look out over the parapet, the Maories must have realised that before nightfall the storm of fire would suddenly cease to allow a superior force to rush their shattered

fort with the bayonet. But they waited quietly for the supreme trial of strength, encouraged, doubtless, by

finding that even the huge shells thrown by the white men, though they made a terrible noise, killed or wounded very few of the garrison against whom they were directed. It was an anticipation many years earlier of the experience of the Turkish garrison of the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna, who lost only a handful of men under the volcano-like fire of the great bombardment.

After three o'clock the bombardment slackened. The breach was considered to be wide enough to be rushed by a strong storming party on a broad front, and there were no obstacles on the slope before it. When, just before four o'clock, the stormers were drawn up behind the batteries and received the order to advance, the immediate capture of the Gate Pah seemed to be a certainty. The storming column was 600 strong. The vanguard, under Colonel Booth and Commander Hay, of H.M.S. *Harrier*, was made up of 150 men of the 43rd Regiment and as many more of the naval brigade. The support, which was led by Captain John Hamilton, of H.M.S. *Esk*, consisted of the rest of the seamen and



marines and of the 43rd—in all, 300 men. At four o'clock General Cameron gave the word to advance, and, with a cheer, the men dashed up the slope. A few shots were fired from the pah, and some heavy volleys from the rifle-pits, but, until they were almost in, a swell of the ground

The Maories, on this, rushed back into the giving some of the stormers the impression the garrison had been suddenly reinforced. When they first passed the parapet, all that naval officers and those of the 43rd noticed the garrison were a few wounded men lying



"THE BRAVE FELLOW BROUGHT HIM OUT AT CONSIDERABLE RISK"
(p. 281).

gave some cover to the stormers, and the loss they suffered was trifling. Still cheering, they streamed in through the wide gap in the stockade, poured like a flood over the shattered parapet, and found themselves almost without opposition masters of the left corner of the pah.

What happened next will never be known with absolute certainty, for many of those who survived, after being in the thickest of the wild scene of slaughter that followed, give contradictory accounts of what occurred. It seems certain that a part of the garrison was attempting to retire by the back of the pah, when they were met by a sharp fire from the 68th Regiment, which was closing in upon the works, answering with a loud cheer the cheering of the stormers.

the breach. The openings of trenches close by looked like a tan labyrinth, and it was not easy to which was the easiest way into centre of the work. The roof the Maori shelters jutted up here there, and the men seem in some cases to have broken their way and even laid down their weapons under the impression that these abandoned houses that could safely entered in search of curios plunder. Suddenly gun barrels pushed out from under the earth and several officers and men dropped struck by shots that appeared to come out of the earth. On all sides dark figures sprang up as if from doors, yelling, firing, flourishing spears and axes. From the rear the work came a wild rush of spears and guns. The soldiers, especially those who had broken their formation, seemed seized with a sudden panic. They felt as if they had led into an ambush. Instead of resistance being over, it was beginning. Several of their officers had fallen at the first volley. A man gave way to the surprise and terror of the moment, and then panic spread with that mysterious suddenness with which it seems

be able to run through a mass of even individually brave men. What happened at Gate Pah has happened in every army in world; and if there was headlong panic among many of the men, there were many, too, who stood bravely. The officers and the sergeants of the 43rd, and the officers and leading soldiers of the naval brigade, did their duty splendidly and suffered losses that bore only too strong evidence to the tenacity with which they strove to restore the fortune of the fight. There were more than one cry to retire, though the officers were calling out to the men to push forward. At this moment Captain Hamilton brought the reserve, pushed gallantly forward to the second line of trenches, and sprang upon

above them, waving his sword and calling "Come on, my men!" A shot struck him in the head and he fell, closing by an heroic deed a career of high distinction and great service. His fall renewed the courage of the soldiers, the panic of the assailants. The following mass of sailors and soldiers streamed out of the breach, leaving nearly all the men of the 43rd and several of the naval vessels dead and wounded in the pah. Major of the 70th Regiment and Captain Jenkins of the M.S. *Miranda* were among the last to enter the work, after hopeless efforts to rally the survivors were left of the six hundred stormers. Many brave deeds were done amid the

by Samuel Mitchell, the captain of the foretop of the *Harrier*. He had entered the breach close beside Commander Hay, and when his officer fell mortally wounded, he took him up to carry him out of danger. Hay told Mitchell to leave him where he was, and take care of his own life; but the brave fellow brought him out at considerable risk to himself, and then dashed back into the fight. Watts, the gunner of the *Miranda*, charged by the side of Captain Hamilton. He marked out and cut down the Maori who had killed his leader, but the next moment he was himself brained with a tomahawk. James Harris, a seaman of the *Curaçoa*, actually dashed right through the pah. He chased a



THE GATE PAH AFTER OCCUPATION.

man who fell in the breach of the Gate Pah would have been a long time to tell. Two Victoria Crosses were won in the disaster, one of them by John Manley, R.A., who exposed himself recklessly in order to remove and give aid to the wounded close under the fire of the ferocious Maories. The other was secured

by a Maori out of the rear of the work, hunted him down to the position of the 68th Regiment, bayoneted him there, and was shot while making a reckless attempt to again traverse the pah and rejoin his comrades.

While the storming column was engaged with the enemy in the pah, the 68th had made an

attempt to rush it in the rear, but were met with such a heavy fire that they gave up the attempt. The repulse of the attack was hailed with loud cheers by the garrison. The General with his staff rallied the storming column as it retired, and then rode forward to reconnoitre the pah. At this point someone told him that the troops had got into and were holding the rifle-pits on the left. Turning in this direction to verify the report, he was met by a volley which wounded his horse and put two bullets into the saddle of an officer who rode beside him. The enemy held all the works, from which they fired occasional shots at intervals for the rest of the evening. It was soon dark, and the night was cloudy and starless. In the dusk Captain Jenkins had a narrow escape. There had not been a shot for some time, and he went out to see if the pah had been abandoned. A volley fired at close quarters told him he was mistaken, and showed him that he had wandered into the lower part of one of the enemy's trenches.

Dispirited by the collapse of the 43rd Regiment, the repulse of the whole column and the loss of so many officers, the troops spent a wakeful, anxious night. More than once after dusk the Maories called out to them in English, daring them to come on again; but Cameron had resolved not to make an attempt in the dark, which might only end in confusion and renewed disaster, but to rush the pah at day-break. Meanwhile, the men were set to work to throw up a line of advanced entrenchments within about a hundred yards of the stockade, so as to maintain possession of all the ground that had been won. During this work, all fire having ceased from the pah, Major Greaves, of the staff, crept up the slope to see if the natives were retiring from it. In the dark he could make nothing out for certain. Just before midnight he went up again and penetrated into the breach. All was silent within, but away landwards, to the rear of the work, some shots were fired. The natives had scattered in small parties and withdrawn towards the interior, and the shots came from the outposts of the 68th, some of whose sentries heard the Maories stealing by in the dark, but could not stop them.

How little the officers relied upon their men after the previous day's experience is shown by the fact that they did not venture to lead them into the fort until the first light of the dawn appeared on the early morning of the Sunday, 30th. When the pah was entered a grim sight

met the eyes of the victors. A few inside the breach four captains of the 43rd heaped together: two were dead, killed by bullet wounds in the head and neck, and had been slain at close quarters with a tomahawk, which had cut through his shoulder and the chest; a fourth, struck in the head by a bullet, was still breathing when his comrades found him, but died before he could be removed. A little further on lay Colonel Booth, of the same regiment, shot in the spine and the arm, still alive after that terrible night, but far from his death. Captain Muir, of the 43rd, and Captain Hamilton, R.N., lay dead together well forward in the second trench, with other bodies near them. A little to the left lay Lieutenant Hill, R.N., of the *Curaçoa*, shot in the neck and through both cheeks. He had been alive some time after he fell, for he tied his handkerchief round his wounded head. Watts, the gunner of the *Miranda*, lay with his head split from crown to chin by a tomahawk. Another seaman had his head cut in two crosswise by the same weapon, scattering all the brains. The body of a native was found in the centre of the pah fairly crushed two by a bursting shell. There, too, the Reweti, or Davis of Tauranga, was picked up with seven bullets in his body and his head broken by a shell-burst, but still not only alive but ready to talk to the white men, wondering why his countrymen had not killed him off with the other wounded, whom they had removed. In all, during the attack, 5 officers and 23 men had been killed, and 5 officers and 75 men wounded, a total loss of 112 men, nearly all of whom fell in the assault, and most of whom would have been out of the affair, safe in life and limb, if an advanced party of the 43rd had stood by the officers. At the moment of the panic there was no doubt the stormers were well into the breach and standing as most of them did on the ground between the trenches, they could bayonet the Maories as they scrambled to escape, and shot them through the roofs. Of the 112 wounded many died within a week of the assault.

The garrison had lost very few in killed or wounded. Twenty dead and six wounded were found in the pah. Ten more were picked up dead in the swamp, and the returned Maories must have carried some wounded with them. But their whole loss seems to have been under fifty. The chief, Rawiri, who commanded the defence, escaped unhurt.

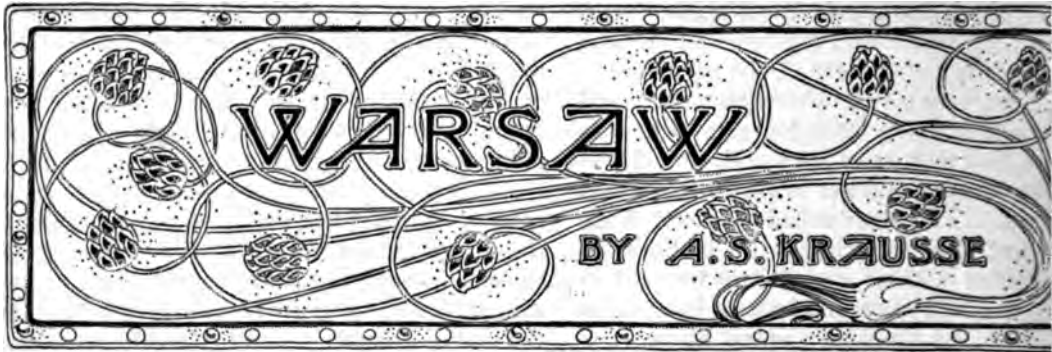
wounded chief, Davis, told the English that if his advice had been taken there would have been no such prolonged defence of the pah ; but, he added, there were a lot of big chiefs present, and they wanted a fight. It is pleasant to be able to record that both sides acted with that chivalrous respect for each other which was worthy of brave men. The Maories had not touched the watches and chains or rings worn by the dead and wounded soldiers and sailors who fell in the pah, nor had they in any way injured the bodies. General Cameron showed his sense of this conduct on their part by ordering that the dead Maories should be given a respectful burial, and all possible care bestowed on the wounded men. Even the fragments of the body that had been torn by the shell were laid together in the row of dead outside the pah, and word was sent to some friendly Maories, belonging to a tribe which had helped to garrison the Gate Pah, that they might come in and bury their dead kinsmen, the messenger adding that, if they did not, the English would do it for them. Before noon on Sunday they came to the fort and dug a grave for the twenty dead

warriors from the pah. In the bottom of it they laid the men of lower rank, that they might form a bed across which lay the corpses of the chiefs. "It is well that the warrior should die, to be a couch for his chief," runs an old proverb of the warrior Maori race.

Later in the day the English dead were laid in rows of graves at the Tauranga mission station, under a great tree, not far from the beach, and the volleys rang out their parting salute to the men who had fallen so bravely trying to stem the tide of disaster. The struggle between the white man and the Maori has, happily, ended years ago, and now both parties to the quarrel remember only that it was bravely fought out, and that in the tribes of the North Island even British soldiers and sailors found foemen well worthy of their steel. The last traces of the Gate Pah have long since been removed from the ridge above Tauranga. A monument commemorates the gallant dead. Hamilton has found another memorial in a flourishing town on the Waikato River, founded and named after him by the colonists, in the very year of his death, in admiration of his splendid valour.



A MAORI DWELLING.



THROUGHOUT the summer of 1831 the city of Warsaw lay like a city of the dead. Its magnificent palaces appeared as though deserted ; its streets were lonesome, and the few who ventured from within their dwellings moved about as though smitten.

Although not declared, Warsaw lay in a state of siege. The struggle for liberty, long maintained by the brave nation of Poles, was drawing to a close, and all felt that though hitherto victorious in the field, they must fall before the countless hordes of Russia in the end.

There had been a rising in the previous year. Undeterred by the knowledge that they were a handful against millions, and encouraged by the recent examples of France and Belgium, the Poles of Warsaw had risen in revolt against the despotism of Russia, as personified by Constantine, the ferocious governor of their city.

The direct cause of the outbreak was, as is usual in such cases, slight—a bogus trial on a popular officer for an imaginary offence. A verdict contrary to the weight of evidence, a street row among the military students, a dozen of whom were promptly flogged with the knout, while others were imprisoned, and the mischief was done. The young Poles rose in November, and without ceremony broke into the prison and freed their comrades. The gates of the palace were forced, and the governor sought ; but without success, he having escaped. But while Constantine evaded the vengeance of his victims, his lieutenants fared otherwise, and many of them fell into the hands of their relentless enemies. For the moment the Polish capital was in the hands of the Poles. The Russian aristocracy disappeared, and at every street-corner meetings were held at which the proceedings were constantly interrupted by cries of "Niech żyje Polska"—Poland for ever !

This state of things continued throughout the

winter of 1830. The ice-bound steppes for the Russians taking action. But the Czar's vengeance, and he kept his vow. In the days of spring a large army was despatched against the rebel Poles under General Chłopowski, who, while in command of the thirteenth and fourteenth Army Corps, had earned for himself the nickname of the Lions of Varna. The war was waged to the death. The Russian troops, well drilled and ably commanded, elated by the successes of the past, met the untutored Polish soldiers with a confidence bred of conquest. The Poles, imbued with a sense of patriotism and recognising that it was to do or die, fought each man for his own hand, giving nor expecting quarter, and the slaughter was frightful. Even at Ostrolenka, where the Poles left seven thousand dead on the field, the Russian loss was over fifteen thousand ; and at Waror the Poles took ten thousand Russian prisoners, besides a number of cannon, which were exhibited in the streets of Warsaw to the enthusiastic applause of the inhabitants.

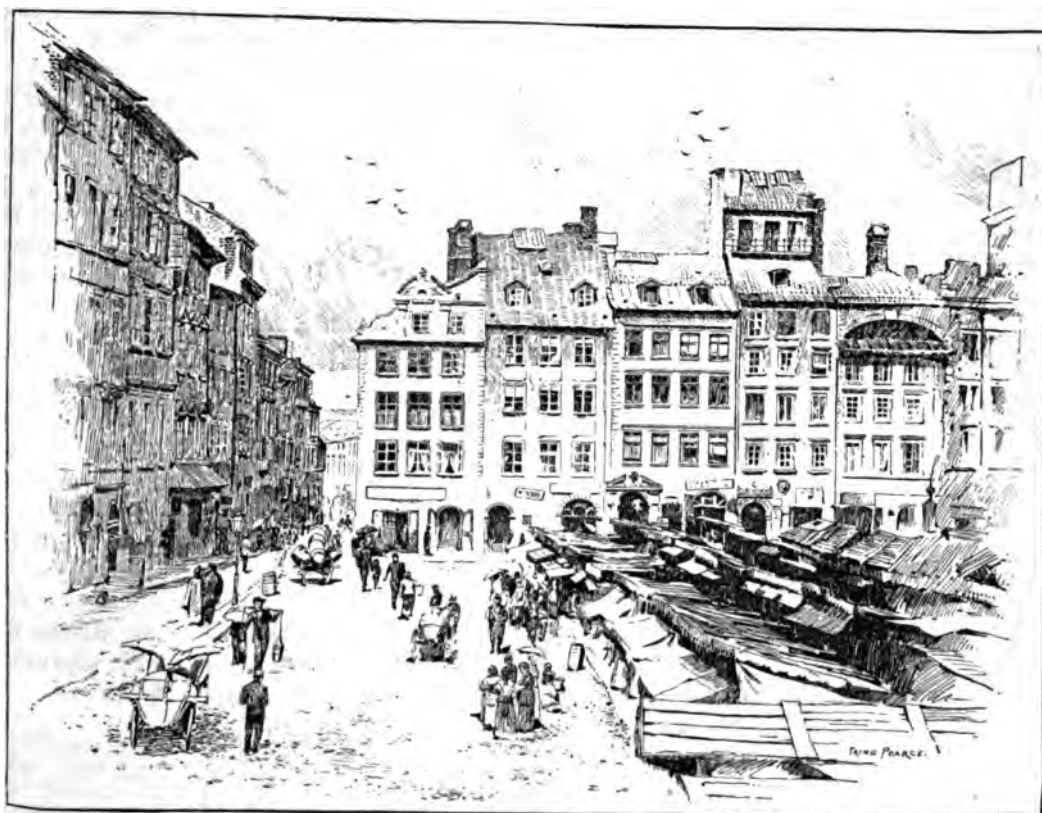
After being beaten all along the line the Russian army withdrew, leaving the field to its surviving officers imprisoned in Warsaw for a while the Poles had rest. But not for a while. In the early summer another army marched on the capital, and at the end of the month General Paskewitsch, who had been specially chosen by the Czar, took the command. The officer enjoyed the personal friendship of the ruler of Russia, and he took the field with express instruction from his master to teach the rebels a lesson which they would not forget. He lost no time in resuming operations, but carried out his predecessor's plans. Hitherto, all attacks on Warsaw had been made from the right bank of the Vistula. With the exception of the suburb the city lies on the left or south bank, so that to capture it from the north the Ru-

would have to fight their way across the Vistula either through the streets and across the bridges of Praga, or under the fire of the guns in the Polish works. Paskewitsch decided upon making a flank march down the right bank of the river, crossing it near the Prussian frontier, where he had secretly arranged to obtain supplies and bridging material from the Prussian fortress of Thorn, and then marching up the south bank of the Vistula he could attack Warsaw on the side on which it was not protected by the broad river which had hitherto barred the Russian advance.

The Polish Government was at this period presided over by General Skryznecki, a patriot of good family and education, and a man of the highest principle. Skryznecki recognised the

the country to the south of the Vistula, from which they had hitherto drawn supplies and reinforcements. While Paskewitsch thus hemmed in the Poles on the south, another Russian army watched Praga; and thus by the end of August, while the roads for miles round were guarded by Russian legions, the Poles found themselves shut in like rats in a trap.

And now for the first time the Poles realised their position. Surrounded by a relentless horde, their supplies cut off, they realised the futility of the claims of a just cause against the exigences of necessity. The whole of the resources of Russia were against them; and while the sympathies of France and England went far to cheer the desperate band of patriots who yet fought



OLD TOWN, WARSAW.

danger too late. He hurriedly occupied a strong position on the line of the Bzura river with 30,000 men, in the hope of barring the Russian advance; but on August 15th the Russians, in overwhelming force, drove the Poles from the river bank and forced them back upon Warsaw. Their city was now threatened by 60,000 troops, who cut them off from

for freedom, the fact that Prussia, though nominally a neutral state, was aiding the common enemy, was not reassuring. So far back as June this fact had been known, and General Skryznecki had written to the King of Prussia enumerating the various acts indulged in by his ministers, and demanding that they should cease. In this historic document the General

proved that the Prussians were supplying the Russians with food from the storehouses at Thorn, that they had lent their skilled artillery to the Russians, that they had supplied ammunition and uniforms made in Prussia, and that most of the engineering works required by the Russians—including the bridge over the Vistula—had been executed by German engineers.

This letter was never answered, and Prussia continued in her breach of the laws of war, while the outlook in Warsaw became blacker every day. Nor were the dangers only from without. The Polish mob began to become turbulent, and necessitated the watching of soldiers who would have been better employed negotiating the enemy. But even these measures were insufficient to keep the rough element down. The irresistible descent of the Russian army was the excuse for an outcry against the noble Skyznecki; and in the hope of uniting the besieged he resigned his command of the Polish army, General Dembinski being appointed in his place.

But even this step did not succeed in quieting the rabble. On the night of the 15th August the mob rose and marched to the State prison,

were forced, and the prisoners led out shamefully ill-treated. The crowd became like wild beasts, chasing and attacking the fortunate Russians; and after being tortured every way that occurred to the imagination of their captors, the miserable beings were butchered in the streets, the gutters running in blood. Among the victims of this tragedy were four Russian generals and ladies of high birth, who had been suspected of sympathising with the enemy. All were brutally murdered, the atrocities being continued for two days. At length order was restored by the military, who were withdrawn from the defence of the city for this purpose.

While these events were taking place in the city General Paskewitsch was pressing in pursuit of the Polish army, which was compelled to retreat from the Bzura. Even here the defenders were unable to hold their ground, and on the 1st of September retired behind the entrenchments which had been thrown up immediately before Warsaw. Here the final stand had to be made. The headquarters of the Russians was only a few miles away from the city walls, and the

was threatened every side. In this position, with short, so accurate it is a matter of some surprise that the Poles could retire with the city and survive the siege. This position has been discussed by trustworthy writers, who will follow:—

"It would have been very easy," says Brozowski, "for the army to defend within the walls from house to house. It had already formed more than one feat, and

doubtless would have rung with its heroism the example of Saragossa, it had buried itself in the ruins of Warsaw. But the Poles could not, for the sake of a mere empty renown, consent to the destruction of a city which is the hearth-stone of their past and the centre of their nationality—a city whose future struggles is yet destined to play an important



where Russian officers who had been taken prisoners in the war had been incarcerated. The excitement of the mob was intense. Their blood was up, and this is the only excuse that can be urged for the foulest deed that blemishes the history of Poland. The gates of the prison

Poles are far from succumbing under their present mis-—very far from abandoning the hope of again forming a nation."*

still, the attacking army waited before the final blow. Reinforcements from the north were expected. Several days were

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a revolution, while an offer of terms

y Paskewitsch was rejected for a similar

preliminaries over, the attack upon

began in earnest on the morning of

September. The fighting on this day

ostly at long range, but the Russian

was so strong and the firing so fierce

the Poles had to abandon their first line

enchantment. The assault then ceased, and

sides rested during the night; but at

on the 7th the attack was renewed,

the slaughter was terrible. The Poles—es-

pecially the battalions occupying the redoubt on

the side of the Vistula—made an heroic

resistance. The Russians had on this day no fewer than 386 guns in position, and the fire from them was so fierce and so continuous that nothing could stand before it. The Poles were ploughed down by the hail of projectiles, and those spared by the shells were de-

spatched by small

arms. After some

hours of bombard-

ment, when a mere

handful of the garri-

son of the Wola re-

doubt remained, the

Russians closed up

in their strength

and charged with

their bayonets. The

result was disastrous

in the extreme.

General Sowinski,

who commanded

the outpost, fell

pierced through and

through; and when

the Russians finally

occupied the re-

doubt only eleven

men remained alive

out of three thou-

sand.

While this scene

of carnage was being

enacted outside, the

city was itself the

scene of intense

excitement. The majority of the inhabitants

foresaw that their fate was sealed. Their only

chance of salvation—the interposition of Eng-

land or France—had failed them. Were even

that to come now it would be too late. The

cannonade of the besiegers was continuous, and

every now and again a stray shell would fall in

the streets, scattering death and devastation

around. And all that could be done in response

was to fire occasional charges from the few guns

left to the garrison. Men there were in plenty

in Warsaw, and women, too, willing to play

the man's part in fighting for their country;

but the guns were few, and it was no uncommon

sight to see eager, able men tear the rifles from

the hands of the wounded as they fell, in order

that the most might be made of the slender

resources at their disposal.

Amid all this scene of horror there was one

item of news which caused rejoicing. Marshal



EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

* *La Guerre de la Pologne.*

Paskewitsch had been wounded. It was said that he was, indeed, disabled. This was the one cheering event of the 7th September.

The 8th opened still and fine, but it was destined to be a bitter day in the story of Poland.

carrying everything before them, inch by inch at the point of the bayonet, while they were busied in sending missiles within the city which spread fire and rapine in their train. The day was still undone when the walls were,



"THE RUSSIANS CLOSED UP IN THEIR STRENGTH AND CHARGED WITH THEIR BAYONETS" (p. 287).

The Russians had moved up to the very gates of the town in the night, and only the innermost line of trenches and the shaky walls stood between them and the inhabitants. The cannonade re-commenced soon after daybreak, and the attack was even more furious than on the previous day. At least, it seemed so to those within the doomed city. The men in the trenches were ploughed down like flies, but their bravery was indomitable, and as each man fell, another took his place, to be ploughed down in turn. The men finally stood upon the brink of their trenches, and used the dead bodies of their comrades as cover; but it was futile. On and on came the Russian host, back and back went the Poles, until only the gaunt walls of Warsaw stood between them and those they sought to save. The enemy fought with irresistible fury,

The inmost line of defence was captured, the last defender slain. The plain for a mile was strewn with the mutilated remains of men who had once been brave men, and the tyrant North held Warsaw in their hands.

The city capitulated as the sun sunk west, and its inhabitants realised too late that their doom was sealed. What that doom was to be even the most imaginative failed to realise.

Having taken Warsaw, Paskewitsch spoke. He would, he declared, not enter the city the following day, and meanwhile the Polish Marshal admitted to having 3,000 men killed, and 7,500 and 445 wounded, while the Polish loss was found to amount to 9,000 slain.

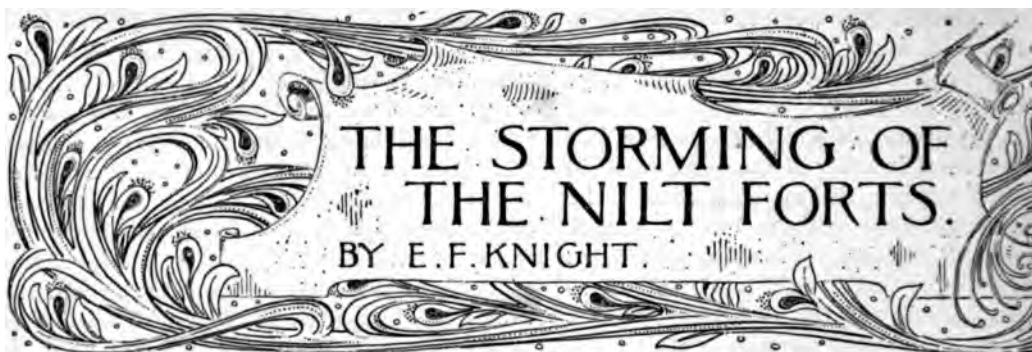
Defeated though they were, reduced in numbers, without the hope of succour, and exhausted by the events of the past few days, the Poles retained their heroism. The army, what was left of the 30,000 men of which the garrison had consisted, formed in order in the great place in the centre of the city, and marched towards the gate. But it did not march to Plosk. It went instead to the fortress of Modlin, and made preparations for a final stand—a forlorn hope—trusting to fortune to turn the Russians yet. But the scheme was foredoomed. Paskewitsch, whose wound was slighter than was supposed, heard of the move, and promptly despatched a brigade against the Polish remnant. The garrison of Modlin was promptly surrounded, all retreat cut off. Entrapped, defenceless, without guns or food, the band of heroes lay down their arms and sought refuge on neutral territory across the Prussian frontier.

It does not come within the province of this history to detail the events which followed the

capture of Warsaw. So far as the military history of this, the last great struggle for Polish independence, is concerned, the battle of Warsaw brings the story to a close. The horrors that followed still linger in the memories of the very old. The fearful outbreak of Asiatic cholera which devastated Central Europe, the tragic fate of the thousands of Poles who, trusting in the charity of the King of Prussia, were hounded across the frontier into the hands of the Russians; the equally tragic fortunes of those who took the word of the Czar and gave themselves up to the authorities; and the bitter savageries committed by the Russians in compulsorily emigrating the bulk of the people of Warsaw, sending children away from parents and husbands from wives, even to the furthest parts of Eastern Russia, are all part of history. Of the civilising efforts of the Russians while in occupation of Warsaw, we have a sample in the fact that the conquerors took nearly a million volumes of books from the city—400,000 from the Zuluski Library alone.



THE JEWS' MARKET, WARSAW.



OF our recent wars on the frontiers of India, the Hunza campaign was in many respects the most remarkable, and the storming of the enemy's defences at Nilt afforded an ample proof of what excellent material our Indian army is composed. At the extreme north corner of British India, or rather of the territories of our feudatory the Maharajah of Kashmir, buried amid the loftiest and wildest mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, hemmed in by glaciers which are the vastest in the world outside the arctic regions, and by hundreds of barren leagues of rock and snow, are two little States of hereditary robbers, the Hunzas and the Nagars, the first occupying the right bank, the second the left bank of the Hunza or Kanjut torrent. These people belong to what is known as the Dard race, and are supposed to be of the purest Aryan stock: many of them have the features and the fair complexions of Europeans.

This inhospitable region is the very cradle, some say, of the Aryan race; and the Hunza-Nagars present one of the most interesting ethnological problems in the world—a problem, however, which up till now could only be studied from a safe distance, for the half-dozen or so of Europeans who had penetrated the Hunza valley previous to the campaign I am about to describe had done so at considerable risk to their lives. From the earliest times the Hunza-Nagars have engaged in organised brigandage and slave-hunting; they were the most redoubtable warriors of the Hindoo Koosh. The head waters of the Hunza and its tributaries are on the slopes of the Pamirs, and the tribesmen, ascending the passes that lead from their valleys on to the “roof of the world,” were wont to raid into Turkistan and fall on the caravans that carry on the trade between India and Yarkand. For hundreds of years they have

thus amassed rich booty, and they sold prisoners they captured to the Kirghiz. When the Kashmir State conquered the district it did its utmost to quell the lawless tribes, but all in vain: secure in mountain strongholds, they successfully: the largest forces that were sent against and carried their forays both into Kashmir and into Central Asia, though a British garrison of 6,000 men was always stationed at Gilgit. It was estimated that the “thum” kings, of these two valley States could muster 5,000 fighting men, fairly well armed with matchlocks, Martini-Henrys, Berdans (as by the Russians), Sniders, and other rifles. They also had some smooth-bore six or eight pound guns of their own manufacture.

When the Indian Government under Lord Dalhousie exercised a more direct control over the north-western frontier of the grossly mismanaged State of Kashmir, an agency was established at Gilgit which became the northernmost outpost of our empire in Asia. The Hunza river flows into the Indus river two miles below Gilgit fort, and the frontier of the robber States is some thirty miles from the Hunza valley. The thums, though at first opposed to the establishment of British influence in their close vicinity, were persuaded by Colonel Durand, our agent at Gilgit, to enter into a treaty by which they recognised Great Britain as the suzerain power, and agreed to desist from raiding and slave-hunting, while the Government was to pay the thums an annual subsidy each. But the thums, stirred up by Captain Gromchevsky—who had visited the Hunza valley with a party of Cossacks, and done his utmost to damage British prestige in these regions—soon broke their faith with Colonel Durand; they recommenced their raiding practices, and in the spring of 1891, for the first time greatly strengthened their defences.

near Nilt, they defied the Maharajah and his agent, declared that they would resist their raids, threatened the Kashmir Government of Gilgit with a considerable force, and urged our position at Gilgit that the British Government of India found it necessary to send a punitive expedition into the valley.

At the time the Agent's bodyguard consisted of a score or so of Pathans of the 20th Infantry, while the Kashmir troops who defended the forts were scarcely to be relied upon. These were the same men who had been recently defeated by the Hunzas. They believe it is true, to regiments of the recently formed Imperial Service troops which the Maharajah had set aside for purposes of Imperial defence and which had been trained for some time by specially selected British officers; but they had never been tried in actual warfare. A new system had been inaugurated, and therefore considered advisable to despatch about 200 men of our 5th Gurkha Regiment, and two seven-pound guns of the mountain battery.

The direct road from Kashmir to Gilgit had not been completed, and great difficulties had arisen in sending even this small force north. The distance from Srinagar to Gilgit is 240 miles, or twenty-two marches. The road winds among the mountains, and crosses many passes, one being over the main chain of the Himalayas, which divides Kashmir proper from the northern possessions of the Maharajah. These passes are only open for about four months for the rest of the year they are closed by snow and are exposed to violent gales and the coldness, which prove fatal to travellers taken by them. One of these storms occurred while the 5th Gurkhas and a number of port coolies were on the march, and some men perished of frostbite. Captain Burnes himself, who was in command, lost his life on this occasion, and was incapacitated from taking part in the campaign. This road had traversed for many marches a rainless almost desert region. Of wild vegetation there is scarcely any: it is only by means of artificial irrigation from the glacier streams that the sparse population succeeds in raising any crops here and there. There are no more extensive cultivation in the past, the forays of the Shinakas—raiding tribes who occupy a little-explored region beyond the hills that border the Gilgit road on the

west—have long since made these valleys desolate. The road, where not winding over the barren mountain ridges, follows the bottoms of the gloomy ravines where the discoloured torrents rush between cliffs and huge slopes of fallen boulders. The country affords no supplies to an invading force, and even the forage for our horses had to be imported from a distance.

During the four summer months of 1891 thousands of coolies were employed in carrying up to Gilgit the supplies required for the expedition; but despite all the efforts of our transport officers, a large quantity of necessaries never crossed the Himalayas: an early winter and heavy snowstorms suddenly closed the passes, and our little force was cut off from all chance of reinforcement or communication with the outer world for several months. Isolated by impassable mountains, we were now left to fight it out, not only with the 5,000 Hunzas, but probably also with the Shinakas, who could put 15,000 men in the field, for they were known to have a defensive alliance with the Hunzas, and our line of communication was open to their attack at several points.

The force at Colonel Durand's disposal consisted of three regiments of Kashmir Imperial Service troops, 188 men of the 5th Gurkha regiment, about thirty men of the Agency bodyguard, two guns of the Hazara mountain battery, and 160 irregulars from the mountains of Poonah—in all about 2,000 men. Of these 1,000 men were left to garrison the forts and to guard our long line of communication. The field force, therefore, numbered roughly 1,000 men, of whom more than 700 were untried sepoys of the Kashmir regiments (Dogras and Gurkhas), and quite untrained irregulars. Only thirteen British officers were with the field force. To Mr. Spedding, C.E., and his staff of six civilians, was entrusted the duty of opening out a road for the column: these civilians were on the roster, and had under them 200 Pathan navvies, who were armed with Snider carbines, and took part in the fighting.

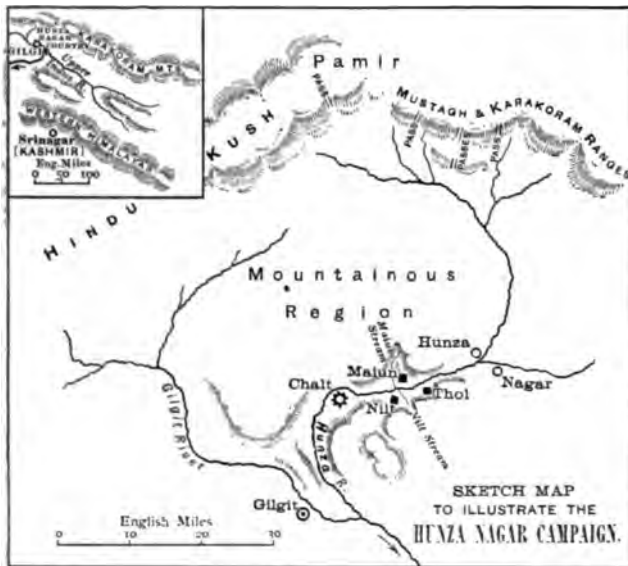
Despite the rigour of the climate in these highlands, it was decided to prosecute the campaign in mid-winter, for it is only at that season that Hunza can be invaded with any hope of success. The tribesmen have purposely left the approaches to their country as difficult as possible. The awful gorges of the lower Hunza valley afford position after position that would be impregnable if properly held. A very narrow track, trying to the nerves of any but

cragsman, was then the one route by which the valley could be ascended in the summer months ; for at that season the torrent, swollen by the snows melting on the mountains, rages deep and unfordable, filling the bottom of the ravines from the precipices on one side to those on the other, so that one has no choice but to follow the dangerous path high up the hill-side, in places crossing the precipices by frail scaffoldings of wood which a single man could in a moment dislodge and send tumbling into the torrent below, leaving impassable walls of rock to face the invader. But in the winter the difficulties are much lessened. The intense

and the nearest to us of these fort of Nilt.

Accordingly, at daybreak on December 1st, our force advanced ; but it was not until 10 a.m. that we reached our destination, for we lay across very difficult ground, and in the most precipitous places the enemy had broken the track, so that the column had to be pushed forward by Spedding's Pathans with pick, shovel, and powder cleared the way. The enemy's opposition, and, indeed, we saw no signs of them until we had turned a rocky spur of the mountain side, when we suddenly beheld, at a distance of only two hundred yards, the distant, the grey fortress of Nilt, with the quaint triangular flag of the Hunzas waving on its walls.

The illustration (on p. 293) will render clear the following details of the enemy's position at Nilt. The tribesmen have for centuries considered to be the impregnable fortress of their country. On the left are the great gorges of Maiun, which pour their waters into the Hunza river at the mouth of the Nilt gorge. The fortress of Nilt, while on the cultivated terraces beyond the town are the large fortresses of Maiun and several smaller forts. Two gorges descend from the mountains and snowfields of mighty peaks whose peaks attain a height of 15,000 feet. The cliffs that front the opposite slopes of both are inaccessible in most places.



frost silences all the tributary streams, the Hunza torrent shrinks considerably in volume, is generally fordable, and it is possible in most parts of the valley to follow the dried margin of the river bed instead of scaling the precipices above.

Mr. Spedding and his men quickly opened out a road, just practicable for a mule battery, to Chalt, the last Kashmir fort in the valley. Here the field force collected, and all being ready, we crossed the river on December 1st, and having formed a zereba, encamped for the night in the enemy's territory. The tribesmen were known to have gathered in force ten miles higher up the valley at a point where several large forts defended a naturally very strong position. It was Colonel Durand's intention to make an immediate attack on the most important

were lined at their summits from the top of the glaciers high above down to the river bed with *sangas*, or stone breastworks, with the enemy's marksmen ever ready to roll down avalanches of rocks on any party that should attempt the scaling. The high cliffs that fell from the cultivated terraces on the left side forming the river banks were lined with *sangas* for several miles up the valley, so that any attempt to turn this formidable position by an advance up the river bed would be met by a withering fire on either flank. We were fronted, in short, by a line of defence extended from the glaciers on one side to the other, held by some 4,000 determined men. Our first object was to capture Nilt, the only one of the enemy's defences which was on our side of the tributary gorge. On

ad by no means an easy task before them. As the Hunzas and Nagars, when not united to aid on foreign soil or to repel an invader, used frequently to wage war on each other, all their villages are strongly fortified. Nilt consists of a congregation of stone houses, some of which are two or three storeys in height, all strongly built, and having flat roofs of large stones so well put together that our shells produced no effect on them. These houses are built close together, and often open out one into another, while a labyrinth of very narrow alleys intersects this human rabbit-warren. The town is enclosed by a massive stone wall nearly twenty feet in height and twelve

terrace of irrigated fields and returned the fire. The 5th Gurkhas, who led the attack, made short rushes, section after section, availing themselves of the cover afforded by the low walls that divided the fields, and directed a brisk fire on the loopholes of the fort at 100 yards



"CAPTAIN AYLMER IGNITED THE FUSE" (p. 294).

et in breadth, loopholed for musketry, with towers at intervals. This wall is surrounded by another loopholed wall eight feet in height, distant some six yards from the first wall. This outer wall, where it does not hang over the precipice, has a deep trench outside it, at the bottom of which the enemy had placed a strong abatis of branches lashed together, and, lastly, another abatis lined the outer edge of the trench.

As soon as we turned the spur of the mountain the Hunzas opened fire upon us from their loopholes. Our troops deployed on to the flat

range. The Punialis and the men of the 20th Punjab Infantry scaled the steep mountain spur above the fort to the ridge on which we afterwards had our "ridge picket" (see illustration on p. 297), and fired down into the centre of the fort. The two seven-pounders took up a position about 150 yards from the fort, and opened fire upon it with shrapnel and shot, which appeared to produce no effect on the strong walls.

The action continued thus for about an hour. The loopholes of the fort offered but small targets to our riflemen, and the losses of the

enemy must have been slight. On the other hand, our own men began to drop pretty fast, and it was soon obvious that the enemy's marksmen were picking off the British officers, most of whom had narrow escapes. Colonel Durand himself was severely wounded in the groin, and the command devolved on Captain Bradshaw, 35th Bengal Infantry. The loopholes of Nilt were luckily but few in number, or our losses would have been very severe.

Just before he was wounded Colonel Durand ordered that an attempt should be made to blow up the main gate of the fort, and take the place by assault. The story of how this was carried out should be one to stir the blood of Englishmen, for few so gallant deeds have been recorded even in the glorious annals of our Indian warfare. Under cover of a very heavy fire opened upon the loopholes of the fort by the rest of the force the storming party of one hundred men of the 5th Gurkhas, led by Lieutenants Boisragon and Badcock, and accompanied by Captain Aylmer (on whom, as our engineer officer, fell the duty of blowing up the gate), made a rush on the outer abatis. Through this the kukris of the Gurkhas quickly clove a narrow opening, and then the three officers, followed by their men, leapt into the trench and began to cut their way through the other abatis at the bottom. The officers, with some half-a-dozen men at their heels, scrambled through first, climbed the side of the trench, and found themselves before the outer wall. They ran along it till they came to a small gate, through which they had little difficulty in hacking their way. Passing through this they found themselves between the two walls, and exposed to the fire from the lower loopholes of the main wall, which could not be silenced by the covering party. Turning to the right they followed the main wall till they came to a large and strongly-built wooden gate flanked by two towers. To cut through this gate, which had been barricaded within with a wall of stones, was impossible, so Captain Aylmer, accompanied by his Pathan orderly and a Gurkha sepoy, ran up to the foot of the gate, and as rapidly as possible made his preparations to blow it up, the enemy all the while firing at him through the loopholes of the towers and gate, and throwing large stones over the parapets upon him. His companions protected him as far as they could by firing into the loopholes at the range of a few feet, the officers using their revolvers. That a single man of this gallant handful escaped death is indeed marvellous.

Captain Aylmer, stooping down, removed some stones from under the foot of the wall, inserted his slabs of guncotton, packed with stones, and ignited the fuse. While he was doing this he was shot through the head from a loophole so near to him that his blood and flesh were burnt; and of the two men who were in the gateway with him the Gurkha was shot dead, and the Pathan orderly was severely wounded in the head. Captain Aylmer, however, then crawled along the foot of the wall to a safe distance, and awaited the explosion. The given time elapsed, and there was no explosion. It was obvious that the fuse had failed. Captain Aylmer, wounded as he was, once more returned to an almost certain death, in order to complete his task. He cut the fuse with a knife, readjusted it, lit a match after several attempts, for the wind was strong, reignited the fuse, and again withdrew to safe shelter. While at work in the gateway he received a second wound. His hand and arm were badly crushed by a large stone that was thrown at him over the walls.

This time, happily, the fuse did its work. There was a loud explosion; the stone wall was toppling down from the shaking wall. It was seen that the gate and the barricade had been blown in. Then, even before the smoke and dust had cleared, the three officers—for Captain Aylmer was ready for the fight, indomitable as ever, though suffering from blood from his wounds—and the Gurkha sepoy rushed through the breach into the fort. Here they at once engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand fight with the bravest of the enemy who flocked down the alleys leading to the gate. This handful of men, standing close together in this place, resolutely held the position till they were gained against the whole Hunza army. They gave a very good account of the enemy and killed a number of the enemy with their cold steel: Lieutenant Badcock, with his revolver, shot the commander himself, Mirza Shah, Wazir of Nagar. But the odds were too overwhelming: two more Gurkha sepoys were soon killed, and nearly all the others were wounded. Captain Aylmer was now unable to move for yet a third time, being shot through the arm with a jezail, while Lieutenant Boisragon was severely wounded in the shoulder. It was evident that not one of the little party in the gateway would be left alive unless supported up quickly. They had thus been fighting

quarter of an hour, when Lieutenant volunteered to go out and find his exposing himself both to the fire of and that of the covering party. He gh safely, and was very soon back in the e head of a number of Gurkhas, eager : their fallen comrades. They fought, r wont, like little demons with their ikris. The tribesmen defended them- h desperate valour, but they could not stand the fierce attack of the Gurkhas, ast drove them back with great loss, ed them panic-stricken through the of alleys into the surrounding gorges. he Gurkhas had not more quickly their officers and six comrades to the was not due to any unreadiness on , for Gurkhas are never backward in a seems that after they had cut through ; and crossed the trench they were o see which way their officers had ore them, and turning to the left, f to the right, had missed the gate- had been checked by a great abatis ended from the wall to the brink of ice.

orming of Nilt only cost our force six d and twenty-seven wounded. The t about a hundred dead behind them eys of the fort, and many were shot ile escaping to their defences beyond . Captain Aylmer and Lieutenant were both decorated with the Cross in recognition of their gal- this day, and Lieutenant Badcock, also recommended for a V.C., re- : Distinguished Service Order.

ll Nilt Fort ; but its capture was only step towards the subjugation of the igars. The real strength of their posi- æfore us, and the enemy, not in the eartened by their defeat, prepared to solute stand along their line of defence ie two gorges. They omitted no pre- not only did they break away all the ss the ravines, but, taking advantage ird frost, they turned the irrigation er the river cliffs where they were and so formed smooth ramparts of ose us.

hteen days we vainly endeavoured to formidable position. On December tempt was made to repair the road across the Nilt gorge ; but no sooner an appear in the open than they were

driven back by a volley from the *sangas* oppo- site, which killed three men and wounded six others, among the latter being Lieutenant Gorton. We now had five of our officers *hors de combat*, and in all forty men killed or wounded. Several reconnaissances were made by day and by night, to find out a weak spot in the enemy's line of defence. Once a party explored the river bed for some distance, and found that it was obstructed by barricades that ran across the beach : a heavy fire from either bank compelled this patrol to beat a hasty retreat. It was quite evident that an attempt to advance that way would mean the annihilation of our force. On the night of December 8th another futile endeavour was made to force the mouth of the Nilt gorge. On one dark night a small party that had crossed the river to surprise Maiun was discovered and repulsed. We even attempted to find a way across the glaciers at the head of the gorge, but were frustrated by impassable crevasses. Whenever a night surprise was attempted at some point of the cliff that appeared accessible the ever-watchful enemy would roll down their avalanches of rocks and also great fire-balls of resinous wood, whose blaze disclosed the whereabouts of our men, and enabled the defenders above to open a deadly musketry fire.

Day after day our men were engaged in these perilous but fruitless efforts to force a way past these rocky bulwarks of the enemy. Still we were held in check, and our position became one of considerable peril. The Hunzas, emboldened by the success of their resistance, threatened our line of communication with Gilgit, and the Shinaka tribes also were mobilising with the intention of falling upon us from below. Had they done so our small force would have probably been caught in a trap and cut to pieces, even as was the fate of a far larger force of Kashmir troops some years before in this very valley. Shut out, as we were, from all hope of succour for several months by the wintry Hima- layas, but one course lay before our commander—at all risks to force the enemy's position before their Shinaka allies could come to their assistance.

To Nagdu, a gallant Dogra sepoy of one of the Kashmir Imperial Service regiments, the credit is due for having discovered what was possibly the only practicable method of effecting our object. This man, like all his race, a good cragsman, volunteered to explore the precipices

on the further side of the Nilt gorge, with a view of finding a point at which they could be scaled by our troops. Night after night he did this at great risk, for the enemy, perceiving him, used to roll down rocks and fire upon him from above. At last on one dark night he actually succeeded in climbing quite alone from the bottom of the gorge to the top of the cliff, undetected by the enemy, and reached the foot of the four strong *sangas* indicated in the



"HE ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN CLIMBING QUITE ALONE."

illustration. The enemy evidently considered this to be a vulnerable point, for we had observed that they used to roll down their rock avalanches from these *sangas* at intervals each night, until at last a regular shoot was worn apparently as a light streak against the darker cliff. Nagdu climbed down again in safety, returned to camp, and propounded his scheme. Nagdu, of his own native wit, realised a truth the ignorance of which has on more than one occasion brought commanders to grief—namely, that an almost perpendicular cliff is but a treacherous position under certain circumstances, and proves a death-trap to those who would defend its summit. Nagdu pointed out that the cliff was so steep

that the enemy would have to come out of the *sangas* and lean over the edge of the precipice in order to fire at a scaling party, and that, as we said, we ought to be able to prevent them from doing with a covering party of picked marksmen posted on our side of the gorge.

Nagdu's plan was so obviously the right one that it was adopted, and it was decided to attack the enemy's position at this point in broad daylight. Captain Colin Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who was in command during Captain Bradshaw's temporary absence at the time, despatched this forlorn hope without any delay. The 5th Gurkhas had borne the brunt of the first action; it was now the turn of the Indian Service troops. Accordingly, Lieutenants Manners-Smith and Lieutenant Taylor, with men of the Kashmir Bodyguard Regiment, ascended the camp noiselessly on the night of Dec. 19th, which was very dark, and bivouacked in the Nilt gorge at a spot sheltered from the rock-rolling, and just below the precipice Nagdu had scaled. That night in camp they listened anxiously for any sound, for had the enemy detected the party as it ascended the gorge the rock avalanches would have wrought great havoc at several exposed places along the way. But we had luckily at last got the tribesmen off their guard, and all was quiet.

Before dawn on the 20th the covering party, consisting of 135 marksmen selected from different regiments, ascended the ridge and took up a position near the block house indicated in the illustration. Our men lined the edge of the cliff, having been divided into four parties, one of which was instructed to open a steady independent fire upon one particular *sanga* of the four that were to be stormed. I was in command of one of these parties, and was therefore a spectator of what I am about to describe. The covering party opened fire upon us from the four *sangas* (the four were about 450 yards from our ridge) and the other *sangas* that dotted the hillside. It was not long before the four *sangas* were completely silenced by the fire we directed upon them, and no defender dared stand behind a loophole. Lieutenant Manners-Smith commenced the difficult ascent, followed by fifty of the 5th Gurkhas, Lieutenant Taylor coming after with the rest of the fifty. We saw the men, forming a long single file, slowly and with difficulty scale the steep feet of precipice, often coming to a check and having to return some distance to try at some more accessible point. Only crawling

such as these were, could have climbed this frightful wall of rock.

At last, when they were two-thirds of the way up, Lieutenant Manners-Smith came to a sheer precipice no man could scale: he tried to the right and left of it, but could find no way of getting by, and then, to our dismay, abandoned the hopeless attempt, and took all his men down again to the foot of the gorge. But Manners-Smith, himself an expert cragsman, was deter-

unwonted heavy firing, had come out upon the roof-tops and were gazing upwards at the ridge. They shouted a warning across the river, which was taken up by *sanga* after *sanga* on the cliff side, till it reached the men in the four *sangas* that were the object of our attack, who for the first time realised that a party of men were scaling the cliff beneath them. They then, but too late, made a desperate attempt to defend their position. They threw

Maiun Fort. Thol Fort.

The Four Sangas

Ridge
Block
House.

Nilt Fort.

NILT FORTS, FROM THE SOUTH.

mined to scale the cliffs somewhere that day and to try conclusions with the enemy at close quarters. So he started again at a point higher up the gorge, and this time, as we fired over his head, we saw him and a few of the most active of his followers attain a ledge only sixty yards below one of the four *sangas*. Here he waited a few seconds until more of his men had come up, and then he rapidly clambered to the edge of the cliff.

It was only at this moment, when the storming party had all but effected its task, that it became visible to the defenders of Maiun and of the other forts below, who, hearing the

rocks over the parapets, and some brave Hunzas rushed boldly out of the *sangas* and rolled down the ready-piled-up mounds of stone, whose falling stirred great showers of rocks, ever increasing in volume as they thundered down the gorge. From our side we shot down each man as he appeared in the open, in most cases before he had time to roll down a single stone. Luckily, our men had by this time passed the most dangerous part of the ascent, and the greater portion of the stones rushed harmlessly to the left of them. Some men, however, were wounded, and Lieutenant Taylor was knocked down, but not severely injured, by a rock. Had the enemy

received their warning but a few minutes earlier, the cataracts of rock would probably have swept a large proportion of the scaling party off the face of the cliff.

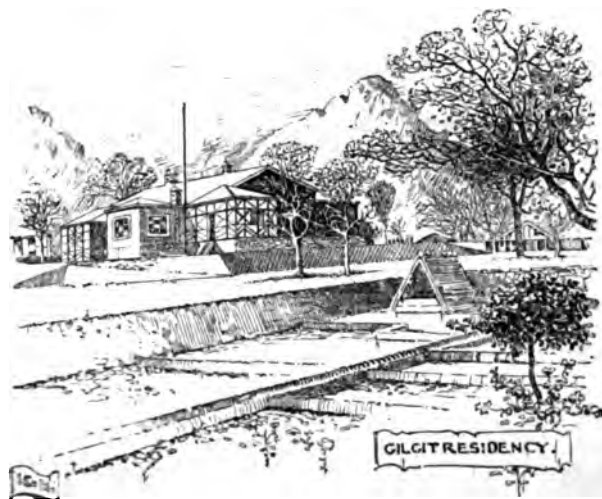
And now the order was given to the covering party to cease firing, and, as the smoke cleared, we saw Lieutenant Manners-Smith and a few men reach the foot of the *sanga* to the right. They ran quickly round to the opening at the back of the *sanga*, a few shots were fired by the attacking party and the defenders, and then the former, rushing in, took the *sanga* at the point of the bayonet, slaying most of those within. The rest of the sepoys now came up, and, despite the gallant stand of many of the enemy, *sanga* after *sanga* was taken by assault, and the whole hill-side was covered with the flying tribesmen hurrying to the forts below. Upwards of 100 of them were shot down by our riflemen, but the greater portion escaped. This gallant forlorn hope had been rewarded with complete success, and the Kashmir Imperial Service troops had proved on this their first trial how well they could acquit themselves when properly led.

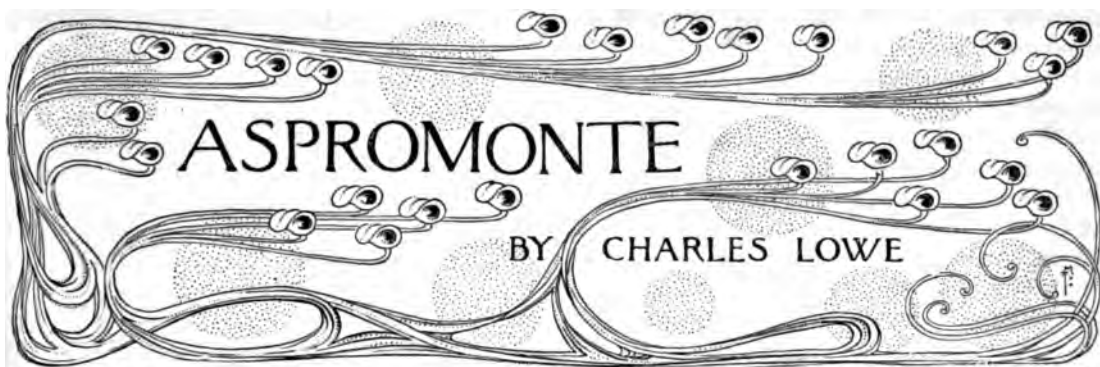
And now the defenders of Maiun, Thol, and all the fortifications on the plain below, seeing that their position—which they had deemed impregnable, and which from time immemorial had defied their enemies—had been actually turned, and knowing that we should cut off their retreat unless they escaped at once, lost heart, and, abandoning their posts, took to their heels. We saw the tribesmen in their hundreds fleeing up the valley for their lives on both sides of the river. They were not given time to recover from their panic and to organise a stand

higher up. Our covering party was at brought down the hill, our sappers opened a rough track across the mouth of the gorge; we effected a junction with Lieutenant Manners-Smith's party; and then, leaving baggage and commissariat behind, our whole force pushed up the valley in pursuit of the enemy. A forced march of thirty miles over most difficult ground, along the face of precipitous cliffs, across frozen torrents, glaciers, and over rocky *débris*, brought us to the capital of Hunza in about twenty-four hours—a most creditable performance. The enemy offered no resistance, and on the following day we occupied the thums' hitherto inviolate citadel in the capital of Hunza.

The complete pacification of the country quickly followed. The Hunza-Nagars, who had been treated with clemency, are now well disposed to us. They acknowledge our suzerainty but are ruled by their thums as of old; and do not interfere with them in the least; as they abstain from raiding and slave-hunting. The Hunza valley provides a new route of communication for India. When it was proposed to levy a Hunza levy for frontier defence, the tribesmen gladly volunteered; and within a few months of the Hunza War, a small body of our recent foes, led by British officers, completely defeated a far superior force of Shinakas who had attacked our outposts on the Indus.

Lieutenant Manners-Smith, in recognition of his gallant leading of the forlorn hope at Thol, received the Victoria Cross—the first that had been gained in the course of this but memorable campaign.





ASFROMONTE

BY CHARLES LOWE

GIUSEPPE (or JOSEPH) GARIBALDI was for many years the most picturesque and interesting figure in all Europe. He might be called the William Wallace, or the William Tell, of Italy. His name (which is still a common enough one in Genoa among all ranks of life) is said to have been a corruption of Garibaldo, *i.e.* "Bold in War." At any rate, a warlike star presided over his birth (at Nice in 1807), for he first saw the light in the very house where, forty years before, Masséna, one of the Great Napoleon's greatest generals, was born.

At the time of his birth his native country—Italy—was in a woful state of disunion, and much of it was under the yoke of the foreigner—the Austrians in particular. It was cut up into several conflicting monarchies; while the Pope, the spiritual head of the Roman Church, also claimed—and had his claim allowed—to be temporal sovereign of Rome. But as the century grew older, the Italian people began to be stirred with a deep desire for national unity, without which they knew they could never become great, strong, or respected; and of all who threw themselves into this movement, none did so with more ardour than the son of the humble Nice skipper who sailed his own little vessel all over the Mediterranean.

This son, Giuseppe, took to his father's calling, and began life as a sailor. Once, when second in command of a brig, he was attacked by Greek pirates, after which he landed at St. Nicholas to re-victual without so much as shoes to his feet. An Englishman, taking pity on him, offered him a pair, and this touched him to the heart.

"When I look back upon it now," wrote Garibaldi in 1870 to *Cassell's Magazine*, "I cannot help remembering that it was the first of the many acts of kindness which bind me

with such strong and lasting ties of gratitude to your noble nation."

In 1836 he had joined a revolutionary movement, which failed; and, after many privations and vicissitudes, he finally sailed for South America, where for the next ten years he led a life of the most stirring excitement and adventure among the quarrelsome young Republics of that continent—fighting now on one side and then on the other, like Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty in the Thirty Years' War, and gaining a name for the greatest personal bravery. The wanderings and adventures of Ulysses were nothing to those of Garibaldi, which would fill volumes of as fascinating reading as can be found in the pages of a novelist.

When the revolutionary movement of 1848 swept over Europe—including Italy—Garibaldi returned home with a knowledge of guerilla—or irregular—warfare such as was possessed probably by no other man alive; and then, with his volunteers, he threw himself heart and soul into the movement for "making Italy free," as the phrase ran, "from the Alps to the Adriatic."

With his Red-Shirt Volunteers, Garibaldi took a prominent part in the fighting of 1848 and 1850, and with his "Thousand"—as famous a fighting force as Xenophon's "Ten Thousand"—he, in 1860, attacked and conquered the Two Sicilies (*i.e.* the island of Sicily and Naples), and made a present of these kingdoms to his sovereign Victor Emmanuel, after which he returned to his solitary farm on the little island of Caprera. Here, on this rocky island—fifteen miles in circumference, and five in length—Garibaldi was monarch of all he surveyed.

"The absence of priests," he wrote, "is one of the especial blessings of this spot. Here God is worshipped in purity of spirit without formalism, free from mockery, under the canopy of the blue heavens, with the planets for lamps, the sea

winds for music, and the green sward of the island for altars."

This was the den, so to speak, into which the lion-patriot retired when no political prey was stirring. But no sooner did he scent the opportunity for action than out again he would rush with a roar, which was sometimes just as disquieting to his friends as to his foes. This was more particularly the case on the occasion which led to Aspromonte. But, before proceeding to the tragic scene of this encounter, let us see what sort of fighters Garibaldi and his red-shirted followers were.

"Garibaldi," wrote a correspondent of *The Times*, "was a middle-sized man, and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, since he sat in the saddle with such perfect ease, and yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampas. But his chief beauty was

the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould: the forehead was high and broad, a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. The brow was open, genial, sunny; the eyes dark grey, deep, shining with a steady reddish light; the nose, mouth, and chin exquisitely chiselled, the countenance habitually at rest, but at sight of those dear to him beaming with a caressing smile, revealing all the innate strength and grace of his loving nature.

"His garb consisted of a plain red shirt, grey trousers, over which he threw the fringed Spanish-American *poncho*—an ample garment of thin white woollen cloth with a red lining, which did duty as a standard round which his volunteers were bidden to rally in the thick of the fight, as did the Huguenot chivalry round Henry of Navarre's 'panache blanche.' His sword was a fine blade, forged in England and the gift of his friends, and with it he might be seen at his



GENERAL GARIBALDI.

breakfast on a tented field, slicing his Bolognese sausage, and inviting those particularly to distinguish their share that was his fare. The day he did good service, he worked at need, and a day later, in Sicily, he bore him out from the mountains a knot of Milanese troopers caught him by surprise and found they had his sword and their discoloration. Garibaldi had no other weapons, though the day he was in his suite, he carried pistols and daggers at their belts, and his negro boy by name Antonio

who for a long time followed him as his shadow, like Napoleon's Mameluke, and was shot by his side at Rome, was armed with a lance with a crimson pennon, used as his banner.

"His staff officers were a numerous, gay and motley crew, men of all ages and conditions, mostly devoted personal friends—not all of them available for personal strength or technical knowledge, but all to be relied upon for their readiness to die with or for him. The veterans he brought with him from Montevideo, a Genoese battalion whom his friend Augusto Vecchi helped to recruit, and the Lombard Legion, under Manara,

all men of tried valour, well trained to the use of the rifle, inured to hardships and privations; and they constituted the nucleus of the Garibaldian force throughout its campaigns. The remainder was a shapeless mass of raw recruits from all parts of Italy, joining or leaving the band almost at their pleasure — mere boys from the Universities, youths of noble and rich family, lean artisans from the towns, stout peasants and labourers from the country, adventurers of indifferent character, deserters from the army, and the like, all marching in loose companies, like Falstaff's recruits, under improvised officers and non-commissioned officers; but all, or most of them, entirely disinterested about pay or promotion, putting up with long fasts and heavy marches, only asking to be brought face to face with the enemy, and when under the immediate influence of Garibaldi himself or of his trusty friends seldom guilty of soldierly excesses or of any breach of discipline. The effect the presence of the hero had among them was surprising. A word addressed to them in his clear, ringing, silver voice electrified even the dullest. An order coming from him was never questioned, never disregarded. No one waited for a second bidding or an explanation. 'Your business is not to inquire how you are to storm that position. You must only go and do it.' And it was done."

"On the approach of a foe," wrote one of his Lombard volunteers, Emilio Dandolo, "Garibaldi would ride up to a dominating point in the landscape, survey the ground for hours with the spyglass in brooding silence, and come down with a swoop on the enemy, acting upon some well-contrived combination of movements by which advantage had been taken of all circumstances in his favour." And as this was his custom in

the field of war, so it was ever also his habit in what must be called the field of politics. After finishing a campaign he would sheathe his sword and return to Caprera, there to stand and strain his eyes towards the mainland, watching



"EVERYWHERE THIS FREE-LANCE EVOKED ENTHUSIASM" (p. 302.)

for his next opportunity of action. Not an event escaped his notice, and he heard with a smile of contentment how Victor Emmanuel had stormed the fortress of Gaeta, and the two crowns of the Sicilies had been placed upon the head of the Piedmontese King. But the national unity was still far from complete. Above all things, Venice still remained under the yoke of the Austrians, while Rome was equally in the

power of the French, who remained there to champion with their bayonets the pretensions of the Pope.

They had been there ever since 1849, when the Romans rose against the Pope, declared a Republic, and were supported by Garibaldi and his Red Shirts. But then the French rushed to the assistance of the Pope, and after a three months' siege—during which the Garibaldians behaved with splendid bravery—at last stormed the city, restored the authority of the Pope, and compelled the Hero of Caprera to retire to the mountains.

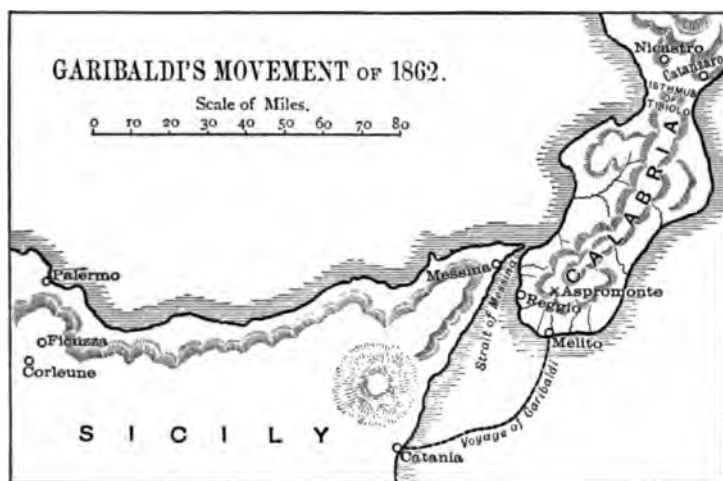
"Soldiers!" he had said, on leading his men away from the Eternal City, "that which I have to offer you is this: hunger, thirst, cold, heat ;

So little, indeed, did Garibaldi consider his t and seasons for action, that he was said by n to have "an ass's head linked to a lion's he He was nothing but a headlong soldier, scorned the arts of statesmen ; and his head turned with his extraordinary popularity an the masses of the Italian people, who paid something like Divine honours.

Everywhere this free-lance hero evoked more enthusiasm than was even shown King, who, naturally enough, followed baldi's movements with the greatest solici whilst recognising that he had done so muc his country that the very greatest indulg and forbearance had to be shown him.

But there came a time when it was the

that Garibaldi should n allowed the free hand v had hitherto been granted This was when he anno his intention of placing national flag on the wal Rome, which still owne dominion of the Pope, an garrisoned by the Fr However much Victor manuel desired to see l become the capital of he could not forget the of gratitude which he owe French, who had been allies in the successful against Austria in 1859 when he heard of Garit proposed enterprise, he i



no pay, no barracks, no rations ; but frequent alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet ;" and 4,000 men had readily answered to this appeal.

The memory of this defeat rankled ever after in Garibaldi's mind, and he determined to seize the first opportunity of retrieving it. This opportunity, he deemed, had at last come in the year 1862, soon after the death of the great statesman Cavour, who had been the Bismarck, so to speak, of Italian unity, as Victor Emmanuel had been its King William. But while Garibaldi had been their greatest support, he had also been the source of their greatest weakness. For he was not a regularly appointed servant of the Government, but the self-constituted soldier and champion of his country. He chose his own time for fighting, irrespective of what the King and his ministers wished, and thus often placed them in the greatest difficulty.

a proclamation to his subjects, saying : " It is ful to me to see deluded and inexperienced y men forgetting their duties and the gratitu owe our best allies, and making the name of l a watchword of war. . . . Italians ! b of guilty impatience and incautious agit. When the hour to finish the Government shall have come, the voice of your King w heard among you. A call which does not from him is a call to rebellion and to civil The responsibility and the rigour of the lav fall upon those who do not listen to my wo

But this warning had no restraining effe the eager Garibaldi, who only panted to re for his country the Eternal City, exclaim "Rome ! Rome ! Who is not urged by very name to take up arms for thy de ance ?" At the same time, there is con able reason for believing that the King an Government had given secret encourage

i to embark upon his mad enterprise, in have a pretext for arresting the lion-but inconvenient rebel. In any case, Sicily he went to make preparations for otic expedition. He probably calculated news of his enterprise would induce his nen to rise *en masse*, and that the Emperor, seeing the enthusiasm of the eople, would withdraw his troops from

ided at Palermo, whence a body of his rs marched to Corleone, a town of the where they overpowered the National d armed themselves with their muskets. ey took up their quarters in a camp at a forest district about twenty miles from

Here they were visited on August 1st aldi, who thus addressed them :

young fellow-soldiers ! To-day again cause of our country unites us. Again without asking whither going, what to what hope of reward to our labours, smile on your lips and joy in your ou hasten to fight our overbearing ors, throwing a spark of comfort to our brethren. . . . I can only promise , hardships, and perils ; but I rely on -denial. I know you, ye brave young ppled in glorious combat ! It is needless u to display valour in fight. What I ask ine, for without that no army can exist. rans were disciplined, and they mastered l. Endeavour to conciliate the good-he population we are about to visit, as n 1860, and no less to win the esteem of ant army, in order, thus united with y, to bring about the longed-for unity untry."

ldi now went to Catania, where the ops already began to close round him ent to take him prisoner. But many to his side in the hope of sharing the lory which they believed to be again in the wayward Hero of Caprera. His force lled to a very considerable body ; but as on the island of Sicily, and how was across to the mainland in order to com- s march on Rome ? Garibaldi had no ut in the harbour of Catania there were ee vessels—a French frigate, the *Marie* ; a French steamer, *Le Général Abba-* id an Italian steamer, *Il Dispaccio*, be- o the Florio Company. In addition to sels there was a royal Italian man-of- *Duca di Genova*—the commander of

which gave out that he would fire on any of the other three ships which made bold to carry over Garibaldi and his Red Shirts to the mainland.

One day, however, the *Duca di Genova* took it into its head to go for a little cruise outside the Straits of Messina—probably, indeed, because it had received secret orders to do so, in order the better to lure Garibaldi into the trap which had been laid for him. On the disappearance of the *Duca di Genova*, Garibaldi stepped into a boat with several trusty followers, and was rowed off to the other three vessels above referred to, when he put their respective captains under arrest, and then proceeded to fill them up with his impatient Red Shirts.

" At five o'clock in the afternoon," says one of his biographers, " the embarkation commenced, and the good people of Catania crowded the harbour, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. Menotti " (Garibaldi's son) " and his ' Guides,' the Tuscans, and the flower of the Sicilian volunteers, moved off for *Il Dispaccio* ; General Corrao, with some more Sicilians, occupied *Le Général Abbattu* ; whilst Garibaldi took the command of the former and put Burratini in command of the *Marie Adelaide*, with orders to get her filled with troops as soon as possible. During this time it had been growing dark, and each ship was filled to suffocation, no one being able to lie down, or get any rest, as boats were for ever arriving with their cargoes of men. About midnight the ships were got under way ; and after crossing the Straits in the dark, without any mishap, the troops were all safely landed at Melito next morning, on the spot celebrated as the one on which the former expedition had gone ashore."

Garibaldi landed in Calabria with a force of about 3,000 men—a very insignificant body, one would have thought, to march against walled and embattled Rome with its formidable French garrison. But by the time he came into collision with the royal troops, who had been sent after him to arrest his progress, his little army of Red Shirts had dwindled by about a half on account of the privations to which it was exposed and the rapid marches which had been exacted of it.

On hearing of Garibaldi's naval *coup-de-main* at Catania, and his crossing over to Calabria, General Cialdini at once gave chase, and in order to catch the Hero of Caprera, he sent two of his generals—Revel and Vialardi—with a body of royal troops to draw a cordon across the isthmus of Tiriolo at its narrowest point, between Nicastro

carried the position at the point of the bayonet with cries of '*Viva il Re!*' '*Viva Italia!*' while the left side was also attacked by our troops. General Garibaldi and his son Menotti" (who had written to a friend in Liverpool, "In three weeks we shall be in Rome!") "having been wounded, and the rebels being surrounded on all sides, resistance became useless, whereupon the Garibaldians gave the signal to cease firing."

Their own account of the engagement was somewhat different. Garibaldi himself wrote:—"They thirsted for blood, and I wished to spare it . . . Yes, they thirsted for blood. I perceived it with sorrow, and I endeavoured, in consequence, to do my utmost to prevent that of our assailants from being shed. I ran to the front of our line, crying out to them not to fire, and from the centre to the left, where my voice and those of my aides-de-camp could be heard, not a trigger was pulled. It was not thus on the attacking side. Having arrived at a distance of two hundred metres, they began a tremendous fire, and the party of *Bersaglieri* who were in front of me, directing their shots against me, struck me with two balls—one in the left thigh,

not serious; the other in the ankle of the right foot, making a serious wound.

"As all this happened at the opening of the conflict, and I was carried to the skirt of the wood after being wounded, I could see nothing more, a dense crowd having formed round me while my wound was being dressed. I feel certain, however, that up to the end of the line (of troops) which was at my litter, and to that of my aides-de-camp, not a single musket shot was fired. . . . It was not so on our right. The *Picciotti*, attacked by the regular troops, replied by a fire along the whole line, and, although the trumpets sounded to cease firing, there was at that spot a smart fusilade, which lasted not more than a quarter of an hour. My wounds led to some confusion in our line. Our soldiers, not seeing me, began to retreat into the woods, so that, little by little, the crowd around me broke up, and the most faithful alone remained."

A Garibaldian officer who was present thus wrote: "When the general received the bullet he was passing along our front, ordering the men not to fire. I saw a slight shiver pass through his body; he took two or three steps, and then



"RAISING HIS CAP IN THE AIR, HE CRIED '*VIVA L' ITALIA!*'" (p. 306).

began to stagger. We ran to him, holding him up ; he was regardless of his sufferings. Raising his cap in the air, he cried '*Viva l'Italia !*' I had his poor foot resting on my thigh ; he called out to his assailants, and asked what they were doing with his people. I felt a shivering in all his limbs ; and, reminding him of his wounds, I implored him to be quiet."

While the surgeon was dressing his wounds, the sturdy soldier calmly produced a cigar and began to smoke, inquiring of the doctor whether he thought amputation would be necessary. Twenty minutes later he had an interview with his conqueror and captor, General Pallavicini, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that this was the most miserable day of his life. Yet he had received certain orders, and he had no choice but to obey.

It was the bitterest of all moments for the hero of Italian unity when, staggering from the effects of his double wound, he fell forward upon the Italian soil to which he had devoted his whole life. Generals Cialdini and Pallavicini had been his friends and comrades, their

troops were his compatriots and brother arms.

Two bullets had thus put an end, sudden and complete, to Garibaldi's march on Rome, though he was to live to make another and an equally unsuccessful attempt upon the Eternal City. Meanwhile, the illustrious rebel was carried to prison at Spezzia, where he was, however, but a short time, and then removed to there Dr. Nélaton, of Paris, who came a long way for the purpose, succeeded in extracting the bullet from Garibaldi's ankle, for which the hero-worshipping Englishman offered as much as 30,000 francs.

Two years later, when he had recovered from his wounds, he visited England, a country which he had always taken the keenest interest in. He was well as a doctor to attend him in his illness. The High and Low welcomed him with the warmest enthusiasm, and the attentions that were shown upon the Hermit of Caprera culminated in a grand banquet given in his honour by the Mayor and City of London.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.



ONE must go back through centuries of history to find anything approaching the horrors of the Russian War of 1812.

Towards the end of June, 610,058 armed men and an enormous multitude of non-combatants—women and children—crossed the broad Niemen, joined afterwards by 37,100 more, making a total of 647,158; and on the 13th December—or rather less than six months later—16,000 alone repassed that river with weapons in their bruised and frozen hands, almost the sole remains of a magnificent army whose bones are to this day turned up by the plough of the Russian peasant.

The Niemen flows between Prussia and Poland; and in the forest of Pilwisky, behind the rocky heights on the Prussian side, a multitude of men lay concealed, speaking a score of tongues, and wearing a strange variety of uniform, many nations having sent their best and bravest to swell the ranks of the *Grande Armée*.

The famous Imperial Guard was sleeping in the green corn, dreaming of future conquests, and that mighty host awaited the word of one man to embark on a campaign whose disasters have had no equal—one little pale-faced man dressed now in a long grey riding-coat and a Polish cap—the man who, by the force of his own intellect and the marvellous power of using men and circumstances to his own ends, had ground the whole of Europe—England alone excepted—under the heel of his military boot!

At two o'clock in the morning of June 23rd Napoleon mounted his horse and rode off to reconnoitre the river, his charger stumbling and throwing him on to the sandy bank.

A voice exclaimed in the darkness: "That is

a bad augury: a Roman would go back." But no one knew who had spoken, and, after ordering three bridges to be constructed for the following night, the little party returned to its quarters, the words sinking ominously into their hearts.

Next evening some sappers, with their white leather aprons and keen axes, crossed in a boat, and were met by a Cossack officer, who rode forward alone to inquire what they wanted in Russia.

"We are Frenchmen," said one of the sappers, "come to make war upon you—to take Wilna—to liberate Poland!"

The solitary horseman disappeared without a word, and the sappers fired their muskets into the silent woods.

For three whole days the tramp of men and the heavy rumble of guns filled the air as the army filed down to the banks, and poured across the bridges—Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs, and Dragoons, regiment succeeding regiment, corps after corps. Now the scarlet and green of the 8th Hussars; again the heavy squadrons of Sebastiani's Cuirassiers, smart Polish Lancers of the Guard and Line, Carabineers with brass body-armour and snow-white uniforms, long trains of lumbering artillery, waggons and field-forges, carriages, and caissons, the sutler's cart jostling the caleche of the general officer, a sultry sun overhead, and the river dancing in merry ripples beneath them as the bridges trembled under the tread of the marching thousands.

Napoleon crossed at Poniemon with his Guard, the corps of Marshals Davout, Oudinot, and Ney, and Murat's dashing cavalry; Prince Eugène, with the army of Italy, passed at Piloni on the 29th; and Jérôme Bonaparte's Westphalians advanced upon Grodno which they reached on the 30th.

To the north Macdonald attacked Riga on the Baltic, and Prince Schwartzberg marched through Galicia in the south; but it is the army of the centre, under the Emperor himself, whose fortunes we shall most closely follow, omitting the marches of the thirteen divisions into which the invading forces were formed, and not pausing to notice the minor actions in which they were sooner or later engaged.

Hardly had Napoleon gained the enemy's side than a black cloud gathered in the sky, and a furious storm broke over the country for fifty leagues right and left. The rain descended with surprising violence, the air grew piercingly cold, and the flat land covered with tall black pine-trees became a swamp, through which they splashed dismally onward.

Ten thousand horses died, heated by the green corn which formed their forage, and then chilled by the rain as they stood shivering in their exposed bivouacs.

The bridge across the Vilia having been destroyed by retreating Cossacks, Napoleon impatiently ordered a squadron of the Polish Lancers of the Guard to swim the swollen stream, and, clad in crimson uniforms, faced with dark blue and laced with silver, they gained the centre, only to be carried away by the current, and many of them drowned, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" as their heads disappeared under water.

Beyond Wilna, Octave de Ségur (brother of the historian) and his 8th Hussars drew first blood from the Russians, and were sadly cut up; but Oudinot drove Witgenstein back at the same moment, and, sending Murat in pursuit, the Emperor returned to Wilna, to waste twenty days in raising unsatisfactory levies, and

to disgust the Poles with disappointing hopes of liberty.

Russian proposals of peace were rejected by Napoleon, whose entire conduct during the campaign has baffled his friends and foes; leaving Wilna at half-past eleven at night the 16th July, he marched to attack Bagration, provided he could find him.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Russian troops had been formed into three distinct armies—the

Army of the North, under De Wittgenstein; the Second, under Prince Bagration; and the Third, under the Emperor, which was not yet completed, the cavalry general Tormasoff; the Cossacks being distributed among them, those of the Hetman Platow being specially destined to win a terrible renown.

The infantry were green, with green pantaloons, mud-coloured coats, the officers affecting wasps' waists, tremendous whiskers, and rings in their noses. The Cossacks of the Line were dressed for the most part in blue, with fur hats and long hair



ALEXANDER I., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

generally swarming with vermin, they were mounted on active little horses, which were urged on with whips, there being also many wild horsemen called Baskirs, who used bows and arrows with a precision that caused mourning in many a French home.

The war assumed a curious character through the swamps and lonely forests of Lithuania, interspersed here and there with deserts of choking sand, the long cold winter wound; the Russians burning their villages as they retired, the French in their turn destroying what the Russians had left, devastation and disorder marking every league of the way; the roads dotted with the bones

of dead men and horses, who had sunk with fatigue, and the rear-guard of the enemy disappearing as the French advance-guard came in sight of it.

Napoleon derided the foe as arrant cowards ; but the persistent retreat was all part of a wise policy, originated by De Tolly, to draw them into an unknown country, far from their magazines, until hunger, forced marches, the

and routed them in quick succession among the birch woods ; Murat ordering some Poles of the Line to charge, and being obliged to lead them, although, as commander, he should have kept out of danger.

The lances were lowered in a glittering row behind him, and the troopers, gay in blue and yellow, came thundering on. From the nature of the ground escape was impossible, so, making



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

burning heat of the days followed by nights of intense cold, and last of all the terrible winter of those latitudes, should crumble away the army and utterly destroy it.

The young blood of Russia naturally revolted at such a course and wished to fight, but results have justified its adoption, the significant fact remaining as additional proof of its wisdom, that in nearly every instance during the advance, where the two forces came into contact, the French proved victorious.

At Ostrowno the remnants of the 8th Hussars came up with three Russian cavalry regiments,

a virtue of necessity, the King of Naples flourished his famous riding-switch, galloped at their head, and the charge was successful : the 106th took the Russians on one side, Piré's Hussars and 16th Chasseurs on the other. The French artillery resumed its fire ; and falling back in disorder, the foe melted away into the forest that hid Witepsk.

At that place De Tolly made a stand, hearing that Bagration was about to join him ; and Napoleon saw the sun glinting on the arms of eighty thousand men on a bright July morning, as two hundred voltigeurs of the 9th crossed

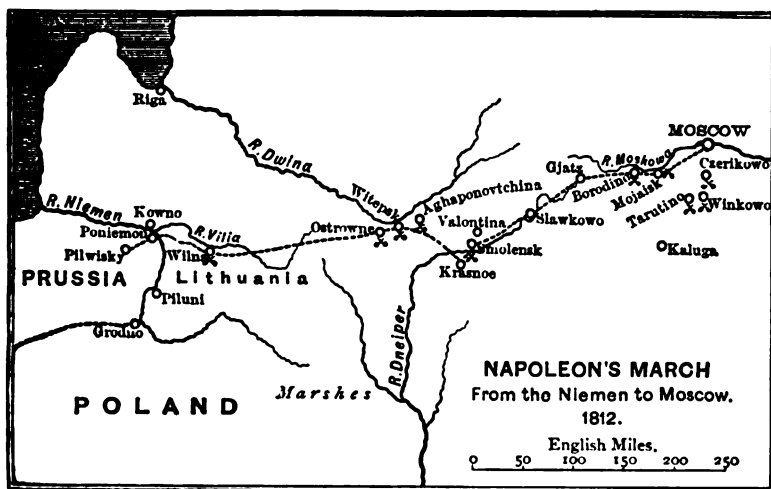
a narrow bridge and formed in front of the Russian horse.

Murat sent the 16th Chasseurs-à-cheval at the enemy, without any support; but though their skyblue facings had figured in almost every campaign since 1793, they had no chance single-handed on broken ground, and the Cossacks of the Guard put them to the rightabout, pursuing as far as a hill on which the Emperor stood, and only being driven off by the carbines of his personal escort. On their way back the

vanished, having learned during the that Bagration had been worsted, the F discovering *one* Russian asleep in a th and not a reliable trace of the direction others had taken.

The expedition had never been po either with officers or men, and they to grumble with good cause; for an that had conquered Prussia in fourteen and whose standards were heavy with the names of a hundred glorious victories

now penetrated for than a month into : teeming with discon Many of the regi were shoeless, the c horses died by dozens day, the hospitals we of sick; extremes o and cold, bad food little of it, blinding a draught of muddy to wash it down—a and more had been daily lot since they c the Niemen, and had been no great to revive their dro hearts; besides whic rye bread seriously agreed with them,



Cossacks attacked the voltigeurs with great fury, the army holding its breath and regarding them as lost; but the little band took post in some brushwood, and routed the Lancers in full view of both forces, the French clapping their hands and cheering their comrades to the echo, Napoleon sending to inquire to what corps the heroes belonged.

"To the Ninth," was the reply; "and three-fourths of us are lads of Paris."

"Tell them that they are brave fellows," said the Emperor to his aide-de-camp, "and that they all deserve the Legion of Honour"—one account stating that every man received it.

Murat, Eugène, and Lobau rushed on the enemy's left, and compelled him to retire behind the Luczissa; but believing that De Tolly meant at last to stand his ground, Napoleon stopped the conflict, although it was only eleven o'clock, saying to Murat: "To-morrow at five you will see the sun of Austerlitz."

The morrow came; the sun rose redly through the mists; but the wise Barclay had

dysentery and deadly typhus laying its w hand upon them, had already sadly th their ranks.

Their pride, too, sustained a shock when came that the advance-guard had been re at Aghaponovtchina; and at length aw from a lethargic dream, the Emperor ser various corps into cantonments on the of Poland, Russia proper still before them returning to Witepsk with his Guard, off his sword and laid it on his maps, sa "Here I halt. . . . The campaign of is over; that of 1813 will do the rest!"

But his ambition gave him no peace. l came riding in from the front, his green s all laced and bejewelled, and urged his br in-law to action; and although Napoleon daily to inspect the huge ovens, where 3 loaves of bread were baked at a time, arranged that theatrical companies should from Paris to enliven the dreary winter m his suite soon began to find him bending to his maps again, turning his eyes to Smolensk and Moscow.

Soon afterwards he came across a proclamation calling upon Russia to rise and exterminate the invaders, and containing some very forcible hometruths which enraged him ; and hearing, to his great chagrin, that Alexander had made peace with Turkey, he gathered up his legions in four days, left Witepsk to join them on the 13th of August, and rushed headlong into difficulties and disaster, from which neither he nor his army ever recovered.

By one of those masterly movements of his (so conspicuously absent during the rest of the war), he crossed the front of the Russian army unknown to them, and two days later fell unexpectedly on their left flank at Krasnoë.

Ney forced the town, to find General Névérowskoi beyond it, with 6,000 infantry and Cossacks belonging to Bagration, which formed into a square of such thickness that the French cavalry sabred its way far in without being able to break it, and the tall corn, now mellowed by Autumn's breath, saw some ghastly work as Névérowskoi came to a strong palisade and had to halt ; his rear ranks facing round to fire on the Wurtemberg Horse, while the front-rank tore down the obstacle ; the body succeeding in their escape, although they left 1,200 dead, 1,000 wounded, and eight guns in the hands of the French, who fired a salute in honour of the victory, which happened to have fallen on Napoleon's birthday.

The good folk of Smolensk were coming out of church, where they had been returning thanks somewhat prematurely, when Névérowskoi's fugitives poured panting into the city, closely followed by Marshal Ney, who, receiving a ball in the neck, lost his temper, and led a battalion at the charge against the citadel, under a hail of musketry that slew two-thirds of them.

Falling back to a hill whence he could reconnoitre, he conducted Napoleon thither, who exclaimed, "At last I have them !" as several immense columns of men were seen hastening towards them on the other side of the Dnieper, being nothing less than Barclay and Bagration with 120,000 troops, coming on at a run, after learning how the Emperor had outwitted them, and arriving out of breath to succour the threatened city.

Some sanguinary fighting took place, and a great battle was expected for the next day ; but the wily De Tolly again retreated, his black columns being discovered on the opposite bank marching swiftly away, to the mortification of the invaders.

Even the fiery Murat tired of the campaign, and at length urged Napoleon to stop ; but the Emperor persevered, and the King of Naples, exclaiming prophetically as he strode out of Napoleon's tent, "Moscow will be our destruction !" galloped to the front of a Russian battery, flung himself from his horse, and waited for a ball to kill him.

A violent attack was made on the city ; twenty-two men fell by a single shot from a Russian gun, while Murat, who courted death, was unhurt. The gorgeous artillery of the Guard pounded unceasingly. An attempt to storm the place was baffled by the defenders, and when night descended, Smolensk was seen to be in flames, the army finally entering the city to find it a heap of smouldering ruins, and the state of the army itself truly terrible.

General Rapp, who had ridden post to join Napoleon, and who consequently followed their route, gave a vivid recital of the misery and devastation he had witnessed in the rear. Sebastiani revealed the condition of affairs in the heavy cavalry, and the Emperor could close his eyes no longer.

"It is frightful, I am fully aware," he said. "I must extort peace from the enemy, and that can be done only at Moscow."

At the hill of Valoutina a shocking conflict was waged by the gallant Ney far into the night, both sides fighting with terrible fury. Junot, Duke of Abrantes, the Emperor's old companion-in-arms, showed symptoms of the insanity that caused him to commit suicide not long after ; and failing to charge at the right moment, the enemy saved his baggage and wounded. General Gudin was killed, the whole army mourning the loss of as gallant and good a man as ever fell in action.

Lieutenant Etienne, of the 12th, took the Russian General Toutchkoff, in the middle of his troops. Napoleon gave eighty-seven crosses to Gudin's regiments, and presented an eagle to the 127th with his own hands ; but the misery of the troops outweighed the glory they had gained : they had seen seven hundred wounded Russians left untended for three days at Witepsk, and the French surgeons tearing up their own shirts for bandages ; at Smolensk, fifteen large brick buildings saved from the fire were then full of groaning men, Lariboissiere's gun-wadding and the parchments in the city archives being used to dress their wounds. There, also, a hospital containing a hundred sick was overlooked for three days, until Rapp discovered it



GARDENS OF THE KREMLIN.

by chance. Eleven thousand Bavarians had been *marched* to death without firing a shot, and discipline was so lax that at Slawkowo the Guard burnt for firewood the only bridge by which the Emperor could continue his route next day.

Many Cuirassiers rode on native ponies, regiments straggled along and pillaged without check, Davout's corps alone preserving anything like its usual order: the popular impression that the French disasters began with the winter's snow is utterly false; the Army of the Centre alone, under Napoleon in person, having lost 105,500 in fifty-two days, and advancing on Moscow with only 182,000, after deducting 13,500 left at Smolensk.

Everything pointed to a decisive battle to restore the *morale* of the *Grande Armée*, and Napoleon seemed for the moment to pull himself together, if we may be permitted a homely phrase. Countless orders were despatched, every

carriage was to be destroyed that was likely to retard the advance, and meeting with that of his aide-de-camp Narbonne, he had it burned before his eyes, without allowing the general to remove a single article.

A change came over the Russian tactics at the same time: all ranks clamoured for a leader who would fight and not retreat, and consequently De Tolly was replaced by old Kutusoff, who, notwithstanding his defeat at Austerlitz, was a Russian, and beloved by the army for his superstitious practices, and an affectation of Suvarrow's eccentricity of manner.

The French advanced in three columns, and troops of Cossacks began to hover round them threateningly. Beyond Gjatz, Murat be-

came so annoyed at the hordes of these filthy, unkempt horsemen, that he rushed forward, and standing in his stirrups, with the very sublimity of conceit, waved them back with his sword, and they retired in astonishment and admiration.

But soon the high road debouched on to a natural battleground, and dark masses of troops were seen drawn up in solid bodies, there being no longer any doubt that the Russians intended fighting to cover "The Holy City," Moscow, a large field-work commanding the road itself, bristling with

cannon in a threatening manner.

The army attacked without delay, and drove the foe back to a range of hills, General Compans leading the 61st, with bayonets fixed, against the fortification.

Three times they took it, and three times they were dislodged; but at length, other positions being forced in their rear, the brave garrison evacuated the blood-stained ramparts, and Compans retained possession.

Among the heaped-up slain inside, a Russian artilleryman, decorated with several crosses, lay beside his gun, grasping it even in death with one

d clenching the hilt of his broken sword
other ; while next day, when Napoleon
the survivors of the 61st, he asked,
prise, what had become of the 3rd

in the redoubt," said the colonel grimly.
d drizzle began to fall that night, and
n, through the striped curtains of his
ched in a square of the "Old Guard,"
eat semicircle of fire from the Russian

pt little, and went early in his grey
at to reconnoitre once more, afraid
en that the foe might retreat ; but
orning came the huge force was still
on, extending for six
e flanks retired, and
re advanced towards

nt was protected by a
s centre strongly en-
a strong redoubt
twenty-two guns
near the left centre,
entire left wing was
ground, terminating
d Moscow road, with
e redoubts before it.
that left wing, storm
s, and drive the Rus-
the marshes on the
flank was the Em-
an, the battle proving
he most murderous
ght by the *Grande*
ad known afterwards
as the "Battle of the
" from the number
there, or, officially,
qua, from the river
near—the Russians
after the village of
where some of the
ghting took place.

nt's aide-de-camp
th the news of that
defeat at Salamanca,
isaster was forgotten
r incident—namely,
pected receipt of a
of Napoleon's little
King of Rome, which
d to the grenadiers
t door.

amation was issued

to the army, beginning : "Soldiers ! behold the
battle which you have so ardently desired !
Victory now depends on yourselves," and con-
cluding with the words, 'Let it be said of you
—'he was in the great battle under the walls
of Moscow ' ;" but being distributed late, many
regiments went into action without reading it.

It was the 7th September. A sky of cloudless
blue stretched over the amphitheatre of hills,
where the leaves were already falling, and at six
o'clock Count Sorbier opened fire. Pernetty
and Compans were in full march ; the Russian
processions of priests in glittering vestments that
had chanted hymns and invoked the aid of
Heaven retired precipitately, and an hour later



NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

Davout had his first horse killed under him as the fighting became general.

Compans' division found itself before one of the enemy's works, and Charriere, colonel of the famous 57th, gave the simple command, "To the redoubt!" the regiment running briskly forward up the slope with a shout.

Compans fell wounded, Dessaix had his arm broken a little later, and Rapp took command.

"Grape shot, grape shot—nothing but grape shot!" cried Beliard to the artillery, as a heavy column of Russians poured down to resist the attack. Within sixty minutes Rapp was hit four times, the fourth time on the left hip—the twenty-second wound received in his exciting career; and while Poniatowski struggled with his weak corps among the pine-trees on the Russian left, Delzon advanced with drums beating, on the village of Borodino, where Plauzonne was

killed at the head of the 116th, and where the 30th had to fight its way out, leaving General Bonnomy badly wounded, Morand's eighty guns tearing the dense mass before him, and Ney seizing the heights of Chewarino.

The fiercest conflict raged about the redoubts. Two were retaken by the Russians, and the third was in danger, when Murat dismounted and, waving his plumed cap with one hand, laid about him with a private's musket.

So terrible was the carnage that one colonel ordered his men to retire, and Murat, seizing him by the collar, demanded what he was doing.

"We can stay here no longer," said the colonel, pointing to half his regiment dead on the trampled ground.

"I can stay here very well myself," exclaimed Murat.

"*Eh bien*," replied the officer, looking steadily at him: "soldiers, face to the foe—to be slain!"

Rapp, carried wounded before the Emperor, had said to him, "The Guard is required to finish it," but Napoleon shook his head, saying, "No, I will not have that destroyed—I will gain the battle without it."

It was noon, and though the Russian left had been forced, they still stood their ground obstinately. Murat sent four times for the Guard, but Napoleon paced slowly up and down, always returning to his chair, some cannon shot rolling almost to his feet; and it was obvious that he was not himself, he saying repeatedly during the day that "he did not see the moves clearly on his chess board," the old activity of mind and



body having apparently forsaken the greatest warrior that Europe has ever produced.

The thunder of a thousand guns boomed and echoed far and near, the French alone firing ninety thousand rounds and many millions of ball cartridge.

The Russians re-formed for the third time, and General Montbrun, at the head of the heavy cavalry, was killed by a ball from the great redoubt.

"Do not weep," said Auguste Caulaincourt, who took command, to Montbrun's aides—"Follow me, and avenge him!" and crying to Murat, "You shall see me there immediately, dead or alive!" he placed himself at the head of the 5th Cuirassiers, whose long swords gleamed

ght sunshine, and turning to the left, y a gorge, and took the work, falling wounded at the moment of victory, and thin an hour. He was only thirty, left Paris to join the army on his lay.

Smoke clouded the heights, rolling into es to shroud the wretched wounded ; owed where villages were blazing, the muskets and the shouts of 250,000 men inishing as they fell by thousands to e soil, or to crawl shrieking to the rear, e surgeons, under Baron Larrey, were a morning until long after darkness

ff had made so sure of victory that he ng with his staff well out of danger, in announcing a French defeat already hen officers came crying for reinforce- e conceited old man at first refusing to any details that differed from his of what *ought* to be taking place, his ail wagging incredulously the while. reports were true. The French had plain, and were battling for the heights istible fury.

Improved Caulaincourt's success ; Bel- ttered the last Russian attack with trated fire of thirty guns ; Lauriston up the reserve artillery, and did tre- execution ; and Grouchy—so well after years from the undeserved abuse on his brave head—had swept the high the plain beside it. The Russians, detail, retired to a second range of rom which the army was too exhausted ge them without the assistance of the nd night saw the two battered and forces still facing each other amid a *bris* of slain.

French side Davout had been hit es ; Generals Montbrun, Caulaincourt, e, Huard, Compere, Marion, and Lepel ed ; Nansouty, Grouchy, Rapp, Com- saix, Morand, Lahoussaye, and many me forty in all—had been hit ; and oldiers 35,000 lay dead and wounded, by the showers of grape and the large alls used by the Russians.

on their side, counted three generals, ers, and 36,000 men killed and wounded, varying greatly as to the number of taken by the French, some making 20, others 700 or 800 at the most.

slowly across the battlefield, when

the surgeons and the burial-parties were doing their ghastly work, the hoof of Napoleon's charger brought a groan from a prostrate form, and one of the staff remarked in his hearing, that "it was only a Russian" !

"After a victory," exclaimed Napoleon severely, "none are enemies, all are men."

The army advanced and fought a sharp action at Mojaïsk, where the Emperor lay for three days, burnt up with fever, and compelled, notwithstanding, to transact enormous arrears of business—dictating to seven people at once, and, when his voice left him, explaining with difficulty by writing and signs.

He left Mojaïsk on the 12th of September to join the advance-guard in that famous travelling-carriage which Londoners know so well, his legions reduced to 198,000 ; and two days later, having mounted his horse once more, he saw the goal of his ambition, the ancient capital of Russia, glowing in the light of the afternoon sun.

In the centre of a vast plain, and built, like Rome, on seven hills, the two hundred and ninety-five churches and countless magnificent buildings of the "city of the gilded cupolas," twenty miles in circumference, with a river meandering through it, burst on the view of the army as it crested the "Mount of Salvation," and a shout went up of "Moscow ! Moscow !" as the soldiers cheered and clapped their hands ; whole regiments of Poles falling on their knees to thank the God of Battles for delivering it into their grasp.

Fairy-like it stretched before them, dazzling with the green of its copper domes and the minarets of yellow stone. Oriental in its architecture, and constructed in Asiatic style with five enclosures one within the other, it was like some fabled city of the Arabian Nights, sparkling with brilliant colours, the famous Kremlin towering above the palaces and gardens.

The advance-guard under Murat mingled with bands of Cossacks, who applauded him for his known valour, and the King distributed his jewellery and that of his staff among them ; but an officer arrived from Miloradowitch with a threat of burning the city if his rear-guard were not allowed time to evacuate it.

Napoleon stayed his march therefore, and the day wore on. When Murat at last entered by the Dorogomilow Gate, he found that Moscow was deserted : the streets were empty, the houses closed, a few loathsome wretches released

from the prisons, and a handful of the lowest of the low, alone surged round their horses near the Kremlin; but the inhabitants were gone, in a cloud of dust that hid the retreating Russian army, towards Voladimir. The gates of the Kremlin were battered open by cannon shot, a convoy of provisions captured, some thousands of stragglers were afterwards taken, but that was all; and on the gate of the Governor's mansion at Voronowo, the following notice was found in French:—

"I have passed eight years in embellishing this retreat, in which I have lived happily in the bosom of my family; the inhabitants of this property, to the number of seventeen hundred and twenty, quit it at your approach, and I set fire to my house in order that it may not be defiled by your presence. Frenchmen, I have abandoned to you my two houses in Moscow, with furniture to the value of half a million of roubles. *Here* you will find nothing but ashes.—ROSTOPSHIN."

With the army singing the "Marseillaise" Napoleon entered at night, and appointed Marshal Mortier governor, saying: "No pillage—your head shall be responsible for it." And though several French residents acquainted him with the Russian intention of burning the city—that the senate had agreed to it with only seven dissentient voices, that all the engines had been removed, and they were treading on the brink of a volcano—he refused to believe it, and tried in vain to sleep.

At two o'clock in the morning they brought him news that Moscow was on fire!

When daylight came he hurried to the spot to reprimand Mortier and the Young Guard, but the marshal showed him that black smoke was issuing from houses that had not been opened, and the whole affair had evidently been carefully planned.

He went to the Kremlin—a vast structure, half palace, half castle, surmounted by the great Cross of Ivan, and built on a hill—from which

he wrote overtures of peace to the Czar, over which that received no attention.

In spite of the efforts of the soldiers the spread, a ball of fire had been let down from Prince Trubetskoi's palace, the bazaar was in a blaze, and the strong north wind blew to the Kremlin itself, which, report whispered, was undermined.

Murat, Eugène, and Berthier urged the Emperor to leave the city, without success. He had come there, and there he would

—a conqueror—stand at the very centre of the Russian empire. But it arose that the fire itself was on fire: a French agent was discovered near the burning and bayoneted. The Old Guard alone remained of Napoleon's army. There was no time for hesitation, dreams of empty glory and passing dominion, the northern staircase of the massacre. The Strelitzes took refuge under Peter the Great; he left the city, and the castle of Peter was a league on the St. Petersburg road.

The army also moved out, encamping in the fields, eating their flesh from silver plates, and swathing

wounds with costly silks, the rain fell in torrents, and Moscow a sheet of fire for four days.

Much has been written of Napoleon's escape by a postern, of hurried wanderings through burning lanes, past convoys of powder, the whirling sparks might have ignited the moment, and various dramatic situations to the French historian. In point of personal risk, and left the city by the great gate, returning thither when flames had abated, and ordering the army to occupy the ruins of the city on the 20th and 21st.

About a tenth of the houses remained, especially in the Kitaigorod, or Chinese quarter, many rich merchants' dwellings, and here there a palace or church reared their heads.



GENERAL JUNOT.



By permission of the Council of the Manchester City Art Gallery.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Yvon.)

DALLAS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

and the general choice, gay flower beds and a lot of the suburbs, and the old red wall of the compound of the Kumbin was comparatively undamaged. But the respect of the plan, which should be a model winter quarters for the Emperor, *the Kumbin*, could be whittled into the hearts of the Emperor to say that "the Emperor's Kumbin was ruined for a century, and the Emperor had to put back fifty years." To say he was a new Manchu had risen and he was a new Manchu was the best.

He said that he would have had to go to the court when the day is entered when he would have to go to court, and he would have had to go to court when he would have had to go to court.

[illegible]

Murat, always to the front, had followed Kutusoff in his circuitous march round Moscow and lay observing him between that city and Kalouga, fighting two sharp but indecisive actions at Czerikowo and Winkowo.

During the truce the Russian officers told the French if they had not corn, and a *grains* enough in their own country; : "In a fortnight the nails will drop from hunger."

The little pale-faced man grew visibly with anxiety, and went on hoping against discussing poetry just arrived from drawing up regulations for the *Comédie Française* and trying to reassure himself that the was a matter of turning over the almanac only every year, and trusting to the b

The prisoner's quarters with fifty Dr.
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[illegible][illegible][illegible]

...the hug
...others, but
...under a

escort, and miles of carts of every description thronged the road and the fields on either side.

The French residents fled in the wake of the army ; delicate ladies, clad in thin dresses and stuff shoes, peering at the strange procession from the windows of travelling-carriages ; wounded soldiers jolted by, lying on piles of loot, their aching limbs ill-tended amid the lavish profusion of spoil, for never has man's selfishness displayed itself more forcibly than during that terrible retreat.

Night fell, and the host halted only a league from the city. With the 103,000 men who marched, more than 500 guns were dragged by lean horses, the Emperor insisting that they should not be abandoned ; but at the present moment the bulk of them are ranged in rows in the great square of the Kremlin—a lasting memorial of that awful war.

Two roads led from Moscow to Kalouga, and Napoleon pushed along the old one, on which Kutusoff awaited him ; but at Krasno Pachra, the Emperor turned off to the right and crossed the fields to the *new* road, in the rain, which hampered the artillery and lost much time ; but once on the causeway, which they gained on the 23rd, they set their faces towards Kalouga again, trusting to pass Kutusoff undetected in one day's march.

Napoleon slept at Borowsk that night, and Delzons had occupied Malo Jaroslavetz, four leagues in advance.

In the early morning, however, Doctoroff, with the 6th Corps of Kutusoff's army, came shouting out of the woods, drove Delzons down the steep hill, and commenced one of the fiercest battles of the campaign.

At sunrise Delzons forced the town again, and the victory seemed won, but a ball through the head slew him. His brother tried to carry him out of the *mêlée*, and another ball laid *him* lifeless. Guilleminot placed a hundred grenadiers in the churchyard on the left of the road, and for hours it became a mimic Hougoumont, the Russians alternately charging past it and being driven up again, exposed to a hot fire from the loopholed wall.

The whole of the 14th Division was engaged, and the fight surged along the high road, now on the heights, now in the valley by the river ; the wooden town ignited by the howitzers, and burning the wounded, while the guns, breasting the hill at a gallop, scrunched the charred corpses, grinding the living and the dead into a sickening pulp.

The 15th Division, mostly Italians, attacked the burning town and suburbs, and took it for the fourth time, but were driven back to the foot of the slope, and as a last resource, Eugène advanced with his Guard. The 13th, 14th, and 15th Divisions rallying, and Colonel Peraldi charging bravely with the Italian Chasseurs, they gained the heights for the last time, and the Russians, 50,000 strong (some say 90,000), retired from their vantage ground before 18,000 men, who had fought *uphill* against the most stubborn resistance.

All the eye witnesses speak of the awful sight presented by the high road and churchyard. The brothers Delzons were buried in one grave, and the Grenadiers of the 35th fired a salute over General Fontane ; while Napoleon himself had a narrow escape as he hurried towards the sound of the cannonading.

The road was blocked by the baggage train ; stragglers marched along in safety in the midst of the army, when the Emperor, Rapp, Berthier, and a few officers, having outstripped the escort, saw bands of Cossacks darting out of the woods, between the rear of the advance-guard and the head of the *Grande Armée*.

"Turn back !" shouted Rapp ; "it is they !" and grasping the bridle, he pulled the Emperor's charger round.

Reining in by the roadside, Napoleon drew his sword, and they awaited the attack, Rapp riding forward to shield his Emperor.

A Cossack's lance penetrated six inches into the chest of Rapp's horse and brought him down, but the staff rescued him, and unconscious of the prize within their reach, the Cossacks rode for the baggage waggons, until the cavalry of the Guard came up and drove them into the woods again. They were 6,000 of Platoff's men, and Napoleon's life had hung in the balance !

That night, in a weaver's hut, filthy beyond expression, an emperor, two kings, and three marshals of France held a stormy council of war, at which Murat and Davout quarrelled, as was their wont, and which Napoleon broke up by saying, "It is well, messieurs—I will decide," electing eventually to retreat by the most difficult road—that which the army had wasted on its advance.

It was the last time that they had any option in the matter. A few days more, and the retreat became a disorderly rout—emperor, kings, marshals, and men glad to seize the first road that led them from their remorseless enemies.

On the 23rd, at half-past one in the morning, a hollow boom had startled their ears, even those who were expecting it. The *capitaine* Ottone, of the Naval Artillery, had fired his train. Mortier's orders were executed, and the Kremlin had been partially blown up by 180,000 lbs. of gunpowder, Mortier rejoining, to the surprise of all, at Vereia with 8,000 men, mostly dismounted cavalry.

At Vereia there was another brush with Platoff, and his son, mounted on a magnificent

At Mojaïsk the sky lost its intense blue, and the landscape became gloomy, the cold wind sobbing and wailing down the avenues of melancholy pines, and the men drawing closer to each other as they marched.

The columns debouched on to the field of Borodino, and sad memories were aroused at every step; for, although thousands of bodies had been burned by the Russians, the plain, the heights, and especially the redoubts were littered



"A MUTILATED SPECTRE CRAWLED TOWARDS THE STARTLED SOLDIERS."

white Ukraine horse, was killed by a Polish trooper.

On a hill covered with sombre fir trees the Cossacks buried the dead boy, riding slowly round him with lances lowered, uttering wild cries of grief, and then filing silently away with vengeance in their hearts.

Every village at which the French halted was burned on their departure, each succeeding corps helping to complete the devastation, so that the route was marked by ruined homes, huge dogs from each hamlet following the army until they increased to enormous packs, *living on the dead* who lined the road, and adding a new terror to the retreating invaders.

with broken weapons and innumerable accoutrements, the hands and feet of the hastily buried slain protruding from the sandy soil in all directions.

One ghastly incident, vouched for by the great majority of writers, occurred as the head of the army traversed the field. Cries were heard, and a mutilated spectre crawled towards the startled soldiers. It was a Frenchman, whose legs had been broken during the battle more than *two weeks* before, and who, unaided, had lived on the putrid flesh around him, sleeping in the stinking carcase of a disembowelled horse.

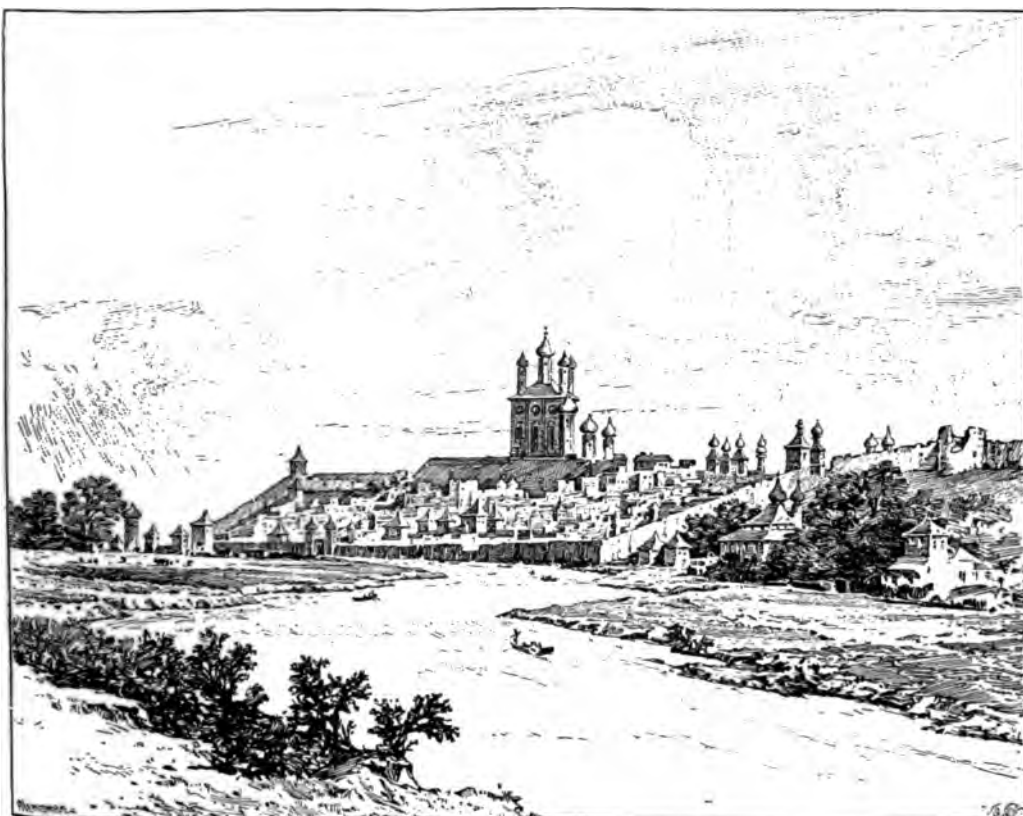
Taking him tenderly up, the army hurried on. The skeletons they were leaving behind grined

silently as the straggling band passed by. A little further on, the wounded at the abbey of Klotskoi held out their hands beseechingly, and an order was issued that every vehicle should carry at least *one* of them, the weakest being left to the tender mercies of the Russians.

Every now and again a dull explosion came from the line of march as caisson after caisson was blown up when the horses became too weak

prisoners had chosen that method of ridding themselves of the weakly ones who lagged behind.

A stringent order went forth, and the murders ceased ; but every night the miserable captives were herded together like cattle, without fire, on the bare ground, a meagre ration of raw horseflesh served out to them, and when that failed the frantic wretches *turned cannibals and devoured each other.*



SMOLENSK, FROM THE BANKS OF THE DNEPER, IN 1812.

(From a Contemporary Print.)

to drag them ; and a few miles on the road to Gjat a terrible outcry arose as wounded men were found lying on the ground, having been thrown out of the sutler's carts in order that the vile wretches might save their plunder—one sufferer, *a general*, living just long enough to tell the tale.

As evening drew down and Napoleon approached Gjat a fresh horror awaited him ; for Russian dead, still warm, and with their brains battered out in a peculiar manner, were met with at every few yards. The escort of Poles, Portuguese, and Spaniards told off to guard the

The 4th Corps, under Eugène, meanwhile followed the Imperial column, and Davout commanded the rear-guard, five days' march behind.

Intense cold had now set in, and the land was icebound ; violent winds fluttered the ragged uniforms, the fifteen days' rations brought from Moscow were exhausted, and the depth of misery seemed to have been reached. Yet all this was as nothing to the sufferings in store.

Napoleon waited thirty-six hours at Wiazma for the rear-guard to come up, and seeing no sign of it, left Ney there to relieve it, and

against Cossacks—artillery, horse, foot, and dragoons—and, worst of all, the terrible *Général Morizov*, as the Russians called the frost. Holding each wood, contesting every hill, knowing that he was virtually sacrificed to save the wreck of the army, his men deserting, despairing, dying, he fought on foot to give them courage, his face livid with the cold, and almost unrecognisable from the long red beard he had allowed to grow.

Some idea of the stubborn character of those wild Cossacks may be formed from one little incident. One of them came into the Russian camp, having ridden twenty miles after being hit by a cannon shot. His arm was taken out at the shoulder-joint by the famous Doctor Wiley, who afterwards amputated Moreau's legs at Dresden. During the operation, which lasted four minutes, the man never spoke, the next morning walked about his room, and drank tea, and, getting into a cart which jolted him fourteen miles over a Russian road, was afterwards heard of, many hundreds of miles on his journey homeward to the Don, doing well!

Small wonder, then, that the hoarse *hourra* struck terror into the fugitives, and that half a dozen of the barbarians would send a battalion of bleeding conscripts flying for their lives down the glittering aisles of drooping birches, whose fairy-like branches glistened with magic beauty in the wintry sunshine.

Eugène was attacked as his corps crossed the Wop with five or six thousand soldiers under arms, double that number of stragglers and wounded, and more than a hundred guns. The ford became blocked, the current was very rapid, and the river only partially frozen. A shameful pillage of the waggons took place, gold, silver, and costly plunder being scattered in the mud; and it was not until a brave Italian colonel named Delfanti crossed up to his waist in the floating ice that the others took heart and followed him.

Colonel Labaume tells us that he picked up a magnificent cup of splendid workmanship, drank some muddy water out of it, and flung it aside with indifference; but others, thinking only of gain, exchanged silver money for gold at a great sacrifice, secretly laughing at their comrades, who soon sank under the weight, while they escaped with the lesser bulk.

One officer, apparently lifeless, felt a man pulling off his boots, and exclaimed, "Ah, rascal, I have still need of them. I am not quite dead."

"*Eh bien, mon général,*" said the soldier, coolly sitting down beside him, "*I can wait.*"

Napoleon rested five days at Smolensk; but so neglected had been his orders that no meat was found there—only rye flour, rice, and brandy—and the army fought desperately at the doors of the magazines, killing many men, raging at the Guard, whom they accused, with great reason, of being unduly favoured, and breaking out into excesses of every kind.

On the 14th November, at four o'clock in the morning, the main column left for Krasnoë, leaving little or nothing behind them for Eugène, Davout, and the valiant Ney, who had instructions to evacuate the city with a day's interval between each corps, Ney to blow up the place when he took his departure.

Out of 37,000 dashing cavalry who had crossed the Niemen only *eight hundred* remained mounted at Smolensk, the 20th Chasseurs being credited with a hundred; and this remnant was collected under Latour-Maubourg, a brave and very popular officer, who, on losing a leg at Dresden the following year, said to his weeping servant, "*Mon ami*, why do you grieve? In future there's only one boot to clean."

The army was now 42,000 strong, having lost 18,000 in the previous eight days; but it was estimated that 60,000 unarmed stragglers still impeded the march. Before leaving Smolensk, however, a reinforcement brought the force up to 47,000, to meet *four* Russian armies, one of them with 90,000, under Kutusoff, another commanded by Miloradowitch with 20,000 men.

The artillery of the Guard took twenty-two hours to do the first five leagues out of Smolensk. One company of sturdy Wurtembergers mustered *four* men, and when Eugène reached the abandoned city in a furious gale his men had to mount the slippery hill literally *on their knees*.

Beyond Korythnia Miloradowitch opened on the Imperial column, and Napoleon rode in the centre of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for three times a certain Captain Finkein had penetrated Moscow to kill him, and he was often under fire during the retreat. This time, however, he had to pass a hill bristling with cannon, and the band struck up a then well-known air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?"

"Stop," cried Napoleon, fearful of the memories it might raise in the minds of the men. "Rather play, 'Let us watch over the safety of the Empire.'" And to that air they marched past the batteries, soon leaving the danger behind them.

When the column had gone, Miloradowitch descended from the hills, drew across the road, and cut off the rear corps, who had to fight their way through with terrible loss.

Eugène tried to force a passage, but failed; and leaving his fires burning—and what miserable fires they were!—turned the flank of the Russians, and got by in the night.

At the critical moment the moon shone out, and the wretched band was challenged.

"Hist, fool," whispered a Polish officer named Klisby in Russian. "Do you not see that we belong to Suwarow, bound on a secret mission?" And so, without interruption save from the Cossacks, the Viceroy joined his stepfather at

Wherever one turned it was horror upon horror. Delicate women and little children lay by the roadside. The Cossacks stripped everyone they found.

Wilson has some dreadful details in his interesting diary. At one place a number of naked men sat round a burning hut, their backs quite frozen, when, turning to warm them, the fire caught the congealed flesh and roasted it in his presence.

Again, he saw four wretches huddled together, hands and limbs immovable, *but minds yet vigorous*, with two dogs snarling and tearing at their frozen feet; while nearly all the dead he came across seemed to have been "writhing with some agony at the moment their heart's blood congealed."

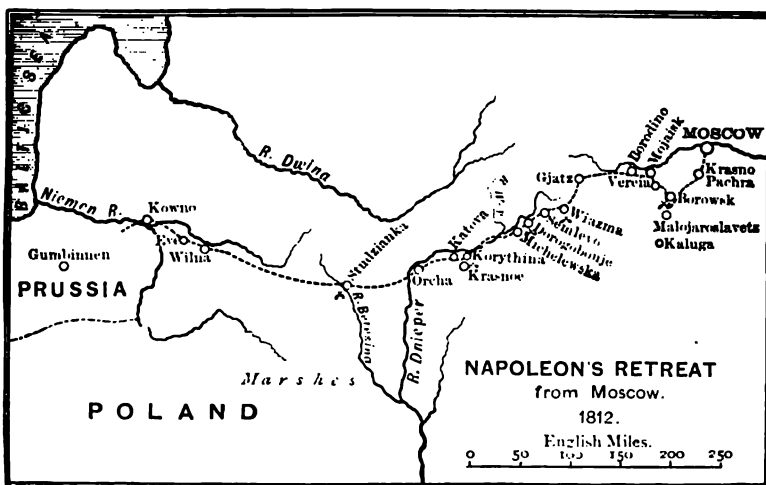
Woe to the man who lost his bivouac, and strayed to another fire. He was driven away with blows and curses from one after another until he sank and died. If any one fell on the march, and implored a helping hand, the passers-by shook their heads and passed on, although many were still laden with plunder.

An awful thing occurred as Ney left Smolensk, showing the depths to which human nature can

sink, a female sutler being seen to throw her little five-year-old boy off her heavily-laden sledge and leave him. Twice the marshal had him placed in her arms, and twice she flung the child from her, saying, "He had never seen France, and would never regret it, while she was resolved to see it again." The soldiers could stand it no longer. They carried the boy safely through the rest of the march, and left the unnatural woman to perish in the snow!

Ney's retreat with the rear-guard was one of the great events in French history, and has never been exceeded by any general for courage, determination, and self-reliance.

With barely 6,000 men, twelve guns, and 300 crawling skeletons—which it is a mockery to call horses—and burdened with 7,000 stragglers, whose wants and selfishness added greatly to the difficulties, he followed the traces of the *Grande Armée*, easily recognisable by



Krasnoë, where Napoleon made a retrograde march to succour Davout, who came in, his baggage gone, his marshal's baton taken, his men reduced to a few platoons, and with no news of Ney, who was reluctantly left to his fate, the army moving on Orcha, Mortier and the wreck of the Young Guard retiring slowly in the rear, after holding Krasnoë as long as possible, Laborde saying to the troops, "The marshal orders the ordinary time—do you hear?—the ordinary time, soldiers," although under a heavy fire of balls and grape shot.

At Orcha Napoleon destroyed his papers. At Lubna the twenty-one staff officers of the 4th Corps crouched round a miserable fire in a cart-shed, with their horses behind them. At Krasnoë the brave Delfanti limped along on the arm of Villeblanche. A round shot struck him between the shoulder blades, carried off Villeblanche's head, and they fell dead on the snow.

the burnt-out bivouacs with their circles of dead—the white mounds that indicated where a cuirassier, a dragoon, a barefooted voltigeur, slept his last sleep, and the patches of trampled, blood-stained snow strewn with helmets and corpses, over which the dogs wrangled and the

twenty-six days without attempting to break his parole.

Ney boldly attacked the *eighty thousand* men, heading his feeble band in person. They broke the first line, and were rushing on the second when the guns began again, sweeping the



"THE ENGINEER SET FIRE TO THEIR SOLE MEANS OF ESCAPE" (p. 327).

ravens croaked in the dull light that showed a battle-ground.

Beyond the plain of Katova, where, three months before, they had driven Newerowskoi through the cornfields, they were summoned by an officer in the name of Kutusoff; but while he was speaking forty guns opened on the French, and Ney exclaimed, "A marshal never surrenders—you are my prisoner," the astonished Russian marching with them for

columns and killing some women in the waggons.

The French fell back in confusion, but Ney rallied them again, replying with his *six* remaining guns, and showing his teeth with the *two thousand* ragged wretches who kept their ranks. If Kutusoff had sent a single corps against them, not a man would have survived to tell the tale. As it was, when night fell Ney turned his back on them, and retreated towards Smolensk.

After an hour's dreary march they halted, Ney, as usual, in the rear ; and breaking the ice on a streamlet to find which way the current ran, followed its course through the silent forests until they reached the Dnieper.

Guided by a lame peasant, they found a spot where the ice would bear them, although a thaw was setting in ; and, after lighting fires to deceive the hovering Cossacks, the intrepid marshal rolled himself in his cloak and slept on the river bank for three hours.

At midnight they began to cross, the ice parting and letting many of them in as they crept in single file. An attempt was made to get the wounded over in the waggons, but the treacherous blocks gave way, and they were drowned with heartrending screams, Ney himself rescuing one survivor, an officer named Brigueville.

Using the cowardly stragglers as a shield, by placing them between his men and the foe, he pursued his way, taking advantage of the woods, surrounded by 6,000 Cossacks, and repeatedly played upon by cannon ; lying in the forests by day, and marching when darkness had set in, until, with 1,500 men under arms, most of the stragglers slain or taken, and all his guns and baggage gone, he rejoined the wreck of the army at Orcha on the 20th November, Napoleon well saying before his arrival, "I have two hundred millions (francs) in the cellars of the Tuileries, and I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Oudinot and Victor also joined the wreck about this time, bringing up the total number to 30,000 or thereabouts, the Emperor's column mustering only *seven* thousand men and *forty* thousand stragglers, mingled with the enormous baggage train of the 2nd and 9th Corps that had escaped much of the previous disaster ; and closely pressed on each flank by the immense armies of Kutusoff and Witgenstein, the doomed men prepared to cross the Berezina in the face of Admiral Tchitchakof, who lined the opposite bank.

Latour-Maubourg had only 150 horsemen left, and Napoleon formed 500 mounted cavalry officers into what he called his Sacred Squadron, Grouchy and Sebastiani commanding it, and generals of division serving in it as captains ; but in a few days this last romantic idea had crumbled away.

Corbineau, with the remains of the 8th Lancers and 20th Chasseurs, saw a peasant riding a wet horse, and compelled him to show

them the ford opposite to Studzianka ; while the French made all the parade could lower down the river to attract Tchikof's attention, the brave engineer Eblé at Studzianka in the dark winter evening 25th November with two field forges, six of tools, some clamps made from waggon and a few companies of pontoniers, and to make a bridge, the water rising, the ice ing in blocks, and the men working up to necks without even a draught of brandy protect them from the cold.

As the grey dawn broke, the first pi driven ; eight hours' work was required the bridge would be practicable, and the fugitives waited with agonised hearts for cannonade that would destroy their last but to the astonishment of all, the army was seen in full retreat on the farther disappearing into the woods with all his guns.

A caricature exists, showing Kutusoff Witgenstein tying Napoleon up in a hole while Tchitchakof is cutting a hole in the bottom of it ; clearly indicating the view of that individual's conduct.

Napoleon wished to question a prisoner, two officers swam their horses across, on the ice, Jacqueminot, Oudinot's aide-de-camp, seizing a Russian, holding him on his bow, and *swimming back with him*.

When an old man he mounted to the Strasbourg Cathedral, and hung fearlessly an arm of the cross with hundreds of space beneath him : it was *natures like him* that survived the retreat.

Chef d'escadron Sourd, with fifty men of 7th Chasseurs, carried some infantry over them, and two rafts conveyed four more across to defend the bridge he second bridge for artillery and baggage finished at four o'clock ; it broke twice in the night, and again the following evening was confusion and disorder. The Russians expected any moment on the heights they commanded the low-lying snow-covered shore the stragglers waited fatuously until the morning of the 27th, and then all attempted to at the same time.

When the remnant of the Guard was clearing a way for the Emperor, there was a rush ; the bridges were blocked—men, women, and children were crushed to death and drowned. Yet that night—the panic-stricken thousands returned to the bivouacs of Studzianka, and the bridges were deserted again.



"WHEN THE REMNANT OF THE GUARD WAS SEEN CLEARING A WAY FOR THE EMPEROR, THERE WAS A RUSH" (p. 326).

Victor, with 6,000 men, kept Witgenstein in check ; Tchitchakof, a martyr to the cold, who had by that time warmed his toes thoroughly, returned to the opposite shore and began firing, and another terrible rush was made for the frail structures on the 28th, while Ney, across the river, was repulsing the admiral, and Victor fought all day long to give the wretches time.

The waggons and carriages were more than could have crossed in six days, said Eblé—who died soon after from exposure. Ney wished them burned, but Berthier, who was little better than a writer of reports and a species of machine actuated by Napoleon himself, opposed it on his own responsibility, and caused the death of a multitude of sufferers in consequence ; for when the shot and shell began to fall in the river and splinter the ice, the drivers charged down on the bridges, tearing their way remorselessly through the living obstacle.

Sword in hand, single horsemen cut a passage for themselves ; women, waistdeep in the water alongside, were frozen with their arms raised to preserve their children, who were too often left to freeze there by the passers-by.

The Countess Alesio—a young Italian bride of eighteen, who had accompanied her husband on that ghastly wedding-trip—survived all these horrors, and *lives*, as I write these lines, full of terrible memories of the retreat.

Selfishness and heroism went hand in hand. An artilleryman jumped from the bridge to save a mother and her two little ones, succeeding in rescuing one boy ; others pushed their comrades off to find room for themselves. And even when the early night settled down, the Russians knew where to point their guns by the screams and curses that rang over the waste amid a fearful snowstorm.

When the 4th Corps reached the other side, their only fire was a miserable blaze lighted for Eugène, of wood begged from some Bavarians, and his officers ran about *all night* to keep warm.

The artillery bridge had long since broken down—hundreds being engulfed—and only one remained, leading into a marsh choked with carriages, guns, waggons, wounded, dead and dying ; across which, at nine o'clock, Victor's shattered battalions had to force their way over with their bayonets.

One instance of remarkable coolness is recorded of an artillery officer named Brechtel, whose wooden leg was smashed by a cannon

ball. "Look for another leg in waggon No. 5," he said to a gunner ; and when it was brought, he screwed it on, and calmly continued his firing.

Ney's pay-waggons were crossing at the same time under the care of Nicolas Savin, a hussar who had been at Toulon in 1793, in Egypt with Bonaparte, at Austerlitz, Iena, and in the Peninsula ; but through a breakage of the bridge he and his gold were taken by Platoff's Cossacks, and marvellous to relate, the veteran died in Russia, during the winter of 1894, at the extraordinary age of 127.

In vain Eblé urged the fugitives to fly—many still lingering on, until at half-past eight on the morning of the 29th, the engineer set fire to their sole means of escape on the approach of the enemy.

Heartrending was the scene ; language fails to describe it, though many men of many nations have poured forth all their eloquence upon the theme.

Snow, flames, round shot and shells ; the half-frozen river, the army already passed on its way ; France, friends, home, *everything* gone. A father on one bank, a mother on the other, never to meet again in this world ; brothers, children, old men and young girls, the bridges blazing, and the hoarse "Hourra !" of the Cossacks as they tore down the bank among the forsaken crowd like vultures on a carcass.

A little while and the frozen land was still again ; the wolves came out of the woods to sniff at the ghastly heaps ; the white dogs, no longer lean and famished, wrangled with each other for the choicer morsels, finding the mother and the babe more to their liking, and leaving the war-worn veteran to the carrion crows.

When spring thawed the ice, *thirty thousand* bodies were found and burned on the banks of the Berezina ; and happy they whose troubles had ended there. For the weather grew colder, the storms were more frequent, hundreds of miles had yet to be traversed ; the Old Guard had lost from cold and missing a *third* of its diminished numbers, the Young Guard *half*, and the army was reduced to a wandering mob of *nine thousand*, twenty-one thousand having fallen in three days and four actions.

Over the marshes in the keen north wind they hurried, Ney still commanding the rear-guard ; on the 30th, Oudinot, badly wounded, defended himself in a wooden house with *seventeen men* for several hours, and drove the Russians out of the village.

The sun shone out to mock them ; there was hard fighting almost every day ; and at length, when the main body reached Smorgoni, the Emperor resolved to put in practice an intention he had formed some time before of hurrying secretly to Paris to forestall the real truth of his disasters.

He has been unjustly accused of deserting his men when they were at their last gasp ; but in reality no blame attaches to him, as his presence in France was absolutely necessary, and had he

On the 18th the Emperor arrived in Paris. The day after his departure the cold increased to a frightful degree ; men lost their reason, and sprang into the burning huts. At Wilna, where there were great stores of food, they pillaged without check ; and even the Old Guard paid no heed to the *général*. All Napoleon's linen and his state tent were burned there, and a few remaining trophies, drawings being made of them before their destruction by his order.

The Jews committed nameless cruelties



"IN A TOWERING PASSION THE MARSHAL DREW HIS SWORD" (p. 329).

remained with the army he could have done nothing to restore it, for things had gone too far. To what extent he had contributed to those disasters is, of course, another matter.

After revising his 29th Bulletin, and appointing Murat to the chief command, he got into his carriage with Caulaincourt (brother of Auguste), Rustan the Mameluke, and Captain Wukasowitch sitting on the box, Duroc and Lobau following in a sledge, and escorted by some Polish lancers, drove off in the dark on the night of the 5th December.

Later on he exchanged the carriage for another sledge, the peasant driver of which died in Bavaria as recently as 1887, preserving to the last some of the coins Napoleon had given him.

the French wounded, and although Duroc's division increased the army by 13,000, they died by hundreds, immense numbers having been frozen and suffocated at the gate of the city in their mad attempt to get in.

The day after their arrival the Russians were on them again. De Wrede's Bavarians were routed, Murat lost his head and bolted, and everything devolved on the heroic Ney, who volunteered again for rear-guard duty, keeping Kutusoff at bay while the army retreated on the road to Kowno, the last Russian town before they could reach the Niemen, 4,000 men also preserving an orderly demeanour under arms.

At the hill of Ponari the Cossacks fell foul of them, and, while under fire, Napoleon's privy

was portioned out equally among such guard as remained, every man who afterwards accounting for his share to him.

The whole scene may be summed up by a brief sketch of the fabulous gallantry of Marshal

It had been his invariable custom to halt and bivouac five in the evening until ten, and then to resume the march; but at Evé, near Kowno, he was obliged to find his *fourth* rear-guard gone, and his ranks still piled, and glistening in the frosty

He overtook them they were in disorder and could not be rallied, Ney entering the ranks and ended only by his aides, but instantly ordered them to work to form a *fifth* guard.

He found 2,000 drunken men dead on the banks, and the fugitives gone on to the river; 300 German Artillery and 400 others, under General Marchand, he set about to defend

The remnant, having crossed the Niemen, and marching through the Pilwisky forest, from which they had issued five months before in very great plight, only 13,000 in reality mustering at that river. Kowno was attacked on the morning of the 14th December, and hastening to the Biala Gate, Ney found the German artillery and their guns and fled.

Under the overpowering passion the marshal drew his sword and rushed at the officer in command, who remained there, and, but for his aide averting the blow, would have slain him. The officer escaped, and Ney summoned his two weak battalions, also German, and in a stern address, formed them behind the palisade as the enemy approached, and fought against him.

He broke the colonel's thigh, and he blew his brains before his men, who instantly threw down their guns and fled, leaving Ney

Using all the muskets he could reach, the marshal fired them through the palisade—one after another—until others came to his aid. The town was attacked on the opposite

side at the same time, and though he maintained his post with thirty ragged scarecrows until dark, he had to retreat step by step, through the town and across the Niemen, the last man, after forty days' and nights' incessant fighting with the rear-guard, to leave the Russian shore.

In Gumbinnen, Mathieu Dumas was sitting down to breakfast, when a man in a brown coat entered, his beard long, his face blackened and looking as though it had been burnt, his eyes red and glaring.

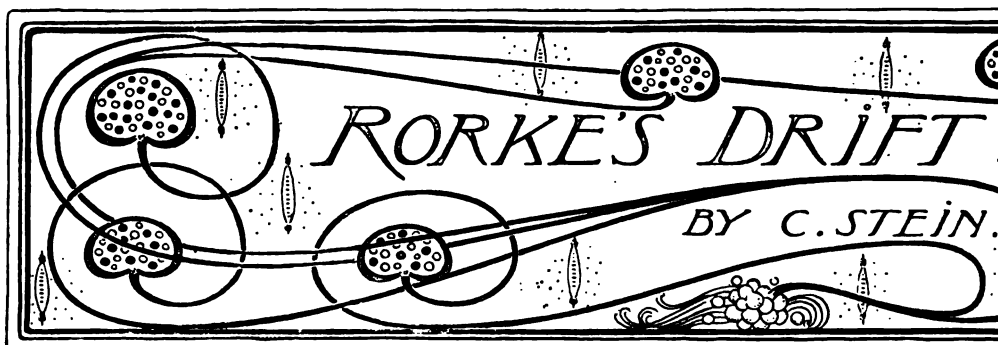
"At length I am here," he exclaimed. "Don't you know me?" "No," said the general. "Who are you?" "I am the Rear-Guard of the *Grande Armée*; I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown the last of our arms into the Niemen, and come hither through the woods. I am Marshal Ney."

Macdonald, in the North, was reduced by hardship and the defection of the Prussians; Schwartzberg, in the South, had been obliged to retire, and the magnificent army of the Centre, led by masters in the art of war, under the Emperor himself, we have seen dwindled down to 13,000 in less than six months. It was not altogether the Russians, it was not entirely the frost, although both contributed to its destruction: when all laws, physical and moral, are transgressed, when flesh and blood are tried beyond the limits of possible endurance, and wild ambition takes the place of common-sense, something will give, and disaster is certain in the long run.

By one of the most careful of contemporary computations it is concluded that 552,000 unfortunate creatures who had marched under the eagles of Napoleon never returned from that campaign, and the medal struck by Alexander to commemorate it, sums up the whole case in a sentence of singular piety.

On one side, in a triangle surrounded by rays, is the Eye of Providence, with the date beneath it; on the other, the inscription: "*Not unto us; not unto me; but unto Thy Name.*"





AT the end of 1878 there stood upon a rocky terrace on the Natal side of the Buffalo River two stone buildings with thatched roofs, which had formed a Swedish mission station, one of them having been used as a church and the other having been the dwelling of the missionary. These two humble edifices were destined to be, on the 22nd January, 1879, the scene of the most brilliant feat of arms performed during the whole Zulu War—a defence by a small determined force against the attack of vastly superior numbers, an exploit whose lustre, relieving a period of disaster, maintained the prestige of British arms, and whose success, there can be little doubt, secured Natal from invasion when failure would have laid the colony open to the advance of a savage enemy. So perfect was the conduct of the officers and men concerned in the episode, and so well conceived and executed were the measures adopted, that even foreign military books quote the exploit as an example of the value of improvised fortifications when they are held by brave men.

When war was declared by Sir Bartle Frere, the High Commissioner for South Africa, against Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the conduct of operations was placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief. It was determined to invade Zululand, and all the forces available for this purpose were moved to the frontier. They were divided into five columns, of which three were to advance into the enemy's country from different points, with the intention of finally concentrating at Ulundi, the Zulu capital, while the other two were in the first instance to guard the frontier against possible Zulu raids. The third column, under the command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., the centre of the three columns of invasion, was to assemble near Rorke's Drift and cross the Buffalo

River at that spot, within a mile of the Swedish mission station.

The river at Rorke's Drift was, in January, an impassable torrent, but the flood quickly ran off, and could then be effected by the "drift." There had also been established two big, flat-bottomed ferry-boats, each could transport an African wagon or a company of infantry.

Colonel Glyn's column crossed the river on the 11th January, 1879, and from that day he was engaged in operations in Zululand. His communications with Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, was through Rorke's Drift, Helpmakaar, and thence by Ladysmith, or by the shorter, though more dangerous route through Greytown. Rorke's Drift was the actual starting-point of invasion, was fitted up as a depôt of stores and a hospital. The mission-station buildings were utilized for this purpose, the old church being converted into a storehouse and the missionary's dwelling into the hospital. As a garrison for this post and to secure the passage across the river, Colonel Glyn left B Company of the 24th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead. He was also Major Spalding, who was in charge of the line of communications, and a detachment of Chard, Royal Engineers, Surgeon Reynell, of the Medical Department, and other officers. The garrison was encamped near the mission station.

For some days after the departure of the main column, which was also accompanied by Lord Chelmsford and the Headquarters, a quiet routine of duty was pursued. The stores and supplies were passed to and from the front, and the wounded in the first engagements were

ospital. Among these last was one of y, who had been shot through the irayo's kraal, and who was treated and th the same care and attention as the en against whom he had fought. On January, however, a large portion of the lumn, under Colonel Durnford, Royal , arrived at Rorke's Drift and encamped.

was brief, for they were summoned to amp of Insandhlwana on the morning d, Colonel Durnford leaving a company tal Native Contingent, under Captain n, to strengthen the little post. It ident from various circumstances that lyn's column was encountering a esistance than had been anticipated, as the enemy were in force within es, they might make a rapid descent weakly-guarded line of communica- was known that two companies of the lion of the 24th were at Helpmakaar, distant, and Major Spalding resolved to t once in order to bring them up as a ient to Lieutenant Bromhead's force. ence, Lieutenant Chard became senior Rorke's Drift, and responsible for its .

gh on the 22nd January there was thus of uneasiness at the river post, nothing red till some hours after mid-day to special alarm to its garrison. We may at a general plan of action had been l if an attack should be made upon it, e meantime all the officers and men aged in their usual employments. t Chard was at the ponts, and Lieu- omhead was in his little camp hard by and hospital. Shortly after 3 p.m. two men were seen galloping at headlong ards the ferry from Zululand. There ifficulty in recognising messengers of he men who ride with the avenger of e on their horses' track, and Chard, as em, knew that something terrible had .

His worst anticipations were more ed when the two fugitives—Lieutenant , of the Native Contingent, and a Natal —told their story: the camp at ana had been attacked and taken by y, of whom a large force was now on Rorke's Drift. The Natal volunteer n to give the alarm at Helpmakaar ; man was enough for this service, idorff—gallant fellow!—said that he main at Rorke's Drift, where every

additional European would be a valuable reinforcement, and cast in his lot with its defenders. Chard at once gave orders to the guard at the ponts to strike their tents, put all stores on the spot into the wagon, and withdraw to the main body of the post. Now occurred the first incident which testified to the spirit which animated the small force on the banks of the Buffalo. The ferryman—Daniells—and Sergeant Milne, of the 3rd Buffs (who was doing duty with the 24th), proposed that they should be allowed to moor the two ponts in the middle of the river, and offered, with the ferry-guard of six men, to defend them against attack—a brave thought, indeed, but it was put aside. Chard was too good a soldier to divide his few men in any way. He saw at once that the commissariat stores and hospital would require every available rifle for their defence, and that the safety of every other place was comparatively a very minor consideration.

While he was giving his orders an urgent message came from Bromhead asking him to join him at once. To Bromhead also had come several mounted men fleeing from Insandhlwana, bearing the same dread intelligence which Adendorff had brought to the ferry, and the trained officer of engineers was required to concert and decide upon measures of defence. But when the engineer joined the infantry subaltern he found that the latter, aided by Assistant-Commissary Dunne, had already begun the necessary work, and that there was nothing to change, if much was still left to complete. The three officers held a hurried consultation, and prompt use was made of all ordinary expedients of war, while materials never before employed in fortification were pressed into service. The store and hospital were loop-holed and barricaded, the windows and doors blocked with mattresses; but it was necessary to connect the defence of the two buildings by a parapet. There were no stones at hand with which to build a wall, and if there had been, there was no time to make use of them; the hard rocky soil could not be dug and formed into ditch and breastwork: but there was a great store of bags of mealies, or the grain of Indian corn, which had been collected as horse provender for the army. Assistant-Commissary Dunne suggested that these should be used in the fashion of sand-bags for the construction of the required parapet. Everybody laboured with the energy of men who know that their safety depends on their

exertions. Chard and Bromhead, Surgeon Reynolds and Dunne not merely directed, but engaged most energetically in the work of



LIEUTENANT CHARD.
(Photo, J. Hawke, Plymouth.)

preparation. When the alarm was first given it was intended to remove the worst cases from the hospital to a place of safety, and two wagons were prepared for the purpose; but it was found that the attempt to move the patients at the slow pace of ox-teams when the Zulus were so close at hand would only result in offering them as easy victims to the murderous assegai. The two wagons were therefore used as part of the defences, and mealie bags were piled underneath and upon them, so that each formed a strong post of vantage.

The ferry-guard had joined the rest of the force at 3.30 p.m., and a few minutes later an officer of Durnford's Natal Native Horse, with a hundred of his men who had been heavily engaged at Insandhlwana, rode up and asked for orders. Chard directed him to watch for the approach of the enemy, sending out vedettes, and when he was pressed, to fall back and assist in the defence of the post. So far it seemed certain that when the threatened Zulu attack developed itself against the Rorke's Drift fortifications they would be found, though hurriedly devised and executed, to be adequately defended by the company of the 24th, Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent, and about a hundred Basutos of the Natal Native Horse. But if the gallant English officers who had striven so hard and with so much military genius to make their position tenable looked

forward to this amount of support, they were destined to grievous disappointment and mortification. At 4.15 p.m. the sound of firing was heard behind a hill towards the south, and that the vedettes of the Native Horse were engaged with the enemy. Their officer returned reporting that the Zulus were close at hand, and that his men would not obey orders. Chard and his comrades had the sore trial of seeing them all moving off towards Helpmakaar, leaving the garrison to its fate. Nor was this all. The example was only too soon followed. Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent also felt their hearts fail, and, accompanied by their commander, also fled from the post of duty. For the Native Horse there is no excuse to be made. They had been in the saddle since daybreak; they were the survivors of a terrible defeat and massacre; they had seen a large number of their comrades slain, and they were demoralised by the loss of their beloved commander, Colonel Durnford. If on this occasion their valour failed them, it is to be remembered that they had behaved nobly in the early part of the day, and that in later episodes of the war their gallantry and self-devotion were proved. But for the Native Contingent nothing can be said. They were fresh, as yet unscathed by war; they had the example in the calm demeanour of their Eng-



LIEUTENANT BROMHEAD.
(Photo, Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

comrades, and they had many causes of feud and quarrel with the enemy. But, as in all other occasions of the war where Natal Kaffirs

d, they gave way in time of stress, the greatest shame of the matter was that the colonial European officer now shared their fate.

The garrison at Rorke's Drift was now reduced to Bromhead's company of the 24th—eighty strong—and some men of other regiments, the total number within the post being

including a well-built stone kraal or enclosure which abutted on it to the eastward. To carry out this plan he commenced an inner retrenchment, forming a parapet of biscuit-boxes across the larger enclosure. This was only about two boxes high when the expected flood of attack hurled its first waves against the frail solitary bulwark which stood between Natal and savage invasion.



RORKE'S DRIFT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

(From a Photo by Mr. G. T. Fernythough, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa.)

From whom thirty-five were sick or wounded in the hospital. The original scheme of defence was provided for a much larger force, and Chard realised that it would now be impossible long to hold effectively the range of parapets and trenches which had been prepared. There was no room for it but to form an inner line of defence to which the garrison might fall back when the outer line became untenable. He decided that, if necessary, the hospital must be abandoned, and that the defence must be reorganised to the store and the space in front of it,

About 4.30 p.m. five or six hundred of the enemy appeared, sweeping round the rocky hill to the south of the post, and advancing at the swift pace characteristic of the Zulu warriors against the south wall which connected the store and hospital. But they had to deal with stern men who were braced up for the encounter by feelings of duty, patriotism, and the long habit of regimental discipline and comradeship which makes each feel assured and confident that all are striving shoulder to shoulder, and that none will blench from his appointed place. From

the parapet of mealie bags and from the hospital poured forth a heavy and well-sustained fire, which was crossed by a flanking discharge from the store. No man wasted a shot, and the aim was cool and deliberate. Even Zulu valour and determination could not face the deadly leaden hail, and the onslaught weakened and broke within fifty yards of the British rifles. Some of the assailants swerved to their left, and passed round to the west of the hospital; some sought cover where they could, and occupied banks, ditches, bushes, and the cooking place of the garrison. But this first attack was only the effort of the enemy's advanced guard. Masses of warriors followed and flowed over the elevated southward ledge of rocks overlooking the buildings. Every cave and crevice was quickly filled, and from these sheltered and commanding positions they opened a heavy and continuous fire. It was fortunate that the spoil in rifles and ammunition taken at Insandhlwana was not yet available for use against the English, as at Kambula and later engagements, but the enemy's firearms were still the old muskets and rifles of which they had long been in possession. Even so, at the short range these were sufficiently effective, and, in the hands of better marksmen than Zulus usually are, might have inflicted crushing losses.

The first attack repulsed, a second desperate effort was made by the enemy against the north-west wall just below the hospital; but here again the defenders were ready to meet it, and again the assailing torrent broke and fell back. Such of the sick and wounded in the hospital as were able to rouse themselves from their beds of pain had by this time seized rifle and bayonet and joined their comrades; but though every man was now mustered, the total number was all too small for the grim task before them. The misfortune of the extreme hurry in the preparations for defence was now painfully apparent. In strengthening any position for defensive occupation one of the first measures taken by a commander is to clear as large an open space as possible round the parapet or fortifications which he proposes to hold. All ditches and hollows should be filled up; all buildings, walls, and heaps of refuse should be pulled down and scattered; all trees, shrubs, and thick herbage should be cut and removed; so that no attack can be made under cover, no safe place may be found from which deliberate fire may be delivered, or any movement can be made by an enemy unseen, and therefore

unanticipated. At Rorke's Drift, not only the buildings and parapets overlooked and commanded to the southward by a rocky hill, caves and lurking-places, but there was also to the north, a thick patch of bush which close to the parapet, a square Kaffir house, large brick oven and cooking trenches, numerous banks, walls, and ditches, all of which offered a shelter to the enemy, which they were not slow to profit by. The post was encircled by a dense ring of the foe, and from everywhere came the whistle of their bullets.

Up till this time, though several men had been wounded, no one had been struck. Suddenly a whisper passed round among the 24th, "Poor old King Cole is killed." King Cole, who was known by this affable barrack-room nickname, was at the front when a bullet passed through his head, and he fell doing his duty—a noble end.

If the Zulu fire was telling, however, the steady marksmanship of the English and men was still more effective. Dunbar, of the 24th, laid low a mount who was conspicuous in directing the fire, and immediately afterwards shot eight men in as many successive shots. Every officer and soldier were present with words of encouragement, exposing themselves fearlessly and showing that iron coolness and self-possession which rouses such confidence and emulation in every soldier on a day of battle. Assistant-Commissioner Dunne—a man of great stature and power, with a long, flowing beard—was coming along the parapet, cheering the men and using the rifle with deadly effect. The rush of Zulus against the spot where he stood was led by a huge man, whose leopard-skin tunic marked the chief. Dunne called out "Fellow!" and himself aimed over the parafire another, when his rifle dropped from his hands and he spun round with suddenly pallid face through the right shoulder. Surgeon Fane was by his side at once, and bound the wound. Unable any longer to use his rifle, he handed it to storekeeper Byrne, but continued unmoved to superintend the men near the parapet and to direct their fire. Byrne took his place at the parapet, and his bullets were not long in coming. In a few minutes Corporal Scamme of the Native Contingent, who was next to him, was shot through the shoulder and back, and crawling to Chard, who was fighting on the other side with the men, handed him the remainder of his cartridges. In his agony he asked

water. Byrne at once fetched it for himself handing it to the suffering soldier, who was shot through the head, and fell dead man.

Fighting was thus going on all round the series of specially determined attacks against the northern side. Here the English were able to collect under cover of the thick patch of bush, and from that shelter to rush untouched close up to the enemy. Soon they were on one side of the hill while the defenders held the other, and it there was a hand-to-hand struggle.

Bayonet against the bayonet, the English and the Zulus, the *bangwan*, the assegai. So close were the combatants that they seized the English and in two instances succeeded in killing them from the thigh in each case the loader took a stern lesson.

The muzzles of the opposing firearms were just touching each other, the discharge of the broadsword blew the broad hat from the head of the corporal Schiess, of the Native Contingent.

A Swiss man (a Swiss who had been a hospital, leaped over the parapet and the man who

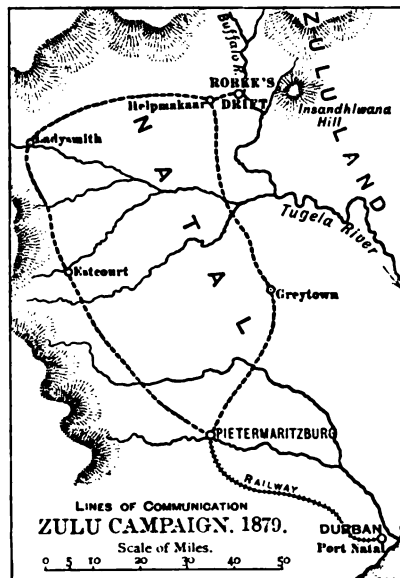
filled his place, and shot another; taking his former exploit, again leaped over the megalie bags and bayoneted. Early in the fight he had been struck in the instep, but though suffering from it, he left not his post, and was only to perform deeds of heroic daring.

The struggle here was too severe and unequal and continued. Besides the ceaseless fire of their enemy in front, the defenders on the parapet were exposed to the fire which came in reverse from the high hill to the left. Five soldiers had been thus shot dead in the space of time. At six p.m. the order was given to retire behind the retrenchment of the biscuit-box. When the defence of the parapet was removed, the dark crowd of Zulus surged forward, the megalie bags to attack the hospital; but heavy fire was sent from the line of the

retrenchment that nearly every man who leaped into the enclosure perished in the effort. Again and again they charged forward, shouting their war-cry "Usutu! Usutu!" and ever the death-dealing volleys smote them to the ground.

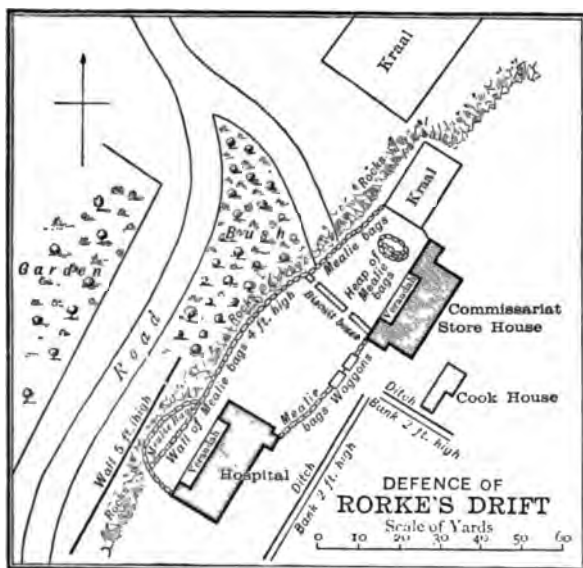
The story has now been told of the struggle during the first hour and a half about the storehouse and large enclosure, till the moment came when it was no longer possible to hold the whole of the defences as they were at first organised, and Chard was constrained to withdraw behind the biscuit-box retrenchment which his foresight had provided. All this time the enemy had been

making fierce and constantly reiterated attempts to force their way into the hospital, which was at the west end of the enclosure. Here Bromhead personally superintended the resistance, and here such deeds of military prowess, cool presence of mind, and glorious self-devotion were performed as our nation may well inscribe on its proudest records. It has been said that the building had a thatched roof, and the Zulus not only strove to force an ingress, but used every expedient to set the thatch on fire, and thus to destroy the poor stronghold which so long mocked at their attempts to take it.



While many of the patients whose ailments were comparatively slight had risen from their pallets and taken an active part in the defence, there were several poor fellows, utterly helpless, distributed among the different wards; and it is difficult to conceive a situation more trying than theirs must have been, listening to the demoniac yells of the savages, only separated from them by a thin wall, thirsting for their blood. At every window were one or two comrades, firing till the rifles were heated to scorching by the unceasing discharge. Bullets splashed upon the walls, and the air reeked with dense sulphurous smoke. The combatants may have been excited and carried away by the mad fury of battle; but to men depressed by disease, weakened and racked with pain, truly the minutes must have been long and terrible in their mental and physical suffering. Shortly after five o'clock

the Zulus had been able so far to break down the entrance to the room at the extreme end of the hospital that they were able to charge at the opening; but Bromhead was there, and drove them back time after time with the bayonet. As long as the enclosure was held, they failed in every fierce attempt. Private Joseph Williams was firing from a small window hard by, and on the next morning fourteen warriors were found dead beneath it, besides others along his line of fire. When his ammunition was expended, he joined his brother, Private John Williams, and two of the patients who also had fired their last cartridge, and with them guarded the door with



their bayonets. No longer able to keep their opponents at a distance, the four stood grimly resolute, waiting till the door was battered in and they stood face to face with the foe.

Then followed a death struggle. The English bayonet crossed the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stalwart Warwickshire lads met the lithe and muscular tribesmen of Cetewayo, and the weapons glinted thirsty for blood. In the *mêlée* poor Joseph Williams was grappled with by two Zulus, his hands were seized, and, dragged out from among his comrades, he was killed before their eyes. But now it was known that the hospital must be abandoned, and as the usual path was occupied by the enemy, a way had to be made through the partition walls. John Williams and the two patients succeeded in making a passage with an axe into the adjoining room, where they were joined by

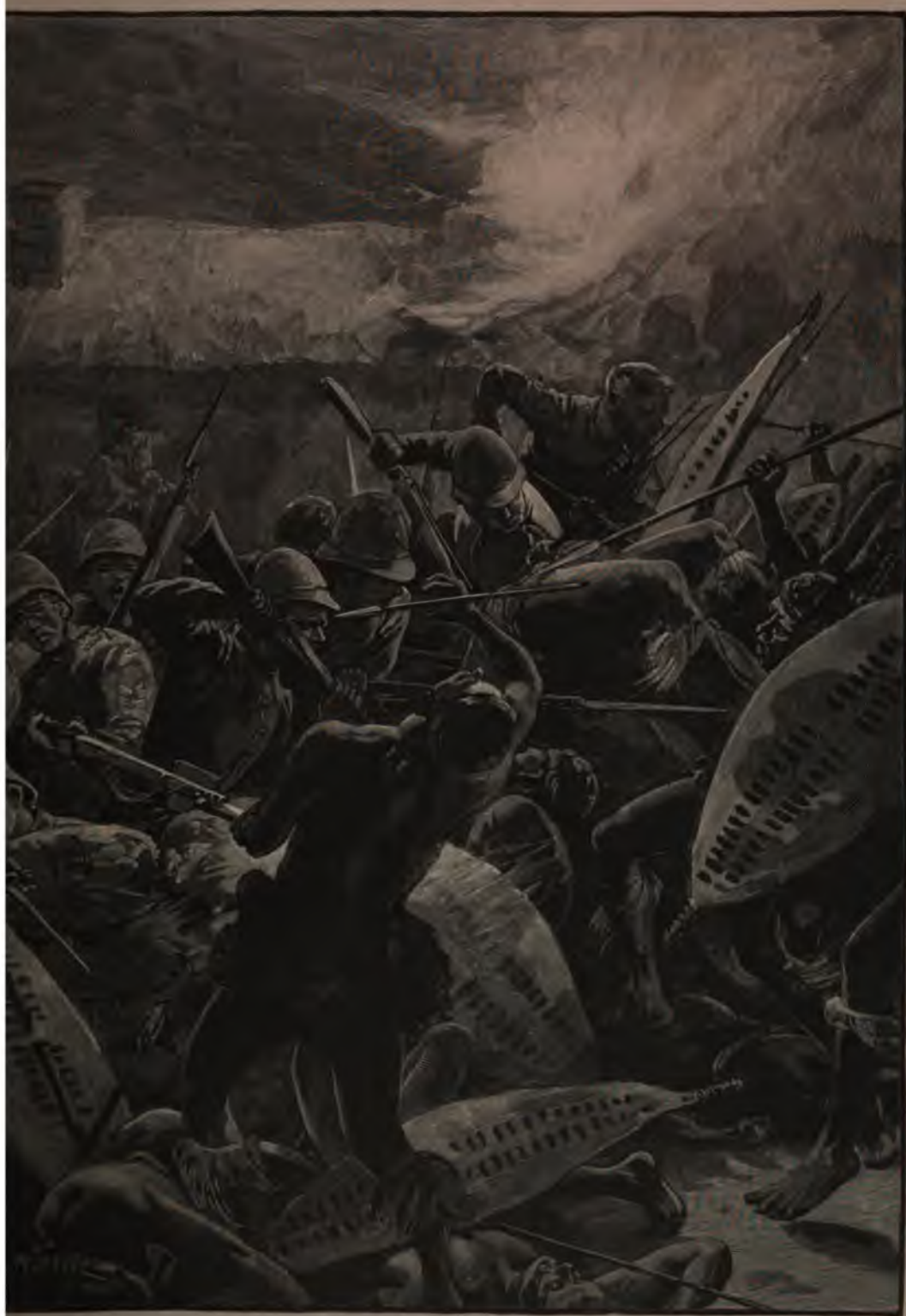
Private Henry Hook. John Williams : Hook then took it in turn to guard the through which the little party had come, the bayonet, and keep the foe at bay, while others worked at cutting a further passage. this retreat from room to room, another soldier, Private Jenkins, met the same fate did Joseph Williams, and was dragged to death by the pursuers. The others arrived at a window looking into the enclosure towards the storehouse, and leaping from the gauntlet of the enemy's fire till they their comrades behind the biscuit-box ment. To the devoted bravery and cool

of Privates John Williams and eight patients, who had been several wards which they had owed their lives. If it had not the assistance of these two gall all the eight would have perished they lay. These, however, were some of the hairbreadth escapes the hospital, and only some of the of stubborn hardihood performed in

A few of the sick men were half-half led by chivalrous comrades across the enclosure to the retrenchment, but had to make their own way over the now swept by the Zulu bullets, and that space was clear was due to the fire maintained by Chard, which prevented the Zulus themselves from leaving spots where they were under Trooper Hunter, Natal Mounted a very tall young man, who had patient, essayed the rush to safety,

was hit and fell before he reached his Corporal Mayer, Natal Native Contingent, had been wounded in the knee by an thrust in one of the early engagements the campaign, Bombardier Lewis, Royal lery, whose leg and thigh were swollen disabled from a wagon accident, and T Green, Natal Police, also a nearly helpless valid, all got out of a little window into the enclosure. The window was distance from the ground, and each in escaping from it. All had to (none of them could walk) through the fire, and all passed scathless into the ment except Green, who was struck on

In one of the wards facing the hill on side of the hospital, Privates William Jones Robert Jones had been posted. There seven patients in the ward, and these two



"THERE WAS A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE" (A. 335).

defended their post till six of the seven patients had been removed. The seventh was Sergeant Maxfield, who, delirious with fever, resisted all attempts to move him. Robert Jones, with rare courage and devotion, went back a second time to try to carry him out, but found the ward already full of Zulus, and the poor sergeant stabbed to death on his bed.

It has been mentioned that a wounded prisoner was being treated in the hospital. So much had he been impressed by the kindness which he had received, that he was anxious to assist in the defence. He said "he was not afraid of the Zulus, but he wanted a gun." His new-born goodwill was not, however, tested. When the ward in which he lay was forced, Private Hook, who was assisting the Englishmen in the next room, heard the Zulus talking to him. The next day his charred remains were found in the ashes of the building. That communication was kept up with the hospital at all, and that it was possible to effect the removal of so many patients, was due in great part to the conduct of Corporal Allen and Private Hitch. These two soldiers together, in defiance of danger, held a most exposed position, raked in reverse by the fire from the hill, till both were severely wounded. Their determined bravery had its result in the safety of their comrades. Even after they were incapacitated from further fighting, they never ceased, when their wounds had been dressed, to serve out ammunition from the reserve throughout the rest of the combat.

When the defence of the hospital was relaxed, it had been easy for the enemy to carry out their plan of setting fire to the thatched roof, and now the whole was in a blaze, the flames rising high and casting a lurid glare over the scene of conflict. The last men who effected their retreat from the building had as much to dread from the spreading conflagration as from the Zulu assegais. We have seen that, from the want of interior communication, it had been necessary for those who did escape to cut their way from room to room. Alas! to some of the patients, it had been impossible for the anxious leader and his staunch, willing followers to penetrate. Defeated by the flames and by the numbers of their opponents, Chard records in his official despatch, "With the most heartfelt sorrow, I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate."

While in the hospital the last struggle was going on, Chard's unfailing resource had provided another element of strength to his now

restricted line of defence, and had for place of comparative security for the rest of his wounded men. In the small yard storehouse were two large piles of mealie bags. These, with the assistance of two or three men, and Dunne, who, severely wounded as he was, continued working with unabated energy and determination, he formed into an oblong sufficiently high redoubt. In the hollow in its centre were laid the sick and wounded, while its crest gave a second line of fire, swept much of the ground that could not be seen by the occupiers of the lower parapet. The intrepid men were making this their object was quickly detected by the Zulus, who poured upon them a rain of bullets. Providence protected them, and unhurt they completed their work. The night had passed, and the light from the burning hospital was of the greatest service to the defenders, illuminating every spot for hundreds of yards round, and gave every advantage to the riflemen of the 24th. The Zulu losses had been tremendously heavy; but still they pressed on with an unrelenting attack. Rush after rush was made right up to the parapets so strenuously that their musketry fire never slackened. The wall of the stone kraal on the east of the hospital had to be abandoned, and finally the garrison was confined to the commissariat storehouse enclosure just in front of it, the inner wall of the kraal, and the redoubt of mealie bags. The steadfastness of the defenders was impaired. Still every man fired with the greatest coolness. Not a shot was wasted. Rorke's Drift Station remained still practically impregnable. At 10 p.m. the hospital fire burnt itself out, and darkness settled upon the defence and attack. It was not till midnight, however, that the Zulus began to lose heart and give to the garrison some breathing space and repose. Desultory firing still continued from the hill to the southward, and from the bush and garden in front; but there were no more attacks in force, and stress of siege was practically over. The dark hours were passed in anxiety, and even the stout hearts which had not quailed during the long period of that was past must have had some feeling of disquietude for the morrow, lest when reduced in numbers, and with slender supplies of water, they should be called upon to renew efforts made by a reinforced foe.

The dawn came at last, and the eyes of the defenders were gladdened by seeing the rear of the

retiring round the shoulder of the hill which their first attack had been made. Supreme tension of mind and body was and if the struggle had been long and the victory was for the time complete. Bitterly it had been fought out was shown : piles of the enemy's dead lying around, by the silence of familiar voices when the day was called. There was yet no rest. They might take heart and return, for, though the numbers of their warriors had seen their last fight, their numbers were so overwhelming, and they must have known so well how close had been the pressure of their attack, that they could well think that, with renewed efforts, it was more than possible. Patrols were sent out to collect the arms left lying on the field. The defences were strengthened, mindful of the fate of the hospital, a strong party was ordered to remove the thatch from the roof of the store. The men who were employed otherwise were kept manning the traps, and all were ready at once to pick up their rifles and again to hold the position which they had guarded so long. A young Kaffir was sent to Helpmakaar, saying they were still safe, and asking for assistance. About 7 a.m. a mass of the enemy was seen in the hills to the south-west, and it seemed another onslaught was threatened. They advancing slowly when the remains of the column appeared in the distance, coming from Insandhlwana, and, as the English appeared, the threatening mass retired, and disappeared.

Lord Chelmsford, Colonel Glyn, and that part of the force which, having been engaged elsewhere, had not been in the Insandhlwana camp when it was attacked and taken, had passed the night in sad and anxious bivouac among the bodies of their comrades and the debris of a melancholy disaster. Full of disquietude as to the fate of the post at Rorke's Drift, and the want of communications, they had pushed forward at earliest dawn. Their advanced guard of picked men strained eager eyes towards Rorke's Drift. The British flag still waved over the storehouse, and figures in red coats could be seen moving about the place. But smoke was rising where the hospital had stood, and, remembering that the victorious Zulus at Insandhlwana had dressed themselves in the uniforms of the dead, it was a moment of dread uncertainty to the men who were leading the way. But surely it was as a faint British cheer rising from the

post ! A few hundred yards more of advance, and it was known that here at least no mistake had been made ; here courage and determination had not been shown in vain ; and that here something had been done to restore the confidence in British prowess which had just received so rude a shock elsewhere. What a sight was the spot in the bright morning sunlight ! There lay hundreds of Zulus either dead or gasping out the last remains of life ; there was the grim and grey old warrior lying side by side with the young man who had come "to wash his assegai" ; there a convulsive movement of arm or leg, the rolling of a slowly glazing eye, or the heaving of a bullet-pierced chest showed that life was not quite extinct ; and there were the defenders wan, battle-stained, and weary, but with the proud light of triumph in their glance, standing by the fortifications which they had so stoutly held—fortifications so small, so frail, that it seemed marvellous how they had been made to serve their purpose. The skeleton of the hospital still was there, but its roof and woodwork had fallen in, and in the still smoking pile men were searching for the remains of lost comrades. And there, in the corner of the enclosure, reverently covered and guarded, were the bodies of the dead who had given their lives for England and sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. Well might Lord Chelmsford congratulate the defenders of Rorke's Drift on the brilliant stand that they had made, and well might the colony of Natal look upon them as Heaven-sent saviours from cruel invasion.

In telling the story of the events of the 22nd, it has been said that Major Spalding left Rorke's Drift to seek reinforcements at Helpmakaar. There he found two companies of the 24th, under Major Upcher, and with them he at once commenced to march to the river post. On their way they met several fugitives who asserted that the place had fallen, and when they arrived within three miles of their destination, a large body of Zulus was found barring the way, while the flames of the burning hospital could be seen rising from the river valley. It was only too probable that if they went on, they would merely sacrifice to no purpose the only regular troops remaining between the frontier and Pietermaritzburg. Helpmakaar was the principal store depôt for the centre column, full of ammunition and supplies, and it seemed best that its safety should, at any rate, be provided for as far as possible. The two companies were

therefore ordered to return, and preparations for the defence of the stores were commenced.

Many names have been mentioned of men who, when all did their duty nobly, were particularly remarkable in the duty which they did and in their manner of doing it. Two men have not, in this narrative, been yet specially named, but they were each as heroic as any of those who stood behind Chard's improvised defences. Theirs was not the duty of handling deadly weapons; theirs was not the lot to meet the enemy hand to hand. It was for them to comfort the dying, to tend the sick, to give aid to the wounded—and right worthily they played their part. The Rev. George Smith, acting chaplain to the forces, and Surgeon Reynolds, Army Medical Department, were exposed to all the dangers that surrounded every man of the garrison, and to every man they showed the example of treating those dangers with a grand indifference. Besides performing to the full the tasks of their noble professions, they were constantly present among the soldiers with words of cheer and encouragement. They distributed such poor refreshment as was available, and were indefatigable in supplying reserve ammunition to those whose cartridge-boxes were empty. Never can British soldiers hope to have with them, in a time of trial, better men than the Rev. George Smith and Surgeon Reynolds.

According to the closest estimate, the number of Zulus who attacked Rorke's Drift was 4,000, composed of Cetewayo's Undi and Udi regiments, and about 400 dead bodies buried near the post after the attack. The wounded were all carried away from the post. The loss of the garrison was fifteen killed and twelve wounded, of whom two died immediately.

No military rewards could have been great for the glorious actions at Rorke's Drift, and of rewards there was no niggardly distribution. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead were promoted to Captains and Brevet-Majors. The Rev. George Smith, a missionary chaplain in Natal, received a commission as Army chaplain. Every man who served was promoted in his corps or department. Besides the decorations given to others, Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, Corporal Allen, Privates Williams, Henry Hook, William Jones, and Frederick Hitch received the Victoria Cross; Colour-Sergeant Brown and eight men received medals for distinguished service in the field.

Many brave exploits have been performed by men of the English army, and we may be sure that the scroll of glory is not yet complete. Whatever the future may have in store, it will be difficult to find in past history any action that excels in brilliancy the defence of Rorke's Drift.



"THE BRITISH FLAG STILL WAVED OVER THE STOREHOUSE" (p. 339).



LOOK out for cavalry!" Such was the cry that was raised on the sanguinary field of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour oftener than in any other battle of Franco-German war.

When France declared war against Germany in 1870, she sent all her available troops—amounting about 300,000 men—as fast as ever to her eastern frontier, where they threw themselves into what was called the "Army of the Rhine," under the supreme command of the Emperor Napoleon. This "Army of the Rhine" was composed of eight separate corps, or Corps d'Armée, commanded by Generals Bazaine, MacMahon, and Canrobert, and Félix Douay.

On the other hand, the Germans divided their forces into three main armies—each also composed of several Army Corps—of which the total strength was about 384,000 men; and they had the Germans—who are famous for their powers of organisation—done the difficult task of mobilising their forces (that is to say, getting them to take the field), that, within a short time after the order for this process had been issued, no fewer than 300,000 helmeted warriors of the Fatherland stood ranked up in battle array along the Rhine. Old King William of Prussia assumed the nominal command of all this tremendous fighting force; but in reality it was who directed and controlled its movements was Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, as perhaps the most studious and scientific soldier the world had ever seen. He had

drawn all the field strength of Germany into three separate armies—each also composed of several Army Corps. The First Army, on the left, was commanded by General von Steinmetz; the Second, in the centre, by Prince Frederick Charles, known as the "Red Prince;"

and the Third, on the right, by the Crown Prince, son-in-law of Queen Victoria.

The Crown Prince was the first to draw blood, on the 4th August (war had only been formally declared on the 19th July), when he won the great battle of Weissenburg, and on the 6th at Wörth, when he completed the defeat of Marshal MacMahon's army. On this very same day, too, Steinmetz, on the right, had stormed the heights of Spicheren at a very great sacrifice of life, causing Frossard, who held these heights, to fall back on the excessively strong fortress of Metz, which stands in the lovely valley of the Moselle. MacMahon had retreated towards the great training camp—the Aldershot, so to speak, of France—at Châlons; while the rest of the "Army of the Rhine" meanwhile retired on Metz, and thither the Germans now also began to push with might and main.

It was thought probable by Moltke, from all appearances, that the French meant to make a desperate stand in front of Metz. But he met with less resistance there than he expected; and on the 14th August a victory gained by the Germans at Colombey-Nouilly had the effect of making all their opponents in the open field thereabouts withdraw towards the fortified city. This battle had been fought on the east of Metz, while on the west side ran the high road to Verdun and Paris. On the 15th the Germans came to the conclusion that the French in Metz, not wishing to expose themselves to the risk of being cooped up and rendered useless within their fortress, meant to escape towards Verdun, to join hands with MacMahon's beaten forces, and then give battle to the advancing Germans in the plain.

For the French were confident that they could give a good account of their hitherto victorious foes, could they but meet them on pretty equal terms in the open. The Germans

saw very well that the object of the French at Metz was to escape to the west, and they therefore determined to strain every nerve to prevent this. Yet they sadly feared they would not succeed, for they were on the right, or east, bank of the Moselle, while the French were on the left, or west side; and it was necessary for their pursuers to make a wide sweep in order to cross the river and insert themselves in good time between Metz and Paris, so as to have the retreating Frenchmen face to face.

As early as the evening of the 15th a Division of Cavalry—the 5th, under Rheinbaden—had crossed the Moselle, and pressed round and forward with prying intent as far as the village of Mars-la-Tour, on the Verdun road, where it bivouacked for the night. It had seen certain masses of French troops away in the direction of Metz, but was unable to conclude whether this formed the rear-guard of the French army retreating on Verdun, or only its vanguard. As a matter of fact, this army was still struggling with the difficulties of getting away from Metz.

Early on the morning of the 16th the French Emperor, escorted by two brigades of cavalry, had driven away to Verdun by the Etain road, which was still comparatively safe, leaving the command of the Metz army to Marshal Bazaine.

All the roads from Metz were blocked by heavy baggage, and the French army could not get away from the fortress with expedition and method. The left wing of the army was ready to march, but not the right; and so the left had been sent back to its bivouacs until the afternoon. Thus Bazaine lost much valuable time, and what he lost the "Red Prince" won. For by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 16th August, the 3rd, or Brandenburg, Army Corps—one of the best and bravest in all Germany—had come within sight of the Verdun road, marked at intervals of about a mile by the successive villages (coming from Metz) of Gravelotte, Rezonville, Vionville, and Mars-la-Tour, which the German soldiers punningly called *Marche-rétour* after the French had been finally beaten back on Metz. It was an excessively hot day, the sun pouring down its rays on field and wood with almost tropical force; and by the time the brave Brandenburgers of General von Alvensleben, who had crossed the Moselle at Novéant the previous night, and resumed their forced march after a brief snatch of rest—by the time, I say, they had threaded the wooded glen of Gorze, leading right on to the Verdun road,

they beheld to their great joy that a force was in front of them.

After some preliminary skirmishing and fighting, Alvensleben came to the conclusion that he had to deal with the whole, or the greater part, of Bazaine's army, which thus not escaped after all. But before the arrival of Alvensleben's Corps on the scene, the battle had been opened by the horse-battalion of Rheinbaden, which, advancing from Mars-la-Tour towards Vionville, opened a desultory shell-fire on Murat's dragoons, who, even thereabout, were engaged in cooking. A stampede ensued, the dragoons bolting out of the camp. But the French infantry were quickly on their guard, and opened so soon a fire on the audacious German horsemen that they had, of course, followed their guns—the latter were soon driven to seek shelter in hollows and behind copses.

It was at this time that Alvensleben's Corps made its timely appearance, and began to come into action, although it could not doubt but had to contend against desperate odds. It had been sent forward by its old commander, Prince Frederick Charles—who still wore the scarlet uniform of one of its Hussar regiments, and hence was known as the "Red Prince"—to seek out and hold Bazaine as a bulldog would a bull, until the arrival of reinforcements; and the doughty Brandenburgers were ready to resist to the very man, if they must die for it. What would the beloved "Red Prince" say if they allowed him to escape? Their only chance lay in the hope that Bazaine would not be able to concentrate all his colossal host and hurl it against them at once, and that the 10th Prussian Corps, with other parts of their army which they knew to have been despatched on the same errand as themselves, would meanwhile be able to come up to their assistance and save them from complete annihilation.

The infantry part of the battle began on the wooded hills above the village of Gorze, eight miles south-west of Metz, on a narrow running from Mars-la-Tour into the Moins Novéant. "The Prussians," said a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "pushed into the battle gradually, by dint of numbers and sheer fighting, driving the French skirmishers before them. What happened in this part of the battle no one knows or can know, as it was entirely in the woods and valleys, and no general view could be obtained. The French position

most formidable one, and the wonder is, at it took the Prussians seven hours to get it, but that they ever got it at all. The above Gorze extend to within about two miles of Gravelotte, behind which village the Prussians lay in the morning, as also at Rezonville, a village higher up on the road from Metz to Verdun. Nearly the whole of the Prussian position was backed by the thick woods and got possession of in the morning.

The plain on which the battle was fought is from the woods to the Verdun road, about one mile and a half, and is about three miles in length.

On the French right the ground rises and this was the key of the position, as the hillery, which could maintain itself there, the whole field. More towards the centre are small valleys, one of which, being deep, was most useful to the Prussians in advancing troops. In the centre of the field is the road from Gorze to Rezonville and Gravelotte, the main road to Verdun between the two villages.* From the woods to Rezonville, on the Verdun road, there is no cover, except one cottage midway on the Gorze road. This cottage was held by a half-battery of French mitraille which did frightful execution in the ranks as they advanced from the

Brandenburg Corps consisted of two divisions, one (the 5th) commanded by Stülp-nagel and the other (the 6th) by Buddenbrock. The latter was on the right of the German line, and fought its way to the front with desperate courage, but with varying fortune. One regiment in particular—the 52nd—lost heavily in gaining some ground which had been wrested from the French. Its first battalion lost one of its officers, the colours were passed on to hand as the bearers were successively shot down by the bullets of the chasseur corps, commander of the brigade, General von Steinwehr fell mortally wounded. General von Steinwehr rode along the line of fire to encourage the men, while General von Schwerin directed the remnants of the troops bereft of leaders, and held the most commanding position in the field of battle until reinforced by the 10th Corps.

It was Buddenbrock's Division, on the left, which began to be so sorely pressed. This division had been ordered to advance on the Roman road, also leading from Metz to

Verdun, on the assumption that Bazaine might choose this as his main line of retreat. But on approaching Tronville, near Mars-la-Tour, it was quick to see how matters stood, and then, wheeling to the right, it advanced with the most death-despising courage against Vionville and Flavigny.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to describe all the ins and outs of the tremendous conflict which now ensued; I can only give its salient points and incidents. When Bazaine had seen the Germans advance from the direction of Verdun, whither he himself was bound, he muttered to himself: "*C'est une reconnaissance*" ("It is only a scouting affair"). But he was quickly undeceived, and saw that he would have to fight and conquer before he could continue his westward march. The position of the French was one of great advantage, their left flank being protected by the fortress of Metz and their right by formidable batteries along the old Roman road, while they also had at their disposal a very strong force of cavalry (three and a-quarter Divisions to two German ones), so that they could thus afford to wait an attack on their centre.

The two Infantry Divisions of the Germans began to get very much mixed; but, by taking advantage of every rise in the ground for cover, the regimental officers got their men steadily forward in spite of the very heavy fire from the French infantry and guns. Flavigny was taken by assault, and one cannon, with a number of prisoners, fell into the hands of the brave Brandenburgers. Slowly, but surely, the Prussians made their way beyond Flavigny and Vionville, and, assisted by a heavy fire from their artillery, compelled the right wing of the 2nd French Corps to retire on Rezonville—a movement which turned into a perfect flight when the French generals Bataille and Valazé had been killed.

To regain the lost ground, the French Cuirassier Guards turned resolutely on their Prussian pursuers; but their charge was cut short by the *schnellfeuer* (or rapid fire) of two companies of the 52nd Regiment, drawn up in line (like the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava), who waited until the rushing horsemen, with their flashing swords and waving plumes, were within 250 yards, and then poured a murderous volley into the teeth of their assailants. The latter, parting to right and left, rushed past and into the fire of more infantry behind, leaving 243 of their horses and riders lying on the plain. These

* is a slight inaccuracy here. The Gorze road runs into the Verdun at Rezonville.

French Cuirassiers barely escaped complete annihilation; for scarcely had they turned to retire when they were set upon by Redern's Horse Brigade (of Rheinbaden's Division), consisting of the 11th Black Brunswickers—Prussia's "Death or Glory" boys—and 17th Hussars, who, emerging from a hollow behind Flavigny, dashed straight at the flying foe and cut many more of them out of their saddles.

But their pursuit was presently checked by a French battery in front of Rezonville, which began to blaze away at them; and for this battery, in turn, they went like the wind. Shots and sabre-cuts are exchanged in the wild *mêlée*; the gunners are cut down, and only a knot of mounted French officers remain. One of them—a short, broad-shouldered, bull-necked man, with drawn sword—is evidently a general of high rank from the richness of his uniform. As a matter of fact it is Bazaine himself, the commander-in-chief of the French army, who has placed this battery in position. A knot of the Black Brunswickers make

a dash at him, but his Staff surrounds him, parrying the sabre-thrusts and cuts of the Hussars, till at last he is rescued by a timely charge of the 5th French Hussars forming his escort, and many of the Brunswickers straightway find death as well as glory.

But now the 6th Cavalry Division of the Prussians—Cuirassiers, Lancers, and Hussars—led on by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, rushes up in turn to repel this cavalry counter-stroke of the French which had the effect of rescuing Bazaine; and then is seen another surging mass of mounted combatants mingling in a "murder grim and great." Presently the eye is diverted from this dust-enveloped

spectacle by the sight of the red-tunicked Hussars—so called after the Great Frederick's greatest horse-captain—emerging from the clouds and dashing themselves with a wild dash at a line of French infantry—Grenadier Guards in their front. But at about 500 paces they are received with a truly infernal fire of chassepôt, field-gun, and mitrailleuse, at the head of the column—also a Herr von Zieten—falls from the saddle, while Captain von Grimm

tally wounds the horse of the adjutant, Lieut. von Winterfeldt, who is literally torn to pieces by the shrapnel. The bravest men on earth cannot stand such a fire as the Zieten Hussars wheel round and rush back to their lines, leaving the ground strewn with scarlet uniforms if it were any other battlefield. French fire is murderous, and the Germans must retreat their advance battle for some time after the failure of an artillery charge.

It was now 10 o'clock. Still the Alvensleben skilfully directed the enemy, and guard to the



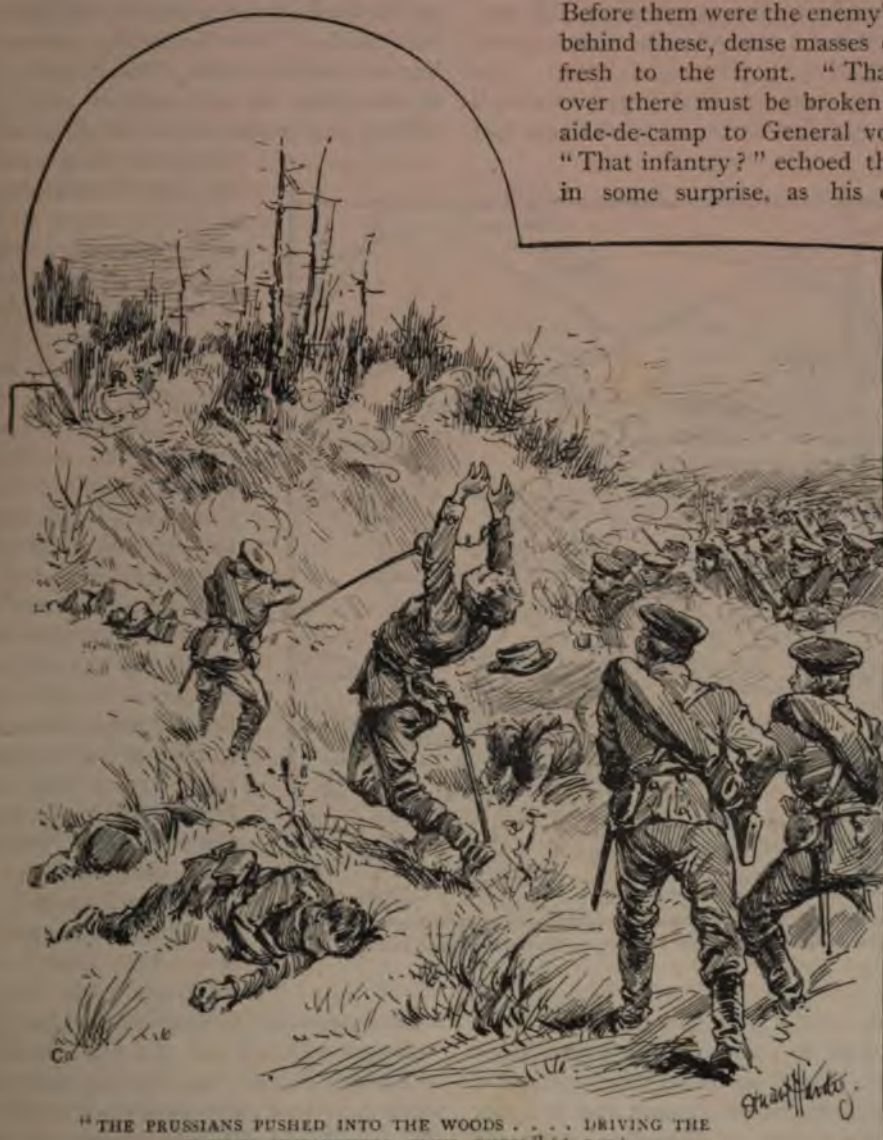
COUNT VON MOLTKE.

number of his troops, by incessant attacks. But the battle was now at a standstill, the battalions visibly thinned by four hours of the hardest and bloodiest fighting, when the infantry had almost exhausted their cartridges. There was not a battalion, not a battery, not a reserve all along the exposed line. Never before the Brandenburgers would not yield an inch of the ground they had so bravely won.

Presently, however, they were threatened by a new danger. Their left wing at Vionville was very much exposed to the French artillery on the Roman road, and they were threatened by a turning of this weakest flank. At the time Marshal Canrobert, our old Crimean

erned from his position in the centre the moment to make a push for Vionville and all his forces. Ruin or retreat stared the men in the face. It looked as if they were

the Old Mark of Brandenburg. The former was commanded by Colonel Count von Schmettow, the latter by Colonel von der Dollen. The regiments were in a reduced condition, having only three squadrons each instead of five. Before them were the enemy's guns, and behind these, dense masses of infantry, fresh to the front. "That infantry over there must be broken!" said an aide-de-camp to General von Bredow. "That infantry?" echoed the General, in some surprise, as his eye ranged



"THE PRUSSIANS PUSHED INTO THE WOODS . . . DRIVING THE FRENCH SKIRMISHERS FROM THEM" (p. 342.)

g to be completely overwhelmed in this of the field. The reinforcements from the Corps, which they were so anxiously awaiting, had not yet made their appearance, and the French were assuming an ever more threatening attitude. What was to be done?

In a hollow behind Vionville was standing the heavy Cavalry brigade, consisting of the 7th Magdeburg Cuirassiers (Prince Bismarck's regiment) and 16th Uhlans, or Lancers, both of

along its bristling front behind the guns. "The fate of the day depends upon it," was the brief reply.

That was quite enough. Leading his brigade out of the hollow in column, he quickly formed it into line of squadrons—the Cuirassiers on the left and the Uhlans on the right, a little thrown back—and then, with a "Forward!" "Trot!" "Charge!" while their thrilling clarions rang out above the din of battle, away dashed the

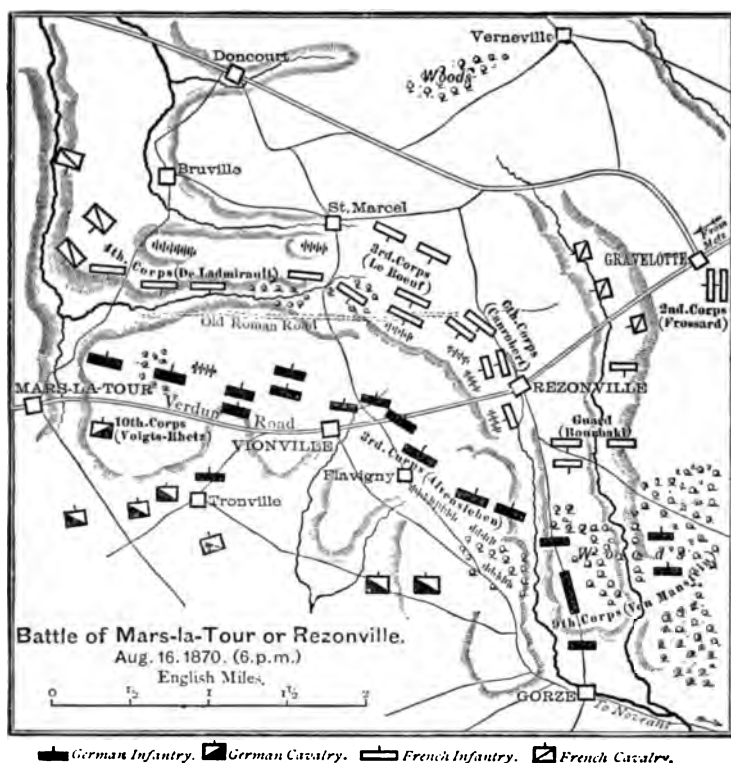
devoted troopers with a loud and long-continued roar more than a cheer. It is Balaclava over again. In a few moments they are among the first French guns, sabring and stabbing the gunners; and then, in the teeth of a frightful hail of bullets from cannon, musket, and mitrailleuse, they storm across to the next infantry line, with which they play equal havoc. The second infantry line was next broken through by the ponderous horsemen, many of whom had

Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, riding in among the ranks of their assailants and bearing off some of them to the ground.

And as "Scotland for Ever!" was the cry of the "Greys," both at Waterloo and Balaclava, so Scotland is also again to the front on the battlefield of Vionville in the person of one of her adventurous sons. This is young Campbell of Craignish, in the shire of Argyll, now serving as a lieutenant in the Bismarck Cuirassiers, and who, rushing into the

thickest of the fight, caught a French eagle after a gallant struggle, and set upon by a crowd of French troopers, who are determined to win this darling badge of honour back. It is the French standard which has been captured, and at last it must be recovered. A pistol-shot shatters Lieutenant Campbell's hand, and he is obliged to relinquish his trophy. Some of his men, hewing their way into the circle of the assailants, succeed in carrying him out of the *mêlée*.

All that the little remnant of the brigade could now do was to rally as well as possible, and to make their way back to their lines. This it did, pursued by the masses of French men, volleyed at by infantry and rained upon by mitrailleuse bullets, but game to the last. Less than half of the men returned to Flavigny



already fallen, and the panic they created by their heroic *Todtenritt*, or ride to death, even spread to the remoter line of batteries, which prepared to limber up. In its excitement the brigade, like the Scots Greys at Waterloo, rode far beyond its mark, and, like the gallant Greys, it suffered terribly for its excess of ardour.

After charging on thus for about 3,000 paces, it was set upon in the most furious manner by an overwhelming force of French horsemen—the cavalry brigades of Murat and Gramont, and the entire division of Vallabreque. Thinned as Bredow's ranks now were, and exhausted by their exertions so far, how were they to cope with such hordes of horsemen? Yet cope they did with them stoutly and gallantly, like Scarlet's

where they were reorganised into two squadrons—two, instead of six. Of 310 Cuirassiers had gone into action, only 104 came out; while only 90 Uhlans answered to the roll. Of our Light Brigade charge at Balaclava, Marshal Canrobert observed that it might be magnificent, but it certainly was not war. The charge of Bredow's Heavy Brigade at Vionville, which was equally witnessed by Canrobert, was both one and the other, as the general himself must have been the first to admit. It had been beautiful to look at, and it had entailed a fearful sacrifice of life; but it had achieved its object, which was to save Bismarck's infantry Division and give it breathing time. The French had received such a shock

erge of Bredow's Brigade that, for the
they abandoned their attempt to en-
ie German left and advance on Vionville
avigny. The loss of life had been
e, but it had been justified by the
and, after all, that is the main thing

ral Henry, of Canrobert's Corps, after-
aid: "On taking position with my battery
; was to be seen of Prussian cavalry.
in the world had these Cuirassiers come
All of a sudden they were upon my guns
whirlwind, and rode or cut down all my
re only one. And this one was saved by
tow. The gunner ran towards the Cuir-
crying '*Je me rends! je me rends!*'
; Prussians, not understanding this, were
atching him, and were only prevented
oing so by their colonel, Count von
tow." The man lived to tell the tale,
receive the golden medal. General
continued: "It was only by the skin of
th that I myself escaped as the mass
ous horsemen swept past me, tramp-
own or sabring the gunners. But it
magnificent military spectacle, and I
not help exclaiming to my adjutant
rode away, '*Ah! Quelle attaque mag-*
."

he other hand, Count von Schmettow,
ommanded the Cuirassiers, gave the
ig account of their "death-ride":—
one of the gunners of the first battery
ch the troopers fell were cut down or
" (the Count himself striking down the
). "In approaching the second battery
met was pierced by two bullets, and my
officer thrown from his horse, wounded
places. Lieutenant Campbell, the Scot-
cer, when the French Cuirassiers fell in
pon us, seized the eagle of the regiment
eft hand, which was at once shattered by
; and he was surrounded by the French
en; but some of our own Cuirassiers cut
ray desperately towards him, and saved
Never shall I forget the moment when I
ie order to the first trumpeter I met to
he rally. The trumpet had been shattered
ot, and produced a sound which pierced
he quick." This incident has been im-
sed by the great German poet Freiligrath
ollowing ballad, entitled "The Trumpeter
rs-la-Tour"—the spirited English ver-
sing by his daughter, Kate Freiligrath-
r:—

Death and destruction they belched forth in vain,
We grimly defied their thunder;
Two columns of foot and batteries twain—
We rode and cleft them asunder.

With brandished sabres, with reins all slack,
Raised standards, and low-couched lances,
Thus we Uhlans and Cuirassiers wildly drove back,
And hotly repelled their advances.

But the ride was a ride of death and of blood;
With our thrusts we forced them to sever,
But of two whole regiments, lusty and good,
Out of two men, one rose never.

With breast shot through, with brow gaping wide,
They lay pale and cold in the valley,
Snatched away in their youth, in their manhood's
pride—

"Now, Trumpeter, sound to the rally!"

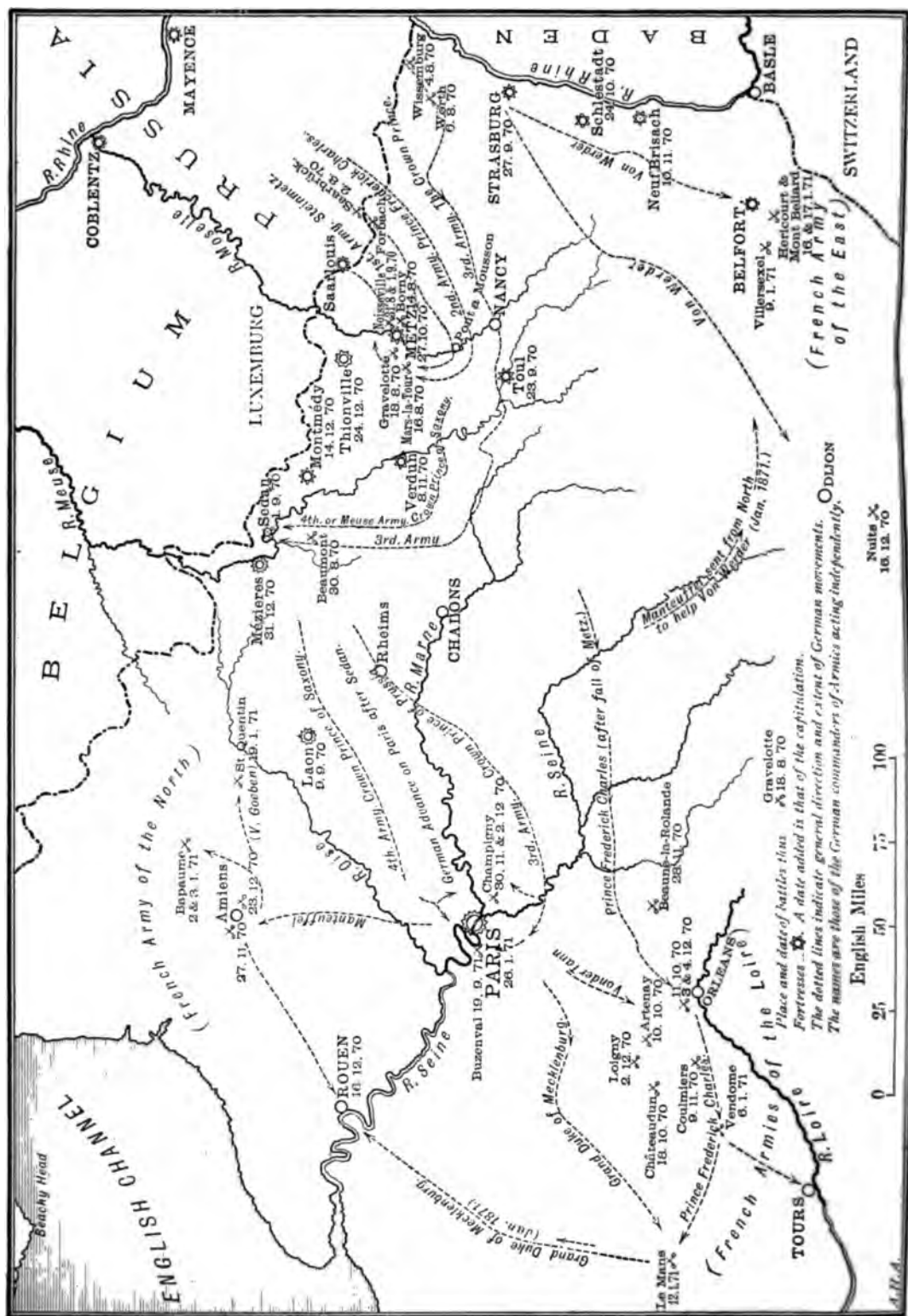
And he took the trumpet, whose angry thrill
Urged us on to the glorious battle,
And he blew a blast—but all silent and still
Was the trump, save a dull hoarse rattle;

Save a voiceless wail, save a cry of woe,
That burst forth in fitful throbbing—
A bullet had pierced its metal through,
For the Dead, the wounded was sobbing!

For the faithful, the brave, for our brethren all,
For the Watch on the Rhine, true-hearted!—
Oh! the sound cut into our inmost soul!—
It brokenly wailed the Departed!

And now fell the night, and we galloped past,
Watch-fires were flaring and flying.
Our chargers snorted, the rain poured fast—
And we thought of the Dead and the Dying!

Then take the following from a correspondent
of *The Times*, who was a witness of the battle:—
"The want of infantry caused a somewhat serious
sacrifice of cavalry, which had repeatedly to
charge both infantry and artillery to hold them
in check. The men do not ride particularly
well to look at, but the manner in which they
ride into the jaws of death is really quite *à la*
Balaclava. One regiment—the 7th Cuirassiers
—was ordered to charge a battery of artillery,
and actually got into it, one of the first in, I am
proud to say, being a young Englishman, who
has taken service in the Prussian army, and has
just got his lieutenancy. It went in some
300 strong, and what its loss is I tremble to
say. When I next saw it, it scarcely seemed to
me a hundred all told. At 2.30 the reserve
artillery was brought up, and the cannonade
became heavier than ever. The sun, too, at this
moment seemed to have come nearer to us, as if
to see this fearful butchery of mankind, and the
heat became tremendous. Then, wherever
you went, came the pleading cry of 'Water!
water! For pity's sake give me water!' The



enträger, or bearers of the sick, had now than they could do, admirable as the whole activity of the corps is worked. . . . The men of both the combative forces were per-stationary for about an hour, a sort of being carried on between them, which, at some distance, was quite near enough to fearful results. I saw a whole string of the prisoners brought in of every description. There was the burly giant of cuirassiers, the little French liner, the green-jacketed, and the artilleryman—all chattering and seeming to me uncommonly glad out of the affair at any price.

Seeing some of the infantry engaged on the right, I went there, and met one regiment coming out of action to recruit, being at the moment commanded by a youth of nineteen, having lost thirteen of its officers since the day. The number of it was the 52nd, and on my usual inquiring glance that all officers had not seen me before threw over my regimental attire, I replied by offering him a drink of some of the dirtiest water I ever had, which I had procured from a pond, and which to both of us was better than the best champagne. There was no inquiring then. Instantly the best fellow he ever saw, and I told me all about what fun it was to be in the end, and that he was sure to get something, and that he meant to have another fight directly, etc. He was the most thoroughly anti-German boy I ever saw. We stood under a tree together, and I gave him some food and left him. Two hours afterwards I saw

At a subsequent roll-call near Tronville it was found that the 24th Regiment had lost 1,000 men and 52 officers, while every officer of the 2nd battalion of the 20th Regiment was killed. It was not till three in the afternoon that the



MITRAILLEUSE (FRONT VIEW).

3rd Corps, which had been fighting single-handed for five hours against a fivefold force, received any efficient assistance from the 10th Corps, which was now to the Brandenburgers what Blücher's army had been to Wellington at Waterloo. It was only the devotion of the artillery which had meanwhile saved the infantry from complete annihilation. For, after recovering from the shock of Bredow's brigade, the French had again concentrated their attack on the German left, and compelled it to retire, fighting as it went.

But presently reinforcements from the 10th Corps began to come up, and these were followed by the arrival of a man who was a host in himself—Prince Frederick Charles. His headquarters were away at Pont-à-Mousson, about fourteen miles to the south; and on hearing rather late in the day that his own Brandenburgers were up to the hilt in action and so hotly pressed, he mounted his horse and galloped away, without ever once drawing rein, to the field of battle. And now let Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, give us one of his telling battle-pictures:—

"It was barely four o'clock when he" (the "Red Prince") came galloping up the narrow hill-road from Gorze, the powerful bay he rode all foam and sweat, sobbing with the swift exertion up the steep ascent, yet pressed ruthlessly with the spur, staff and escort panting several horse-lengths in rear of the impetuous foremost horseman. On and up he sped, craning forward over the saddle-bow to save his horse, but the attitude suggesting the



MITRAILLEUSE (BACK VIEW).

and body laid out with others in a row, the still stuck between the buttons of his coat. One little anecdote—when I say it is but a sample of other regiments—will show how the loss has been on the Prussian side."

impression that he burned to project himself faster than the beast could cover the ground. No wolfskin, but the red tunic of the Zieten Hussars, clad the compact torso ; but the straining man's face wore the aspect one associates with that of the berserker. The bloodshot eyes had in them a sullen lurid gleam of bloodthirst. The fierce sun and the long gallop had flushed the face a deep red, and the veins of the throat stood out. Recalling through the years the memory of that visage with the lowering brow, the fierce eyes, and the strong-set jaw, one can understand how to this day the mothers in the French villages invoke the terrors of ' Le Prince Rouge,' as the Scottish peasants of old used the name of the Black Douglas to awe their children wherewithal into panic-stricken silence.

"While as yet his road was through the forest, leaves and twigs cut by bullets showered down upon him. Just as he emerged on the open upland a shell burst almost among his horse's feet. The iron-nerved man gave heed to neither bullet-fire nor bursting shell ; no, nor even to the cheers that rose above the roar of battle from the throats of the Brandenburgers through whose masses he was riding, and whose chief he had been for many years. They expected no recognition, for they knew the nature of the man—knew that, after his fashion, he was the soldier's true friend, and also that he was wont to sway the issues of battle. He spurred onward to Flavigny, away yonder in the front line ; the bruit of his arrival darted along the fagged ranks ; and strangely soon came the recognition that a master-soldier had gripped hold of the command as in a vice."

With the arrival of the "Red Prince" and of reinforcements, the battle now again took the form of a desperate infantry fight. Let me notice only one of its leading incidents, which was graphically described by Moltke. When General von Wedell's Brigade, no more than five battalions strong, advanced to the attack by way of Tronville, he found himself in front of the extensive line of the 4th French Brigade. The two Westphalian regiments advanced steadily under the storm of shell and mitrailleuse fire until they suddenly reached the edge of a deep ravine. This, however, they soon crossed ; but, after scaling the opposite bank, they were met by a murderous shower of bullets from the French infantry, who were everywhere close upon them. Almost every one of the generals and officers were killed, the remnant of the broken battalions fell back into the ravine, and

300 men—unable to re-ascend the steep slope after the fatigue of a twenty-four march, almost at the double—were taken prisoners. Those who escaped mustered at the village around the bullet-riddled colours of Colonel von Cranach—the only officer who had a horse under him—brought back in hand. Seventy-two officers and 2,542 men were missing out of 95 officers and 4,546 men—more than a half.

And now there occurred another of those magnificent cavalry charges in which the French of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour was so so rich. Raising a shout of triumph over the pulse—almost the annihilation—of Wedell's gade, the French infantry advanced at the front for the purpose of completing the wreck the German left, and all seemed lost. But at this critical moment out rushed the 1st Dragoon Guards in their sky-blue tunics and straight at the pursuing foe, who poured into the ranks of their assailants a murderous fire, while shrapnel played upon their flanks. But "*immer vorwärts!*" stormed the dragoons, and plied their sabres on the *fantassins* with terrible effect.

Again this cavalry regiment had achieved its object—which was to save its own infant from destruction—but at a frightful cost. General von Auerswald was mortally wounded, and was reserved for the youngest Captain, Captain Hohenlohe, to rally the remnants of the regiment and lead it out of action. Only a third of the troopers afterwards answered the roll-call. The regiment had left on 15 officers, 11 non-commissioned officers, 103 privates, and 250 horses. The importance of this great sacrifice of life was gathered from a remark made by the Emperor William two years later, on the occasion of a visit he paid to the barracks in Berlin. "Gentlemen," he said, "but for your gallant conduct at Mars-la-Tour, who knows whether we would have been here to-day?" This gallant regiment afterwards became the "Queen of Europe," and a higher military complimenter scarcely have been paid her Majesty the German grandson, William II.

Among the ranks of the 1st Dragoon Regiment at Mars-la-Tour were the two sons of Bismarck, riding as private troopers ; it happened to be the year in which they were doing their compulsory term of military service. The Chancellor's sons—one in his twenty-first year, the other only in his eighteenth year—

with a courage worthy of their father. Herbert, had received no fewer than four wounds, one through the front of his tunic, one in his watch, and the third in the thigh; his brother William (Count "Bill" he was called) had come out of the deadly welter unhurt. "During the attack at Mars-la-Tour," said Bismarck once, "Count Bill's horse fell with him over a dead or wounded Gaul, and he spent fifty feet of the French square. But after a while he shook himself together again, got up, and not being able to mount, led his own horse back through a shower of bullets."

Then he found a Prussian dragoon, whom he dismounted on his horse, and, having freed himself thus from the enemy's fire on one side, he got back to his own ranks. The horse fell dead after the battle was reached."

At the charge of the Prussian Dragoon Guards was made over when it became apparent that the French were preparing for an attack on the left wing of the French army by hurling upon them a tremendous mass of cavalry. Three regiments of

Le Grand's Division, both regiments of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, were trotting up to the side of the Grayère. Opposite to them the whole of the

French cavalry, concentrated to the south of Mars-la-Tour, in the first line being the 13th and 14th Cuirassiers, and 19th Dragoons, and then the 16th Dragoons and 10th

The 13th Uhlans dashed straight into the foremost French cavalry line; but the French had become somewhat disordered, and the French Hussars rode right through it. However, the 10th Hussars turned up a second time, and repulsed the enemy's

The two evenly-balanced masses of cavalry rushed upon each other in an awful mêlée. But, as a mighty cloud of dust rose from the ensuing hand-to-hand encounter, the men swaying to and fro, it was impossible to follow with minuteness the incidents of the battle.

Fortune gradually decided in favour of the Prussians, for, man to man, they were heavier than their opponents. General Montagu was taken prisoner, severely wounded, and General Le Grand fell while leading his Dragoons to the assistance of the Hussars. This, the greatest cavalry combat of the war, had the effect of making the French right wing give up all attempts to act on the offensive. But out of this gigantic combat of horsemen the victorious Prussians had again emerged with great loss; and among those who had fallen was Colonel Finckenstein of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who

had been the midnight bearer of Moltke's momentous message from Gitschin to Königshof during the Bohemian campaign of 1866.

Darkness was now approaching, and the battle had practically been won by the Germans. The troops were utterly exhausted, most of the ammunition spent, while the horses had been saddled for fifteen hours without anything to eat. Some of the batteries could only be moved at a slow pace, and the nearest Prussian troops on the left bank of the Moselle were a day's march off. Nevertheless the impetuous Red Prince, desiring to increase the moral impression of the day's en-



MARSHAL BAZAINE.

deavours, and, if possible, destroy altogether the internal cohesion of the French, ordered a general advance against their position. But the poor Prussian troops were too utterly fagged out by their incessant exertions during the day to do much more than make a formal response to this cruel and unnecessary command; and, again, they suffered great loss without inflicting a corresponding one on the French.

Fighting did not entirely cease till ten o'clock—that is to say, the bloody battle had lasted for twelve long hours, entailing a loss of about 16,000 officers and men on either side. But the Germans had won the battle. For they had achieved their object—which was to prevent the escape of Bazaine. Yet, in his despatch to the Emperor, Bazaine had made bold to assert

that "the enemy, beaten, retreated on all points, leaving us masters of the battlefield." Moltke, on the other hand, wrote that "the troops, worn out by a twelve-hours' struggle, encamped on the victorious but bloody field immediately opposite the French lines." And Moltke wrote the truth. Bazaine had evidently learned the habit of lying about his reverses from the Great Napoleon, and even from Napoleon the Little.

battle just described. Leaving Gorze, with the gilded statue of *la Sainte Vierge* on the summit of a beetling cliff, I passed up the steep wooded defile through which the Brandenburgers pressed on the 16th of August, where the first affecting relics of the strife appeared. In a little, lonely green valley skirted by the road, a few grassy mounds luxuriant with the crimson poppy and the wild fern, each being surmounted by a



CHARGE OF THE 16TH UHLANS (p. 346).

Yet Mars-la-Tour was only the prologue to the still bloodier and more decisive drama of Gravelotte two days later. "The battle of Gravelotte," said the Emperor William II. once, "is without a parallel in military history, seeing that a single Army Corps, about 20,000 men strong, hung on to and repulsed an enemy more than five times as numerous and well equipped. Such was the glorious deed that was done by the Brandenburgers, and the Hohenzollerns will never forget the debt they owe to their devotion."

Several years later I visited the field of

wooden cross, told where the *tappere* began to drop from the bullets of the pôt. But when the summit is reached a touching sight! The rising plateau on one side is dotted with white crosses, which thicken, thicken as you advance, and the far distant horizon edge is bristling with crosses and stone memorials of more pretentious lasting form, making the whole region like one colossal cemetery. An involuntarily sadness comes over the traveller, and approaching every tomb and commemorative tablet he feels instinctively moved by the

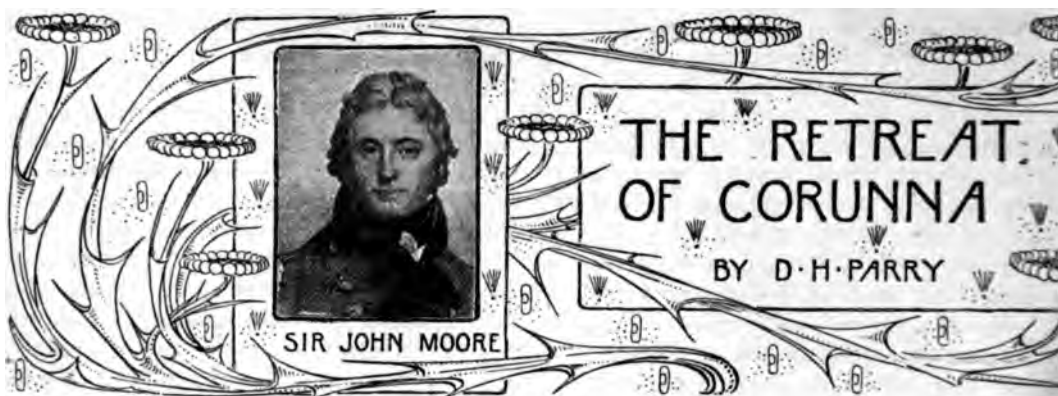
ained in the inscription: "*Sta, viator, cas!*" The graceful obelisk, with its death-roll of officers and men, the circled and ivy-grown mound looking like a family vault, the silver-edged wreath hung with withered oaken wreaths and garlands, the slender column snapped off to indicate the fate of hopeful youth cut off, the neatly-trimmed sepulture in a graveyard plot of flowers—conceive the objects scattered over the summit of the plateau facing northwards to the west and you will have some idea of the

eminence behind Vionville, which was the centre of the German position, is a kind of monument of roughly-hewn stone mounted by the Hohenzollern eagle, surrounded by a railing hung with shields bearing the multitudinous names of

those officers of the 5th Division who fell on that fatal day. The reverse and coverless side of the plateau—densely dotted with mounds and monuments testifying to the terrible losses of the brave Brandenburgers—leads you down to the village of Vionville, where tombstones on the public highway point to where the dust of Gaul and German is commingled in the reconciliation of death. "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" is the recorded warcry on the monument of one Teutonic soldier; while at its side there stands a marble cross, tastefully wreathed with flowers, to the memory of one brave and noble young lieutenant of the Empire who died on the field of honour with these words, preserved in golden letters, on his lips: "*Dites à ma mère,*" he cried, "*que je meurs en soldat et en chrétien. Marchez en avant!*"—"Tell my mother that I died like a soldier and a Christian. Forward!"



FRENCH UNIFORMS IN 1870.



EAST of the kingdom of Portugal lie the great plains of Leon, bordered north and south by mighty mountain ranges; and in the short December days of 1808, when wintry winds swept howling through the passes and across the level land, and the red roofs of Salamanca were covered with snow, a small British army, some 23,000 strong, was preparing to assist Spain against Napoleon.

Led by the gallant Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, and wearing the red cockade out of compliment to the nation, we had been received with great enthusiasm, and were given to understand that the country burned with patriotic zeal and had large forces, perfectly equipped; but this was soon found to be untrue, for, while the Spaniards were ready for any amount of castanet playing and looking-on, the English were expected to do their fighting for them.

Their magnificent army dwindled upon investigation to half its supposed numbers, and, with a few honourable exceptions, proved itself one of the wretchedest collections of ragamuffins of which history bears any record, so that Sir John Moore found himself in as awkward a position as ever fell to the lot of a British general. Nevertheless, in spite of the severity of the weather, the impertinent meddling of Mr. Frere, the English Minister at Madrid, the poor equipment of our troops and the absence of Spanish aid, we marched boldly out of Salamanca on the 11th December to attack Soult in the north, and afterwards succour the capital if that should be practicable.

It was a brave little army, and its doings are deeply carved on the pillar of British fame. There were five cavalry regiments, all Hussars, dashing fellows in braided pelisses, and mounted on active nagtailed horses: viz., the 7th, 10th,

15th, and 18th, with the 3rd of the German Legion.

Artillery, Engineers, Waggon Train, detachment of the scarlet-coated Staff filed out across the plain, white and mono under a gloomy sky.

Two battalions of the 1st Guards and two of the Line completed our force, in amongst others such splendid regiments Royal Scots, the 4th, 5th, and the 9th named the "Holy Boys," because they wards sold their Bibles for wine; the Fusiliers and 28th "Slashers," the Black the Fighting 43rd, the 71st Glasgow Light Infantry, now the strictest regiment the service, the Cameron Highlanders, and green 95th Rifles.

* * * *

General Baird was hastening from Co to join us, and we had already advanced : marches towards the enemy, when a blue French aide-de-camp got himself murdered village; his papers were purchased for 1 dollars, and Sir John Moore learned for the time the true extent of the overwhelming against him.

Madrid, which was to have made such a defence, had held out *one* day; the shops open and the people tranquil; Toledo, and the whole of La Manche were in the of the French; a strong force was about to march on Badajoz, and the Emperor Napoleon was reviewing 60,000 veteran troops, including part of his famous Imperial Guard, at the city.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand were mustering to oppose us; their cavalry alone exceeded our entire army by 12,000; to linger on the plains with such a horde around us would have been absolute madness. There was nothing for it but to show a

Soult, and gain the sea with as much as possible before the others could come. I though the word "retreat" has an unt sound to English ears, when it is l with as great a display of heroism as at unfortunate occasion, it becomes a British annals which we could ill afford

* * * *

Reserve, on whom, with the cavalry, the fighting devolved until the army Corunna, was formed of the 20th and nd the 28th, 91st, and 95th, under : Anstruther and Disney. First blood rn at Rueda, where the 18th Hussars y prisoners, and the same evening the the 7th Hussars played the Reserve into the Douro.

afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, whose Lord Edward, was in command of the marched the 10th and 15th Hussars on and intensely dark night to Sahagun, in the grey dawn to find the place full h cavalry. Without a moment's hesi- re 15th charged and overthrew them, irteen officers and a hundred and fifty- in twenty minutes.

5th was the Duke of Cumberland's regi- d one of the most expensive in the army. on heard of our advance on the same : Sahagun was fought, and, leaving en to overawe Madrid, marched with o cross the Guadarama range.

g on in the depth of winter—the s forced to cut roads through the snow —they reached the passes, and toiled elve hours without the advance guard e to gain the summit; but so tremen- s the wind that the Emperor had to : and struggle forward on foot, holding e arms of Marshals Lannes and Duroc, following linked together, with heads ore the driving snow.

ay up they stopped, the generals ex- in their heavy jack-boots, and bestriding ass guns, Napoleon and his officers in mer arrived at the top, seeing through ling flakes the plains of Leon far below

bling down, he hurried the jaded troops twelve leagues a day until he came hree miles of the river Esla—only to t we had already crossed it, and had days' rest at Benevente.

is at our escape, he sent his favourite

Chasseurs-à-Cheval of the Guard in hot pursuit, with a support of infantry; but without waiting for the foot-soldiers, the gallant Charles Lefebvre Desnouettes splashed through the fords with his horsemen into the open fields full of camp-followers, and drove our pickets back towards the town.

Six hundred of those splendid troopers, in green jackets and red pelisses, careered magnificently over the trampled snow; but behind some straggling houses Paget was waiting with the 10th Hussars, until they should have got sufficiently forward.

Then a line of blue and silver, and curving sabres and brown busbies, tore out of the concealment, gathered up the retiring pickets, and rushed upon the Chasseurs. There was slashing and shouting and riding down, and the French squadrons returned through the fords again at full gallop, leaving fifty-five killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners.

They re-formed on their own side, and for a moment it was thought they would charge us, but a couple of guns put them to the right-about, and their leader remained in our hands.

Private Levi Grisdale, of the 10th, saw him riding for the river, in a green frock, with a hat and feather, and, spurring after him, dodged a pistol-ball and cut him over the left cheek.

Grisdale was promoted, although the 3rd Germans claimed that a private of theirs, named Bergmann, had taken the general; but the uniforms of the two regiments were very similar then, both being in blue with yellow facings and white braid, and it is difficult to distinguish things accurately in the hurry of a combat.

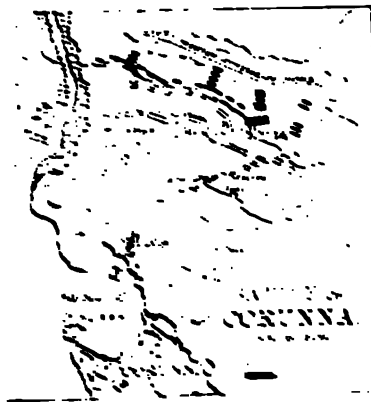
Desnouettes lived at Malvern and Cheltenham, where he made many friends, until May, 1812, when, breaking his parole, he escaped to France, only to be taken again at Waterloo, where Grisdale also fought as a sergeant, and the unlucky general was eventually drowned off the Irish coast in 1822.

At Benevente the 3rd Hussars alone lost forty-six men and twenty-two horses, with forty-seven more wounded; but we had checked the Guard and shown our teeth; and when the night winds were howling among the porcelain friezes and broken porphyry columns of the old castle on the hill, we withdrew cautiously in a thick fog and continued our retreat.

Captain Darby and seventeen privates of the 10th died of fatigue during the march to Bem-bibre, and they shot sixty horses that could go no farther.

the carrier

Astorga was found to be full of miserable Spanish soldiers who had eaten up most of the stores, and whose condition was summed up in not a few words: "Very hungry—very sick—very dry!"



A number of women and children followed the army, and their sufferings were truly terrible. Soldiers began to fall out, unable to keep up with the

main body. The language used was of the most desperate kind. "The snow," they said, "is too deep; there were large holes in the snow, and it was too hard to walk on. The snow was too deep, and the snow was too hard to walk on."

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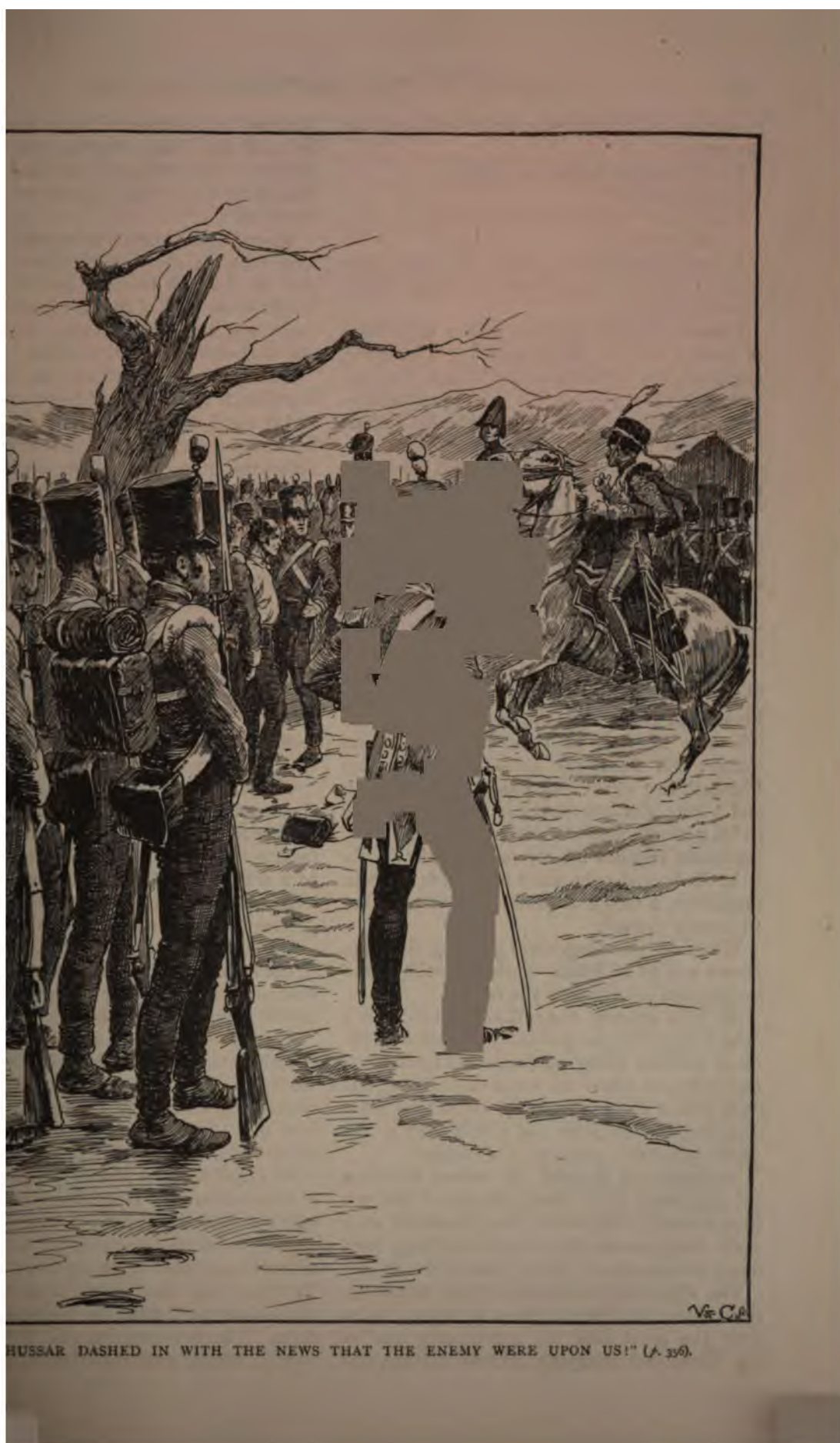
change: our columns began to ascend wild and dreary region, the road winding the mountain sides halfway between the snow and the rushing water in the valleys below.

Here and there a solitary cottage with a slate roof; at intervals the weary legs marked on stone pillars by the way; the hum of the axles of the bullock carts heard for a great distance, and slanting beat on the tired stragglers, whose number by this time terribly increased.

Bembibre, when the Reserve entered New Year's Day, was full of drunken men from Baird's divisions; officers and men careless, and thought only of themselves. It was found necessary to flog and hang to give some semblance of order, with an active eye on our very heels.

The light troops had marched thither Sir John Moore intended to go, but at Orense a message overtook them to send the transports round to the coast, and Captain Heisse, after a hard gallop through the snow, was just in time to deliver the vessels before an unfavourable wind drove them into the harbour mouth.

At Calcabellos, while Lord Edward was haranguing the Reserve on the growing insubordination, two men were caught in the act. The troops were formed in hollow square round to witness their execution, when a human voice was heard with news that the enemy were upon



HUSSAR DASHED IN WITH THE NEWS THAT THE ENEMY WERE UPON US!" (A. 356).

BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

the men will give promise better behavior than the women."

"That is the unanimous reply."

"That is all."

"That is all," said a thousand throats.

"That is all."

"That is all," said a cheer, the men were all in a row, and went off at the double.

"That is all," said a cheer, the men were all in a row, and went off at the double. There was a large body of French dragoons posted in a vineyard, on the road to the bridge.

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and dropped behind, his comrades took care and musket for him, but two of them came up, and, unarmed as they were, shot him to pieces almost in sight of the enemy.

Misery and disorder increased; the men were sent on ahead, with the exception of the 3rd Hussars, and the rest fled every yard of the way until they reached Lugo, where Sir John drew up in order, and discipline was again restored.

All day, in the drenching rain, we watched the French to attack, but Soult was too tired and at night, leaving the fires burning, he continued its retreat, gaining several hours before the enemy became aware of it.

The pay-waggons, heavily laden with dollars, were abandoned, as the oxen were used up, and Lieutenant Bennet took a drawn pistol and orders to shoot any who lingered there.

Hugo, of the 3rd Hussars, gave an allowance to each man of his detachment was carried in their corn-sacks to Corunna delivered to the Commissariat; but the £25,000 worth—was pitched over the valley, the barrels breaking on the road, sending a silver cascade far down beyond reach of the marching army.

The stragglers crowded round and for the money spilled on the road, one won of Sergeant Maloney, of the 52nd—made a fortune for life; but, stepping from the deck to a transport at Corunna, she slipped, the weight of the stolen treasure took her to the bottom of the harbour, never to rise again.

While the miserable wretches were searching in the snow, the enemy came up and slaughtered without mercy, stopping in their turn to pick up the spoil, and giving us a little breath.

Farther on we met some Spanish troops charging their muskets briskly, as though minding, and it was feared that the French intercepted us, but on getting closer we told that the contemptible riff-raff were *firing to warm their hands!*"

At Lugo Sir John Moore had issued an order in which he said: "It is evident that the enemy will not fight this army, notwithstanding the superiority of his numbers, but will only come to harass and tease it on its march. The army has now eleven leagues to go, the soldiers must make an exertion to reach them. The rear-guard cannot stop, and the fall behind must take their fate!"

the troops were now barefooted, and more or less in rags. Far too many men had been allowed to accompany us, were starving in a wild and sterile land, where a yellow fowl was often the only plundered cottage.

I found nothing at Villa Franca but a few pounds of salt pork, which Major Browne tied up for the men—to lose it in the night-march to

the officer, on embarking, exchanged for a pig, but in the confusion the pig was shipped on board one transport and to another!

Under that the "Slashers," on finding the roads frozen to death among the *débris* of the waggon, moved the corpses to the crabs for the crusts among which they were lying!

It was the custom to stop all stragglers from them a proportion of the rations, and by that means they collected to serve out a ration to every rear-guard!

Where the country reminds one of a private who had been sent on with a quantity of potatoes, which he carried as the 28th filed past the house he gave three or four to officer and man at distinction; and at the same place some of the "Slashers" went into a house where there was a fire, and where they dried their clothes.

A general was sleeping snugly in an armchair, well wrapped in furs, and his two aides-de-camp were standing by the fire.

The "Slashers" laid his valuable watch on the table, returning from the door, where he was directing some stragglers, found that the aides-de-camp had walked off

and he was held responsible for all the trouble," was the grumpy remark of a general. What could be expected of men whose officers were thieves?

A halt was made at Betanzos, and while the wind covered the partial destruction of the town, the army marched in column only to find the Atlantic roaring on and not a sail in sight!

There were in great force at Betanzos, but our continued escape. One sergent alone in advance of his squadron, at the end of the bridge, but a private of the 1st Thomas Savage, stepped out and

shot him, securing his cloak before the others came up.

The Engineers bungled the bridge, and blew up one of their officers with it, while we had to fall back on Corunna before it was properly destroyed.

Fine weather now dried our rags. On the 11th January the Guards were quartered in the town, the Reserve near St. Lucia, and the other regiments posted in strong positions. Vast stores were meanwhile destroyed in Corunna, and two hundred and ninety horses of the German Legion shot in the arsenal square at St. Lucia, amid the tears of the brave troopers.

The 12th proved damp and foggy, and no trace of the fleet could be seen. The French still held back, our officers exchanging pot-shots with them until Paget put a stop to it; and on the 13th a terrific explosion from 4,000 powder-barrels caused something very like a panic in both armies. Corunna was shaken, its windows smashed, and a rain of white ashes fell for a considerable time.

At last, on the afternoon of the 14th, the transports hove in sight, and as soon as they were anchored we began to embark the wounded and the guns, the cavalry being ordered to ship thirty horses per regiment and shoot the rest, as there was not time to get them on board with a heavy sea running. The 15th Hussars brought four hundred to Corunna, and landed in England with thirty-one! The 10th—the Prince of Wales's particular regiment, and the first in our service to wear the showy Hungarian dress, which its hussar troop had adopted in 1803 and the entire corps two years later—began the campaign with six hundred handsome chargers and took thirty home again.

The greatest confusion took place among the camp-followers, but by degrees the embarkation proceeded, our gallant tars going in some cases two days without food in their noble efforts to help us.

There was a little skirmishing, but no very decided movement, until the 16th—in fact, French officers were seen picking up shells on the sands at low water within range of our muskets—but at last the infantry alone remained on shore, and the 28th, among others, was ordered to fall in at two o'clock on the 16th to march down to the boats.

Scarcely had they mustered when, a violent cannonade being opened upon us, and a forward movement being observed, they went off at the double towards the enemy again. They had done

eighty miles in the last twelve days, standing several nights under arms in the snow; they had repulsed the French seven times, and the 28th alone had lost more than two hundred men; yet,

retake Elvina, which was rendered for by sunken lanes and stone walls, but brave scrimmage which lasted half an h

French were driven out and the Gua vanced to take up the originally occupied by the t

ments. The Black Watch havi hausted their cartridges fel thinking the Guards were n to support them, and the returned in force and ente village again.

Sir John rode up to the and learning that their am was expended, said, "You h your bayonets, my brave High —remember Egypt!" and wi

the Black rushed once mon

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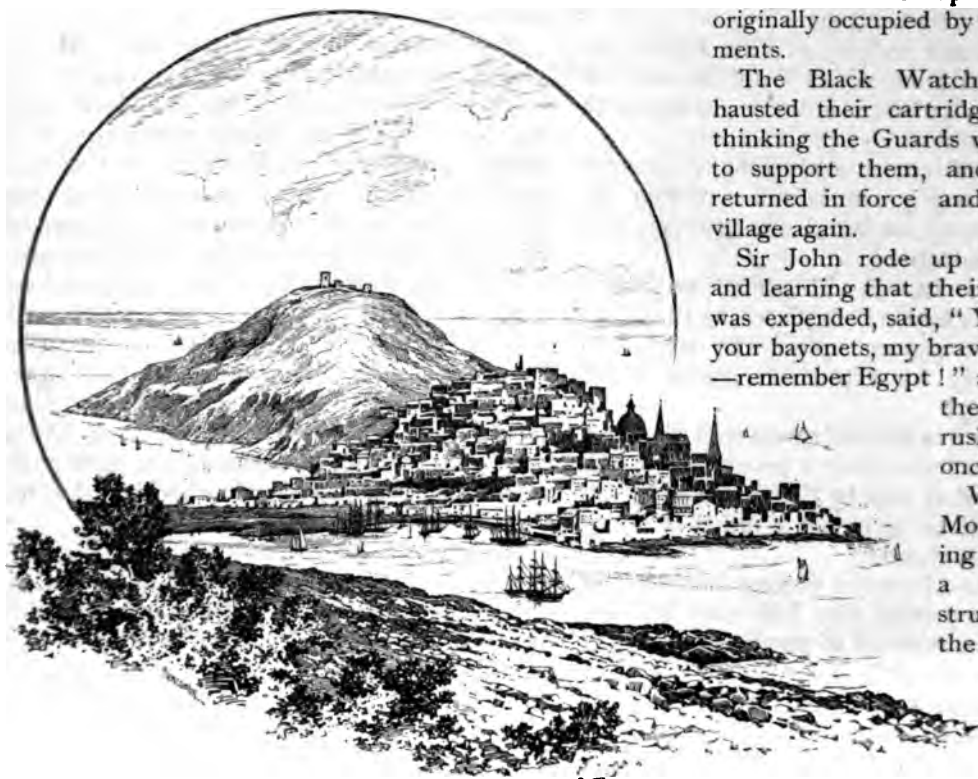
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CORUNNA.

when the battle of Corunna began, the Reserve had fewer men missing than any other division!

Some of the generals wished Moore to come to terms with Soult, but nothing was farther from the brave Scotchman's thoughts.

Circumstances had compelled us to retreat, but it was no part of a British soldier's training to shirk a battle at the last moment; consequently, the low hills behind Elvina were soon echoing to the rattle of musketry as our black-gaitered infantry opened fire on the French columns.

There was little or no manœuvring during the engagement: Soult advanced in three masses, driving our pickets out of the village of Elvina.

Baird, of Seringapatam fame, held the right of our line, Sir John Hope formed the centre and left with his division, while Paget and Fraser were in reserve before Corunna: 14,500 men in all, facing 20,000.

Sir John Moore sent the 50th and 42nd to

arm and for a moment gazed into the Highlanders driving the French: back.

Then, as a happy look came into his some face, the staff crowded round him saw the shocking state of his wound. shoulder was completely shattered, and arm hung by a piece of skin; the ribs of heart were broken and bared of flesh, while muscles of the breast were torn into shreds, among which the hilt of his sword got entangled.

"I had rather it should go out of this world with me," said the dying hero, as he made an attempt to disengage it.

Men of the 42nd and Guards carried him tenderly in a blanket, taking an hour to reach Corunna, the general frequently making halt and turn him round.

Like Wolfe at Quebec, his anxiety was for the success of the army, and like Wolfe!

were cheered by the knowledge that
aten the French.

ad fallen back, General Baird was badly
and Hope carried out Sir John's
ans for the embarkation.

the people of England will be satis-
the dying man. "I hope my dear
ill do me justice. Oh, Anderson!" he

to his friend, "you will see my friends
ell them everything—my mother——"
oke down.

believed to be devotedly attached to
ter Stanhope, eldest daughter of the
Stanhope, famous alike for his eccen-
d his study of the electric fluid; and
ast recorded words were in remem-
her, addressed to her brother, his
mp.

sed away very quietly in his forty-
ar, and England lost one of her most
soldiers.

ial, in the citadel at night by some
e 9th, has been described in a poem
s immortal honour to the Irish clergy-
penned it, and the gallant enemy flew
our halfmast high on the citadel and
ate over his grave, Marshal Soult after
cting a tomb to

ry.
ss at Corunna
the French,
e own accounts.

on, 3-pounders,
without Sir
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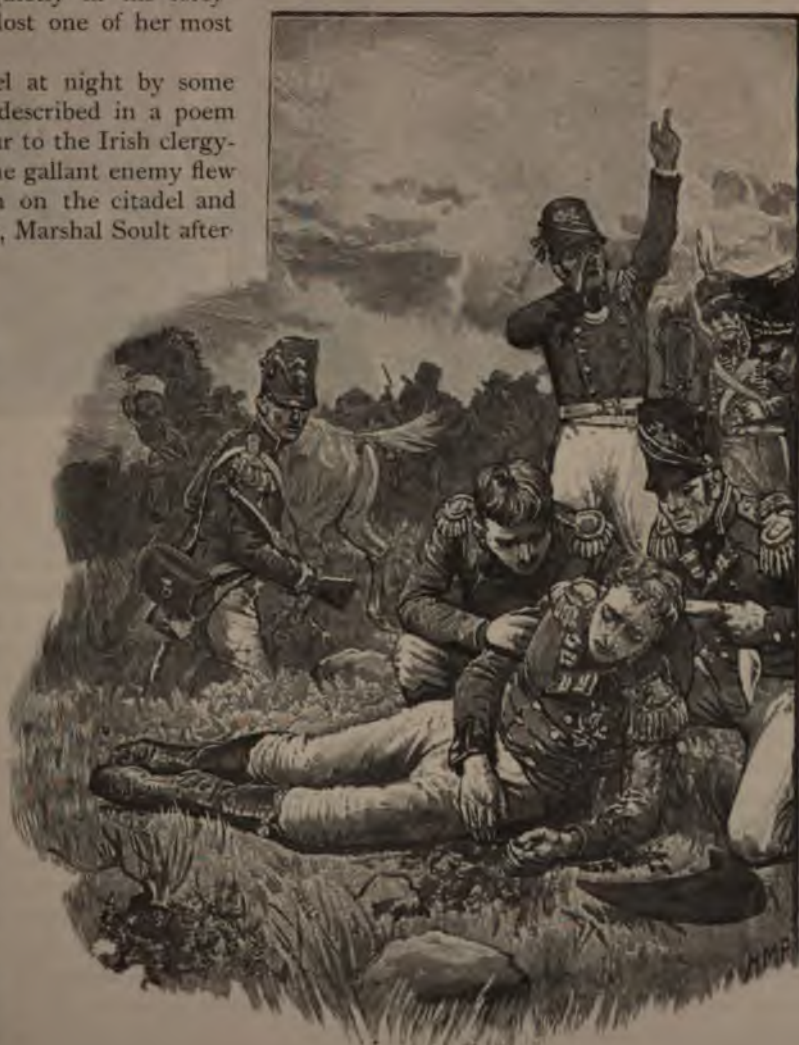
th was the last
to enter Co-
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the vessels, and
d to transfer the
their respective

ships was prevented by the enemy opening fire
from St. Lucia. The cables were cut, and
the three hundred transports put to sea on the
17th, convoyed by several men-of-war, the old
Victory amongst them, and after cruising about
in the offing for two days, they put helm up for
England, where the army landed in a wretched
condition.

All the clothing of the Rifles was burned
behind Hythe barracks, in a state that spoke
volumes for the misery undergone.

The *Smallbridge* went ashore near Ushant, and
over two hundred of the German Legion were
drowned. Then the newspapers began to raise
a disgraceful outcry against the whole expedi-
tion, and the good name of Sir John Moore was
placed under a cloud by men whose information



DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

was false, and whose opinion was of no more value than a spent cartridge.

We have learned the true state of things since then, and ample justice has been rendered to Moore's noble character in the subsequent histories of that glorious period.

The last survivor of Corunna, Thomas Pa of the 23rd, died at the great age of a hundred and was buried at Weston-super-Mare, with military honours, in April, 1889—*eighty* after his chief was laid to rest "with his mantle around him."



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

* We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning."

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.



THE immediate causes which led to the battle of Navarin, or Navarino, are of a romantic and dramatic character.

On the 6th of July, 1826—the Greeks risen in revolt against the oppression of Turks in 1820—a treaty had been signed in London on the part of Great Britain, France, and Russia, having for its object the pacification of the Levant by intervention between England and Greece. Through the indiscretion of an unknown official the treaty found its way into the *Times*, which published it in its issue of the 12th, 1826—six days after its signature. It became fully known to all concerned, and the official instructions which it rendered necessary could be delivered. As a result, Sir Edward Codrington, the British admiral in the Mediterranean, found himself in a situation of difficulty, and was directed to consult with the French and Russian admirals, and arrange a course of action with them.

The instructions of the three admirals in question definitely required an armistice between England and Greece, and limited the period for acceptance to one month. If the result of negotiations should be—as was, of course, anticipated—acceptance by Greece and rejection by Turkey, the admirals were instructed to enter into friendly relations with the former country, and direct their fleets to prevent all Turkish or other reinforcements or warlike stores from being transported for employment against the Greeks. Each of the allied admirals had particular instructions to take care, if possible, that any measures they might adopt in restraining the Ottoman navy should not wear the aspect of hostilities. They were directed to endeavour to carry their arguments rather by a display of force than by the employment of it. Briefly, is a review of the situation whose result was the battle of Navarino.

Edward Codrington, the British admiral

in the Levant, as we have already said, found himself in a situation of perplexity on the publication of the treaty. The French squadron was at Milo, and the Russians had not yet arrived. But with that instant resolution which has always been such a fine characteristic of the British naval officer's spirit, Sir Edward determined to take the initiative, and with three sail of the line he placed himself before Hydra to oppose, "when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot" the whole of the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. The "general order," which he issued to all his captains on September 8th, 1827, well illustrates the policy which the English commander-in-chief resolved to adopt.

"You are aware," he writes from on board the *Asia*, "that a treaty has been signed between England, France, and Russia for the pacification of Greece. A declaration of the decision of the Powers has been presented to the Porte, and a similar declaration has been presented to the Greeks. The armistice proposed to each, in these declarations, has been acceded to by the Greeks, whilst it has been refused by the Turks. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the allied naval forces to enter, in the first place, on friendly relations with the Greeks; and, next, to intercept every supply of men, arms, etc., destined against Greece, and coming either from Turkey or Africa in general. The last measure is that which requires the greatest caution, and, above all, a complete understanding as to the operations of the allied naval forces. Most particular care is to be taken that the measures adopted against the Ottoman navy do not degenerate into hostilities. The formal intention of the Powers is to interfere as conciliators, and to establish, in fact, at sea the armistice which the Porte would not concede as a right. Every hostile proceeding would be at variance with the pacific ground which they have chosen to take, and the display of forces which they

have assembled is destined to cause that wish to be respected ; but they must not be put into use, unless the Turks persist in forcing the passages which they have intercepted. All possible means should be tried, in the first instance, to prevent the necessity of proceeding to extremities ; but the prevention of supplies, as before mentioned, is to be enforced, if necessary, and when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot. In giving you this instruction as to the duty which I am directed to perform, my intention is to make you acquainted thoroughly with the object of our Government, that you may not be taken by surprise as to whatever measures I may find it necessary to adopt. You will still look to me for further instructions as to the carrying any such measures into effect."

On September 11th Sir Edward Codrington, with the *Genoa* and *Albion*, arrived off Navarino, and beheld the whole of the expedition from Alexandria at anchor in the harbour, where it had arrived two days previously. The English squadron hovered off this place for above a week, awaiting the coming of the allies. On the 19th September Sir Edward Codrington notified the admiral commanding the Ottoman force in the port of Navarino that he would be prevented—by extreme measures, if necessary—from attacking the Greeks. Notwithstanding, on the 21st a division of the Turkish expedition got under way, and came out of the harbour. Their intentions were clear, and the British ships cleared for action. What the issue of this incident might have been it is difficult to say, had not the sails of a strange squadron appeared upon the horizon to windward whilst the English and Turks were still manœuvring near the land. The vessels turned out to be the French fleet, under Admiral de Rigny, and whatever might have been the intentions of the commander of the Ottoman expedition, it retired back into the harbour immediately the strangers were near enough for the French colours to be visible.

By the arrival of Admiral de Rigny at Navarino, not only was Sir Edward Codrington's force largely augmented, but he was relieved of his isolated and critical responsibility by the certainty of a joint action in whatever steps might now be taken. The Russian squadron had not yet appeared ; but the British and French admirals at once commenced proceedings by interviewing Ibrahim Pacha, the commander of the Turkish forces at Navarino, and clearly impressing upon him the determination of the allied Courts to carry out the spirit of the treaty,

and the necessity imposed on them (the admirals) to enforce the armistice referred to in the instructions. The interview was a long one. Ibrahim said that the admirals must be treated as soldiers like themselves, and that it was as imperative for him to obey orders as for them ; that his instructions were to attack Hydra, and that he must put them into execution, it being for him merely to act and not to negotiate. The admirals replied that quite sympathised with the feelings of a man under such circumstances, and that they congratulated him upon having a force opposed to him which it was impossible to resist. Ibrahim reminded him that if he put to sea in defiance of their amicable warning they must carry their instructions into execution, and that if he resisted by force the total destruction of his fleet must follow, which, they added archly and significantly, was an act of madness the Grand Seignior could not applaud. Amidst a profusion of Oriental compliments, French politeness and British bluntness was this interview between the warlike Turk and the allied admirals carried on, and, although in conclusion Ibrahim pledged his word of honour to observe the armistice, yet the actual result of the long palaver was to leave things very much in the same situation in which they had been before.

Admiral Codrington's description of Ibrahim is contained in a letter written by him to his wife Jane shortly after the interview referred to, particularly interesting. After a very good description of the Turkish camp and of Ibrahim's tent, he proceeds :—" They first began with a ceremony of introduction, which, as there were a good many of us on either side, was proportionally long. . . . At length, however, we were settled, and began to look around me again. This tent also was open, and from his sofa he looked down over the whole harbour, and the sight was beautiful, covered as it was by ships and boats of all sorts continually passing to and fro. His tent was *outside* the walls of Navarin ; and, indeed, what force he had with him appeared to be outside of the town. . . . Together, I thought he had chosen the coolest and most convenient place to pitch his tent in could be found. But to return thither. Ibrahim is a man of about forty years old, not a good-looking, but with heavy features, very much marked with the small-pox, and as fat as a pig. Though I had no opportunity of seeing his height—as he was on his sofa, lying down sitting the whole time—I should not think

re than five feet seven inches. He was, *for a* *cha*, plainly dressed, I think, particularly as his
owers and officers were covered with gold
l embroidery; and, *for a Turk*, I think his
nners were very good indeed. The conver-
ion first began about the weather, and such
amon-place things; for I learnt (from the

sea. This was a direct breach of the parole
which had been passed, and the Honourable
Captain Spencer, in the *Talbot*, was instructed
to inform the Turkish admiral that he would
not be permitted to proceed, and that if he
allowed a single gun to be fired at the English
flag the whole of his fleet would be destroyed.
This message speedily caused the Turks to
bring their ships to the wind, and the second in
command, Halhil Bey, came on board the *Asia*.
He admitted that he had been present at Sir
Edward Codrington's interview with Ibrahim
Pacha, when the latter bound himself in
honour not to send any of his fleet out of



ZANTE.

terpreter) he does not talk of business till
her coffee."

Ibrahim proved treacherous. He disregarded
his own word of honour to accept the armistice,
and there followed a long series of negotiations,
in which the attitude of the allied admirals
gradually grew more threatening and that of
the Ottoman leader proportionately defiant. On
the 2nd of October, in the midst of a heavy
bunderstorm, the Turkish fleet boldly put to

the port, but pretended to believe that it had
been sanctioned for a Turkish squadron to go to
Patras. The British admiral bluntly informed
Halhil that, having broken their faith with
him, he would not trust them henceforth, and
that if they did not put about and return to
Navarino he would make them. This message
was accompanied by the *Asia* firing a gun
and filling her main-topsail; on which the
Turkish fleet, by a signal from their admiral,

swung their yards afresh and stood back towards the harbour.

This little incident confirmed Sir Edward Codrington in his intention of summarily enforcing the treaty he had been despatched to uphold. Admiral de Rigny, on his part, showed no less a degree of determination to maintain the pledge which his nation had conjointly given to the Greeks. Down to this period, however, the Russians had not appeared upon the scene; but on the 15th of October their squadron, under Count Heiden, joined the French and British fleets off Zante. Sir Edward Codrington, from seniority of rank, was commander-in-chief of the combined fleet. On the 18th of October the three admirals held a conference for the purpose of concerting the measures of effecting the object specified in the Treaty of London—namely, an armistice *de facto* between the Turks and Greeks. They considered: "That Ibrahim Pacha having violated the engagement he entered into with the admirals on September 25th for a provisional suspension of arms, by causing his fleet to come out and proceed towards another point in the Morea; that since the return of the fleet, owing to meeting Admiral Codrington near Patras, the Pacha's troops had carried on a warfare more destructive and exterminating than before, killing women and children, burning habitations, etc., for completing the devastation of the country; and that all endeavours to put a stop to these atrocities by persuasion and conciliation, by representations to the Turkish chiefs, and advice given to Mehemet Ali have been treated as mockeries, though they could have been stopped by a word: Therefore the admirals found that there remained to them only three modes of action:—

"1st. The continuing throughout the whole of the winter a blockade—difficult, expensive, and perhaps useless, since a storm might disperse the squadrons, and afford to Ibrahim the facility of conveying his destroying army to different parts of the Morea and the islands;

"2nd. The uniting the allied squadrons in Navarin itself, and securing by this permanent presence the inaction of the Ottoman fleets, but which mode alone leads to no termination, since the Porte persists in not changing its system;

"3rd. The proceeding to take a position with the squadrons in Navarin, in order to renew to Ibrahim propositions which, entering into the spirit of the Treaty, were evidently to the advantage of the Porte itself."

Having taken these three modes into consideration, the admirals unanimously agreed that the last method was best calculated, without bloodshed, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadrons, to produce the desired end. Sir Edward Codrington had a considerable difficulty to contend with in the jealousy which existed between the Russian and French admirals, and it called for no small exercise of tact on his part to maintain harmony in the combined fleet. The allied force was as follows:—

English: Three line-of-battle ships, four frigates, four brigs, one cutter.

French: Three line-of-battle ships, one double-banked frigate, one frigate, two cutters.

Russian: Four line-of-battle ships, four frigates.

In all twenty-four ships of war.

The Ottoman force was as follows:—Three line-of-battle ships, four double-banked frigates, thirteen frigates, thirty corvettes, twenty-eight brigs, six fire brigs, five schooners, forty-one transports.

In all, one hundred and thirty sail of vessels. The Turks had in addition to this imposing force an army of 35,000 Egyptian troops in the Morea, of whom 4,000 were on board the transports.

On the 19th of October Admiral Codrington issued his instructions to his colleagues as to the manner in which the combined fleet was to be disposed on entering the port of Navarino.

"It appears," runs the order, "that the Egyptian ships in which the French officers are embarked are those most to the south-east.* It is, therefore, my wish that his excellency Rear-Admiral Chevalier de Rigny should place his squadron abreast of them. As the next in succession appears to be a ship of the line with a flag at the main, I propose placing the *Asia* abreast of her, with the *Genoa* and *Albion* next to the *Asia*; and I wish that his excellency Rear-Admiral Count Heiden will have the goodness to place his squadron next in succession to the British ships of the line. The Russian frigates in this case can occupy the Turkish ship next in succession to the Russian ships of the line; the English frigates forming alongside such Turkish vessels as may be on the western side of the harbour abreast of the British ships of the line; and the French frigates forming in the same manner, so as to occupy the Turkish

* It was known that a number of French officers were in the enemy's ships, and to these Admiral de Rigny addressed a letter of warning.

abreast of the French ships of the line permits, before any hostility is commenced by the Turkish fleet, the ships are to be kept with springs on the ring of each gun, so that no gun is to be fired from the combat without a signal being made for it. If a ship is disabled, unless shot be fired from any of the other ships, in which case the ships so disabled are to be destroyed immediately. The frigates and brigs are, under the direction of the commodore, of the *Dartmouth*, to remove the disabled vessels into such a position as will enable them being able to injure any of the enemy's fleet. In case of a regular battle and creating any of that confusion which necessarily arise out of it, it is to be remembered that, in the words of Lord Nelson, "I can do very wrong who places his side that of an enemy."—Edward Codrington, Vice-Admiral.

The allied fleet made an attempt to stand to the windward on the 19th of October, but the tide was too light and the current too strong to enable them to effect their purpose. On the 20th day, however, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the allied squadrons passed the entrance to the harbour to take anchorage. The Turkish ships lay in the form of a great crescent, with their masts and cables, the large ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, and the smaller craft filling up the intervals between them. The allied fleet was formed in the order of battle in two columns, the British and Russian the starboard or weather line, and the French the lee column. Sir Edward Codrington, in the *Asia*, led in, closely followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, and anchored in close proximity alongside a line-of-battle ship of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and one of the large double-banked ships thus having her proper opponent in the front line of the enemy's fleet. The four frigates to windward, which formed a portion of an squadron, were allotted to Admiral Codrington's vessels; and those to leeward, in the rear of the crescent, were to mark the position of the whole Russian squadron, the rear line covering those of the English fleet followed by the frigates of their

Codrington had been very express in his instructions that no gun should be fired until open hostility was committed by the enemy. This order was strictly carried out.

The three English ships were permitted to pass the batteries, and proceeded to moor in their respective stations with great celerity. But upon the *Dartmouth* sending a boat to one of the six fire vessels lying near the entrance to the harbour, Lieutenant Fitzroy and several seamen in her were killed by a volley of musketry. This immediately produced a responsive fire of musketry from the *Dartmouth* and likewise from the *La Syrene*, the flagship of the French admiral, followed almost at once by the discharge of a broadside gun from one of the Egyptian ships, and in a breath almost the action became general.

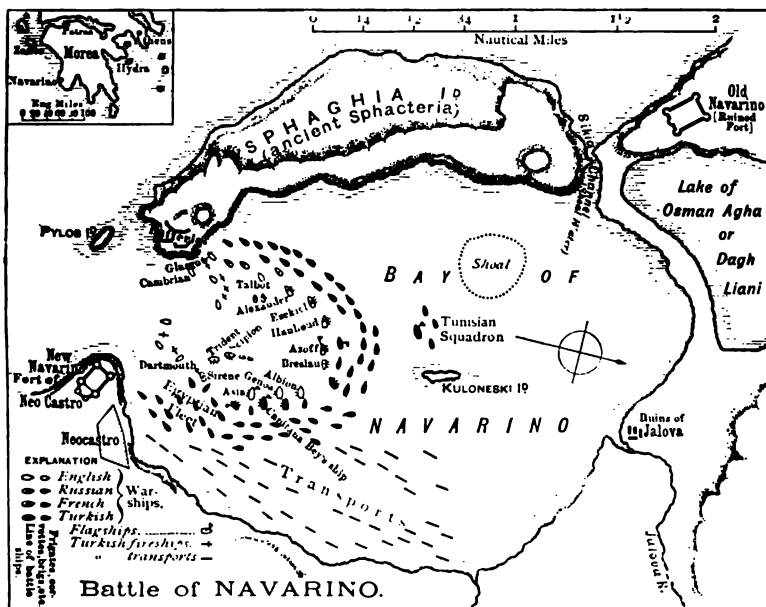
The *Asia* was ranged alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, and equally close to that of Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian squadron. As neither of these ships opened upon the British flagship, notwithstanding the action was raging briskly to windward, Sir Edward Codrington withheld his fire. No interchange of hostilities between the vessels took place, therefore, for a considerable while after the *Asia* had returned the first volley of the Capitana; and, indeed, it was evidently the intention of the enemy to try and avoid a regular battle, for Moharem sent a message that he would not fire at all. Sir Edward Codrington, equally willing to avert bloodshed, sent the British pilot, Peter Mitchell, who also acted as interpreter, to Moharem with a message to the effect that it was no desire of his to proceed to extreme measures. As the boat went alongside, a discharge of musketry from the Egyptian ship killed Mitchell, and at the same time she opened fire upon the *Asia*. Upon this Admiral Codrington opened his broadside in real earnest, and so furious was the fire from his ship that in a very little while the ship of the Capitana Bey and that of Moharem were reduced to total wrecks, and went drifting away to leeward.

The French and Russian squadrons played their part gallantly and well. "The conduct of my brother admirals, Count Heiden and the Chevalier de Rigny, throughout," wrote Sir Edward to the Duke of Clarence, "was admirable and highly exemplary." In the British division the *Genoa* and *Albion* took their stations with magnificent precision, and maintained a most destructive fire throughout the contest. The *Glasgow*, *Cambrian*, and *Talbot* followed the example set by the intrepid Frenchman who commanded the *Armide*, which effectually destroyed the leading frigate of the enemy's line and silenced the batteries ashore. Captain

Fellows, in the *Dartmouth*, succeeded in frustrating the designs of the fireships stationed near the mouth of the harbour, and preserved the *Syrène* from being burnt. The battle was maintained with unabated fury for above four hours, and owing to the crowded formation of the Ottoman fleet, and the close quarters at which the allied ships engaged them, the havoc and bloodshed were prodigious. As the Turkish vessels were one after another disabled, their crews set them on fire and deserted them, and the lurid scene was rendered infinitely more terrible and weird by the flaming ships and

grown feeble and scattered, and presently altogether. Their vessels continued to blaze to explode. Out of the proud fleet which noontide of that day had floated serenely the blue waters of Navarin harbour six were totally destroyed, and the remainder ashore in a shattered condition, with the exception of the *Leone*, four corvettes, six and four schooners, which remained after the battle. The carnage was frightful. As to the statistics furnished by Monsieur Lier, the French instructor to the Egyptian navy, to Commander Richards, of the *Albatross*,

the enemy's loss amounted to 3,000 and 1,109 wounded. The defeat, indeed, pronounced amounted to annihilation. At ten o'clock the night of the battle Sir Edward Codrington was writing an account of the victory to his wife. "Well, my dear, we have fought, and we have won, and we have annihilated their fleet. We have lost poor Captain Bell, R.N., many good men. I am entirely unharmed. The *Asia* is quite all right, having had her full share of the work. The admiral, however, in succession of many escapes, and, indeed,



incessant explosions among the huddled and shattered craft. The resistance of the enemy then began to sensibly slacken. By the time that night had closed down upon the scene, the Turkish fleet was so crippled as to cease any longer to be a menace to the violation of the Treaty. "When I found," wrote Sir Edward Codrington, "that the boasted Ottoman's word of honour was made a sacrifice to wanton, savage destruction, and that a base advantage was taken of our reliance upon Ibrahim's good faith, I own I felt a desire to punish the offenders." And most terribly punished they were. Never did British arms bear part in a more complete and decisive victory. When the dusk of the Oriental evening, obscured into a pall-like gloom by the dense banks of smoke, descended over the terrific spectacle, the enemy's cannonade had

seems to have borne a charmed life throughout the battle. Mr. Lewis, the boatswain of the *Asia*, while speaking to him early in the action, was struck dead. Mr. Smith, the surgeon, was also shot down whilst talking with Sir Edward. Codrington was a tall man, and in his form must have made a conspicuous figure upon the *Asia's* deck. Instead of his top hat he wore a round hat, which afforded a better shade to his eyes; this was pierced in places by bullet-holes. His coat-sleeve, which chanced to be rather loose, had two bullet-holes in it just above the wrist. A ball struck his watch in his fob and shattered it, but left him uninjured. Tahir Pacha afterwards admitted to Mr. Kerigan, on board the *Blonde*, that he had self-posted a company of riflemen to aim at the British admiral and shoot him if they could.

The combined fleets quitted the harbour of Navarino on the 25th of October, having tarried here, unmolested, to repair damages. They then suffered to depart by the Turks without the aid of a single shot, although it had been quite

of the Military Order of St. Louis; and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, in an autograph letter, bestowed upon him the rare honour of wearing the second class of the Military Order of St. George.



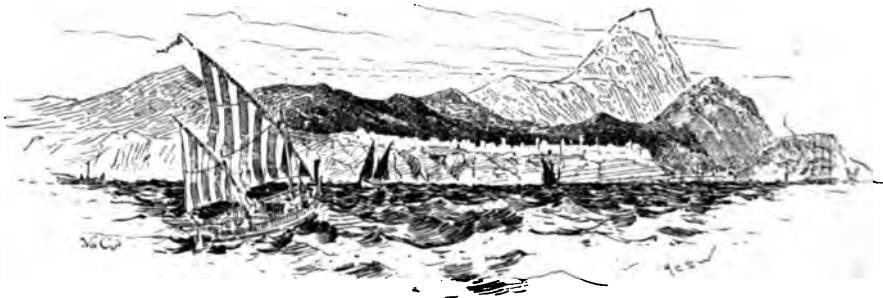
"THE BATTLE WAS MAINTAINED WITH UNABATED FURY FOR ABOVE FOUR HOURS" (A. 368).

expected that the batteries would open upon them as they passed the harbour mouth. On the 1st of November they arrived at Malta. Here they spent some considerable time in refitting. For his services Sir Edward Codrington received the Grand Cross of the Bath; the King of Greece conferred upon him the Grand Cross

Navarino was fought without any declaration of war, and the news of hostilities created great surprise in England. Many questions were asked in Parliament as to whether the British Commander-in-Chief had done wisely to treat the Turks as enemies, and there was much vacillation displayed by the weak Government

—Lord Goderich's—then in power. In the following June Sir Edward Codrington received a letter of recall from Lord Aberdeen, dated at the Foreign Office, London, May, 1828. It was a most elaborate document of twenty paragraphs, embodying a number of charges of misconception and actual disobedience of his instructions, and concluded: "His Majesty's Government have found themselves under the necessity of requesting the Lord High Admiral to relieve you in the command of the squadron in the Mediterranean." He left Malta for England on September 11th, amid the hearty regret of his companions-in-arms, and arrived home in the *Warspite* on the 7th of October, 1828. A revulsion of public feeling had meanwhile taken place during the interval—indignation at his recall and general reprobation of the injustice with which he had been treated. The Duke of Wellington's ministry was now in office. His Grace summoned Sir Edward to an interview, but seems to have behaved in a very cavilling manner. The pride and sense of honour of the fine old naval officer were deeply injured by the treatment he was receiving from a country to whose annals he had just added fresh laurels. His resentment of the injustice done him is well illustrated by

the following anecdote:—About a year had been recalled, Sir Edward Codrington present at a party given by Prince when the Duke of Wellington came up and said: "I have made arrangements I am enabled to offer you a pension for your life." The admiral's answer was immediate: "I am obliged to you but I do not feel myself in a position to receive it. . . . I cannot receive such a pension while my poor fellows who fought for me at Navarino have had no head-money, have not even been repaid for their arms which were destroyed in the battle." The duke remonstrated, said there was no objection to head-money, and insisted that, as the pension was bestowed by the king, Sir Edward must not refuse it. But he refused it, and stood resolutely. Shortly afterwards one of his political friends inquired: "What are you to do with Codrington?" "Do with him as you please," answered the duke, "what are you to do with a man who won't take a pension?" "I will do the right things; and Sir Edward Codrington lived to see full honour accorded to himself and those who had fought under him at the battle of Navarino.



NAVARINO.



At the beginning of the present century what was known as the Marátha Dominion had reached its zenith in India, and the progress of British policy brought the two powers into conflict. The Maráthas were a Hindu people whose home was in the tablelands of the Deccan. During the middle of the seventeenth century, under the guidance of a great national leader called Shivaji, they expanded into a martial race, and ultimately became one of the main factors in the downfall of the Great Mogul, as the head of the Muhammadan Empire over Hindustan was called.

In 1803 the Maráthas were masters from the north to the confines of Hyderabad in the south, and, excluding the mountainous provinces, from Cuttack in the east to the sandy deserts of Rajputana in the west. Their territorial or tributary possessions probably five or six times greater than those of the English. Their government was based in a confederacy of five powerful chiefs, of whom the principal, called the Peshwa, held court at Poonah. Their national characteristics were strongly marked; for, although constantly warring and jarring with one another, they depended but the presence of a foreign foe to maintain immediate union in their ranks. Each of the great chiefs entertained an immense feudal army of predatory horsemen (not unlike the Russian Cossacks, but without their discipline), which could bring literally hundreds of thousands into the field to carry on the system of a warfare which enabled them to sustain a rule of terror. Their wild soldiery swept Hindustan like a whirlwind; devastation followed their path; they never stopped to rest but scattered when they could not secure a victory at their first appearance. They were nomads of the nomads; their saddle was their bed; they slept in the open, their horses

picketed to their spears stuck in the ground, and with their swords at their sides, ready at a moment's notice for foray or for flight. They were invincible vagabonds, whose invulnerability lay in the impossibility of getting a blow at them.

They would have been wise had they remained true to the system of warfare which raised them to a great martial power. But towards the end of the eighteenth century one of their chiefs—Madhaji Scindia, a shrewd statesman and an experienced soldier—observed, during a period of war with the English, the superiority in battle their disciplined ranks of infantry gave them, and how easily their small but compact bodies of foot were able to repel the attacks of the freebooting lancers, who never dared to come to close quarters. Wherefore, he began to create a regular army of his own, under the command of a very remarkable soldier of fortune named De Boigne, who entered his service as a generalissimo in 1784, and raised and drilled troops for him after the European fashion—an example which was soon followed in a lesser degree by other chiefs in the Marátha Confederacy.

De Boigne and his brigades became famous for their passwords in their day, and won many notable battles for their master in Central and Western India. The adventurer entertained friendly feelings towards the English, but when he resigned Scindia's service, in 1796, his command passed to a Frenchman named Perron, who, at a time when England and France were engaged in war, was naturally antagonistic to the British power in India. Perron increased the Marátha regular army until it amounted to 40,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 464 guns, and encouraged Dowlut Rao Scindia—a vain, worthless, dissipated chief, who had succeeded Madhaji—to regard his troops as equal to those of the English, and himself as the strongest and greatest prince in Hindustan.

the siege and storm of Seringapatam, although he held only subordinate command, his clear and commanding intellect, his energy and skill in action, were the rapidly decisive operations which terminated the war." To these two great events the chief conduct of affairs was now

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THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

Wm. Fells & Co., Reigate.

city of the Mogul capital, 14,000 in-
ear Poonah, and an additional 6,000
up from the latter place to reinforce
of Upper India. In addition to these
troops he had command of countless

against Delhi. His first exploit was the reduc-
tion of the fortress of Aligarh, where the enemy
proved their valour, for they "fought like lions,"
and 2,000 were killed before they surrendered
to the stormers. Delhi fell a week later, after



THE MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR, AGRA.

Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.

of Marátha horse, contemptible as fight-
er, but excellent as pure plunderers to
an invading army and cut off its sup-
ply. There were also several large contingents
of regular infantry belonging to the other
of the confederacy, and to minor chieftains
who secured them feudal obedience. The total
force was disciplined and irregular, opposed to the
British in what is known as the second Marátha
war, and did not fall short of 150,000 fighting-
men, of whom a third had enjoyed an almost
uninterrupted career of victory for twenty years,
in which they had never lost a gun, and
were held to be—as indeed they subsequently
proved themselves—little, if at all, inferior to
European troops. The strength of the English
was limited to about 50,000 men, distributed in
small garrisons over the length and breadth of India,
at widely-distant spots as Cuttack, Guzerat,
Bombay, Poonah, and the southern Marátha
territories. Lake, in the north, and Wellesley
in the south, were at the head of the most
valuable divisions, numbering about 11,000
each.

War was declared in August, the height of
the rainy season, and General Lake advanced

to an obstinate battle fought in sight of its
minarets, in which 3,000 of the enemy were
killed or wounded, and 68 of their guns taken;
and within a month the celebrated fortress of
Agra, at that time considered the key of Upper
India, was captured after a thousand of the
garrison had been slain.

A foe who could sacrifice 6,000 lives, or nearly
a third of their fighting strength, in three con-
secutive actions, was not one to be despised, and
the resistance offered to Lord Lake was prob-
ably the most obstinate hitherto displayed by
any native army in India. The fugitives from
the three places—Aligarh, Delhi, and Agra—
now formed a junction at a spot equi-distant
from them to the westward, where they were
joined by the brigade of regular infantry that
Scindia had ordered up country at the begin-
ning of the war, and who were known as the
"Deccan Invincibles."

Just previous to the outbreak of hostilities
that chief had summarily dismissed from his
service all his European officers whose sym-
pathies were, or were supposed to be, with the
English; and after the first reverses the French
officers of the force followed Perron's example,

and deserted their colours. In consequence, this army of fugitives found themselves at their most critical hour bereft of all their European leaders—a disaster sufficient to dismay the most daring. But there arose an able and gallant substitute from their own ranks in the person of a native named Surwar Khan, who assumed command, and proved himself a very capable, if unfortunate, general in the field.

Hearing of this rallying on the part of the enemy, General Lake determined to attack them, and annihilate the Marátha power in Northern India with one final blow. Leaving

loss of life might be greater, the battle generally to the assailants. But the assault had to be led, and Lake conceived it was the duty of their chief to lead them. How erroneous this doctrine may be considered it held good a hundred years ago. Through his active career Lake is ever to be found at the head of his men in battle, whether cavalry or infantry, encouraging them forward. When the danger was greatest, the assault most arduous, there was Lake surely to be seen leading the van.

So it was with him now. Notwithstanding that the Maráthas numbered over 10,000 strong, of whom 9,000 were disciplined and 1,000 irregular cavalry, and were a gallantly posted, he determined to attack instantly, and setting himself at the head of his little brigade, as any cavalry colonel would do at the head of his regiment, he rode to the enemy's position.

He was successful in forcing their first line but it was at a desperate cost of life. The British were opposing—swarthy mercenaries that they were, and they were nothing else but brave and able as Lake himself. On their standards were emblazoned the names of hard-won, but now forgotten, victories, of which they were justly proud. They had made their first reputation in restraining and repelling wild charges of the Rhatore Rajpoots, accounted the finest horsemen in Western India, and countless squadrons of gallant Mughal fierce Rohillas had dropped away before withering volleys, as they stood in close ranks, shoulder to shoulder, reserving the word of command. They were a different force now, when Lake and his Dragoon dashed at them. It was the first campaign in which they had been brought face to face with the famous Feringhee warriors, but they were not daunted. They were prepared, for their guns had been linked together with chains stretching from one battery to another, and these impeded Lake's cavalry, who blundered to the unseen obstacles, for the grass of the field was tall and rank, and before they could reach themselves were exposed to a frightful slaughter.

"Surwar Khan's battalions," writes Thorn, the historian of the war, "reserved fire till our cavalry came within a distance of twenty yards of the muzzles of their guns, which, being concealed by the high j



a force to hold Agra, he set out from that city on the 27th October, and four days later learnt that the Maráthas were encamped within a forced march of him. Ordering his infantry to follow, he pushed on at the head of his cavalry brigade of three regiments of British Dragoons and five of Native Horse, and at sunrise on the morning of 1st November, 1803, came upon the enemy at the village of Laswaree.

Of all the great and gallant generals whose names adorn the roll of British valour there is not one more distinguished for individual prowess than Gerard Lake. He believed in personal example in the leader, and dash and daring in the follower. As an ensign of foot he had seen and noted, during the Seven Years' War, the tactics of Frederick the Great, and been imbued with them. It was his creed that attacking troops enjoyed a moral superiority over a stationary enemy, and although the immediate

were perceptible only when a fierce discharge of grape and double-headed shot mowed whole divisions, as the sweeping storm levels the growing crops of grain to earth. But notwithstanding this iron storm, nothing could repress the ardour of our men, whose velocity overcame every resistance. They penetrated the enemy's line they immediately formed again, and charged backwards towards three times, amidst the continued cannon and the incessant shower of grape and rain-shot, with surprising order and effect. A scene of horror was heightened and the work of destruction increased by the disadvantage which our cavalry had to act ; for no sooner had they charged through the artillery of the enemy—who to save themselves crouched under their guns for shelter—than, directly the cannon had passed, they darted out, reloaded their pieces, and turned them on our rear."

On the face of this prodigal resistance General Lake's length compelled to retire, and drawing his shattered brigade out of fire, he waited for his infantry and guns to come up.

At five o'clock arrived about noon, after a forced march of thirty-five miles, during which the music of the drums in front had quickened their footsteps and urged them to extraordinary exertions. Their force consisted of one regiment of European infantry and four of sepoy, with a few light guns. The greater part of their artillery having been unable to keep up with them in the heavy rain, the roads consequent on continual rain. A short hour was allowed them for rest and refreshment, during which Surwar Khan took a more advantageous position, a little behind the British line, which brought a large tank, a small lake of water, into his front, whilst the British was protected by the village of Mehál. Cutting the embankment of the tank, he opened the space between the two armies and filled it with his artillery. He was no longer a leader this, who could link his guns together, repulse a charge of British cavalry, and on the spur of a moment, impede his own by transforming the ground they had to march on into a marsh !

The Marátha army was drawn up in one line, awaiting the attack, when, at two o'clock, General Lake formed his infantry into two columns, one to support the other in turning the enemy's right flank, and ordered his cavalry to charge against their front. The renewal of the battle was ushered in with a tremendous discharge from the Marátha guns, which had

been posted with great judgment by Surwar Khan, who, directly he perceived the plan of attack, threw back his right wing with much adroitness, so as to bring it almost at right angles to his front, with the village wedged in the angle so made, and protecting both rears—seeing which the 76th Regiment, supported by the 12th Native Infantry, wheeled and advanced against the Marátha line ; but, as they closed in, the admirably-served guns of the enemy mowed down their ranks, and for a time threatened them with actual annihilation.

It was just at this urgent moment that General Lake's horse was shot under him, and his son, dismounting to offer his own, was severely wounded before his father's eyes. Simultaneously a matchlock-man in the enemy's ranks aimed at the general, who fortunately happened to turn, and this accidental movement allowed the charge to pass under his arm, burning the side of his coat. But never for an instant did his cool judgment and resolute fortitude forsake him. With scarce a glance at his stricken son, he calmly remounted, watched for a moment the progress of the action, recognised it was too great a risk to wait for the reserves to come up, and determined to dare all and charge home with the bayonet.

No sooner had the command been given than, with a ringing British cheer, the 76th leapt forward, supported with praiseworthy alacrity by the Native Infantry corps. And now Surwar Khan, with consummate generalship, ordered his cavalry to charge, but even as he did so the British dragoons dashed up to the relief. Horse and foot met in one great shock of battle ; sabre rang out against bayonet, and musket flashed against pistol and carbine. A short period of indescribable *mêlée* ensued, in which the fate of the day was decided.

But although defeated, the Maráthas were not disgraced. They were veteran troops, and knew how to die with a dignity seldom displayed by mercenaries. True to the traditions of "De Boigne's Brigades," they fought to the end. Their breasts met the opposing British bayonets ; their gunners yielded up their lives rather than desert the pieces they worshipped with a devotion that was fanatic, if it was not actually religious. Staunch and true to the discipline they had been taught, a little remnant of the infantry retreated in good order until they were broken in column by the dragoons, who detoured and took them in rear. Then came the end. The Marátha cavalry escaped, but

of their 9,000 infantry who stood in battle array that morning, only 2,000 survived to surrender as prisoners. In all the ghastly annals of war there have been few more dreadful instances of carnage, or more devoted sacrifices to the shrine of a soldier's duty, than that exhibited by this Marátha legion on the field of Laswaree.

The afternoon's battle was fought and won in less than two hours. The enemy's camp was captured, together with seventy-four guns and forty-four stands of colours. The British lost



LORD LAKE.

(From an Original Painting by Drummond.)

nearly nine hundred men, including forty-two officers, out of a total of about 6,000 engaged.

The credit of the victory was due to the presence of mind and cool daring of General Lake. "His masterly plans of attack were carried into instantaneous execution by his unrivalled personal activity; and he appeared with matchless courage in front of every principal charge." This was the tribute of the Marquess Wellesley to the conqueror, who paid one as noble to the gallantry of his foe. "All the sepoys of the enemy," wrote Lake the day after the battle, "behaved exceeding well, the gunners standing to their guns until killed by the bayonet. If they had been commanded by their French officers the affair would, I fear, have been doubtful. For these fellows fought like devils—or rather like heroes!"

And it is recorded by one who had a share in these stirring events that on the evening of the battle, as the general was returning from the field, the Europeans, who loved him as leaders are loved, cheered him. When taking off his hat, he thanked them, and pointing to the Marátha artillerymen, who were clustered thick around their guns, "Do," he said, "as these brave fellows have done, and die!"

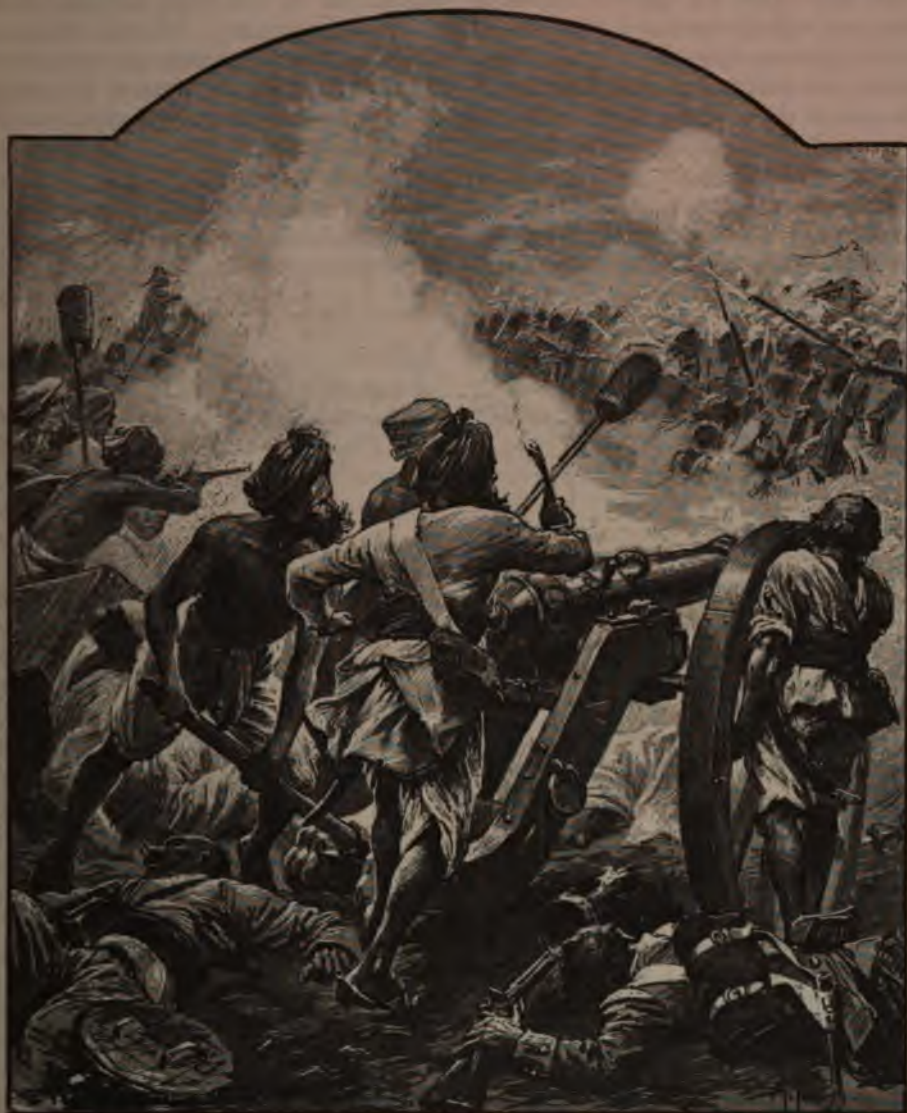
We must now turn our eyes to the west, where Scindia and the Rajah of Malwa, another chief of the Confederacy, took the field at the head of their united armies. General Arthur Wellesley was in command of the British force sent to attack them. Crossing the Godavari river to the north-east of Poonah, he reached Aurangabad, where he learnt that Scindia had entered the territory of the Nizam, after which Colonel Stevenson, who, with an army of 10,000 men, was watching the Ajunta Pass. In consequence of this information General Wellesley altered his route, and proceeded south, intending to intercept the enemy before they could reach Hyderabad. Whereupon Scindia, whose Marátha scouts kept him excellently informed, retraced his steps, and in this way managed to elude his pursuers for three weeks, in spite of several attempts to bring him to action. It was not until the 21st September that an opportunity occurred of doing so; and at a conference between Wellesley and Stevenson, who had met at a junction, they arranged to attack Scindia on the 24th. For this purpose the two divisions separated again, in order the more quickly to pass through some narrow and difficult passes in the hilly country which barred their way to their objective point—a place called Bolar, where it was believed Scindia could be brought to bay.

In pursuance of this concerted plan of attack, General Wellesley, after a fatiguing march of twenty miles, found himself at one o'clock on the morning of the 23rd September at the Kaitna, and suddenly came upon the foe drawn up on the opposite side of the stream to dispute the passage.

So shifty were the tactics of Marátha war, and so often had Scindia decided to "wait for another day," that now the chief was at such a striking distance the general determined to attack him without waiting for Colonel Stevenson. India has been won for us by the boldness of our generals, who from the days of Lord Clive to those of Lord Roberts have ever

portunity by the forelock, no matter what peril or how great the responsibility. But dom has such a daring decision been arrived as that which led to the battle of Assaye. Scindia's force of 17,000 foot contained

"the Maráthas, numerous and daring as they were, stood astounded and appalled at the audacious spirit of this comparatively insignificant array that thus presumed to attack their formidable host." It was a prodigiously bold



TURNED THEM ROUND AND POURED GRAPE AND CHAIN-SHOT INTO THE REAR OF THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH " (p. 378).

500 disciplined infantry. He was overpoweringly strong in artillery, being accompanied by a grand park of 115 guns; while his hordes of Marátha horse numbered not less than 30,000. Against such odds as these Wellesley prepared to lead his little force of 4,520 men, of whom 170 (the 74th and 78th Regiments) were British infantry, 2,000 native infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and 150 artillery. No wonder that

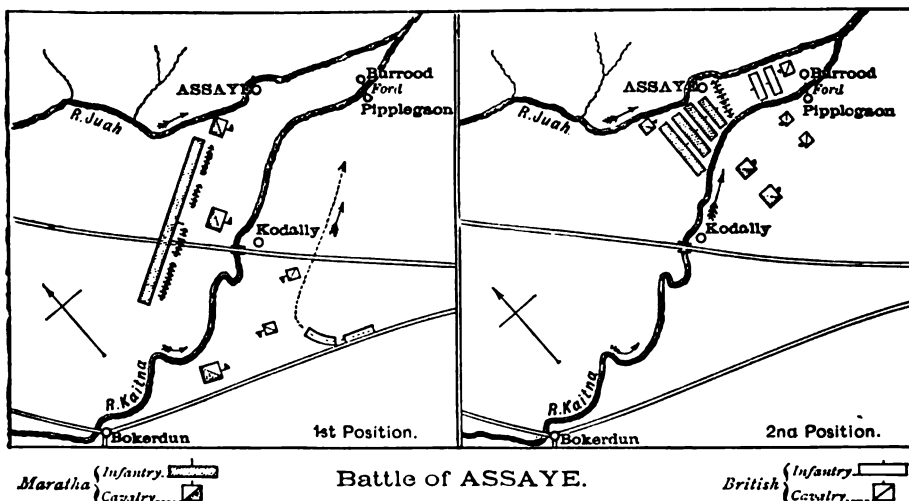
he bid for fame and fortune, and laid Wellesley open to a charge of rashness. "But had I not attacked them," he is recorded to have said in answer, "I must have been surrounded by their superior cavalry, my troops have starved, and I had nothing left but to hang myself to my tent pole!"

The Maráthas had taken up their position facing south, and in a triangular piece of ground

formed by the junction of the rivers Kaitna and Juah, which flowed from west to east, the former intervening between them and the English, and the latter protecting their rear. Wellesley, reconnoitring the position, perceived two villages almost facing each other on opposite banks of the Kaitna, and rightly surmised that a ford communicating between them must exist. Leaving his cavalry to watch and check a demonstration on the part of the enemy's horse, bodies of which had crossed the Kaitna towards his left, the general, turning to the right, led his infantry and guns through some ravines and broken ground, which hid their progress, until he reached the ford. Crossing it, with little or no

lost nearly 400 of their total strength of men, whilst of their nineteen officers eleven were killed and seven wounded. Taking advantage of their distressed condition, a body of Mahratta horse summoned sufficient courage to them, and in one wild, nervous scurry charged their gaping ranks. "This," writes an observer, who was present throughout the engagement, "was the critical moment of the engagement, and if the enemy's cavalry had pushed the charge they would never have withstood that overpowering force of the 74th." But assistance was at hand, for the general had already ordered his cavalry, who had overawed the body of Mahratta horse they were left to watch, and they

now sent relief to their comrades in distress. The British Dragoons drew 350 yards, followed by the regiment of Mahratta cavalry. Nothing could resist the petuous charge, and they met the Mahratta pell-mell on the Juah, followed to the



loss, he began to form line of battle, facing westward. This necessitated a corresponding manœuvre on the part of the Maráthas, whose line had been facing south, and with all practicable speed they changed front, until their left rested on the village of Assaye and the Juah river, whilst their right extended to the banks of the Kaitna. Thus situated they faced the British, who were hemmed in between the two rivers, whose confluence was at their rear. Round the village of Assaye, Scindia massed a great number of guns, and, while our troops were forming, their shot fell like hail, and created great slaughter in our line, and especially amongst the artillery bullocks.

At this moment one of Wellesley's officers, who commanded on the advanced right, blundered, and, contrary to orders, attacked the village of Assaye. This brought the whole fire from the guns stationed there upon the 74th Regiment, who were so dreadfully cannonaded that they

side, sabred some of the enemy's infantry as they stumbled across there, and then re-joined our main line.

Despite this serious check on our right, the British advance had not been really impeded. Pressing steadily forward in the face of the tempest-blast of shot and musketry, the British reserved their fire until it could be given with effect, and then, delivering but a single volley, charged bayonets and stormed the enemy's ranks. The ardour of their onslaught carried them over and past it in their determined suit of the Marátha infantry, who were now driven back to a second line in their rear. When—as at Laswarce—the Marátha gunners came out from under their pieces, where they had taken refuge, and manning them again, they shot them round and poured grape and shot into the rear of the victorious British advance.

This obliged our infantry to turn back

guns for the second time, but from an direction—a movement that had so : resemblance of a retreat that the infantry, who were still in good order, urged to halt, face about, and come ie attack.

the main tide of action was thus backwards and forwards, a body of the infantry, whose line in the first instance outflanked ours, having slipped past managed to reach some of our guns, ing to the destruction of the bullocks them, had perforce been left behind. : this dangerous movement, General —who throughout the whole battle

riding everywhere, directing the id encouraging the men—placed him : head of the 78th foot and 7th Regi- Native Cavalry, and led them to the

the way his horse was shot under himself exposed to the most imminent but mounting another charger, he chieved his object and drove the

This marked a phase in the battle, sole Marátha line now began to waver ick, fighting desperately notwithstand- they were brought to bay on the he Juah river, which intercepted their treat to the northwards. Here, huddled ped for room, they made their last stand, until they were finally defeated ered after a spirited and sanguinary at had lasted for three hours.

efore the end Scindia and the Rajah eserted them, flying at an early stage tion, whilst the Marátha cavalry, after charge against the wrecked ranks of never again adventured to face those war tigers" the British dragoons. ragoons" (wrote one of their captains) ge, powerful men, the weight of whose most annihilated us, whilst they umbers of my troopers by merely riding em!" And so the Marátha horsemen themselves with hovering on the out- he battle until they saw the day was they sought safety in flight, followed nnants of their infantry.

ided one of the most important and, so tish losses were concerned, most san- ttles ever fought in India. Our casu- ounted to 1,566 killed and wounded, 600 were Europeans and 50 officers.

The percentage was one in three of the total number engaged—probably the highest ever recorded amongst Europeans in a pitched battle. The enemy's loss was estimated at less than our own, but their 98 guns, 100 tumbrils, and entire camp and military stores were captured. It was a glorious victory, gloriously won by General Wellesley. "It is nothing to say of him," writes one who was by his side throughout the day, "that he exposed himself on all occasions, and behaved with perfect indifference in the hottest fire (for I did not see a European do otherwise, nor do I believe people do); but in the most anxious and important moments he gave his orders as clearly and coolly as if he had been inspecting a corps or manœuvring at a review."

The enemy that withstood us at Assaye were no common "country" foe—to use an adjective of disparagement indigenous to India—but a trained and disciplined army; and officers present who had witnessed the power of the French artillery in the wars of Europe, declared that the Marátha guns were equally well served, and that they fought with a prowess worthy of a European nation. Nor was it to be wondered at, for "De Boigne's Brigades" had won a reputation at that time in India as great amongst the native Powers as ever did the legions of ancient Rome in the countries they conquered.

This "matchless victory" (as his brother the Governor-General termed it) raised Wellesley to the first rank of British generals, and laid the basis of that great career of glory and renown which he subsequently increased on the plains of Spain and crowned on the field of Waterloo.

To the genius of Gerard Lake and Arthur Wellesley Great Britain owes the chief expansion of its empire over India. For their victories crushed out the last remnant of French influence in that country, broke down the powerful dominion of the Marátha, secured an immediate increase of territory that doubled our then-existing possessions, paved the way for future conquest, and obtained for us the mastery of the entire seaboard of India. For these advantages, which we have enjoyed for nearly a hundred years, and which have helped to raise us to our proud pre-eminence among the nations of the world, we are indebted to the British blood so freely poured out by Britain's gallant sons on the battlefields of Laswaree and Assaye.



THE operations which ended with the fall of Vicksburg, on the great Mississippi river, constitute one of the most interesting and important episodes in the American War of Secession. The capture of that strong fortress, familiarly known as the Gibraltar of the South, was the turning-point in the long fratricidal struggle between North and South. Till then there were grave doubts as to the issue of the rebellion. The Confederates had been more generally successful than the Federals; the Union cause was growing rather hopeless; the North was disheartened at many failures; the latest elections had declared against the vigorous prosecution of the war, voluntary enlistments had ceased, and conscription—or forced recruiting—was most unpopular. Only a decisive victory could re-establish the fortunes of the North. This was the firm conviction of a general who now for the first time was to come prominently to the front—the famous Ulysses S. Grant. He was resolved to use every effort to bring about a change, and being in command of the national forces employed against Vicksburg, he meant, if possible, to reduce the fortress and open up the Mississippi.

The Vicksburg campaign is the more notable because it was the real starting-point in the triumphant military career of this remarkable man. It was now that General Grant showed his fine qualities, that his reputation rose till he was universally acknowledged as a great commander. In spite of his generalship at Shiloh and elsewhere, he had been but little appreciated; no one realised his genius for war. He had few friends; he was libelled as a confirmed drunkard; he would have been superseded in the command of this very army which he was soon to lead to victory but for the support of the President, shrewd old Abraham Lincoln, who,

although personally unacquainted with Grant, replied to the many demands for his removal: "I rather like the man; I think we will try a little longer." Six months later the wisdom of this forbearance was fully proved, and the Union was practically saved.

The possession of Vicksburg was of paramount importance to both sides: occupying a strong natural position, which had been carefully fortified, it commanded the lower waters of the Mississippi. This mighty river was the dividing line between the Southern and Western States of the Confederacy, cutting them exactly in two. The North held it above and below, but Vicksburg and another fortress called Port Hudson blocked it in the middle, thus affording the Confederates a means of communication with the outlying territory beyond on the western side of the river. From this territory they drew their supplies: beef from the prairies of Texas, munitions of war that had run the blockade ordered by the Gulf of Florida, and by this means alone they had news from the outside world. If Vicksburg and Port Hudson surrendered, it would be an irreparable misfortune; for the Confederates would be circumscribed within narrower limits—shut in and shut out—and the first serious blow would be struck at the heart of the secession.

But Vicksburg still defied its enemy, however pertinacious and enterprising. Its peculiar situation was its principal protection. It stood on a high land on the eastern shores of the Mississippi, and was unapproachable except from that side. The ground upon the other side was swampy, intersected with rivers and water courses, overgrown with a dense growth of forest-trees at times an almost impenetrable jungle. It was a country nearly impassable in summer, and in winter generally submerged. The soil was soft and sticky, and the ground

with its numerous tributaries, for getting its channels. Before Grant could attempt to take Vicksburg he must get at it, which was impossible from any but the river. On this side, too, the Confederates were in strength; Vicksburg was in command of the river, and drew its supplies from the Mississippi State capital further to the east, leaving a considerable Confederate army in the field.

In the winter and early spring months

prepared for the still more arduous work that was awaiting them.

What Grant wanted, and what he knew he must have, was a firm foothold on dry ground and on the eastern shore. To secure it he conceived a new and original plan. This was to carry the bulk of his army to a point a long way below Vicksburg, and work up against it from down the river. The scheme was both daring and hazardous, for it meant the exposure of communications with a great fortress planted



GUNBOATS PASSING VICKSBURG.

plans were made by Grant against

The novel expedient was tried of diverting the course of the great river. The effect of this would have been to take Vicksburg high and dry—a so-called

But the canal, planned on a scale for this purpose, was a failure when

So was a movement down a labyrinth of rivers and creeks which approached from the northward, and a third attempt by the afterwards famous General to ascend another set of watercourses south-west was also a failure. The

result of these tedious and unprofitable operations was that the Federal army was hardened and acclimatised, well

in between, the probable loss of the base of supply, and the fighting of the enemy perhaps on his flank, perhaps to his rear. But Grant had counted the cost, and was ready to face the risks for the great advantages they might possibly bring. He persisted in this plan, moreover, in the teeth of much opposition; his subordinates did not approve of it; his most trusted lieutenant, Sherman, directly opposed it as conceived in error and as false to military principles. But nothing could move Ulysses Grant from his purpose.

In order to rightly understand the movements of the campaign now imminent—one which, in truth, ranks with Napoleon's best—it is necessary to realise something of the lie

of the land and the positions of the opposing forces. The Mississippi, roughly speaking, flows from north to south. On its western bank was the low ground which Grant, leaving his base at Memphis far behind him in the north, was about to descend in order to cross the river far south of Vicksburg. The fortress stood on the eastern bank, between the Mississippi and another river—the Big Black—which covered its rear. Jackson, the capital of the State, was east of Vicksburg; and behind it, still eastward, was the main strength of the Confederacy.

Grant commanded four army corps, each numbering, roughly, some 15,000 men. They were—the 13th Army Corps, under General McClernand; the 15th ditto, under General Sherman; the 16th ditto, under General Hurlbut; and the 17th, under General McPherson. Of these he desired to use the 13th, 15th, and 17th in the field, leaving the 16th under General Hurlbut at Memphis as a reserve. In the order of movement McClernand was to take the advance, McPherson to follow, and General Sherman was to bring up the rear. As the whole line of march was long, and extended to fifty or sixty miles, the troops were much spread out, so that Grant commenced the campaign with barely 20,000 men up at the front, and when it was nearly half over he had only 33,000. The Confederates were three times as strong; General Pemberton, who commanded in Vicksburg, had in all some 50,000 men, and in Jackson and beyond there were as many more.

The first indispensable step in the campaign was to get a portion of the Federal fleet from above to below Vicksburg. Steamers were needed to ferry troops across the river, and to keep them supplied. There were, however, fourteen miles of batteries to run past—a perilous undertaking; but it was accomplished in the teeth of a terrible fire from the fortifications of Vicksburg, and without serious loss. The steamers and transports were protected by great bales of hay and cotton and by sacks of grain, against which the enemy's shot and shell did but little damage. This operation was twice carried out successfully, and nearly all the steamers and barges carrying freight got through safely.

Grant now hurried forward to take personal command of the advance. Throughout this enterprising campaign it was he himself who directed and controlled everything. He was the life and soul of the whole business, the

centre and mainspring of every move. He wrote all his own orders, giving brief minute instructions to everyone—commissaries, quartermasters; and often when careful execution was vital, he went to the spot to see his orders carried out. He was never a man who knew his own better, or who, having once made it up, insisted in the course he had decided upon such unshaken tenacity and confidence. He stood alone, too, in the most trying part of the campaign. Superiors and subordinates alike condemned his scheme as hopeless and doomed beforehand to inevitable failure. He knew all this, yet he never once faltered. He saw his whole danger, discounted any doubt, and went straight ahead. When by his generalship he had hoodwinked, outmanoeuvred, and finally overwhelmed his enemy, he was as a military leader burst forth brilliant as the sun through clouds.

McClernand crossed the river with his men on the 29th April, 1863. They had a good landing at Bruinsburg, and on the following day his corps and part of McPherson's disembarked. At last Grant found as he himself tells us, "on dry ground the same side of the river with the enemy." . . . When this was effected, I felt a sense of relief scarcely ever equalled since." He was already in a position of danger. He had entered the enemy's country with a fraction of his force—a vast river and the strong fortress of Vicksburg between him and the rest of his army and his base of supplies. But his courage rose to the occasion, and he promptly prepared to strike out. He had already committed a mistake. He meant now to do worse; in defiance of all military principles he resolutely cut himself quite adrift from his communications, taking with him only his ammunition trains, and trusting to the country—for a rich one—for his supplies of food. He carried a couple of days' rations in their sacks, which they were told must be at least seven. All baggage was reduced to a minimum. He (the general-in-chief) took with him but a tooth brush. He had to pick up a meal where he could; the first week he rode on a borrowed horse, his saddle, of unfinished workmanship, provided only with stirrup leathers.

Time was the essence of the movement initiated. He had placed himself in the midst of two fractions of the enemy, which, co-

far superior in numbers, but which he tackled singly and in equal strength with herwise inferior force. This is considered winning triumph in strategy, and Grant set himself with extraordinary vigour to reap the fruit it afforded.

His movement, made with great rapidity, was eastward. He aimed at Jackson, the capital, the right, while his left hugged the Big River (behind which was Vicksburg), watching the fords and bridges, and both shielding his advance upon the right flank, and securing him against attack by Pemberton. McClernand's—the first across—had fought and won the battle at Port Gibson on the 1st May, the

of which was to be up Grand Gulf, a point upon the river which was the only base which he possessed for three days, but which he never used. This Grand Gulf was now evacuated by the enemy as untenable, but still, the Confederates had no clear idea of what Grant was at. They were the more conjecturing rather to an end from the northern consequences of the operations ordered by Grant and effected by Sherman upon the Bluff, above Vicks-

This was only a diversion, but it was made with so much effect that Pemberton was led to believe that he was coming on in force in that direction. His mistaken idea was further encouraged by a successful cavalry raid which had just been accomplished by Colonel Grierson, and who had traversed the whole State of Mississippi in ten days from north to south, marching several hundred miles in that time, having inflicted irreparable damage, and incurring only the trifling loss.

While the Confederates were looking for him elsewhere, Grant pushed on to the east. He could have approached Vicksburg at once from where he stood, and his scouts got within miles of it; but he knew Gregg, the Confederate commander, was alone at Jackson, and intended to hit him before he could concentrate with Pemberton. Having changed the disposition of his army corps, so that McClernand,

supported by Sherman, who was now coming up into line, held the Big Black River, while McPherson took the extreme right, he directed the latter general to reach out towards Jackson. On the morning of the 12th May, McPherson encountered the enemy in position at a place near Raymond, not eighteen miles from Jackson, and promptly gave battle. Being in overpowering strength, he won an easy victory. This opened the road to Jackson, and while Pemberton, still deceived, was expecting him at Edwards Station, on the Jackson-Vicksburg railway, Grant put out his whole strength to capture the State capital with all conceivable despatch.

A new Confederate commander, General "Joe"

Johnson, had replaced Gregg, and was now at Jackson. He was a leader of repute, and with a less doughty antagonist matters might have gone differently. Johnson desired now to detain Grant in front of Jackson, and on the 13th, the day after the battle of Raymond, he sent orders to Pemberton to come up in force and attack Grant's rear and supposed line of communications with Grand Gulf.

But Grant was too quick for him, too strong on the decisive spot. On the

evening of the 13th McPherson was at Clinton, within fifteen miles of Jackson; Sherman was in front of Raymond; McClernand had withdrawn from in front of Pemberton at Edwards Station, and was coming up behind McPherson at Clinton.

On the night of the 13th both McPherson and Sherman were ordered to march straight on Jackson at early dawn. It was raining in torrents, and the roads were almost intolerable—sometimes a foot deep in water. But both generals pressed forward. By 9 a.m. on the 14th McPherson was in touch with the enemy's pickets, and drove them back; by 11 a.m. Sherman was up, and both were ready to attack. The onslaught was made with so much spirit, the opposition was so feeble, that by 3 p.m. both corps were in possession of Jackson. "Joe" Johnson had evacuated the city, and hurried off northward, hoping still by a long detour to effect



SKETCH SHOWING GENERAL SITUATION IN 1863.

a junction with Pemberton. On the night of the 14th Grant slept in the very house which Johnson had occupied the night before.

Grant's first business was to dismantle the capital, to tear up the railways, destroy factories

peril. Grant acted with his usual promptness and at once faced round. Orders were given to countermarch all his columns, and Jackson city behind, to turn on Vicksburg westward, that is to say—and fight back the Mississippi River.

This retrograde movement began on the 15th May. Grant directed all his forces to converge upon Bolton, a station on the Jackson-Vicksburg railway, twenty miles from the city and twenty-five from the river place. Meanwhile, Pemberton with his Confederate army marched southward. On the 16th, at Edwards Station, still in the hands of Grant's communication, he received the orders of his superior, General Sherman, who had retired with the intention of attacking Clinton, but he imagined the rear-guard of Sherman was posted. Bolton was quite unaware of the whole of Grant's army in this neighbourhood, and that it was on the move against him. But as he fell back he came in contact with the advance, commanded by McPherson, and took a strong position on the high ground known as Champion's Hill. The battle which followed was the most important and hotly contested campaign.

On the morning of the 17th Grant, having heard that Pemberton was marching eastward, feeling certain that a contest was imminent, summoned Sherman up from the south, and desired McClernan who was south at Rayn-



"HERE AND THERE THE FEDERALS CROWNED THE WORKS WITH THEIR FLAGS" (p. 386).

and arsenals, and render Jackson useless to the Confederates. While the work of demolition was in progress he learnt through an intercepted despatch that the enemy was endeavouring to concentrate, and that unless he forestalled them a junction between Johnson and Pemberton would speedily be effected. To allow this would be to lose all the advantages he had secured so far, and more, it might bring him into imminent

close up, and support McPherson. Grant, in response to McPherson's urgent request, moved up to the front, and assumed command. It was well that he did so, for McClernan was next senior in rank, was a disappointed man, of doubtful generalship; and had Grant been present in person the battle of Champion's Hill might have ended badly for the national forces. As it was, McClernan

over-caution or ineptitude, was so slow of movements that he was too late to take the action, the brunt of which fell upon him. The opposing forces were in consequence evenly matched, and it was long to which side victory would incline. Grant's dispositions secured a tactical success, and by a well-directed movement he turned the enemy's flank. A precipitate attack followed, and after four hours' hard fighting the battle was won. Had McClernand, who throughout was within a mile or two of Vicksburg, come up in support, very few of Grant's men would have escaped. As it was, he lost 3,000 men, killed and wounded, and no more were taken.

The battle of Champion's Hill was the last but one in a series of engagements that brought Grant under the walls of Vicksburg. It was also the most severely contested and the costliest in lives. Only one battle was fought—at Black River Bridge, where a division of McClernand's, which had been in pursuit, came upon Grant's rear-guard in an exposed position, and carried it off gallantly. Lawler, a brigadier-general, was conspicuous in this attack, and led the charge in his shirt-sleeves. After that the whole of Grant's forces swept forward.

Grant taking the right, McPherson the left, and McClernand the center. In this order they quickly approached and encircled the city. Vicksburg was now in sight. Vicksburg was a long distance, and the first aim of this campaign was accomplished. Grant's army ground to the eastward, and far from being once again in touch with the river base of supplies. The communications had practically severed in the south. Having Grand Gulf he now reopened the roadward at Haines Bluff. The result was that the daring effort made. In less than two weeks, between the 30th April and the 5th May, Grant's victorious army was in rear of Vicksburg just where he had wished to place it. He had marched his troops, to whom in all these days' rations had been issued, through a hilly country for 180 miles; he had

fought and won five battles. The capital of the Mississippi State had fallen; 6,000 prisoners had been taken, and the same number of Confederates killed or disabled. Above all, Grant had secured at length the ungrudging approval of all who had never anticipated such triumphant success. Sherman especially—the man whose opinion he most valued—came to him before Vicksburg and confessed that up to that moment he had no positive assurance of success. "This campaign," he added forcibly, "even although Vicksburg is not yet taken, is undoubtedly one of the greatest in history."

But it could not be called complete until the fortress for which so much had been risked



was actually captured. Everything urged Grant to make a dash on it. Although still full of spirit, his troops had suffered much. They were short of food, in rags, and the hot weather was most trying. Johnson had been beaten off, but he was gathering his forces again, and in greater strength, to try conclusions afresh. So Grant resolved upon an immediate assault. The men themselves were eager to go in—anything rather than the tedious processes of a siege. Only two days were spent in strengthening their positions and in bringing up supplies, especially of bread and biscuit; and then, on the 22nd, another—the second—and most determined attempt was made to storm the much-coveted city. There were three columns of attack. Each corps was to advance against the works in its front. Sherman attacked on the right, the northern side of Vicksburg; McPherson, in the

centre, took the eastward defences ; McClelland, on the left, was to account for the south side to the river. A murderous cannonade was to precede the onset.

At 10 a.m. the attack commenced, and simultaneously the stormers from the three army corps burst forward with magnificent hardihood. The ground was most difficult ; it was necessary to cross a series of ravines, and beyond were earthworks and rifle-pits manned by desperate defenders. For four hours the assailants pressed bravely forward, undismayed by the most murderous fire. But no serious impression was made. The slaughter was terrible : the hillsides were strewn with the dead and dying, while the garrison, sheltered within their trenches, suffered little. Here and there, at isolated points, the Federals gained a foothold and crowned the works with their flags. McClelland at one time imagined his men had driven out the enemy, but he was mistaken. At no point had the attack succeeded, and as the afternoon drew on Grant was reluctantly compelled to withdraw. The assault had failed all along the line. The position of Vicksburg was too strong naturally, and it had been too well fortified, to be carried by storm.

This second and last attempt on Vicksburg has been counted unparalleled in modern war. No assault had ever been made previously on such fortifications except where the assailants had greatly outnumbered the defenders. At Vicksburg they fought on nearly equal terms. The fame of Vicksburg and its heroic resistance against this most persistent attack has outshadowed the memory of Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, San Sebastian, or Sebastopol.

Grant now realised that he could only reduce Vicksburg by investment and siege. It must be approached by trenches and hemmed in on all sides till it was starved out. For this the Federal general drew all his strength towards him, and filled up the long line of investment, fifteen miles in all, with troops. The men went into camp, whence they furnished large working parties to open trenches and conduct regular siege operations. There were eight principal lines of approach, all across difficult ground. The siege-train was very inadequate, but some heavy guns were borrowed from Admiral Porter's fleet. Engineer officers were also exceedingly scarce, and the want of them was made up by volunteers. It was the peculiar characteristic of the American armies in this war that men of all professions were to be found in the ranks.

Skilled labour—that of mechanics, and handicraftsmen of all kinds, and the proficient to superintend—was always coming. Then Grant was a host in himself, he was ever ready to give his personal aid to direct and control the engineering operations throughout the siege.

A month of incessant labour now chequered with great trials : worst of the great scarcity of water and the heat of the weather. As the time passed Vicksburg still held out, a fresh danger imminent. Grant heard on undoubted authority that Johnson was determined to try again to raise the siege. He was hovering north of the Big Black River with a large force in Grant's rear, and might, if he could, interfere with the beleaguered garrison in very serious trouble. At this moment, Grant was in a strange, not to say dangerous position. He was between two fires.

Before him was the fortress which he was besieging, behind was Johnson's army, so to speak, threatening him, for Grant had constructed a series of works from the Big Black River to the Mississippi so as to cover him from Johnson's attack. Sherman was put in command of these works, and would no doubt have resisted Johnson, but still Grant's anxieties were immense, and seemed quite possible that now at the critical hour the great prize for which he had laboured might elude his grasp.

Matters were, however, growing from worse within Vicksburg. Ammunition was fast running out, ways been scarce, especially copper caps, and food also ran short. Rations were reduced to half ; there was so little meat left that the ration of sugar, rice, and beans was increased. Flour had gone up to a fabulous extent. Flaxseed was a pound sterling per pound ; beef eight shillings per pound. The poor were on the verge of starvation. Every building in the city had been struck by shot and shell ; soldiers, non-combatants, women, and children had been killed by the besiegers' fire, that the inhabitants largely sought shelter in caves dug out of the clay hillsides.

At last, on the 1st of July, Grant had his approaches so close that he touched the enemy's ditches in some places ; at once he could move up under cover to within a few yards. All was ready for a third assault, and the date was fixed for the 6th July. But Pemberton was thinking of making terms, and had canvassed the opinions of his

als as to surrender, and on the 3rd July he out a flag of truce with proposals to Grant. end was at hand.

mberton, "anxious to save the further effu- of blood," asked for the appointment of missioners to arrange for the capitulation. at replied stiffly that he could accept nothing unconditional surrender. Pemberton de- d at first, and said hostilities would be med. "Very well," replied Grant, as he issed the bearers of the flag of truce. But e end he gave more generous terms. The ison was to lay down its arms and be paroled ; officers alone were allowed to retain their arms and private property. On July 4th e anniversary of American independence— Vicksburg garrison marched out, and the rals entered and took possession of the town.

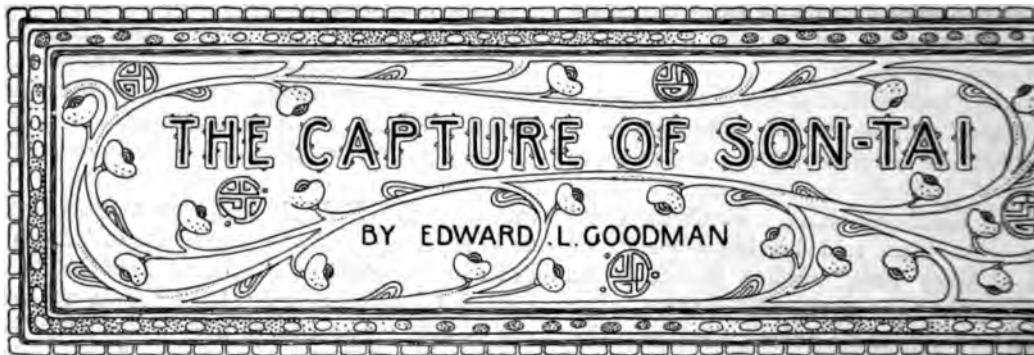
Thirty-one thousand men surrendered, among whom were 2,153 officers, fifteen of them generals, and 172 cannon were taken, "the largest capture of men and material," says Grant's historian, General Badeau, "ever made in war."

The news of the fall of Vicksburg was received with wild enthusiasm in the North. On the same day the Federals had won a great battle at Gettysburg, and the two victories "lifted a great load of anxiety from the minds of the President, his Cabinet, and the loyal people all over the North. The fate of the Confederacy"—I am quoting Grant's own words—"was sealed when Vicksburg fell. Much hard fighting was to be done afterwards, and many precious lives were to be sacrificed ; but the *morale* was with the supporters of the Union ever afterwards."

It was Grant himself who did it.



GENERAL MACPHERSON.



THE colonial history of France contains few episodes more striking or more dramatic than those which took place during the Tonkinese expedition of 1883-1884. It is one of the most brilliant achievements of the Gallic arms during this campaign—the seizure by assault of Son-Tai—that we have now to tell.

In April, 1882, Hanoi, the capital city of Tonkin, was captured by the French ; but they had a hard enough task to keep it. The Chinese made frequent attempts to regain it, and it was not until strong reinforcements entered in July, 1883, in the shape of the newly-formed naval brigade, under Admiral Courbet, who had been appointed commander-in-chief, that the holders of Hanoi felt at all secure.

Soon after his arrival in the city Admiral Courbet, who had received injunctions from his Government to conduct the campaign with energy, began to plan an extension of French conquests in the Delta—a considerable tract of country watered by the river Song-Koi and its affluents, containing several fortified towns—of which Son-Tai and Bac-Ninh were the chief—and considered as, in a military sense, the “key” to Tonkin.

The French commander had the choice of attacking first either of the two places mentioned ; but after a little hesitation he resolved, for strong strategic reasons, to direct his attention to Son-Tai, leaving Bac-Ninh to be dealt with subsequently. Accordingly, active preparations were made for the expedition.

And here we must pause to give the reader some idea of the situation and defences of Son-Tai. The town is placed upon the Song-Koi—literally “West River,” known to the French as the “Fleuve Rouge,” or Red River—from whose bank it is distant about a mile due south, an almost straight road connecting the two

points. Hanoi lies some forty miles up from it. Son-Tai is built at the central highest point of a tract of low-lying country. Although it may be said to owe but little to Nature for its defences, yet its proximity to the river, while rendering it open to assault from that side by any force possessing gunboats, doubtless gives it protection from any force able only to attack landwise.

The main portion of the fortifications consisted in December, 1883, of a citadel covering a space about 400 or 500 yards either way, a semicircular battery and gate in the middle of each side, and surrounded by a ditch some ten feet wide, which was crossed by a permanent stone bridge on the north or river side. The bank of the Song-Koi was an embankment twenty feet high and thick, which had been transformed into a powerful entrenchment extending for three or four miles, touching the river near the village of Tien-Loc and thence to the west. North of Tien-Loc the entrenchment had been doubled, owing to an increase in the water, and the two dykes enclosed a tract with a base of nearly a quarter of a mile and a length from base to apex of about a mile and a quarter. A third of this space was water, and impracticable for troops, and at the apex end there was a strong triangular fortification with casemated guns. Upon the dyke nearest the river were three small redoubts, and the central one, called Phuc-Sa, the French named the entire works. Other entrenchments armed with guns and protected by ingeniously contrived palisades of pointed bamboos and stakes offered further resistance to an attacking force. A regularly-constructed enceinte ran around the citadel in an oval form at a distance of about 800 yards from it.

The garrison of Son-Tai totalled some 20,000 men. Of these 10,000 were “Black French”

soldiers, under their celebrated chief Luu-Vinh-Phuoc (or Liu-Jung-Ku, as he was variously called). These warriors originated with Li-Hung-hang, a leader of rebels at Canton, who in 1863 took refuge with his followers in Tonkin,

whom Admiral Courbet had at Hanoi he resolved to despatch about 6,000 fighting-men, together with 1,350 coolies. This force was divided into two columns. The left, comprising 3,450 troops and 250 coolies, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel



"THE 'BLACK FLAG' SOLDIER . . . DIED WITH HIS FACE TO THE FOE" (p. 392).

and soon became a formidable power, establishing an independent government of his own. Ten thousand regular Chinese troops and 5,000 Annamites made up the rest of the force, whose effectiveness was greatly diminished by lack of concord between Luu-Vinh-Phuoc and the Chinese mandarins.

By December 10th, 1883, all preparations were complete for the expedition. Out of the soldiers

Bélin, and was to go by land; the right, commanded by Colonel Bichot, consisted of 2,600 combatants and 1,100 coolies, and was to travel up the river. Each detachment included sections of Algerian Fusiliers (Turcos), marine infantry, engineers, artillery, and native (Annamite) auxiliaries. The river flotilla had at its head Captain Morel-Beaulieu, and comprised the gunboats *Pluvier*, *Trombe*, *Éclair*, *Hoche*, *Mousqueton*,

Yatagan, and *Fanfare*, three steam sloops, and over sixty merchant vessels and junks for the conveyance of troops and stores. Admiral Courbet commanded the whole expedition in person.

Early on the morning of December 11th the force set out. The vessels conveying the right column and its stores were soon under way, and at half-past three in the afternoon had reached the point of disembarkation, where the division was to await the co-operating troops. The land column marched steadily onward to the Day River, a tributary of the Song-Koi, which it was intended should be bridged by the engineer corps. Sufficient native craft and rafts, however, were not available, and the column, with its artillery, had to be ferried over. This slow process it was necessary to defer until the next day—the 12th—the whole of which was occupied in the operation. After a toilsome night-march the two columns became reunited on the morning of the 13th within a few miles of Son-Tai; but as the troops were very fatigued, there was nothing for it but to wait until daybreak on the 14th before resuming the march. Then the force proceeded, cheery and eager for the fray. The right column followed the dyke by the river bank, while the left pursued the Son-Tai road, the flotilla keeping abreast. A couple of hours' progress brought out the heads of the columns at Tien-Loc, at the junction of the dyke with the road, and after a brief artillery duel between the guns of the expedition and some Chinese in a small entrenchment the village was occupied by the French troops.

After carefully reconnoitring the ground, Admiral Courbet resolved to carry the Phuc-Sa works first of all, in order to secure a solid base for his subsequent operations against the town. Accordingly, at a few minutes before ten o'clock, the French artillery opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, whose outposts were quickly driven in, leaving the village of Linh-Chien in the occupation of the expeditionary force. Next, a severe cannonade was commenced both by the land artillery and by the guns of the fleet upon the central works of Phuc-Sa. The Chinese replied from a point some two or three hundred yards behind the embankment with a six-inch smooth-bore gun, which apparently was the only piece they could bring to bear upon the ships. This weapon, however, had hardly fired half a dozen shots before it was struck and dismounted by a well-directed shell from the gunboat *Éclair*. Henceforth a rifle fusillade was the sole means of

the defenders wherewith to contend against the heavy fire of the flotilla.

In the meantime the land attack was developed, but the marshy nature of the ground rendered rapid progress difficult to the French. Suddenly the Chinese made a remarkably bold sortie from the east gate of the citadel, catching the French on the left flank. For a few minutes it was touch-and-go. Panic-stricken, the Chinese troops broke. But Courbet promptly ordered forward all his artillery, and in the midst of the storm of shot and shell which was poured into their ranks the enemy gave way and fled.

About half-past four in the afternoon the French ground had been gained that the admiral ordered the final assault upon the entrenchments to be given. The fire from the fleet ceased, and on a given signal the French troops dashed forward with desperate eagerness. A company of French under Colonel Jouneau, assailing the north side of the works, essayed to mount into it. A heavy fire was poured into them by the defenders, and nearly half their number rolled over. A while confusion prevailed; then, reinforced by other and cooler troops, they pressed forward without serious loss. The south side was now hotly beset by the Annamite soldiers, but Captain Doucet, who fell shot dead, was the moment of victory. In a few minutes the French sides of the entrenchment were in the hands of the French, and the defenders were forced to abandon the triangular work at the apex, which they held with desperate valour, pouring in a close and deadly fire upon the attackers. Captain Courbet, cheering on his men with a shout of "Forward," was dropped with a bullet in his heart, and his lieutenant Clavé was also slain. Discipline and bravery prevailed: the Chinese were driven from their fastness, and the works were captured. At a heavy cost, however; for during the day's struggle no fewer than twenty-two officers and two hundred men of the French force had fallen, killed or wounded.

The attack upon the citadel itself was reserved for the morrow. The troops were tired by the long day's work, and it was necessary that they should strengthen themselves within the citadel position by the construction of certain entrenchments. This done, the attacking party was ordered to bivouack for the night. But "it is always unexpected that happens," and so it proved. Soon after one o'clock in the morning, while the camp was sunk in slumber save for the sentries pacing their beats, a shower of rockets discharged from behind the embankment

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"IT WAS A NIGHT ATTACK, AND THE FOE HAD CAUGHT THEM NAPPING" (PL. 341).

atched roofs of the huts in which the soldiers were sleeping. Then fierce flames out, and the still air of the night broken by the savage war-cries of the se. It was a night attack, and the foe irily caught the invaders napping, literally ll as figuratively. The French troops l out hastily, the Turcos among the first ; ey were repulsed, and a score of their r were captured and slain. Fortunately, any or marine infantry hurried to the , and succeeded in driving back the enemy rarily ; but the attackers came on again gain with the utmost perseverance and

A number of Chinese rushed to the foot e stockade

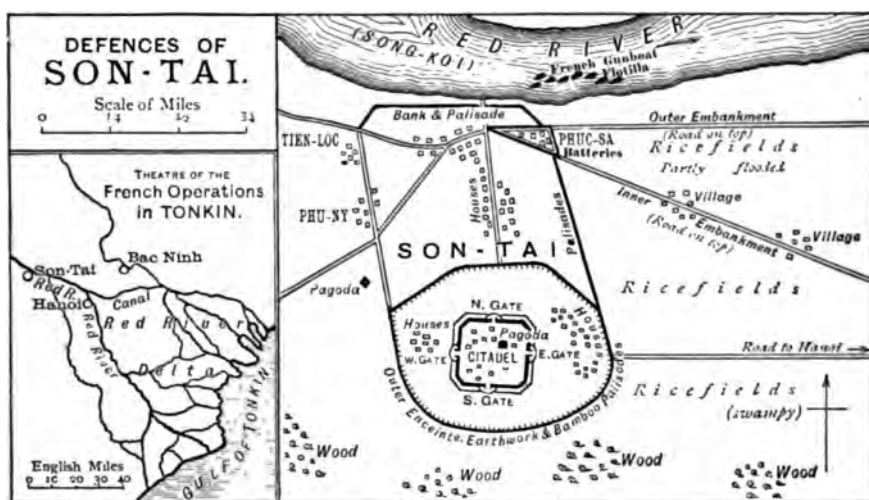
only with with which ttempted to air way past ough bamboo ng. The h troops, ut-fatigued by eavy day's g that they ready gone ph, and de-sed by the y and sud-ess of the e, began to r and to give hen to their y heard the

se trumpets blare forth the "recall" and emy quickly drew off his forces, leaving dead and wounded to show with what mination the assault had been carried out. w months later a Chinese officer, captured French, claimed to have been the leader gallantly-conceived night attack. He de-that he had with him only 300 men, and e was led to make the attack on account ward of 200,000 dollars which Luu-Vinh-had promised to give to the man who , recapture the works. He calculated, with cy, upon the French being worn out by labours, and that he would have a com-ely easy task. He had not, however, allowance for the vigilance exercised by tries of civilised armies.

next day—or rather, the same day—was d to burying the slain and caring for the ed, and the final attack upon the citadel

was further postponed. The French commander, however, in the afternoon made a flanking movement up the embankment, with a view to facilitating his assault upon the West Gate. No opposition was met with from the defenders, owing to dissension between Luu-Vinh-Phuoc and the Chinese mandarins as to the proper course to be pursued.

At daybreak on December 16th the French force began its attack upon the citadel. The outer enceinte was found to be a strongly-constructed earthwork, defended in front by a moat and a treble fence of bamboo. At the point where a gate led into it, the ditch was set with pointed bamboos, while a palisade of thick logs



covered the entrance. A plank bridge afforded means of crossing the moat, but the approach to it was guarded by a *chevaux de frise* of pointed stakes. Some few pieces of cannon were placed at this point, but they were mostly antiquated specimens of artillery, and so badly situated as to be capable of firing only straight ahead. Poor as they were, however, had they been handled with anything like skill and pluck they would have caused serious loss among the attackers.

After a smart tussle, the outlying village and temple of Phu-Ny were captured, and then the main attack upon the Western Gate was commenced. Under cover of a terrific fire from their artillery, posted on a hillock a few hundred yards away, the storming party advanced. Shells crashed in scores through the stockade, and, bursting inside, wrought havoc among the Chinese soldiers, who nevertheless fought obstinately. At length the bridge was crossed, and the forces

of France approached the portal. And here was seen an instance of cool and devoted bravery hardly excelled by that which was displayed by that other "captain of the gate" who held the Tiber bridge against the Tuscan host. There, told off to guard the narrow passage between the stockade and the wall, stood a gallant "Black Flag" soldier. His Winchester repeating rifle was in his hand, its magazine filled with cartridges. Although half the French force were at the gate, he quailed not. Shot after shot he fired, deliberately and calmly, and each bullet found its billet. Down went brave Captain Méhl, leader of the Foreign Legion, with a ball through his heart, and other attackers were slain; and when the stormers rushed in at last the heroic "Black Flag," true to his trust, died with his face to the foe, as a soldier should die. The French, quick to recognise bravery either in friend or enemy, buried him with military honours when the day's fight was over, at the gate which he defended so well.

The expeditionary force was in the town, but its work was not yet at an end. Luu-Vin-Phuoc and his followers disputed every inch of the long street entered by the gate, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the "Black Flag" chieftain's house, round which the last rally

centred, was taken and burnt. At the other—the east—side of the town the Algerian troops forced their way in after but slight resistance. In spite of this, and to the discredit of French arms, a regular sack took place, and it is impossible to say how many perished in the slaughter.

On the following day the victors formally took possession of the now deserted citadel. They captured over a hundred cannon, for the most part of ancient pattern and in dilapidated condition; a quantity of bar silver; rice and other provisions; rifles and ammunition; besides a number of horses and an elephant.

The French losses were heavy in proportion to the number of men they brought into action. Ninety-two officers and men were killed and 318 were wounded during the three days' fighting. Of these, three-fourths fell on the first day. The Chinese losses were never known with any accuracy, but probably at least a thousand soldiers perished, besides the people massacred by the Turco troops.

Thus was taken the town of Son-Tai, and this event, coupled with the previous capture of Hanoi and the subsequent storming of Bac-Ninh, firmly established the French in their occupation of Tonkin.



"LUU-VIN-PHUOC AND HIS FOLLOWERS DISPUTED EVERY INCH OF THE LONG STREET."



NSE woods drooped under the burning heat of a Spanish July afternoon ; the grass of the plain was scorched to a dull brown, and white dust lay on the roads that led to Talavera. The red, red-tiled houses of the squalid town banks of the Tagus were reflected in the river, but the habitual siesta of its inhabitants was for once interrupted as, from the top of the ancient ramparts, they watched a British army drawn up in line of battle—a long, straight line, with here and there a gap, until it reached a steep hill, two miles away, beyond which a chain of blue mountains rose against the cloudless sky.

It was a tattered line—patched, torn, and blood-stained, and the dust of the roads dimmed it, dimming the scarlet of its coats. Moreover, a hungry, half-starved line, starved for many days on a handful of *raw* food and a draught of water, or a species of food called *corovanzen*, by way of rations. There were rough detachments and undrilled regiments, some still wearing their old uniforms, as many of them did afterwards at Waterloo ; but nevertheless they were waiting for the French, who were somewhere across a little river hidden by hills in their front, beyond the Casa de Campo where Sir Arthur Wellesley lay with his posts, 10,000 Spaniards under Cuesta strongly posted on the skirt of the forest, close to the town itself.

The plain that stretched before the line was well grown with olives and handsome trees ; and on the 27th July, 1809, it was very dry, the passage of a single horseman sufficient to raise a great cloud as the sun cycled down.

Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon, was marching to oppose our further advance into Spain, and when the clocks of

Talavera were striking three the divisions of Ruffin and Lapisse, having forded the Alberche, came through the forest, with their cartouch-boxes and red epaulettes worn outside long white linen overcoats, and debouched so suddenly that our leader was nearly captured in the *Casa*, and the outpost was thrown into momentary confusion.

The young, untrained troops lost their heads, fired on each other, and were driven into the open, the gallant "Old Stubbards"—as the 45th were nicknamed—and the 5th Battalion of the 60th Regiment alone remaining firm, and receiving the French with a heavy fire from the well-known "Brown Bess" and the Baker rifle.

After 400 of our men had fallen, and a goodly number of the enemy, the French paused, and our two brigades retired step by step, under cover of our light dragoons, to take up their position in the main line, which had eagerly listened to the rattle of the musketry and watched the smoke drifting slowly away above the tree-tops.

With drums beating, and the sun pouring on them until the brass eagles on their shako-plates glowed like gold—with the bold assurance of men whose colours bore the magic names of a score of battles won beyond the Rhine against Germany, Austria, and Russia—the veteran soldiery of the Empire came proudly on, their artillery unlimbering to open a cannonade against our left wing, while their green Chasscurs trotted forward to discover the position of the Spaniards.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had taken great precautions in posting our allies, who were placed behind mud walls and high banks between our right and the town, screened still further by the cork woods and barriers of felled timber and the buildings of a large convent, whose musical chime went unheeded amid the strife ; but he had no confidence in them, and events proved him to be right.

The character of their leader is well indicated in a perfectly true incident which happened some time before Talavera was fought. Sir Arthur, wishing to give battle on one occasion, sent to tell Cuesta and to desire his support. The ancient tyrant, thinking the enemy would make a stand, replied that, the day being Sunday, his conscience would not allow him to fight; but, hearing directly after that the French were retreating, his religious scruples vanished and he intimated his readiness to engage! No pen can picture the wretch in his true infamy, and his villainous countenance was a fit index to the craven soul within.

The Chasseurs soon discovered the Spaniards through the screen of leaves, and, cocking their carbines and pistols, sent some balls whistling among them.

For a moment there was a returning fire, but the next instant, without warning, *ten thousand* able-bodied cowards turned tail and fled helter-skelter to the rear, carrying with them artillery, stores, and baggage-waggons, Cuesta himself being driven hurriedly off in a lumbering coach-and-six, amid a crowd of grenadiers in white and linesmen in brown, tumbling over each other in their frantic fear, and spreading the report that we were beaten and all was over!

A few remained, and after a while a few more returned, driving off the enemy, who fell back in confusion; but six thousand of the scamps had melted into air—a fair sample of the Spanish valour of Peninsular days and the difficulties our general had to encounter.

We meanwhile were emptying many a saddle, and more than one bold chasseur was dragged away dangling to his stirrup iron in that encounter, which was the first of the three precursors of the sanguinary hand-to-hand battle of Talavera.

Close to a large field redoubt the Oporto road bisected our position, and Brigadier-General Campbell's division stood there in two lines, on their left being Sherbrooke's division—the 1st Battalion of the Coldstreams and 3rd Guards—with Mackenzie's men behind them, panting from their recent skirmish at the *Casa*.

To the left of the Guards were the King's German Legion, their artillery posted on the slope of the height that bounded our line, and which was also occupied by Rowland Hill's 2nd Division, with our cavalry in their rear—19,846 men only on whom we could depend, to oppose 50,000 veterans under Marshals Jourdan

and Victor, with such well-known generals as Villatte, Lapisse, Ruffin, Sebastiani, Maubourg, and Milhaud to execute their commands.

The last gleam of the setting sun was from the spires of the town, and twilight already begun to shroud the two hostile armies when they came at us again, making a desperate attempt to seize the hill, Ruffin's division moving forward with great rolling of drums. Colonel Donkin's brigade posted there.

Luckily, two regiments lost their way in the ravine, and the 9th arrived alone, thus giving time to bring up reinforcements before Lapisse and Lapisse reached our line; but as it was of the bold fellows got round in the dusk, they climbed the height, from which they fired on to Donkin's men, who were taken in front and rear.

Rowland Hill was ordering on the 48th when bullets began to rain round him, and that some of our lads were aiming in that direction, he rode up the rising ground with his brigade-major, Fordyce, to find himself surrounded by the enemy.

A grenadier wounded his horse and galloped at the bridge, but the general spurred so vigorously that he broke away, and, leaving Fordyce, galloped down again to meet the 29th when he led back at the charge.

The Worcestershires, with bayonets fixed to their rifles, made short work of the daring 9th, and hurled them over into the valley; but red flashes from the darkness as two other French columns advanced. The whole of our line stood tight, the cartridges were bitten and ranks dressed. The brass drums kept up their dull roar, and the cries of "*En avant!*" "*Steady there!*" "*ready, present, fire!*" and all the joyful sounds and shouting that told of a successful combat.

Villatte—who, to his immortal honour, lived in after years to sit in judgment on Marshal—urged his horse forward and brandished his sword in vain; in vain the gallant La Romana, formerly colonel of the famous 57th brigade—pushed his men on against the German Legion until his feint attack became a reality. The British kept their ground, cheering and reloading, and closing up the ranks as many a man sank bleeding on the withered heath until Victor drew off and silence fell on the plain. The wounded crawled towards the lines, where bright bivouac fires were

; but 1,000 Frenchmen and 800 of the
y stark and stiff in the starlight.

ng the short summer night there were
alarms that kept us on the alert, though
ose principally from our Spanish friends,
ddenly began firing at nothing at all, with
ct whatever; but with the dawn of the
ie serious business of war recommenced.
ench beat the *pas-de-charge*—known as
trousers" by our men—and Ruffin again
ed to turn the coveted hill, followed
tte, and heralded by a cannonade that
us down by sections.

the openness of the plain in front of our
—for the Spaniards had all the cover to
ives—we could see the enemy's masses
French officers flying from one division
her. They, on the other hand, had a
ous hill before them, dotted here and
ith patches of dingy red above which the
oke floated—dangerous patches which
l themselves into companies and bat-
as they approached them at a quick step.
is something grim and soldierly in the
aven faces of our Peninsular infantry,
e little tufts of side-whisker then in vogue
ee them in the prints of the time; and
ey must have looked to the enemy on
lavera morning, with the sunrise lighting
r bayonets and the pikes of the ser-
as they awaited the attack unflinching
he fire of the guns.

ie grenadiers and light infantry neared
tion, the cannoniers turned their pieces
centre and right of the British, leaving
to the stormers, who approached at a
two sides, shouting loudly.

s and ridges, grassy dips and hollows,
he compact columns as they got within
ngth, and the attack became a series
struggles where all formation was lost,
h man fought for himself.

ish Buffs clubbed their muskets and
at the moustached veterans of Jéna and
itz; the Connaught Ranger and the
de Paris grappled with each other and
own the slope strewn with ammunition-
nd cartridge-cases.

vicious little curved *briquet* of the French
lashed in the sunlight and met the re-
sword of our subaltern, generally in
of the former; for we were behind them
use of small arms, as in many other

Some of their men mounted the height,
re dislodged with difficulty. Hill was

wounded, and many of our best and bravest met
a soldier's death with the hurrahs of their com-
rades ringing in their ears. But inch by inch
we forced them back, and after a fiendish forty
minutes they retired in disorder, with the loss
of *fifteen hundred*, to the shelter of their batteries.

Sir Arthur sent to Cuesta for artillery, but the
cowardly Spaniard only responded with two guns,
though the Duke of Albuquerque came up on his
own account with a fine brigade of Spanish horse,
disgusted at the conduct of the old tyrant, who
after the battle began to shoot his runaways for
following an example he had himself set them
on many occasions.

King Joseph now reconnoitred our line with
a glittering Staff, and held a council of war at
which Jourdan and Victor violently opposed
each other in a way that seriously embarrassed
poor Joseph, at heart an amiable, good-natured
fellow, but a mere cat's-paw in the hands of his
ambitious brother.

Marshal Jourdan, who had been so frequently
beaten in battle that the soldiers christened him
"the anvil," was in favour of taking up a position
and waiting for Soult to arrive; but Victor,
smarting under his three repulses, urged the
king to reopen the conflict, promising to carry
the hill if they would attack along our whole
line simultaneously. The greatest indecision
prevailed, but the king eventually gave in to
Victor against his own better judgment, afraid
lest Napoleon should rebuke him for neglecting
an opportunity. Sir Arthur Wellesley sat on
the summit of the hill, calm and cool under
a fearful weight of responsibility, and when
Albuquerque sent to tell him that Cuesta was
about to betray him, he listened without turning
his head and observed quietly to the officer:
"Very well; you may return to your brigade."

Our "General of Sepoys," as he was con-
temptuously called in some quarters, had full
confidence in his own powers, and continued to
gaze across the plain, where our thirsty men
mingled with the enemy at the stream, forgetting
for a time their mutual animosity.

This may seem a strange statement, but the
history of that war is full of generous instances
on the part of both armies. Many courtesies
were exchanged between brave fellows who,
perhaps, next day met in mortal combat; sen-
tries would often chat, and obtain a light for
their pipes from each other, or the French bands
give concerts for the benefit of our men. Readers
who rely on such narratives as those of Parson
Gleig are far from getting at the real truth.

The British cavalry, which had gone some distance to water their horses, had now returned and drew up behind the hill. Several hundred infantry came back from their duty of bearing the wounded to a place of safety, and were mistaken by the enemy for Sir Robert Wilson's corps; and now the drums and bugles recalled each army to its ranks, as the French eagles were uncased about half-past one.

The day was intensely hot; a blue sky stretched in unclouded brilliancy overhead, and every feature of the landscape showed with great distinctness, except where the dust rose round

back in the seventeenth century—and crimson facings of the 10th, lending a tawny bright colour to the array, further increased the brass helmets of the 1st and 4th Dragoon with gay scarlet revers to their green coats.

In rear of Villatte a bunch of red-and-black pennons showed where the Polish Lancer stern troopers from the Vistula with light plastrons and blue uniforms, and a great number of the ubiquitous dust betrayed King's Guards marching up in reserve.

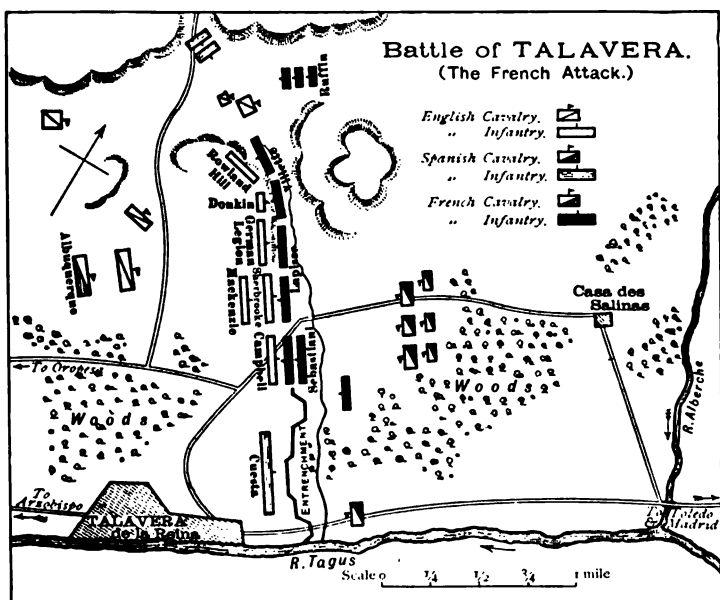
The people of Talavera, once more on the ramparts, saw a movement agitate the

French columns; eighty torches of flame darted from the rear behind them; eighty plumes of white smoke mingled in a dense pall which threw a shadow along the plain followed by a mighty crash set the horses rearing and the Spaniards trembling in security. Marshal Victor, given the signal, the French sprang forward, and the affairs had been mere ludes, began.

The 4th Corps was too far to reach us, the active *fantassins* scouring over the ground and flinging their bayonets upon our 4th Division, were impaled on the bayonets of the 7th Fusiliers and the Five-and-Threepennies,

was the cant name of the 53rd Shropshire while the 5th Battalion of the 60th, in ranks were many Germans, emptied their rifles into them again and again. The universal practice of Napoleon's armies was to send a cloud of light infantry against the enemy, preceded by a cannonade and followed by the line. It was the light infantry of Campbell's regiments had repulsed, and the column behind came through the dust of Mackenzie's men and some Spaniards came out to help the 4th Division, reserving themselves until they came to close quarters.

Sir Arthur watched the combat from the hill, and seeing Ruffin creeping round to our left, and Villatte advancing at the front, he sent orders to Anson's cavalry to charge down the valley which lay between the mountains and our friendly eminence.



the mustering men, whose accoutrements and flashing bayonets scintillated in the glare.

Eighty pieces of cannon stood ominously silent, waiting the touch of the dark-blue uniformed artillerymen to vomit death among us. Three strong brigades of infantry with mounted officers were drawn up in columns, the silk tri-colours drooping in the breathless air, each ensign flanked by two *sergents-porte-aigles*, chosen from the most valiant in the ranks who could neither read nor write, and hence could not hope for promotion, and whose honourable duty it was to guard the eagle with their lives, carrying a formidable halbert and a brace of pistols for that purpose.

Behind the infantry were long lines of horsemen, the tall yellow-and-black plumes of the 5th French Chasseurs—whose first colonel, D'Andigean, was a romantic Spanish brigand far

"Squadrons, march!" rang the trumpets, and the gallant corps—the 1st King's German Legion Hussars and our 23rd Light Dragoons—moved forward and trotted towards Villatte.

The 23rd, in blue with crimson facings and large bearskin crests surmounting their helmets,

Hill's division cheering lustily as they thundered past the height.

Within thirty yards of the squares there lay a hidden gully, quite concealed by the long grass until you came close on to it, and which history has exalted into alarming proportions, like the



"ALL FORMATION WAS LOST, AND EACH MAN FOUGHT FOR HIMSELF" (P. 395).

on the right of the Hussars, whose yellow-shouldered pelisses and scarlet busby bags floated off fully out when they got under way and trot merged into a canter.

Villatte threw his men into three squares and began firing; steel scabbard and black sabretache clanked and jingled as the canter became a hand-gallop and the trumpets sounded "Charge!"—

very much overrated "sunken road of Ohain;" but, although it was only eight feet deep by from twelve to eighteen in width at its worst part, it was still an obstacle bound to disorder a charging squadron, and the watchers on the hill saw the Germans rein up, as Arentschild pulled his horse on to the crupper and cried, "Halt! I will not kill my young men!"

Some of the Hussars, nevertheless, jumped it and continued their way, and the 23rd, who arrived at a spot where the hollow was broader but much more shallow, dipped into it at full speed, lost their formation as some of the horses fell, and scrambled up the opposite bank in twos and threes, having lost their impetus and order, but not their hearts, for they rode right through the intervals of the squares before them, and laid about them gallantly with their half-moon sabres on the green Chasseurs.

Their triumph was short. Colonel Seymour was hurt, and Major Frederick Ponsonby led, gallantly as was his wont; but down came the Polish Lancers and the Westphalian Chevaux-Légers; the 23rd were outnumbered, cut down, and ridden over; and although a few got back, amid the redoubled cheering of our infantry, 207 lay under their horses, the loss of the 1st Hussars being also heavy—37 men and 64 mounts.

While this incident was enacted, Campbell and Mackenzie had closed with the main body of the 4th Corps, under the brave Corsican general, Count Porta Horace Sebastiani, and a furious struggle took place, the carnage on both sides being horrible.

At Talavera French and English fought hand to hand, the French having the advantage of length in their musket-barrels, although our Brown Bess bayonets were longer than theirs. We were half-starved into the bargain, but we possessed that historic characteristic of never knowing when we were beaten.

The huge silk colours were riddled with balls; writhing groups of mutilated wounded screamed piteously as they were trampled under foot. It was more like a *mêlée* of the Middle Ages than a nineteenth-century battle; for men got at each other and hit hard, the blood spurting right and left until the musket-butts, and the trodden grass, and every bayonet in the division was red with it, while the cannon-balls came *whanging* and tearing into the throng, and we smashed and smote blindly through the smoke and sand.

"Forward, forward!" was the cry, and with tremendous cheering we sent Sebastiani's veterans back and captured ten guns, a regiment of Spanish horse cutting in as they tried to rally, and driving the 4th Corps to the rear.

Sir Arthur thanked the 2nd Battalion of the Fusiliers; but Lapisse's drums turned all eyes on the hill again, and the German Legion, who were assailed with fury in their turn.

Magnificent as the Hanoverians always proved themselves while they were in our service—

equal, and in some points superior even to our troops, whose uniform they wore—the osity of this attack shook them. Sherbrooke's Guards were shattered at the same time by the French artillery, and the very centre of our line was broken.

The Guards charged valiantly, and in an instant successful, but they advanced in confusion and there was great confusion. Von Roon's battery pounded steadily, and Bombardier King won the notice of Sir Arthur Wellesley who exclaimed, "Very well, my boy!" and put him on the back as shot after shot fell in the middle of the enemy; but the situation was most critical.

Our leader ordered Stapleton Cotton with his cavalry, sending to Colonel Donnell to bring the 48th from the hill; and soon the buff regimental banner was seen approaching by side with the king's colour, as the squadrons marched proudly into the fray, wheeling back by companies to let the jumble through and then resuming their line, shoulder to shoulder.

Gallant Lapisse lay dying on the ground, his life-blood welling out over the general's aiguillette; but his column, hot with blood, had penetrated our centre, and were making most of a triumph destined to be short.

The sun had got behind us, for it was now noon, and the band of purple shadow that preceded the scarlet line of the 48th was the omen of the disaster about to fall on the French.

Taking the column on its right, the Nottinghamshire poured a tremendous volley in and closed with the bayonet.

Colonel Donnell fell mortally wounded, and the gruesome masses of dead guardsmen whom he was slaughtering there; but even in his agony the fine old man remembered his duty, and raising his three-cornered hat—the last seen in our service—he begged Major Middlemore to take command, and went back with dimmed eyes as the stout old man faded from his sight for ever.

Like an avalanche the 48th fell on the French and checked its progress, giving the Guards the Germans time to rally; then another to-and-fro struggle began, fiercer if possible than the last, for we were fighting desperately to recover lost ground, and two of the nations in the world strove for mastery and long.

Those who could not get to the front were sent aloof, and fired shot after shot wherever they

men wrestled and rolled over, clutching each other; fists were used when weapons broken; bearded Sapeurs in bearskin caps and leather aprons hewed with their axes as though our men had been the walls of a city. Officers in topboots shouted themselves hoarse, and Dermoncourt's 1st Dragoons slashed furiously in the most frantic attempt to break our order was restored by the example of Northamptonshire, and our cavalry came trotting with sabres in hand.

By all the Staff were either unhorsed or killed, and Sir Arthur was hit on the shoulder, seriously. Ruffin hesitated beyond the point of no return; Lapisse lay dead, and Sebastian was in disorder. King Joseph's reserves and reserves had not been engaged, but the French army was shaken and we began to cheer—a usual sign that we were conquering.

Artillery still continued; but little by little they retreated to their own side of the river. At about six o'clock the battle was over. Towards the end, while the shot was plunging into Von Rettberg's battery, a distinguished heroism was performed by Sergeant Boswell, who was bringing ammunition up from the rear. The dry grass caught fire, and it threatened the powder as it ran rapidly across the heath.

Four brave gunners named Luttermann, Warnecke, and Lind, the sergeant-major, each waggon, four in all, to a place of shelter behind a trench, heedless of the fact that they might all be blown to atoms in an instant by one of the tempest of balls strike their waggon charge; and after superhuman efforts the waggons were saved and galloped down beyond, when the limber teams arrived, and were being publicly thanked, and afterwards receiving a commission.

It was the slaughter when men found their look around them.

Generals Mackenzie and Von Langwerth of the Legion were killed, and 31 other officers, 77 rank and file; 3 generals, 192 officers, 1,000 sergeants and men wounded, and 652 of the Legion missing; or a total on our side of 6,268 in the two days. Of these the 7th Fusiliers and the German Legion nearly 1,500 horses; while other corps counted their losses in varying proportion.

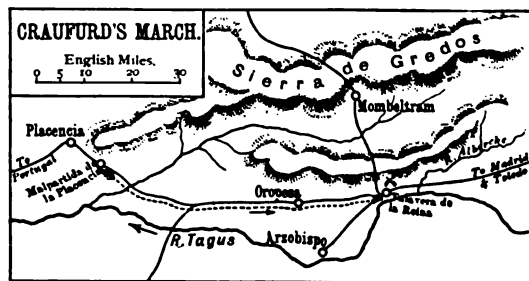
A strange incident reaches us from the journal of an English officer to whose regiment occurred: the enemy, seeing him to be

badly wounded and in great pain, requested his permission to put him out of his misery. Needless to say, he declined with thanks!

The French are reported to have lost 10,000 men, 2 generals, and 17 guns, the prudent Napier giving the number at between 7,000 and 8,000. Truly an awful feast of blood and woe!

Again the bivouac fires flared up in the darkness, and the surgeons were busy on each side. We were too weary and too weakened to press in pursuit, and both armies remained all night within range of each other, ours suffering in addition from hunger—the commissariat, as usual, unequal to its duties, and death threatening any who attempted to plunder.

Bread had not been issued since the 22nd; men were pale with exhaustion and sick for want of food, but there was no grumbling; although in Talavera alone there was enough



corn concealed by the unspeakable Spaniards to have lasted our army a whole month!

In the morning the search parties of the German Legion discovered three blue standard-poles among their dead, and after a ghastly hunt Captain von Düring, of the 5th Battalion, found the brass eagles belonging to them.

A burst of military music rose unexpectedly, and shading their eyes from the sun which again beat down on the now corpse-covered plain, our army saw Craufurd's light division march proudly in, too late to take part in the battle, although their efforts to arrive in time have made their march historic. The iron warrior, whose stern discipline rivalled that of Martinet, the celebrated colonel of the Regiment du Roi under Louis XIV., had halted his men, after a twenty-mile tramp, near Malpartida de Placencia, and they were cooking their meagre rations when Spanish fugitives hurried up with a report of our defeat.

"Buglers, sound the 'fall in!'" cried Craufurd, buckling on his sword-belt; and there and then, after selecting fifty of the weakest to remain behind, he marched off with his three regiments—the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Light

Infantry—covering *sixty-two* English miles in *twenty-six* hours, every man carrying sixty pounds on his shoulders.

Although it was the hottest season of the year, only seventeen stragglers dropped behind—a glorious record of British endurance and

squadron after squadron, gazed with sullen anger at the tattered British line, now sadly thinned, which had maintained its position in spite of them, and which still stood to arms in the pearly haze of the morning. The dull tap of drums grew fainter; the rumble of caissons, a



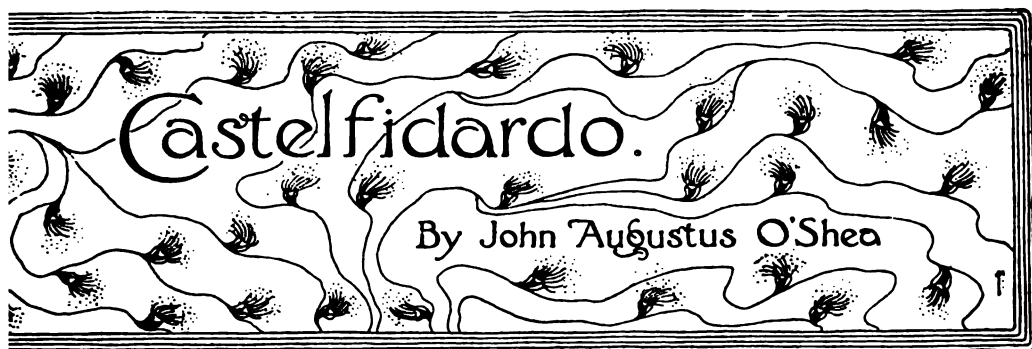
DEATH OF COLONEL DONELLAN.

eagerness for the fray, the division taking over the outpost duty immediately on its arrival.

Before this, however, with the first gleam of daylight, the French army left its gory bivouac.

For the last time the dust floated along the edge of the forest, and whitened the foliage of the cork trees; regiment after regiment,

waggons heavy with the wounded, died away; the Lancers wheeled in a cloud and followed, and the sunshine burned in a dazzling blaze on the brass helmets of the vanquished Dragoons. Then the woods hid them; the crows and the vultures settled undisturbed as the dust subsided—the French army was gone!



WHEN Lombardy reverted to Italy after the war of 1859, the idea of a free and united peninsula became robust.

In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the popular faction rose until it came to a head on the death of Garibaldi at Marsala, and it was felt that the seizure of Umbria and the Marches was a complement of the annexation by popular vote of the Duchies and the Romagna to Victor Emmanuel, pending the time when Venice could be freed from the Austrians and Rome could be freed by the dynasty of Savoy.

The first overt act of hostility against the Pope occurred at Perugia, the chief town of Umbria, where Joachim Pecci, now Leo XIII., was elected Pope, by a street rising of the discontented people on the 20th of June, 1859. This was put down by General Schmid, of the Pontifical army, and Swiss troops, with rigour and, some said, needless severity.

On the undreamt-of success of the Red Army in the South the following year startled the world, Cavour saw that to Garibaldi the fruits would accrue of conquering Francis II., and Victor Emmanuel did not intervene to overthrow the revolution and tie it to his own leading.

But the French were in Rome, and they were ordered by the Emperor Napoleon to hold the city on the name of Peter against all assailants; and to the followers of Garibaldi it was imperative to support a costly expedition by long sea, or to make a shorter journey overland by crossing Papal territory in Central Italy.

La Moricière was entrusted with the defence of the Papal territory. On the 3rd of May he had responded to an appeal of Pio Nono and had taken himself at the head of the Papal army, which he once proceeded to organise and strengthen to render adequate services, by which he did not hesitate resisting an invasion by a regular army, but simply the maintaining of peace

within and the guarding against revolutionary incursions.

La Moricière was a Breton, and a soldier of high military repute. He was the comrade of Bugeaud, Pélessier, and others in Algeria; had compassed the downfall of Abd-el-Kader in 1847; led the troops who drove the Red Republicans to the left bank of the Seine at Paris in June, 1848, but in the Assembly had voted against the expedition to Rome. However, when he was imprisoned for objecting to the *coup d'état* by the Prince-President, he seemed to have acquired an austere religious bias and a bent towards the Vatican.

As soon as Victor Emmanuel resolved to send his homogeneous and seasoned troops to invade the Pope's country, La Moricière saw that his task was hopeless. His heterogeneous levies were ill-equipped and badly-disciplined, and in far weaker numbers. His forces consisted of a few hastily-improvised batteries of artillery, on foot and mounted; some regiments of Swiss and Italian infantry (the latter of a sorry, scarecrow type); Austrians, who could be depended upon; a corps of Franco-Belgians, uniformed as Zouaves; dragoons, gendarmes, guides formed into a *corps d'élite* of the Legitimist nobility, each private ranking with a lieutenant of the line; and a body of Irish volunteers. These latter were called mercenaries, but so little of the hireling was in the majority of them that they refused the bounty of twenty *scudi* and were free-handed with their own small money. They were mostly peasants, with a sprinkling of students, clerks, and artisans, ex-policemen and battle-medalled veterans of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. Beyond their not very luxurious rations they received only about twopence each day. The control of these men was given to Mr. Myles O'Reilly, a former captain in the Louth Militia, and under him served such captains as O'Mahoney and Murray of the

Austrian army, Count Russell de Killoghy, and O'Carroll, a former subaltern of the 18th Royal Irish. A Baron de Guttenberg, a Bavarian, acted as adjutant-major.

La Moricière hated the revolution, which he compared with Islamism, against which he had been arrayed for the greater portion of his previous career; but he bluntly admitted that to send him against a standing army with such resources as he had was like pitting one against ten, or asking a man with a pistol at 150 paces to match himself with an adversary armed with a carbine. And yet that was the task that was set him and his army of 11,000 men, many dispersed over widely separate stations.

On the afternoon of September 10th, Captain Farini, aide-de-camp to General Fanti, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Piedmontese army, arrived at the headquarters of La Moricière, at Spoleto, bearing a message from his chief intimating that by order of the king he would occupy Umbria and the Marches in any of three cases: Firstly, if the Papal troops had to use force to put down national manifestations (that is, manifestations on behalf of United Italy or Victor Emmanuel himself) in the cities held by them; next, if the Papal troops were ordered to march upon any city where manifestations had taken place; and lastly, if, such manifestations having been repressed, the Papal troops were not forthwith withdrawn, so as to leave the locality free to express its will.

La Moricière was indignant at this summons, and replied that he had no authority to reply to such a communication without reference to Rome, and explained to Captain Farini that he might have been spared the humiliation of being asked to evacuate the provinces without striking a blow. An open declaration of war would have been franker.

After dinner a telegram from Fanti arrived ordering Farini back without waiting for a reply, which was equivalent to the desired formal outbreak of hostilities; and on the following day a Piedmontese general—Cialdini, who led a brigade at the Tchernaya, in the Crimea—crossed *la Cattolica*, the imaginary frontier-line between Rimini and Pesaro, and advanced to the attack of the latter Papal fortress.

At the same time that this invasion was made by the coast, Fanti pushed into Umbria by a mountain pass and descended along the west of the Apennines, and a third column, spreading fan-like in the middle, preserved the connection

between both. On the same evening *Mc de Merode* sent a despatch that Napoleon written to Victor Emmanuel, broadly that he would find France opposed to his entered the dominions of the Pope. A clamoration to this effect was made to the army, by whom it was believed and hailed with satisfaction.

Pesaro was held by Colonel Zappi with 400 men, including a half-battalion of *C* under Count Zichy, detached from Ancona with three guns. For two-and-twenty hours he offered a stout resistance, and then, at the last extremity by the number of the men computed at 8,000, he was compelled to render.

It leaked out that bands in the interest of the Piedmontese had broken in on the morning of the preceding 9th on the Pontifical territory of Fossombrone, Urbino, and Città del Piombo to the north of Ancona. A brigade of *I* under General de Courten, a Swiss officer, was directed on Fossombrone, with orders to proceed on to Urbino, manœuvring to keep in communication with Ancona, which was the base of operations. This column, discovering that Senigallia was occupied by a Piedmontese division, made a slight retrograde turn so as to pass the Tevere stream at about two leagues from its mouth, and here occurred the first affair in the course of the brief campaign, which was brisk and discreditable to the weaker side. The Piedmontese, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, bestirred themselves and attempted to interpose and enmesh the Papalini. The leading columns of the latter, mostly Austrians, which were commanded by Colonel Kanzler, were not cowed without a stiff fight. Shortly afterwards on September 13th they seized a position at Sant' Angelo, and, with their small force of 1,000 men and a couple of field-pieces, gave check to the enemy. Coherent accounts by the victors of this encounter are lacking, but it is agreed that it was sharp, that some of the onsets by the Piedmontese cavalry were successful, and that the Papalini, having received a severe fall back before the overwhelming clouds of the Piedmontese, retired doggedly until they wore out the pursuit. It was an overmatch most obstinately denied, not a rout; but Kanzler's force were left behind, after four days of unequal strife. It was five days before the last charges died away, and the heated and exhausted combatants took up the line of retreat and rested further. Harassed and leg-weary,

cona, after their fatiguing trudge
ths to the coast-road, where their
ere fanned by the Adriatic breezes.
son was roused in the darkest small
e martial strains of their band, the
was with those who welcomed their
und to say they stepped out with
f men who had done their duty.

ample of how trivial matters, at such
will impress themselves on the
recollection of a great shaggy dog,
tongue, shuffling under the big
ever be effaced.

antime La Moricière, with the bulk
army, was prosecuting his way from

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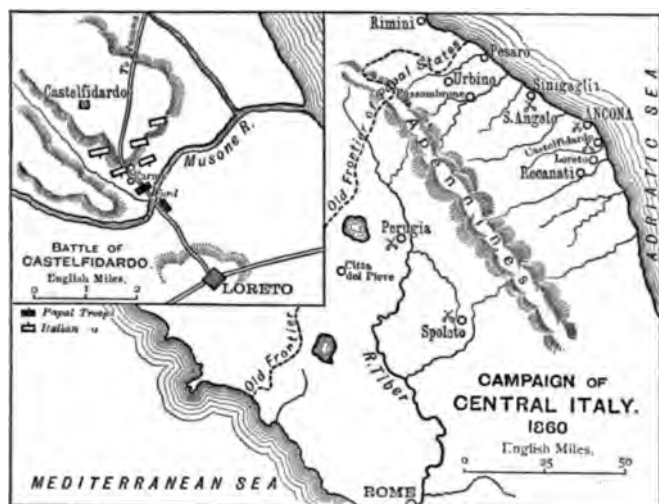
was

useless

to fight, and allowed a truce early,
made excellent play with his untried soldiers and
his two old iron guns with worn carriages. He
placed his own corps at the gate and a wall near
it and a breach covered with palisades, and the
Franco-Belgians in a post of vantage adjacent.
General Brignone, having established four bat-
teries, opened on the keep with shot and shell
after eight o'clock on the 17th, his rifles keeping
up an incessant peppering from the surrounding
hills. Having exhausted seven hours with this
preliminary pounding and popping, it was
thought that the moment for assault had
arrived, and a column of *bersaglieri* and grena-
diers, led by Brignone himself, formed in the

causeway before
the gate.

O'Reilly had but
one of his iron
guns available
now, and having
drawn it to the
entrance, and
loading it to the
muzzle with
grape-shot, he
banged twice at
the nearing
Piedmontese,
and a furious
sheet of mus-
ketry swept
their front and
laid so many of
them low that



the rest had to seek shelter in retreat. The
corpses of nine *bersaglieri* littered the soil. So
vigorously had the offensive been pushed, that
one Irish officer at the barrier, Lieutenant
Crean, a burly stripling from Tipperary, was
wounded in the arm by a bayonet-thrust from
a pioneer. The assault was not renewed, but
the batteries, to which another had now been
added, resumed their attentions, some companies
of *bersaglieri* aiding with a well-nourished fusil-
ade. Twice had the roof and the rooms near the
powder magazine been set in flames by shells,
and twice had the kindling conflagration been
got under with some trouble. About seven
o'clock, as the torrid warmth of the day was
declining, capitulation was offered, the de-
fences being much shattered and the ammuni-
tion beginning to fail. O'Reilly saw the wisdom
of yielding, although he had had compara-
tively few casualties; for his own men needed

with 589 of a garrison—more than
1 were Irish and the rest Italians,
Austrians, with a handful of invalided
Germans—sustained a well-concerted
fight from breakfast-hour to dusk. Major
O'Reilly in command, and although un-

rest and food, and the Italians, who had been hiding in cellars during the hurly-burly, were not to be trusted in a night attack. But he was granted honourable conditions, in token of his valiant defence. Fanti by this was in undisputed possession of the entire upper valley of the Tiber.

Returning to La Moricière, he managed to send

On the very day that Spoleto fell, news brought that Ancona was likely to be beset by a powerful fleet under the Piedmontese admiral Persano; therefore it was more than ever imperative for him to penetrate to that, the stronghold of the Papal power outside of Rome. The Emperor of the French might at last intervene, or Austria might interpose. To Ancona he



ANCONA.

a despatch to Ancona, which was received there on the 15th, confirming his advance thither, and terminating with this warning: "Defend the approaches of the place courageously, and rally to the sound of my cannon." A proclamation was simultaneously posted in the town stating that the Marches had been invaded, that Zappi had been beaten, that a great battle was imminent, and that in prevision of emergencies the church of St. Dominic was about to be converted into a hospital for 400, to which the inhabitants were requested to contribute bedding,

trending; that was his objective point all through. It could hold out against a large force on the land side. It was essential that he should get in there. But here, close to Loreto, at the point of effecting the hoped-for junction, he learned that Cialdini had been beforehand with him. This advance guard of dragoons clattering through Loreto, a squad of Piedmontese lancers hurrying off like hunters caught napping. De Paz, with his Guides, with a gendarme, having ventured forward as a barricade on the high road, was halted by a point-blank discharge of canister, fatal to him.

and wounding his comrade. He calculated that the Piedmontese general had hastened up three divisions of his army, and had lodged them in parallel lines on the direct passage between him and the tongue of land, with its circling eminences, on which Ancona was situated. The army was lying in strength, comfortably occupying the rising ground between the mamelon or mound of Castelfidardo, in front, and the plain breaching at the feet of Loreto. He mustered his weak columns, and took thought of his plan

them to pass it was necessary to take and hold the two farms. The banks of the river were high, but might easily be climbed, and the bed of the stream was very shallow—nowhere knee-deep.

La Moricière, before engaging in the action, went to the shrine of Our Lady of Loreto, the holy house of Nazareth—said to have been wafted through the air by angels—and performed some devotional exercises.

De Pimodan, his second in command, who was



"THE HAYCOCKS AND FARM-STEADINGS WERE CLUNG TO" (p. 406)

of action. The plain was within 500 yards of the Musone river, then run so dry as to be practicable for artillery. There was a ford here, and on each side a good country road. On the 18th it appeared to him that this point had been reinforced. A strong detachment rested on a farm midway, and a second farm about 500 yards to the rear, on the crest of a hillock crowning the first position. A wood was near, and there were numerous rifled cannon on the slopes in the neighbourhood. The ford of the Musone, by which the Papalini must pass to reach Ancona, was less than a mile and a quarter from the outmost ground of the foe, but to enable

no stranger to powder, got the order to cross the river, seize the first farm—the Crocetta—bring his guns to play upon the wood and the second farm—Cascina—and thus clear the way for the remainder to advance. For this arduous task he had at his disposal about 2,300 men—that is to say, four battalions and a half—8 pieces of light artillery 6-pounders, and 4 mortars, with about 250 cavalry, consisting of two squadrons of light dragoons, the troop of guides, and a section of gendarmes.

D'Arcy's company of Irish—who were inefficiently equipped, having neither pouches nor knapsacks, carrying their cartridges in their

haversacks—were attached to the artillery, to help them in moving the guns and afford them all necessary protection.

The battle began well for La Moricière. The first farm was assailed at a scamper, and gallantly carried in spite of a gallant defence, and 100 prisoners captured. Two guns were moved forward to the bottom of the slope, and the Irish, under a hot fire, helped to place two of the mortars in front of the farmhouse. Then, having fulfilled their mission, they mixed with the sharp-shooters and fought with them till the close of the engagement.

Then an advance on the second farm was essayed and spiritedly made by a column of Franco-Belgians, headed by Commandant Becdelièvre; but it was repulsed by a murderous fire, and though they rallied and faced the enemy with bullet and bayonet, it was useless. The Franco-Belgians—bare-throated, vain of their loose picturesque garb of silver-grey braided with scarlet, their wide scarlet waistcloth, and the isthmus of gamboge buskin between Zouave trousers and gaiters—were as conspicuous by their eager martial bearing as by their cool resolution. Having gained their ground with a rush and a rallying cheer, they dropped on their knees and kept up a sputter of independent shots from behind a hedge. The Piedmontese held fast, and by smiting them with a steady but rapid flame of rifle-shots checked them, and, keeping up the rattle of death persistently, compelled their shattered ranks to fall back. To the shouts of defiance of onset succeeded a sullen retirement. Such was the impetuosity of these young warriors and the firmness of their bearing that many came to the white arms, and the onset was repelled with steel. The Viscount de Poli received a desperate bayonet-wound in the breast.

The troops sent to their assistance, several thousand led by La Moricière in person, behaved with shameful weakness. They occupied the centre, and carried with them on their flanks a battalion of Swiss Rifles and a boyish Roman corps. The indigenous regiment wavered as it deployed, and finally sought safety under the reeds by the river. Its want of steadiness was charitably attributed to youth and indiscipline. The drivers attached to one battery of guns cut their traces and fled, leaving their cannon behind them. The Franco-Belgians, with Major Fuchman's half-battalion of Austrian sharpshooters in support, were the only troops who did not show symptoms of resorting to leg-bail. The tough

Piedmontese were very stubborn, especially that crack light infantry the little blue-jacketed *bersaglieri*, to be marked by the constant bursts of smoke from the line defined by glazed round hats tipped with jaunty cocks'-feathers. The haycocks and farm-steadings of Crocetta were clung to with tenacity while a chance remained, but reinforcements poured down from the ridges opposite, and soon a general panic was caused, bearing away the brave with the faint-hearted. To add to the confusion, De Pimodan, who was mounted and daringly encouraging his men, was shot in the face and subsequently in the back—some said by his own followers, either through mistake or treachery—and fell from his saddle bleeding from four wounds. La Moricière gave him a farewell grasp before he died. The Piedmontese prisoners captured at an earlier stage of the combat got out of the toils, the captain, Tromboni, preventing retaliations. But the intrepid Franco-Belgians left a third of their 280 on the field, and trenches were dug for them by next day near the spot where they fell on the slopes of the Musone.

La Moricière was powerless to control or infuse courage into his force. There were acts of individual heroism, but what could they avail against the odds in numbers, discipline, and material? The disorder degenerated into something worse, and the mass of the Pope's army sought refuge in flight at the double-quick, while corps and fragments of corps, embracing men of different nationalities, tramped or trotted to Loreto, where some of them laid down arms in a hopeless muddle. The Piedmontese did not pursue: they saw it was not necessary. They had succeeded in their object, which was to prevent the relief of Ancona, and they had barred the road and caught their enemy in a trap from which there was no escape. The affair had not lasted quite three hours, the actual conflict being confined to one hour. Some of the vanquished made for the mouth of the Musone, and twenty Papal artillerymen, with two field-pieces, the military chest, and a flag of the Swiss, succeeded in coasting in a fishing-boat to Ancona. A few guides and a Swiss sapper also reached the same harbour in a skiff. But the army which had left Loreto in the morning—preceded by some of the banners of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, removed from the shrine of Loreto—was "ground down and beaten to pieces" before shades of evening fell. A few bold spirits talked of defending the town, but the majority were too much demoralised, and continued the retreat to

ti, where formal surrender was made. apalini marched out by torchlight to their arms, with bayonets fixed and bands r head, between lines of Piedmontese y, who presented arms as they passed.

n the names of the Franco-Belgian pri- and the guides—such as Rohan Chabot, nin, the Marquis d'Holiand, the Count n de Chalus, and Prince Edward de Ligne being ticked off from the roll-call, before ent into detention in the interior, General remarked with surprise that it was just ding a list of invitations to a court ball

Louis Quatorze.

La Moricière, who rected the opera- the day on horse- ith a cane, had ared. It will be at there was no y on his part in ef, disastrous cam-

His plan was the one of plain, forward fighting; he been seconded due valour and s the result might en adjourned, but e defeat could not een averted. He o allies whom he ust. The Emperor eon III. dared out of Rome; in ; had advised his

f the former year to "strike hard and ly" if they would lift him out of em- ment.

La Moricière, with his purpose grimly set, e opportunity of the smoke and turmoil nble about 300 infantry and what remained scort of dragoons, and bent by a devious in path to Ancona. A peasant acted as having first been sworn by all he prized sacred to point the right direction. At tended by the horsemen he entered the ts and went to his countryman, the Count terbarbes. "You are welcome," said the or; "and your army?" "You see it," a Moricière, pointing to the few fugitives. "I have no longer an army."

is his earliest experience of failure in war, did not expect miracles. He did not count ting a well-armed force of 40,000 men,

eager and inured to the field, with some thousand volunteers who were weighed down from want of rest and the long, forced marches. But all was not lost, although Persano's fleet of thirteen vessels, carrying 400 guns, was in the offing and had started the bombardment that day, without notice, contrary to the usages of war. After a stout defence of Ancona for over a week, Persano forced the boom at the entrance of the harbour, and blew up the battery at the lighthouse.

La Moricière hoisted the white flag upon the citadel, and repeated the signal of capitulation in the forts. The garrison ceased fire. Shortly

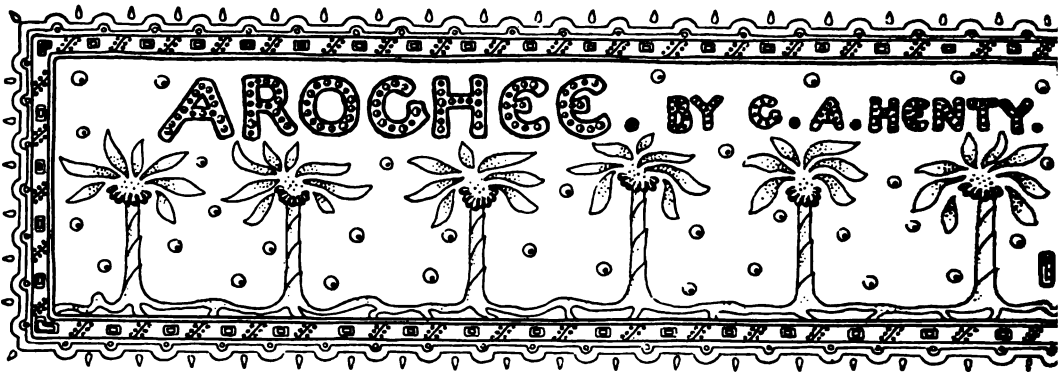
after, the Piedmontese army resumed the offensive all along the line, and up to nine in the following morning the din of cannon lasted, notwithstanding the despatch of *parlementaires* and the landing of Piedmontese naval officers and marines. The garrison marched out of the city with the honours of war in the dusk of the following evening, gave up their arms, and were led under escort to Alessandria, where they were liberated under condition of not serving for a year against the king. La Moricière gave his sword to Persano, who handed it back to him, and the



A PONTIFICAL ZOUAVE.

officers were embarked on a vessel for Genoa. Victor Emmanuel was free to advance to the Neapolitan border, and lend the prestige of his name and the aid of his arms to Garibaldi; in short, he was allowed the occasion of tipping the lance-shaft with a sharp steel head.

The Pope dismissed his troops to their homes, giving the Irish auxiliaries, in an order of the day, the highest praise. A medal of silvered bronze, girdled with a serpent with tail coiled in mouth, symbolising eternity, was issued to his legionaries, with an inverted cross on the hollowed middle in commemoration of the crucifixion of St. Peter, and the inscription on one side, *Pro Petri Sede* ("For the See of Peter"), and on the other, *Victoria quæ vincit mundum fides nostra* ("The victory which overcomes the world is our faith"). Thus ended with a decoration the tale of defeat not entirely without dishonour.



ALTHOUGH not remarkable either from the issues involved or the importance of the events dependent upon it—still less from the number of the troops engaged—the fighting before Magdala is notable as being the crowning success of one of the most remarkable expeditions of modern times.

Theodore, king of Abyssinia—a man of great natural talent—had seized some English and German missionaries, and had for a long time held them prisoners. Although crowned under the name of Theodore, the king's name was Kassa. He was nephew of a powerful chief, but his father had died early. His mother was reduced to great poverty, and he himself was brought up in a monastery with the intention of becoming a priest. The monastery was attacked and sacked by robbers, but Kassa escaped to the castle of his uncle. On the latter's death, quarrels arose between his sons: Kassa sided with the elder, who was, however, defeated, and Kassa became a robber chief. He soon afterwards raised the standard of rebellion, and one by one conquered the various provinces of Abyssinia, and was crowned in 1856 king of the whole country.

His power was as yet, however, by no means consolidated, for rebellions broke out in various provinces. These were all put down with an amount of ferocity and cruelty that rendered him odious to his subjects. When all resistance ceased Theodore sought to introduce European arts and methods. The education he had obtained in the convent had rendered him far in advance of the majority of his people, and had not his career been cut short by coming into collision with England he might have done great things for his country. His grievance against us was of a threefold character. In the first place Mr. Stern, the English missionary, had returned for a time to England, and had there published a book containing some very disparaging remarks

on him. When Stern returned he had rashness to bring one of his books with him; the remarks relating to himself were translated to Theodore, and from that moment Stern and his companions became virtually captives.

In the next place, Theodore wrote a letter to the Queen, and this letter, instead of receiving a courteous answer, was put into a pigeon-hole in a Government office in London, and forgot. Lastly, he had requested that a number of artisans of various trades should be sent to him, but this request also received no answer. Theodore, moreover, believed that the English were stirring up the Egyptians to invade his country. In this he was entirely mistaken; upon the contrary, our Government was anxious to cultivate friendly relations with Abyssinia, which country offered a wide field for trade; had it not been for the gross carelessness of a Liberal Minister, who neglected to send an answer to Theodore's letter, we might by this time have been carrying on a very considerable trade with Abyssinia, and with so powerful an ally the course of events in the Soudan would have had a very different termination. Captain Cameron, our consul at Massowa, a town on the Red Sea, was appointed consul to Abyssinia, but upon his going up the country he was seized by Theodore, and imprisoned.

At length a Mr. Rassam was sent as ambassador to the king; he was accompanied by Lieutenant Prideaux and Dr. Blanc. They were seized, and after many attempts to obtain their release, an expedition was determined upon to rescue them from their captivity. No more generous effort was ever made by a nation. The distance from the coast to Magdala exceeded 100 miles; the country to be traversed was almost entirely unknown; the heat on the sea-coast was terrible. Everything required in the way of transport would have to be brought either from India or Europe.

re of the serious opposition that was met, it was necessary that the force should be increased. All these difficulties were surmounted. Mules were bought up by the thousand in Italy, and Asia Minor, camels in Egypt and Arabia. Transport trains were organised in the East, and also were embarked elephants to transport guns. A force some 10,000 men, under Sir Robert Napier, was transported to Annesley Bay, and in spite of heavy losses among the animals from want of food at the landing-place, the expedition started at last, the advance-guard moving up on

populated country, and from the steady deterioration of the transport animals from the effects of fatigue and insufficient food. A considerable portion of the force was left at various points on the road, especially at the posts of Senafe, Adigrat, and Antalio. At last, on the 7th of April, the plateau of Dalanta was reached. The force consisted of the 4th and 33rd Regiments and a wing of the 45th, a Beloochee regiment, the Punjab Pioneers, a wing of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, a company of Royal Engineers and one of Sappers, two batteries of mountain-guns, a naval brigade with rocket troughs, the



Mr. Rassam. Mr. Stern.
Lieut. Pridesaux.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal
and child.

Dr. Blanc.

Pietro.

Capt. Cameron.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

reached the plateau 7,000 feet above the sea early in the morning, and the rest of the expedition followed.

Whatever opposition was met with during the journey. Theodore, instead of advancing to meet us and harassing us on the march, remained in his mountain fortress of Magdala, the only obstacles to be surmounted being caused by the difficulty of obtaining provisions of any kind in a thinly-

populated country, and from the steady deterioration of the transport animals from the effects of fatigue and insufficient food. A considerable portion of the force was left at various points on the road, especially at the posts of Senafe, Adigrat, and Antalio. At last, on the 7th of April, the plateau of Dalanta was reached. The force consisted of the 4th and 33rd Regiments and a wing of the 45th, a Beloochee regiment, the Punjab Pioneers, a wing of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, a company of Royal Engineers and one of Sappers, two batteries of mountain-guns, a naval brigade with rocket troughs, the

3rd Bombay Cavalry, the Scinde Horse, and two squadrons of the 3rd Dragoon Guards—in all some 4,000 men, of whom 460 were cavalry. Two miles from the spot where they were encamped Magdala could be seen, some eight miles distant. The view was a grand one from the plateau. A precipice of some 600 feet fell sheer down, and from its foot was a steep fall down to the Bachelo River, some 4,000 feet below; beyond, the ground rose in a succession of

billows one behind another, higher and higher, to the foot of some lofty mountains some forty miles away. In the midst of these rounded hills rose the steep crags of Magdala, like a great ship on a stormy ocean. Its appearance from Dalanta was that of a three-topped mountain with almost perpendicular sides, two of which together resembled a saddle with high flat peaks. That to the right was called Fahla ; that to the left, a few hundred feet higher, Salamgi. Magdala itself could be seen over the saddle between the other two hills. It was connected with Salamgi by a plateau known as Islamgi. Fahla and Magdala had both flat tops ; that of Salamgi was more peaked. A few huts could be made out on the top of Fahla, and by the aid of glasses a number of guns. Native encampments could be seen on the terraces of Salamgi, and on the saddle between it and Fahla.

The ascent was by a zigzag road cut on the face of Fahla, and terminating on the saddle. It was altogether a very formidable position. Theodore was known to have a large number of cannon which had been cast by European workmen he had with him ; he had 3,000 soldiers armed with percussion guns, and a great host of spear-men. From the Bachelo a steep ravine ran up through the hills almost directly towards Magdala, but making a curve at its upper end and passing round by the left of Salamgi.

At Dalanta the army had been able to purchase large stores of grain and a considerable amount of other provisions from the natives, but water had been very scarce, and the animals had all to be taken down to the deep ravine that had been passed before ascending to the plateau. On the 9th the force encamped on the edge of the plateau, and at daybreak began to descend into the ravine. It was not intended to attack Magdala that day, the commander-in-chief's plan being to encamp two miles from the fortress ; and it was considered probable that no attack would be made before the arrival of other troops, who were coming up fast behind us.

General Sir Charles Staveley was in command of the advance. The road down to the ravine, which had been made by Theodore for the transport of his cannon, was an excellent one ; but the sun shone down with great power, and the men during the descent pressed forward eagerly that they might slake their thirst in the waters of the Bachelo. A bitter disappointment awaited them. The river was some eighty yards wide, but the water was almost inky black in colour, and as thick with mud as a puddle in the streets

of London. There was, however, no chance was improbable that any other water was met with, and men and animals alike drank the turbid fluid. Water-skins and water were filled, and the march resumed. The baggage-train kept straight up the ravine, guarded by 100 men of the 4th, preceded by sappers and miners under Colonel Phayre. The main body of infantry struck up the ravine, but it was a very stiff climb, and the mountaineers were unable to get up until the Pioneers cut a track, up which they then managed to scramble.

When it arrived on the first shoulder the advance force, consisting of the 4th Regiment, a company of Royal Engineers, the British Punjaubees, and two companies of the 10th Native Infantry, halted, until an aide arrived from Colonel Phayre saying that the head of the valley and that the route was quite practicable. General Staveley at once ordered an aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Napier to say that the baggage and guns, which were to be sent by the river, might safely be sent. The force then marched four miles farther, in succession of rises to a place where the general had stated that water would be found. There was, however, but one small pool of dirty water. Here Sir Charles Staveley, to his astonishment and dismay, found Colonel Napier and his 800 men, who were supposed to be guarding the head of the valley. As the force now crowded with baggage animals, ammunition and with artillery, and was exposed to the view of the enemy at Magdala, the situation was an alarming one indeed ; but there was nothing whatever to prevent the descent of Magdala from pouring down and falling on the unwieldy body, defended only by a detachment of the 4th Regiment.

Had we been in place of a European general, a terrible disaster must have occurred. The whole of our guns, ammunition, and stores would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. General Staveley lost not a moment in endeavoring to repair the blunder that had been committed. The men, who had thrown themselves on the ground, were at once set in motion and pressed forward at the top of their speed to the spot that had been determined upon for a camping-ground. It lay a little behind the crest of a low hill : here the tired troops threw themselves down, while the general advanced to the crest to reconnoitre the position. The position was divided by a small ravine from a plateau

so, below the spot occupied by the troops, ending to the foot of Fahla and Salamgi. The ravine widened out to the left until it reached the main valley, half a mile away. Sir Staveley at once despatched the Punjaubees to this point, and there was then nothing left to wait. All listened most anxiously to the outburst of a roar of fire from the valley on the left, where we knew the baggage-train was coming its way up.

While waiting, Sir Robert Napier and his staff in haste, the news of the blunder that had been committed having been sent to him by Staveley as soon as it was discovered.

At last, a dozen guns could be seen on the

plateau of Fahla and as upon Salamgi. Presumably some artillerymen made out going from the gun, and loading in succession. Still

quiet, but it was a

most anxious suspense ;

we knew that from the

valley they could see our

army of animals winding

the valley, and that

the head of the train must

be approaching. There

was an exclamation of plea-

sure as the naval rocket

was seen advancing

the valley, where they

and joined the Pun-

jaubees at the point where the side-valley ran

Almost at the same moment a large

horse and foot were seen pouring down

from the saddle. Every glass was

upon them, and a lively discussion began

whether it was a peaceful embassy or an

army, but the doubt did not last long. A

thick smoke burst out from the brow of

the mountain.

"What is it blank ?" an officer exclaimed. The

noise was supplied by a heavy thud as a

shot struck the ground a few yards from the Punjaubees, and a cheer broke from the ranks clustered round the general. Still, the situation was a most serious one. The second column was miles behind the baggage—unprotected except by its feeble guard and by the Punjaubees—and it was easy enough for the enemy to avoid the latter by making a circuit. Sir Robert Napier instantly despatched an aide-

de-camp to the Punjaubees to take up a position

on elevated ground to their left, where they

could better protect the baggage, and at the

same time sent to the naval brigade to hurry

up the valley to the spur on which he was stand-

ing. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent

to hasten them on. The next five minutes

were intensely exciting to those watching the

scene. The enemy were coming down with

great rapidity : they had already descended the

road from the fortress and were scattered over

the plain. The main body was making towards

the road up which the baggage was coming ;

the rest were advancing in scattered groups,

while the guns upon Fahla kept up a steady fire

upon the Punjaubees.

The advance of the enemy was as pretty a

sight as has ever been presented in modern war-

fare. Here and there among the groups galloped

chiefs in their scarlet-cloth robes ; many of the

footmen, too, were in scarlet ; the rest were in

white. Numerous flags were visible among them.

All kept on at a run without pause or hesitation,

and advanced across the plateau with alarming

rapidity, and it was for some time doubtful

whether they would not reach the brow of the

little valley along which the naval rocket train

was still coming up in single file, before the latter



and considerable delay occurred in getting the animals up. The leading mules were still scrambling up the steep incline when the infantry came up from behind at the double.

The sound of the first gun had in a moment dispelled every thought of thirst, heat, and fatigue. Every face was lit up with animation, and they responded heartily to the cheer with which their arrival was greeted by the staff. The 300 men of the 4th came first, followed by the Engineers, after whom came the Beloochees, the two companies of the 10th Native Infantry, and the Sappers and Miners. As they came up the 4th were ordered to go on in advance in skirmishing order, and just as they dashed down into the valley the leading mules reached the top of the crest. It took the sailors but an instant to unload the rocket tubes and ammunition, and in less than a minute from the first mules arriving on the crest, a rocket whizzed out over the plain. It was the first answer to the fire which the guns of the fortress had kept up, and was greeted with a cheer by the troops. The race had been won; we had been saved from disaster, and there was no doubt as to how the combat would go henceforth. Rocket after rocket

rushed out in rapid succession. Astonished at the roar of these novel missiles, the enemy paused in dismay; the horses plunged wildly, and many, in spite of the efforts of their riders, careered across the plain; but with animated gestures the chiefs encouraged the men to advance, and they came forward at a run. They were now but some four hundred yards from the crest from which the naval brigade were working the rocket tubes, and not more than a hundred from the edge of the ravine up whose side the 4th were rapidly climbing. As the line of skirmishers breasted the slope and set foot upon the plateau, they opened a heavy fire with their Sniders upon their enemy. The latter, taken completely by surprise, paused, discharged their muskets, and then retreated—slowly and doggedly at first, but

increasing their speed as they felt how hopeless was the struggle against antagonists who could pour in ten shots to their one. Indeed, at that point they were outnumbered by the 4th; for they were in no regular order, but in groups and knots scattered over the whole plain. The 4th advanced rapidly, followed by the other regiments, driving the enemy before them. So indeed, did they press forward that much the Abyssinians could not gain the path to the fortress, but were driven away to the edge of the plateau into a ravine, from which the rockets again drove them to the edge of the plain.

The 4th and the other regiments formed up in a line about a hundred yards from the crest, and for an hour maintained an unintermitted fire against the enemy, who kept up a return upon them from their small rifle-pits and shelter of stones and rocks. All this time the guns from Fahl and Lamgi kept up a constant fire, but their aim was defective, and the proportion of the shot that passed far over the heads of the troops. When the sailors came up, the rockets drove the enemy speedily up the hill, and they then turned their attention to the guns.



LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

feet above them, doing considerable damage and nearly killing Theodore himself, who was superintending their working.

In the meantime a far more serious action had been going on to the left. The main body of the enemy had made directly towards the Poonch Pioneers, who were defending the head of the road. Fortunately, Colonel Penn's train of guns which was following the sailors, arrived at the top of the road before they reached the Pioneers, and taking their place by the side of the jaubees, his men instantly opened fire with shell on the mass of the enemy, now at but three hundred yards, while the Pioneers at the same time opened with musketry. The Abyssinian advance was at once checked, and the greater part of the natives rushed down



THE PUNJABEES, AFTER FIRING A VOLLEY, RUSHED DOWN AND CHARGED THEM WITH THE BAYONET" (p. 414).

into the valley and pressed on to the attack on the baggage.

The guns of the fortress had, however, placed the guard of the baggage on the alert, and a transport officer had galloped down the valley, giving warning of the intended attack. The men scattered along the line hurried up, and Captain Roberts, who was in command of the detachment of the 4th, with his subalterns and the officers of the transport train, gathered at the head of the baggage. As the enemy poured down the ravine they were received with a heavy fire from the breechloaders of the 4th. The guns of Penn's battery scattered death among them; the Punjaubees, after firing a volley, rushed down and charged them with the bayonet; and in a very few minutes the remnants of the force that had poured out from the fortress



KING THEODORE OF MAGDALA.

confident of victory, and exulting in the prospect of the spoil, fled up the opposite side of the ravine, decimated as they did so by the fire of the 4th and Punjaubees, the survivors being, like those driven off from the plateau to the right, entirely cut off from any chance of returning to Magdala.

The battle of Arooghee was, so far as the British were concerned, a mere skirmish, and in itself very much less important than scores of encounters between our troops and various hill-tribes in India and Burmah which have passed off without attracting any public attention whatever. To the enemy, however, it was a crushing and decisive defeat. Upwards of 5,000 of Theodore's bravest soldiers sallied out; scarce as many hundreds returned to the fortress. Over 500 were killed, and our soldiers earnestly expressed the hope that it would be unnecessary to storm the fortress, for fighting with these poorly-armed natives was little short of slaughter. They had fought gallantly, too. Not a single shield, gun, or

spear was picked up except by the side of the dead; the living, and even the wounded, retreated—they would not fly. There was no rout—no throwing away of arms, as would have happened among European soldiers in similarly desperate circumstances.

On the British side not a single man was killed, and but thirty wounded, for the most part slightly. Captain Roberts, however, was hit in the elbow, and lost his arm. In one respect the skirmish was a memorable one, it being the first encounter in which the British troops ever used breech-loading rifles.

On the two following days the whole of the captives were sent in by Theodore. The king, however, on finding that the only terms that Sir Robert Napier would grant him was an assurance that his life should be spared, with all with him, determined to resist to the end. Knowing, however, that his troops were utterly disheartened by the loss of so many of their chiefs, and of nearly the whole of those who were regarded as regular troops, and could no longer be depended upon to offer any resistance to the British advance, he summoned their chiefs together and told them they were at liberty to make terms for themselves and to depart. He then retired into Magdala, with but a dozen or so of his immediate followers. The chiefs came down early next morning into the camp, and offered to surrender Fahla and Salamgi at once, if they themselves and their families should be allowed to depart, with their property.

The proposal was accepted; and the 3rd Native Cavalry returned up the hill with them. The whole force was paraded, both brigades being now up, and headed by the 33rd, who had borne the brunt of the hard work throughout, ascended the road to the saddle.

The scene here was a surprising one. Some 30,000 men, women, and children were crowded together, mixed up with oxen, sheep, and donkeys. The women, children, and donkeys were already laden with their scanty belongings—the Abyssinian man thinks it beneath him to carry anything but his arms. The women welcomed the troops with quavering cries, and all seemed delighted to be freed from the tyranny that had so long oppressed them. The men still retained their weapons, but were disarmed as they went down the hill. The road up the steep natural scarps of Salamgi was an extremely winding one. The strength of the position was indeed extraordinary, and, held by a garrison of European troops, could have defied the armies of

l. Descending from Salamgi, the uard came down on the flat shoulder ated it from Magdala.

ace was covered with little shelters coarse grass, and about the size and naycocks. A little body of horsemen es were galloping to and fro in front tress, discharging their rifles. Among figure of Theodore himself was con- He had, the previous night, attempted his escape by a path down the preci- d the fortress ; but finding his retreat cut off by his inveterate enemies— —he had returned, determined to die n surrender to us.

n advance found twenty of his cannon line. He had evidently intended to into Magdala, but had not had time

There was ammunition in the boxes, enant Nolan, of the Royal Artillery, r soldiers, loaded them, and opened fire rsemen, and at upwards of a hundred ives clustered at the foot of the narrow in the face of the perpendicular rock ate leading through the wall which t. In a short time Penn's battery and speedily drove horse and foot fortress. There was quiet now, until er part of the force was gathered the assault.

neral feeling of compassion that had for the outmatched king, was dissi- the rage excited among the troops acle of unparalleled horror. The re- tives had brought down news to the : on the day before our arrival Theo- ordered the massacre of upwards of ners—men and women—and that he id begun the slaughter by slaying until ed. While awaiting the order to form e final advance, a soldier happened to the ledge of the precipice by the side ateau, and saw, a hundred feet below eat pile of naked bodies, gashed and , lying heaped on each other, as they thrown down from above. From that all thought of pity for the inhuman nished at once ; and, burning with troops prepared for the assault.

arter to four all was ready. The guns as opened a tremendous fire to cover ce, and, preceded by a party of the : to blow in the gate, the 33rd ad- allowed by the 45th. When within of the rock the 33rd formed line, and

opened fire at the gateway and a high hedge bordering the summit of the precipice. Under cover of this fire the Engineers and the leading company advanced up the path. When they were half-way up the troops stopped firing, and the storming party dashed up at a run. All this time answering flashes came back from a high wall that extended a few yards on either side of the gateway, and from behind the houses and rocks near it. On arriving at the gateway the troops thrust their rifles through the loop-holes, and kept up a continuous fire.

There was a long pause, and then a soldier made his way down the crowded path with the astounding news that the powder bags to blow in the gate had been forgotten—an act of forgetfulness probably unparalleled in warfare. A few pioneers of the 45th were sent up with axes to cut down the gate. In the meantime, however, the men of the 33rd discovered a spot, half-way up the road, where they were able to scramble up the rock, and forcing their way through the hedge, quickly cleared away the defenders of the gate. The greater portion of the regiment followed them, and blew in an inner gate at the top of a flight of steps leading up a natural scarp thirty feet high, and wide enough for but a single man to ascend at a time. Beyond this was a flat plateau scattered over with a large number of the round native huts, with stone walls and high conical thatched roofs. At a short distance from the gate lay the body of Theodore. He had received two wounds, but death was caused by his own hand, he having discharged a pistol into his mouth.

All resistance had ceased as soon as the 33rd had made their way in. Some eight or ten bodies lay near the lower gate, three or four others by the upper one. All these were those of chiefs who had remained faithful to Theodore to the end. The rest of the defenders, numbering about a hundred, had made their way down from the fortress by the path by which Theodore had attempted to escape the night before. The rest of the troops entered by the gate, which had now been shattered by the axes of the pioneers. It was found to be blocked by a great number of heavy stones piled up behind it. At least a hundred prisoners were found in chains, doubtless destined for the same fate that had befallen their companions four days previously. Three days later Magdala was burnt, and the army set out on its return to the coast.



A BROAD belt of desert lands stretches across the continent of Asia from Arabia, in the south-west, to the rainless highlands of Gobi, or Shamo, in the far east. This desert zone is here and there broken by a tract of steppe land that is covered with grass for a portion of the year, while more rarely a large oasis is formed by a fertile region, where the rivers and streams, descending from a mountain range, supply water to the fields before losing themselves in the sands of the desert beyond.

Eastward of the Caspian, and south of the Aral, much of the waste land is a salt desert, and the shells, mixed with the surface sand, afford further evidence that it was in times not very remote part of the bottom of a large inland sea, of which the land-locked waters of Western Asia are a survival.

Along the Caspian the steppe and desert sink gradually to the water-level, and the margins of the sea are so shallow that, except where extensive dredging works have been carried out, and long jetties constructed, ships have to discharge their cargoes into barges two or three miles from the shore.

This desert region marked for many years the southern limit of the Russian empire in Central Asia. A barren waste is a more formidable obstacle to a European army than the ocean itself; and the Turkoman tribes of the oases not only refused to acknowledge the dominion of the White Czar, but successfully raided up to the very gates of his border forts in the spring, when the grass of the steppe afforded forage for their horses. The first successful advance across the desert zone was made by Kaufmann, whose expeditions marched by the belt of fertile land which interrupts it where the Amu Daria (the Oxus of classical times) flows down from the central highlands of Asia to the great lake of the Aral Sea. But in 1878

the Russians began another series of operations starting not from their forts on the Oxus but from their new ports on the south-western shore of the Caspian.

In this direction the most powerful Turkoman tribes were the Tekkes of the Karakum oasis. Between their strongholds and the Caspian there was first a desert nearly 15 miles wide, and then the ridge of the Kope mountains. The desert, which stretches along the northern shore of the Atrek river, is a sandy waste, partly a tract of barren clay baked hard by the sun, and broken by salt lakes and crevices in the dry season, and like flooded brickfield when it rains. The water of the river is scanty, and not good to drink, and flows in a deep channel between steep banks, and so closely does the desert approach the river for miles one might ride within a hundred yards of its clay-banked cañon without suspecting that water was so near. Where the Sumbar river runs into the Atrek the Russians had advanced post—the earthwork fort of Tchirchik with its eight-gun battery. Following the Sumbar one enters the arid valleys on the south side of the Kopet Dag range. On this side the slope is gradually; on the other side of the ridge is a sharp descent, and sometimes the mountain form for miles a line of precipitous rock. At the foot of this natural rampart lie the fortified villages of the Tekke Turkomans.

For numerous streams descend from the Kopet Dag, flowing to the north-eastward, and after a few miles losing themselves in the sands of the Kara Kum desert. Between the mountains and the desert the ground thus watered forms a long, narrow oasis—the land of Akhal, which a local Mussulman tradition says Adam betook himself when he was driven from Eden. No doubt much of the praise has been given to the beauty and fertility of this three-hundred-mile strip of well-watered

den ground comes from the contrast between green enclosures and the endless waste that lies in the horizon to the north-eastward. Corn and maize, cotton and wool, form part of the wealth of its people. They had the finest roses of all Turkestan, and great herds and flocks of cattle, sheep, and camels. The streams fed numerous mills, and were led by a network of tunnels and conduits through the fields and garden. The villages were mud-walled and straggled, with an inner enclosure for the

Tekkes had thus an outlet for their surplus productions, among which were beautiful carpets, the handiwork of their women. In war they had proved themselves formidable to all their neighbours. United with the warriors of Merv, the men of Akhal had cut to pieces a Khivan army in 1855 and a host of Persian invaders in 1861.

The conquest of Akhal had long been a subject of Russian ambition. It was not merely that they were anxious to put an end once for all to



TURKOMAN MUSICIANS.

the kikitkas, or tents, and the mud huts of the Tekkes filling the space between the inner and outer walls, and straggling outside in temporary camps that could be rapidly cleared away in war time. The people were over 100,000 strong—perhaps 140,000 in all—men, women, and children. They were united in a loose confederacy, acknowledged the lordship of the Khan of Merv, who had come from one of their own villages. They raided the Russian and Persian borders successfully, these plundering expeditions filling up the part of the year when they were not busy with more peaceful occupations. Along their fertile strip of land ran the caravan track from Merv by Askabad to Kizil Arvat and to the Caspian, and when they were not at war the

the raids of the Turkomans of the great oasis, but they regarded the possession of this region as a great step towards the consolidation of their power in Asia. From Baku, the terminus of their railways in the Caucasus, it was easy to ferry troops across the Caspian; and what they wanted was a secure road from some port on its eastern shore to their provinces on the Upper Oxus, and anyone who knew the country must have felt that this road would eventually run through the Akhal and the Merv oases. Even before the last war with Turkey serious operations for the conquest of Akhal were in contemplation. No sooner was peace concluded than an expedition was organised under General Lomakine, and whilst the British were fighting

their way into Afghanistan in another part of Central Asia the Russians were advancing along the first stage of what is now their chief road towards our Indian frontier.

Tchiskishliar, some miles north of the point where the Atrek flows into the Caspian, was the starting-point of the Russian expedition of 1878. It consisted of about 2,500 infantry, 700 or 800 Cossacks, a battery of Cossack Horse Artillery, a rocket company, and a detachment of sappers. There was an enormous train of camels for the baggage and stores, and escorts were furnished for these by Cossack, Khirghiz, and friendly Turkoman irregulars. The long column of men, horses, and camels left Tchiskishliar on August 3rd under a blazing sun, and struggled slowly across the neighbouring tracts of sand and salt marsh, suffering terribly from heat, thirst, and the continual torment of flies. The bank of the Atrek was reached at Bayat Khaji, and there the column halted for a week to recover from the effects of its first stage across the desert. After another fatiguing march the fort of Tchat was reached on the 15th, and the column camped there till the 23rd, the men already suffering a good deal from sickness. Then the march was resumed up the Sumber valley and through the passes of the Kopet Dag. Lomakine appears to have met with no resistance in the defiles, until he was within a few miles of the edge of the oasis. He had pitched his camp at a ruined fort with mud walls, when he learned that the Tekke horse and foot were gathering in their thousands to fall upon him.

But he was in no position to continue the campaign. Heat, fatigue, thirst, and sickness had thinned his ranks, and many of the survivors were more fit for the hospital than the battlefield. His supplies were nearly exhausted, and the approach of the Turkoman cavalry made foraging difficult and dangerous. His camels were dying by hundreds, so that even if he had had supplies it would soon be no easy matter to transport them. On the approach of the Tekke vanguard he tried to play what is familiarly called a game of bluff. He sent word to them that if they would agree to his hoisting the Russian flag at the fort of Khoja Kala, and leaving a small post to take care of it, he would retire to Tchat. But they knew too well in what desperate straits he was. They refused to treat, and as they closed in on the fort he retired through the mountain passes. Pursued by the Turkomans, he retreated to Tchat and then to the Caspian, the Turkomans besieging the garrison

he left at Tchat, and carrying off numbers of camels as he struggled across the desert. The expedition had ended in disastrous failure.

The attempt was renewed next year, the command of General Lazareff—a soldier added to the experience of long years of warfare the distinction won by his gallanting of the right storming column at the of Kars. Early in April, 1879, Lazareff left the Caspian to Tchiskishliar and took command. On the day of his arrival eighteen Turkomans were brought before him, men who had been held as hostages for the safety of Russians who had fallen into the hands of countrymen. He ordered the hostages released. "You are at liberty," he said to them. "Go back and tell your brother Tekkes that I shall soon pay them a visit. Four soldiers nothing to me, nor are eighteen Turkomans when I come I will take 18,000 of you, and not leave a village in the whole district. I will come with you, and tell this to your friends." Tekkes departed across the desert, carrying them this message of fierce defiance.

On the following day Lazareff, with a Cossack escort, made a reconnaissance of the desert to the fort of Tchat. On his return to Tchiskishliar he embarked for Krasnovodsk, the Russian Caspian capital of those days, where he conferred with Lomakine as to the plans for the expedition. Then, leaving him in charge of the operations, he recrossed the Caspian to Baku, and went on to Tiflis to arrange with the authorities in the Caucasus for the despatch of the troops he had asked for. He was a man of less energy, and he seemed hardly to take any rest for sleep or meals during these days of preparation for the march against the Turkomans. While he was at Tiflis that the Tekkes, in answer to his defiance, raided up to a three hours' ride of Krasnovodsk, and carried off two hundred of the camels which Lomakine was collecting for the expedition.

The concentration of the troops and stores for the expedition at Tchiskishliar was a slow and toilsome piece of work. It was easy enough to get men, horses, and merchandise to Baku, and to ferry them across the inland sea in the trading steamers. Difficulties began when the low shores near the mouth of the Atrek and the tumbledown fishing-village of Tchiskishliar came in sight. Three miles out the steamers anchored, and then boats and barges gathered round them to convey men and freight towards the fort. Within half a mile of it the heavier

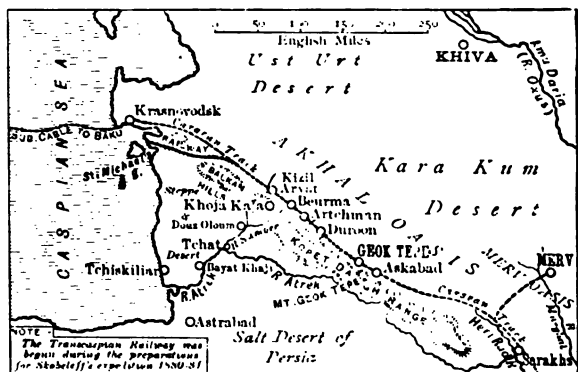
led, and they were either dragged by force over the shallows or their freight was ashore on men's shoulders. A jetty was erected in April to remedy this state of affairs but it was never pushed far enough out. Around the village the camp grew up—a vast encampment of soldiers, transport labourers, drivers, followers, horses, and camels, living on the bare ground between the desert and the long strip of the sea margin. No wonder that sickness was rife in the camp long before the expedition was ready for setting out on the march.

In April Lazareff was on the spot. He fell ill himself, and the doctors told him to take complete rest; but he refused to listen to them, and day and far into the night he was at work directing and urging on the operations. Altogether the expedition was to consist of some 10,000 men, with about 5,000 more to hold the line of operations and various points along the route; and there was a baggage-train of 15,000 camels and 6,000 pack-horses. At the end of May all the troops were in readiness, but the baggage animals were still short of their proper number. The water was bad, and fodder for the horses scanty that many of them were dying.

The weather was hot and dry, there was not a bush or tree to give shade, and the hot winds brought in storms of sand and dust from the desert. Mosquitoes swarmed in the neighbouring marshes of the Atrek and the camp, and added much to the misery of the men. Twice, in the middle of June, a storm from the seaward sent long waves rolling on the low-lying shore, and flooded all the low land. Everyone was longing to get away. The place, which May 10th had originally been named as the place of departure, but May ended, and it was not till the middle of June that the advanced guard marched off.

The delay of five weeks resulted in exposing the expedition to the fierce midsummer heat in the plain across the desert; and, to make matters worse, it was not till the second week of August that the main body was ready to follow, the advanced guard having meanwhile established a line of camps along the route by Tchat to the Bendessen range across the Kopet Dag range. On the 12th the march began, the long lines of men, horses, and camels moving off across the desert. Lazareff fell ill that even his reckless energy had failed him, and by the advice of the doctors he was ordered to wait in camp till the expedition was ready to march. He reached Fort Tchat, and then followed quickly

after it. On the evening of the 18th the expedition camped round the fort, having already lost many men through sunstroke, thirst, and fever. On the 20th the march was resumed by the cavalry. Four days later Lazareff set out for Tchat. He was acting against the advice of the doctors, who told him he could not stand the journey. To ride was impossible, but he sat in a carriage in the midst of a troop of Cossacks. When he reached the fort of Tchat he was in such pain and so weak that he had to be lifted out of the carriage, and conveyed in the arms of the soldiers to the commandant's house. Ill as he was, however, he ordered a messenger to ride on to the next camping-place—Douz Oloum—and say that he would be there on the morrow. But he had made his last march. At half-past four



next morning General Lazareff died at the Fort of Tchat.

General Lomakine, whose name was associated with disastrous failure, and who was unpopular with the army, now assumed the command. The expedition was by this time well on its way to the Akhal oasis. The vanguard was established at the ruined fort of Khoja Kala. By the last day of August, a week after Lazareff's death, the bulk of the force was camped on the edge of the oasis. After the muddy wells of the desert and mountain region, it was a delight to find themselves again among well-watered fields. "The finest champagne was nothing to the first cup of cool water," wrote one of the officers. The vanguard had had some skirmishes with the Turkoman horsemen, but it was ascertained that they meant to fight at the fortress of Geok Tepe, further to the eastward. Rumour said that they had assembled there some 20,000 men, driving their flocks beyond it towards Merv, and camping in and around the mud-walled fort with their families. The rainy season would begin before

the end of September, and marching would be difficult. Lomakine resolved to push on and attack the Tekkes at once.

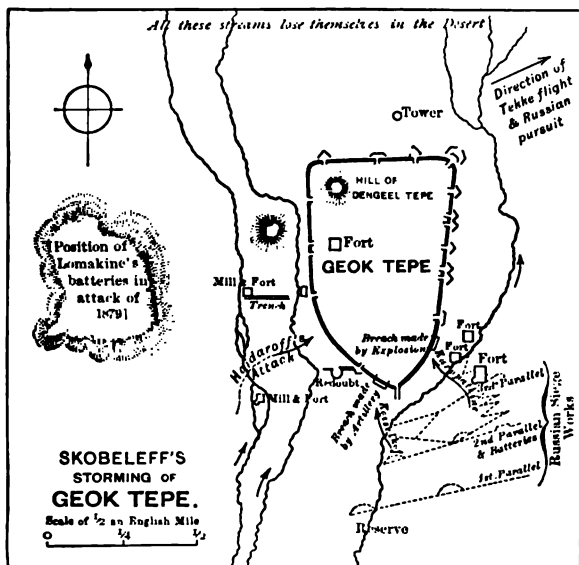
On the 4th of September Bami, a fortified village in the oasis, was occupied, the troops traversing a difficult pass of the Kopet Dagh to reach it. The mud-walled fort of Bami had no defenders, and next day the expedition moved on the first stage of its hundred-mile march between the desert and the hills. Beurma, the next of the Tekke fortresses, was occupied without firing a shot. All the men capable of bearing arms had ridden off to the great gathering at Geok Tepe. Artchman, the

they would wait for the Russian advance, might try to fall upon the army on the day of march, encumbered as it was with its train of camels and pack animals. What posts already established in the rear, and necessary guard for this huge convoy, Russians did not expect to be able to much more than 2,000 men in their little battle. On the 8th there was a day of rest. The attack on the Turkoman position close to the front was fixed for the morrow.

The real name of the fortress attacked by the Russians was Dengeel Tepe—i.e. "the remaining hill"—remarkable on account of the defeat of the Persians, which took place there eight years before. The hill itself is a small, rounded hill, and the camp of black tents and clay formed round it was enclosed only by a low mud wall, strengthened with a few small forts. The place stands close to the northern face of the rocky wall which here forms the northern face of the Kopet Dagh. A two miles to the eastward a prominent peak juts from the mountain wall, as known as Geok Tepe (the blue hill). The name has become the popular designation of the fortress of Dengeel Tepe, which is nearly always spoken of as Geok Tepe.

Early on the morning of September 11, Lomakine, leaving his baggage camp under a strong guard, moved to the attack in two columns, the advanced guard consisting first, covered by a chain of Cossack Daghestani horsemen, and the main body following. It was a bright, sunny morning, and the troops were in high spirits. Captain

Alikhanoff (the future general and the victor of Penj-deh), who was with the vanguard, wrote in his narrative of the eventful day: "We marched slowly across a clayey common, the bands played merrily, the soldiers singing the songs of Russia, and the irregulars darting hither and thither to examine the ground. To the right the detachment stretched, as usual, the Russian wall of the Kopet Dagh, and on the left the yellow sands of the desert—too distant almost to be seen by the troops. The view of the Kopet Dagh lasted without change until almost 9 o'clock, when in the distance a sharp-pointed and solitary peak began to assume outline above the terrace of hills alongside it. 'That is Geok Tepe,' exclaimed the Turkomans (guides), pointing to the peak. 'At the foot of the mountain lies the stronghold which we seek.' The stronghold could not



next town on the route, sent a deputation to tender its submission; but here, too, the Russians found that most of the men had gone. The Khan of Kizil Arvat, which lay on the western edge of the oasis, also came in and surrendered. Near Duroon, when fifty miles of the march through the oasis had been accomplished, the Tekke scouts appeared in front—300 well-mounted men—who retired, exchanging shots with the Cossacks of the vanguard. On the following night (that between the 6th and 7th September) they disturbed the Russian camp with a sudden night-attack. Next day the whole force formed into columns, and began its march, prepared at any moment for an attack, for Geok Tepe was now only a day-and-a-half's journey in front. Rumour raised the numbers gathered there to 40,000 horse and foot; and though it was expected

be seen ; but, none the less, to the foot
Geok Tepe were directed numerous binocular
es and eager eyes. Soon, in the distance,
dust began to rise. Black dots appeared
the horizon like a swarm of ants creeping
the plain. They were the enemy's cavalry
ng to meet the column."*

the Tekke horsemen did not venture to try

noitred it. General Lomakine rode up to the
top of the hill chosen as the artillery position.
What he saw is thus described by Alikhanoff,
who rode beside him : "On the plain to the
east, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile
from the battery, sinking somewhat in the
middle like the hollow in the palm of the hand,
stood the nearly regular quadrangular fortress



"THE WOMEN MINGLED IN THE MÊLÉE" (p. 422).

clusions with the Russian columns, but they
mished with the Cossacks, and, sweeping past
vanguard, tried to surprise the baggage camp.
ers retired in dark masses before the advanc-
army, falling back upon their stronghold. It
noon when the vanguard halted within range
the place. The men had suffered much from
t and thirst, and they rested ; but meantime
attery moved to the front and threw some
lk into the fortress, while the staff recon-

* Marvin's translation.

of Geok Tepe, or Dengeel Tepe, occupying, with
its enceinte, an area of a mile. Neither high
outer walls nor inner citadel constituting the
usual Tekke fortress were observable here. The
whole of the interior of the clay enceinte, which
appeared to be very low, was filled with kikitkas
(tents) crowded together, and looked in the
distance like a thickly-packed beehive. They
say the number of them exceeded 12,000. At
a distance of a mile and a half from the fort, to
the south, rose the Kopet Dag, and to the east

Mount Geok Tepe. The two other sides faced the open plain, the ground rising somewhat, so that at gunshot distance artillery could be placed in such a manner as to command the interior of the stronghold. From the face of the fortress in front of us issued the principal irrigation stream of the settlement. After running towards the battery hill for 500 yards or so, it turned to the north, and afterwards to the north-west. On the banks of it, not far from one another, stood two mills, and at the side of each a kala, or fort. These constituted, as it were, the outer defences. The ground in front of the western and northern sides of the stronghold was cut up with irrigation canals, clay banks, and corn plots, rendering it a confused network of obstructions. This was all that could be seen. The impression produced on the spectator was such that his mind immediately set to work wondering how the Tekkes came to select for defence this apparently weak, insignificant fortress, the surroundings of which gave superiority to the assailants, if only they possessed a few guns." The actual strength of the garrison was about 15,000. They were mostly armed with swords; comparatively few had firearms. There were no cannon on the rampart, only some heavy muskets or wall-pieces.

It was not until three o'clock that the main body came up, but meanwhile the advanced guard had pushed forward a line of skirmishers against the north and west sides of Geok Tepe, driven the defenders from the outworks, and poured a shower of shells into the mass of closely-packed tents within the enclosure. A crowd of fugitives attempted to leave the place by the east side, making for the direction of Askabad; but the Russian cavalry swept round the place, and drove them back, some of the Tekke horsemen alone getting away and disappearing towards the desert. With the arrival of the main body the firing line was strengthened, and more guns and rocket tubes opened upon the crowded interior of the stronghold. And now from the south side a mass of women and children, with camels and pack animals, poured out, making for the Kopet Dagh. The cavalry were upon them like a whirlwind, not to slay, but to drive them back into the deadly space where the shells were bursting and the rockets were falling. The poor women threw themselves on their knees before the horses, holding up their babies, and begging in plaintive tones to be allowed to pass. Others flung themselves flat on the ground. But whips were

used freely, the horses were spurred upon the butts of lances levelled at them, a shrieking crowd was gradually forced back to Geok Tepe. Then a number of the old men came out on the west side, and tried to negotiate with the Russian commander; but he would not consent to suspend the bombardment. He was determined to avenge his defeat of the previous year by carrying Geok Tepe to the sword point.

Officers experienced in Asiatic warfare knew that if he would consent to treat, the place would surrender; that if he would let the men and children pass out, the men would not offer any very desperate resistance; and that, as the enemy had no artillery, if he merely continued the bombardment, the place would be evacuated. But Lomakine wanted to have the glory of a successful storming of the Tekke fortress, and he neither negotiated, nor let the fugitives pass out, nor limited himself to an attack. Though he could not dispose of more than 1,500 bayonets for the assault, he ordered that Geok Tepe should be carried by storm, and the infantry should advance with the bayonets fixed against the north and west faces at five o'clock.

In a long, thin line the Russians moved forward on the north and west. On the east and south the cavalry completed the investment of Geok Tepe. Looking from the little hill to the west, Lomakine watched the assault. Under a sharp musketry fire from the crest of the hill the Russians struggled across the ditch, and helped each other up the rampart at every point where the artillery fire had damaged the wall. There were scaling-ladders with the bayonets fixed to them, but they were not brought up. The Russians climbed the low mud walls as best they could. But the place had been badly reconnoitred. There was a second low wall inside the first, and beyond that again there were cades, and living barriers formed by kneeling lines of camels, their legs tied to prevent them from rising. From every mud-bank and cade blazed out a fire of musketry. Four stormers there sprang up a surging mass of swordsmen, maddened at the slaughter of their wives and children, desperate with the thought that all that was left for them was to sell their lives dearly. The women mingled in the ranks. Some fought with sticks; others poured water on the stormers. The Russians expected that once the rampart was passed there would be a panic among the defenders. But the sight of the new obstacles before them

outnumbered twenty to one by men who, when it came to cold steel, were at least their equals, the stormers felt that the game was up, and they were forced back into the ditch. Out poured the Turkomans after them, and drove them back upon their guns. They followed up their retreating foes. One chief was literally blown to pieces as he charged up to the very muzzle of the Russian cannon. Others were shot down well to the rear of the batteries. For a moment it looked as if the Russian guns would remain in the hands of the Tekkes. If the cavalry had been at hand they might have charged into the confused mass, but they were away to the east and south, and knew nothing of the danger of their comrades. Luckily for the Russians, the Tekkes after the first dash at the guns drew back into the fortress. Darkness came on quickly, and brought the day's fight to an end.

The Russians passed the night in momentary expectation of an attack. The cavalry came in soon after dark, and happily were recognised as friends. There were no fires lighted, though the night was cold, and it was difficult to collect the wounded. Nearly 500 men were missing, and so hopeless did the situation appear to Lomakine that he ordered the retreat to begin at dawn. Some of his officers in vain urged that he should at least stand his ground and offer the Turkomans battle, trusting to his rapid-firing rifles and his artillery to secure victory. But he had thoroughly lost heart.

But on the Turkoman side there was equal depression. Far from being elated at their unexpected victory, the Tekkes were terrified at the destruction caused by the Russian shells. They had lost more than 4,000 men, women, and children, chiefly by the bombardment, and they fully expected that it would begin again at sunrise. All night the women wailed their dead, and did what little they could for the hundreds who were dying. As for the men, who had fought with such desperate courage, they chose delegates to go out next morning and throw themselves on the mercy of the terrible soldier whose murderous guns had wrought such havoc. At sunrise the envoys went forth, but stopped and turned back when they saw the Russian columns already in full retreat to the westward.

At 3 a.m. the Russians had broken up their camp and begun their march, keeping near the mountain-wall to secure their left flank, while the cavalry moved on their right. For a week they marched thus along the oasis, the Turkomans harassing their rear and picking up the

exhausted camels and pack-horses they abandoned. At last it was ordered that these should not be left alive to the enemy, and as cartridges were running short the wretched animals were stabbed to death with bayonets. Daily the wounded and sick soldiers were dying. The heat was tropical, supplies were short, and the streams near the hills often gave only a scanty supply of water. The Turkoman guides and camp-followers deserted, and to add to the alarm of the fugitives, news arrived that the Khan of Merv was hurrying up to join the pursuit with 6,000 horse and a battery of artillery. Not till the pass through the Kopet Dagħ was reached did Lomakine feel safe. The expedition then straggled back to the Caspian, the Tekke horsemen riding up to the very gates of Fort Tchat, and raiding across the desert till they were all but in sight of Krasnovodsk. In thirty years of Asiatic warfare Russia had known no such disaster. Kauffman sent word from Tashkent that if it were not avenged he could not count on peace even in his distant province.

The man chosen to retrieve the fallen prestige of the Russian arms was General Skobeleff. He had the reputation of being the most dashing soldier in the armies of the Czar. Born in 1845, he had distinguished himself in Poland, in the Caucasus, and in Central Asia, and he was a general at thirty, when those who had passed through the military school with him were mostly still captains. In the Turkish war he had gained new laurels, especially by his reckless valour in the assaults on Plevna. The army heard with exultation that he was to command the next expedition against Geok Tepe, but there were some who shook their heads and expressed the opinion that Skobeleff was likely to be imprudently daring in his conduct of the enterprise—that he would try to conquer the Tekkes by one fierce rush, and there would be another disaster.

Those who spoke thus showed how little they knew the man. Reckless as to his own personal safety, he was one of the most careful and painstaking of soldiers in all that concerned the preparation for the military operations entrusted to his command. He neglected no detail. He laid far-reaching plans, and thoroughly realised the truth of the important fact that battles are won quite as much by the previous organisation of the campaign as by the actual fighting. He studied the causes of the failures of his predecessor; and not Russia, but Europe also, was surprised at seeing this soldier, who was supposed to be all

eagerness for the actual conflict, spend a full twelvemonth in preparing for his conquest of the Akhal Oasis.

Skobelev resolved, in the first place, not to collect his force on the eastern shore of the Caspian until everything was ready for it to move off. He determined to have a powerful train of artillery, and he ordered a chain of depôts of supplies to be formed all along the route up to the front, and the largest depôts of all to be collected under a sufficient guard on the edge of the oasis itself. He chose for his chief of the staff Colonel Kuro-patkine, who had been his right-hand man at Plevna, and who is now a general and governor of the Transcaspian provinces. General Annenkoff, who had directed the transport and supply of the Russian armies during the Turkish war, was sent to assist him, and at once obtained Skobelev's consent to the execution of what had long been one of his favourite ideas. In the spring of 1880 he began to lay down a railway across the desert from St. Michael's Bay (a little south of Kras-

novodsk), in the direction of Kizil Arvat at the west end of the Akhal oasis. The railway was not finished in time to directly connect the oasis with the Caspian during the campaign, but its eastern end was used as a depôt, from which caravans of camels moved across the desert; and thus Skobelev had a double line of supply and a double base. In England questions were asked in the House of Commons about this new railway, and the Minister of the day laughed at the story of its progress as a mere canard. In July Skobelev collected about a thousand men, with a few mountain- and machine-guns, in the passes of the Kopet Dagh, and, pushing on to the neighbourhood of Geok Tepe,

reconnoitred the now famous fortress. He found that the Turkomans had considerably strengthened its walls and widened its ditches, and decided that it must be taken by a regular assault. Having got his information, he retired, followed by the Turkoman cavalry; and the rumour spread through Central Asia that the Russians had failed once more to capture the place. Skobelev cared very little for this. He knew that with the means he had at his disposal he could take the fortress, and that its surrender within a few months was as certain as an inevitable fate.

While he was waiting, he sent General G. G. Tepe a naval brig from the Caspian. He seized Kizil Arvat, repaired the fortifications, and began to collect there a supply of stores brought across the desert by Annenkoff's railway and camel caravans. The summer passed, and the short rainy season, and in the cold of winter Skobelev at last moved his battalions and batteries across the Caspian, marching them from fort post to post into the Akhal oasis, and the middle of December startled the Turkomans at Tekkes by suddenly coming down upon them from



GENERAL SKOBELEV.

(Photo, Charles Bergamini, St. Petersburg.)

passes and driving them back on their stronghold. There was some fighting during the advance, and among the wounded was Annenkoff, who had hurried to the front. On the 1st of January, 1881, the army was in sight of Geok Tepe, Skobelev having under his command 10,000 picked troops, with fifty-four machine-guns and rocket-tubes. A detail had been neglected, and a heliograph signal corps connected together his various camps, and enabled him to send messages rapidly to the telegraph stations beyond Kopet Dagh and on the railway. Behind the clay ramparts of the fortress between 20,000 and 30,000 men awaited the attack.

parallel was opened and the first instructed in the night between and 9th. Two days later the made a sortie in force. They tried besieging lines just after dark, fighting was not over till midnight. actually captured two guns and a for a short time were in possession Russian works. On the 16th they

Geok Tepe and on the snowy crest of the mountain range. There was a pleasant sharpness in the air. It was very different from the torrid summer afternoon which had witnessed Lomakine's failure. All the Russian guns thundered against the walls, or sent their shells into the camp behind it, while the four columns of attack formed up under cover of the advanced works. On the west side Colonel Haidaroff, a Circassian



A WEEK THEY MARCHED THUS, . . . THE TURKOMANS HARASSING THEIR REAR" (A. 423).

in, but were again repulsed. The were pushed rapidly forward, and ing of the 17th the head of the carried to within forty yards of the south side. All the outworks and of the Russians, whose steady t have seemed to the Tekkes far than the wildest onset. On the l was breached, and, all unknown on, two mines had been driven apart, one charged with gun-ther with dynamite. The assault next day. g broke fine and clear. The bright e on the greyish-white walls of

veteran, with a battalion of infantry and five rocket-tubes, made a false attack on the Tekke defences, his men firing as fast as they could load, showing themselves here and there with scaling-ladders in their hands, and doing all they could to induce the Tekkes to believe that it was there the chief assault was to be made. Meanwhile Kuropatkine was forming another column for attack opposite the east side, and Colonel Kosselkof had got more than 2,000 men together opposite the south angle, while the fourth column waited in reserve behind him. The artillery was firing over the heads of the infantry, and a soldier in Kosselkof's column was killed while waiting by the lead coating of

a shell, which had become detached from the projectile. A little after eleven the mines were fired. The explosion caused momentary panic among the garrison, and in the midst of the confusion the two storming columns rushed for the breaches. But before they could climb the heaps of smoking *débris* the Tekkes were back at their posts, and it was through a sharp fire of rifles and muskets that the Russians pushed in through the first line of defence. The fight in and around the breaches was a close and desperate struggle ; but as the stormers in front fell, others clambered up to replace them, and at the same time Haidaroff, converting his false attack into a real one, escalated the southern wall.

"No quarter!" had been the shout of the Russian officers as they dashed forward at the head of the stormers. The Tekkes expected none. They fought in desperate knots, back to back, among the huts and tents of the town, but at last they were driven out by the east side. Skobelev did not make Lomakine's mistake of blocking their way. He let them go ; but once they were out on the plain the Cossack cavalry was launched in wild pursuit, and for ten long miles sword and spear drank deep of the blood of the fugitives. Women as well as men were cut down or speared as the horses overtook them. More than 8,000 Tekkes fell in the pursuit. Asked a year after if this was true, he said he had had the slain counted, and that it was so. Six thousand five hundred bodies were buried inside the fortress, 8,000 more strewn the ten miles of the plain. Skobelev looked on the massacre as a necessary element

in the conquest of Geok Tepe. "I have a principle," he said, "that in Asia the amount of peace is in direct proportion to the amount of blood you inflict on the enemy. The harder you fight them the longer they will keep quiet. No women, he added, were killed by the Russians under his immediate command, and he liberated 700 Persian women who were captured at Geok Tepe. After ten miles the pursuit stopped. There was no further resistance. A shot was fired on either side after that day. The chiefs came in and surrendered. Other towns in the eastern part of the country were occupied without fighting ; nay, more than a month of Geok Tepe Skobelev was a prisoner without a guard into the midst of the Tekkes who had fought against him. We cannot understand the calm submission which the Asiatic accepts as the decree of the rule of the conqueror whose hand is heavy upon him and his. The crumbling parts of Geok Tepe remain a memorial of the years of warfare which it cost the Russians to win the iron track on which the trains start from the ruined fortress shows how complete has been the victory.

Skobelev looked upon his triumph as the first step to further conquests. By the first step of the storming of Geok Tepe he died suddenly at Moscow. Others lived on the foundations which he laid ; and, whether good or ill, the advance which began with the subjugation of the Tekke Turkomans brought the Russian outposts in Central Asia in sight of the passes that lead across the mountain barriers of our Indian frontier.



STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.



THE Boers of the Transvaal are descended from the settlers brought to the Cape by the Dutch East India Company in the seventeenth century. In 1814 the Cape was finally ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Amsterdham ending the war of the Netherlands. The Boers were intolerant of the stern rule of the British, and they chafed under the milder dominion of the later Dutch government. The truth was, and still is, that the Boers from the first have disliked all foreign government, especially when it clashed with their regard for their rights over the natives. A rebellion which occurred in 1815 led to the "Great Trek," as the emigration of the Boers from the Cape Colony was called—a movement which resulted in their settlement in the interior of the Cape and in the territory now known as the Orange Free State. Up to 1852 the British frontier theoretically extended up to the thirty-fifth degree of latitude. But no attempt was made to enforce this claim, and in the end the shadow of suzerainty was renounced. On 17th January, 1852, the Sand River Convention was entered into between the British Government and the delegates of the Transvaal Boers, by which Great Britain for-
renounced all rights over the country of the Vaal river. Originally there were four republics in the Transvaal, but in 1860 they were united into one under the title of the "South African Republic," which is now its designation.

The South African Republic did not prosper. At the first it was impecunious, and within a few years after its establishment it was practically bankrupt. The discovery, in 1867, of diamonds and gold brought into the country a rush of immigrants, whose energy and enterprise might have bettered the condition of the Transvaal but for the lethargy and obstinate isolation of the native population. Burgers, the last President

before the annexation, was a man of vigour and talent, but the stolid and ignorant Boers declined to be welded by him into a nation. In a war upon which they entered with Sekukuni, a powerful native chief, their poltroonery was flagrant. The fighting was done for them by the warlike native tribe of Amaswazis, who were so disgusted with the cowardice of their white allies that they left them in dudgeon. When the Boers had to do their own work their hearts failed them, and they fled ignominiously. Burgers, with tears, strove to rally them, but in vain, and he begged them to shoot him rather than disgrace him. But they shrugged their shoulders, and more than two-thirds of them "trekked" home, leaving him hemmed in and powerless.

The republic was encircled by native enemies all round the Transvaal borders, all waiting for the impending onslaught by Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the master of a formidable army which lay on the frontier ready to strike, and restrained from immediate hostilities against the Boers—who had provoked him by many encroachments—only by his fear of the English and the personal influence of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Native Secretary of Natal. On the north-east the Amaswazis brooded in sullen discontent; northward, within and beyond the frontier, anarchy raged; and in the west the Bekhuanas were waiting for their opportunity. Financially the republic was hopelessly insolvent. The Boers set their faces against taxation. It is a notorious fact that when Shepstone annexed the Transvaal there was found in the public treasury only twelve shillings and sixpence, part of which was base coin. Clearly a crisis was impending which threatened to involve South Africa in great peril. The annexation was no sudden act. The Blue-books contain remonstrance on remonstrance addressed by British officials to the Transvaal authorities. At

length Lord Carnarvon's forbearance was exhausted. Shepstone was sent for to England, and received a commission of date 5th October, 1876, directing him, should the emergency render such a course necessary, to annex the Transvaal to her Majesty's dominions. Shepstone, escorted by twenty-five mounted policemen and a few officials, reached Pretoria in February, 1877. It was an open secret that he was empowered to annex the country if he deemed it advisable, but he expressed his readiness to refrain from that step if certain reforms

occurred, but there were ominous indications, which would probably have come to head but for the presence of the troops. Boer discontent was enhanced by the intimation from the Colonial Secretary "under no circumstances whatever would Transvaal independence be restored to them," and by Sir Garnet's less prosaic but more resolute utterance, that "so long as the sun shone and the Vaal river flowed to the sea, the Transvaal would remain British territory." Finally the Boers, who had been expelled from the Transvaal in March, 1838,



BOERS OF THE CAPE ON THE TREK.

were carried out. The Boers would have no reforms, and on April 12th, 1877, Shepstone issued a proclamation formally annexing the Transvaal to Great Britain. For some time the Boers remained sullenly quiet. A few of them rendered good and loyal service with Sir Evelyn Wood during the Zulu war, but the main body stood aloof. Sir Owen Lanyon succeeded Shepstone as Administrator of the Transvaal, and from the first was unpopular with the Boers. At the close of the Zulu war Sir Garnet Wolseley, who held the position of High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, came up into the Transvaal with a considerable strength of regular and irregular troops. During his stay no actual

the troops in that territory were gradually reduced until in November of the same year consisted of but thirteen companies of infantry, and four troops of mounted infantry, and four distributed in detachments in some half-garrisons scattered over the country.

Throughout the land there was a deep peace, which lulled Lanyon into a sense of security, and to some extent deceived Wolseley. The Boers were playing the waiting game. When Gladstone became Premier in March, 1880, Taking it for granted that he would act on the lines of his speeches when in Opposition, Boer leaders called on him to rescind the annexation. The answer of the Government

telegram: "Under no circumstances Queen's authority in the Transvaal be ed." There was consternation among the British inhabitants, trusting in an assurance so specific, rejoiced greatly at the land without hesitation. In the taxation the Boers had always pre-

detailed to another service presently to be described.

Lanyon was powerless to interfere, and he and the English in Pretoria had to await events, pending the expected arrival of the detachment of the 94th Regiment which had been ordered up from Lydenburg, whence it was known to have

moved on December 5th. This ill-fated body was destined never to reach Pretoria. On the march Colonel Anstruther had frequent warnings of danger, to which he paid insufficient heed; there prevailed in the force the rooted belief that the Boers did not intend serious mischief. It was scarcely to be expected that the men who had pusillanimously recoiled from before



passive resistance to the British rule, the officials concluded that they might in this resistance to measures. Aided Bezuidenhout and on, and in delayment a seizure of Bezuidenhout's friends forcibly retook the article seized, attempt to arrest was thwarted by a of Boers. At

meeting on the 13th of December, 1880, decided that the South African Republic be restored; it was resolved to fight for independence, and a triumvirate consisting of Pretorius, and Pretorius was appointed to administer the Government. On the 16th the Republic was proclaimed at Heidelberg, and came the headquarters of the new government. A large body of Boers took possession of that place, another went to Mafeking, and a third "commando" was

Sekukuni's spear-armed natives would venture to assail a body of British regular infantry. But long before the end of this miserable war the valour and constancy of the Boers, not less than their moderation and humanity, had come to be acknowledged and admired. In this, their first conflict with the "red soldiers," their unerring marksmanship was the chief surprise.

The scouting duties of Colonel Anstruther's detachment were performed with carelessness; else, whatever might have been its fate, it would

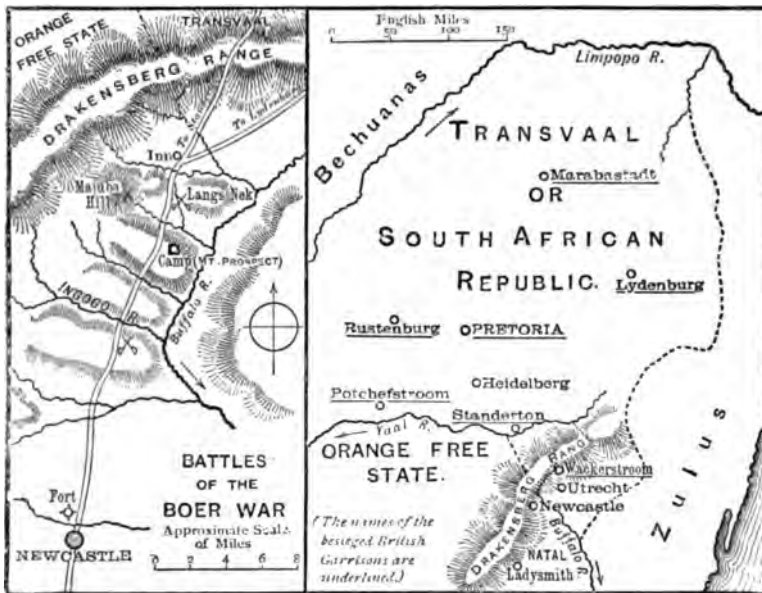


SCENES AROUND PRETORIA.

not have been taken by surprise. About noon on December 20th the little column, marching at ease, was approaching Bronkhorst Spruit. The ground traversed by the road was sparsely wooded, sloping down from either side. Military precautions were neglected, and the convoy stretched to an interminable length. The band at the head of the column abruptly stopped playing when about 150 armed mounted Boers suddenly became visible in skirmishing formation on a rise on the left of the road, at a distance of a few hundred yards. Colonel Anstruther immediately galloped back, and ordered the leading waggon to halt and the others to close up. A Boer

departed, and the colonel, hurrying towards his men, ordered them to skirmish. It was too late. The Boers had closed in on the rear and flanks of the column and opened point-blank range. Their fire was deadly; that of the troops was scarcely effective. In ten minutes, out of 259, there had been killed or wounded 10 officers and men. Colonel Anstruther, himself riddled with bullets, then ordered "Cease fire," and intimated the surrender of the remains of his force. The Boers closed in, ordered all arms to be laid down, and formed a cordon round the scene of the

When the fight was over, Boers and British became very friendly. A Boer commander came forward with his hands clasped with Colonel Anstruther, expressing that he should be allowed to keep the wounded. The camp was pitched and leave was given for the retention of the wagons containing provisions, and equipment, ten wounded, and injured men; nurses; the remaining wounded prisoners; the rest of the force were removed to Berg. Two men were permitted to carry



advanced midway with a flag of truce, and was met by Colonel Anstruther, to whom he handed a letter written in English. Its terms were at once quaint and peremptory. "We don't know," it ran, "whether we are in a state of war or not, consequently we can't allow any movements of troops from your side, and wish you to stop where you are. We are not being at war with the Queen nor with the people of England, but are only recovering the independence of our country, we do not wish to take to arms, and therefore inform you that any movements of troops from your side will be taken by us as a declaration of war."

The messenger was to take back an answer, which had to be given within five minutes. Anstruther read the letter and tersely replied: "I go to Pretoria; do as you like." The messenger

of the disaster to Pretoria, when hindrance surgeons, hospital and ambulances were sent out to Spruit. The Boers showed themselves obliging, and were extremely solicitous for the comfort of the wounded in camp, supplying them with milk, butter, eggs, bread, and fruit. The statements regarding the Boer losses in the short fight were curiously conflicting. The Boers affirmed that they amounted to 10 killed and five wounded.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley went to South-Eastern Africa, he was succeeded, in July, as High Commissioner, by Colonel (Major-General) Sir George Pomeroy Le Mesurier, an officer of high character. Tidings of a break in the Transvaal reached him at Maritzburg on 19th December, and

of the Colonial Office in London on any day. Reinforcements from India were promptly ordered to Natal, and further reinforcements of troops were sent out from England as soon as possible. Considering the weakness of the British at Colley's immediate disposition, he had been wise to wait until he had been reinforced; but he had a great contempt for the Boers and was eager to distinguish himself. The British should be superseded by officers of the British rank. He was warned by Colonel Belmont, the military command of the Transvaal, that there were "from 6,000 to 7,000 rebels in the Transvaal, who, under good leadership, would be a match for our courage, discipline, and organisation." Colley hurried up towards the Transvaal frontier with a column of companies of infantry which he had in the Transvaal. The arrival of some drafts was very slow—a naval brigade was landed and sent to the Transvaal, a squadron of dragoons and mounted police under the command of Major Brownlow, Natal Mounted Police. Colley had early on his intention to enter the Transvaal on the 20th January, 1881, with a column of eight companies of infantry, four companies of a mounted squadron—a miserably small force. So far from accomplishing his mission, he was able only to quit New-bergen (the town of Natal) on January 24th with 60 officers and 1,200 men. This little column styled the "relief column," as it was to raise the siege of the Transvaal which were scanty British garrisons held by the Boers. Apart from Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, there were few places—Potchefstroom, Rustenburg, Lydenburg, Standerton, and Wakarusa—all of which held out gallantly until the restoration of peace. Advancing from Newcastle, Colley sent a message to the Boers, ordering them, as they were to disperse. They replied, declaring that they wanted was the rescinding of the British and the restoration of the South African Republic under the Protectorate of the British. On the 26th the British force encamped on an elevated position at Mount Duto, about twenty miles north of Newcastle, a mountainous region forming the northern frontier of Natal. The camp was about a mile from the road from Newcastle to Standerton, and on the ridge known as Lang's Nek—about a half miles further northward. In the vicinity of Lang's Nek a considerable number of Boers were seen. On the morning of

the 28th, Colley moved out with a strength, all told, of about 1,160 men consisting of five companies of the 58th, under Major Hingeston, and 150 mounted men under Major Brownlow, the whole commanded by Colonel Deane; five companies of the 3rd battalion 60th Regiment, under Colonel Ashburnham; 75 men of the Naval Brigade, four guns under Captain Green, R.A., and details. The pass over Lang's Nek crosses the ridge about the centre of a rough semi-circle, on the west of which is the Majuba mountain; on the east is a long spur surmounted by a rocky crest. In front of the proper left of this spur, several hundred yards to the front, is an isolated conical hill. The ground in the bottom of the enclosed basin is low, with a gradual rise towards the face of the spur, something in the nature of a glacis. About nine o'clock the British force, having moved up along a ridge out of shot, formed into position on a rise in the bottom, with the mounted squadron and the 58th on the right, the guns in the centre, and the 60th and naval brigade on the left, the whole facing toward the spur.

The action was begun by shelling parts of the enemy's position, and by pushing forward a company of the 60th and the Naval Brigade, with their rockets, which took some effect on the Boer reserves in rear of the Nek. At ten o'clock the 58th advanced to the attack of the spur, covered on its right by artillery fire and by Brownlow's squadron. The leading troop of mounted men swept with fine dash up the isolated hill, and then charged. The hill-top was held by a Boer piquet of considerable strength. Brownlow shot the Boer leader with his revolver, but his horse was shot under him; Lieutenant Lermite and Sergeant-Major Lunny were killed; the supporting troop was checked—the leading troop, fatigued and broken by the charge, and with its leaders all down, could make no head, and the whole squadron gave way. It was no proper ground for cavalry, and the horsemen should have acted as mounted infantry. Meantime, the 58th had begun climbing the steep ascent through the long entangling grass, which retarded the men's progress. The Boer piquet from the hill, having repulsed Brownlow's squadron, moved down and opened fire on the now exposed right flank and rear of the 58th, while the Boers on the spur gathered on its brow and maintained a deadly fire from behind cover. Anxious to get to close quarters out of this purgatory, Colonel Deane gave the order to charge. The officers led nobly, and the men struggled on through the



"THE MEN STRUGGLED ON THROUGH THE HAIL OF FIRE" (A. 431).

The general, leaving the two mountain-guns and a company of infantry on a commanding crest north of the river, crossed it with the main body, which he formed on the plain beyond, and then



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

moved it forward to the foot of the ridge bounding the valley to the southward. As the troops were ascending the rise to the ridge the Boers showed themselves in considerable strength, and they at once galloped forward to dispute the ridge, and to take advantage of the cover afforded by the intersecting valleys. Greer brought his two guns into action, but the Boers had already taken cover, from which they directed a heavy and active fire on the guns and skirmishers. Greer was killed early, and the command of the guns devolved on Lieutenant Parsons. The engagement became heavy and general about noon, when the companies of the 60th were pushed forward against the enemy, whose fire from behind cover was very deadly. The guns had to be freely exposed, and were in action with case-shot at a range of less than 500 yards. The gunners suffered very heavily, and a company of the 60th, which most gallantly advanced to cover the guns, and met the Boer fire at close range, had many casualties from the steady and accurate fire of enemies enjoying almost perfect cover. So severe was the fire of the Boers that the guns had soon to be withdrawn from their exposed position, and during the rest of the affair fired only occasionally. It was apparent that the enemy were being gradually reinforced, and the general sent orders to camp for three companies of the 58th to move out and occupy the ridges north of the

river, and for a part, if practicable, to cross Ingogo in support of the troops already engaged and reduced by severe losses.

About three o'clock there was a complete lull, although the Boers maintained accurate fire, anyone on the British side almost certainly struck if at all exposing himself. Later in the afternoon the Boers sent considerable reinforcements, and Lieutenant Parsons, wounded as he was, reopened his guns for a short time; but darkness suddenly set in, and the Boers gradually withdrew to their camp. It was Colley's conviction that the enemy intended renewing the engagement next morning in overwhelming strength; he acted wisely in deciding to withdraw his camp under cover of darkness. It was some night. Torrents of rain were falling, and the darkness was intense, except where lightning flashes broke the blackness of a cold and dismal night. The ambulance sent out during the fight had not been able to reach the actual scene of action, since the Boers threatened to fire on them if they advanced while the engagement was going on.

The wounded, whom in many instances it had been impossible to remove from the advanced positions, had to be searched for. Those who were found were collected and sheltered during the night as well as possible with waterproof blankets, great-coats, etc.; but many lay where they had fallen throughout the long, inclement night. The guns were horsed, although insufficiently, by collecting all the available animals, and withdrawing the team from the ammunition waggon, which had to be abandoned. When all arrangements had been completed, the guns moved off in silence, formed in hollow square, the guns in the centre, the infantry in skirmishing order on the four sides. The river, swollen by the rain, was deep and rapid; and so the first men trying to cross were swept off, but found foothold on a sandbank. The whole body crossed in detachments with locked ranks. The camp was reached about 4 a.m. on the following day. The soldiers had dragged the guns up the bank, the horses being unable to pull them up the steep and slippery road. The 58th companies spent the night on the northern ridges, and were not withdrawn until the following day.

The casualties had been heavy. Among the slain were Captain MacGregor, R.E., G. Colley's assistant military secretary; Captain Greer, R.A.; Lieutenants Garrett and O'Connell.

Mr. Stuart, a Natal resident magistrate, a promising officer, Lieutenant Wilkinson, 60th, was drowned while crossing the In- when returning to the field with assistance wounded, after having distinguished him- throughout the engagement by his coolness and bravery. The total loss of this unfortunate column amounted to 139 officers and men. According to the statement of the Boers, the Ingogo lost them eight killed and six wounded. The Boers returned to the scene of action on the morning of the 9th, expecting to renew the engagement. They took away two gun limbers and the ammunition waggon abandoned over- by Colley's people, and then fell back on Newcastle to join their main force, re- as threatening to prevent the advance of reinforcements recently arrived from India. The disappearance gave opportunity to suc- ceed in wounding and bury the dead without opposition, and opened the road from Mount Prospect to Newcastle, to the hospital at which place were promptly sent the wounded from the British camp. The communications from Mount Prospect remained open from that time forward.

George Colley had sustained a second re- proportionately more bloody than had the first. By this time, one would imagine, it must have begun to dawn on the home authorities that Colley, to say the least, was not a successful commander. His experience of actual war was but slender: he had served only in the Zulu war of 1860 and in the Ashantee cam-

He was comparatively new to South Africa and was quite unfamiliar with the Boer.

Yet the authorities had assigned to him and in command an officer senior to him in rank, who had fought with distinction in the Crimean and Indian Mutiny wars, and in the Ashantee and Zululand campaigns, and with successful commands. Brigadier- General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., was the only officer in the latter campaign under whom Boers were killed and died—served with a loyal devotion, and gallantly under his eye. He knew the simple, yet stubborn nature of the Boers; he was ready to fight with them, and equally ready to argue them out of a folly. Wood and Colley were old and fast friends; Wood was content to serve under his junior, and had been sent out to India with a number of "special" officers. He reached Durban on Feb- ruary 12th, four days after the Ingogo reverse, Colley's account of which was in London

on the 10th, and notwithstanding the unwarrantable optimism of its tone, must have been read between the lines in Pall Mall. Then would have been the time to avert further futile waste of brave soldiers by instructing by tele- graph Colley and Wood to exchange their relative positions. The arrangement would have been perfectly regular, and Colley was the sort of man who would loyally have accepted the secondary position.

Picking up on his rapid journey the Indian column from its camp on the Biggarsberg, Wood and it (consisting of the 15th Hussars, the 2nd battalion 60th Rifles, and the 92nd Highlanders) reached Newcastle on the 17th. Colley met him there, and it was resolved between the two officers that no further advance should be at- tempted until more reinforcements, now on the way up, should arrive. They parted on the 21st, Colley moving the Indian column up to Mount Prospect without molestation; Wood returning to Pieter Maritzburg to press on the advance of further reinforcements.

Sir George Colley's motive in making the fatal advance on the Majuba mountain-top, whatever it might have been, died with him. His assurance had been given to Wood that no further advance should be attempted pending the arrival of further reinforcements. He had engaged with the Boer Vice-President in negotia- tions which promised favourable results. A



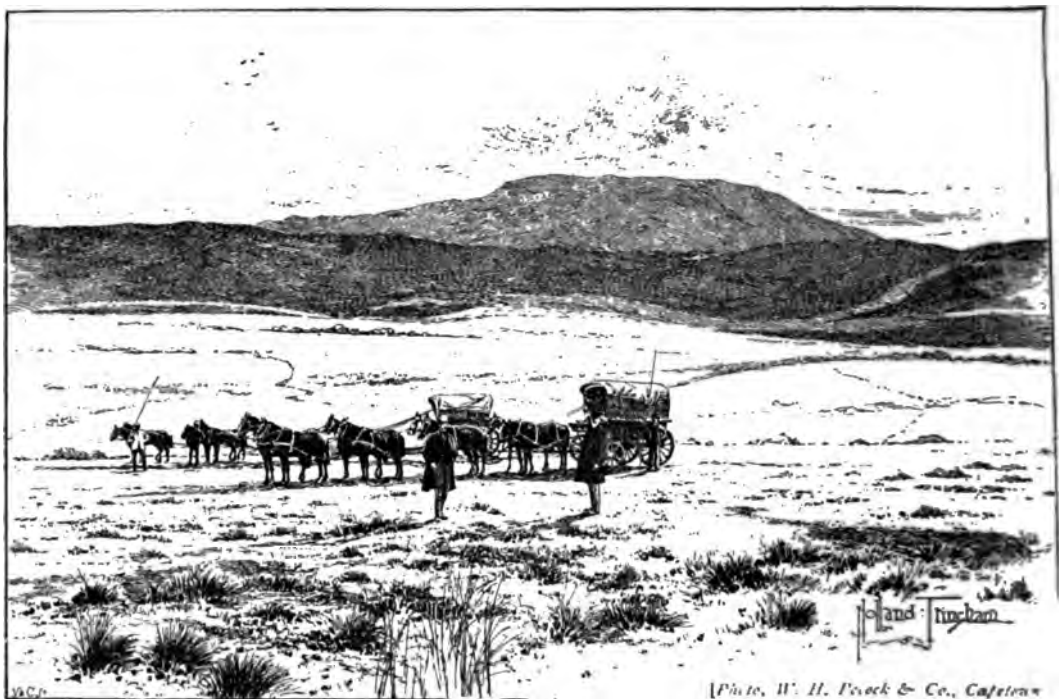
GENERAL SMIJT.

reconnaissance in force to the summit of the mountain could give no more information than a mere patrol could easily ascertain—the position of the Boer laagers and an approximate estimate

of the force occupying them. A Boer piquet occasionally held the hill-top during the day, and Colley resolved to occupy it by making a night march. At ten o'clock on the night of February 26th he left the Mount Prospect camp with a force of 22 officers and 627 men—a smaller force than he had employed at Lang's Nek. At the start its composition and order were as follows:—Two companies 58th, the Naval Brigade, three companies 92nd, followed by some details; two companies of the 2nd 60th moved out later to the piquet post close to the foot of Inquela

boulders and deep dongas, varied by sharp crags and treacherous loose stones, over and up which the wearied and burdened men had to drag themselves. Near the top the ascent had to be accomplished on hands and knees. Between four and five in the morning of the 27th the force, much exhausted after the heavy toil, and now only about 400 strong, gained the summit.

Like most of the mountains of South Africa, the Majuba is crowned by no peak. Its top is a plateau of saucer-like shape, dipping towards the centre, across which is a rocky



MAJUBA HILL.

hill, with instructions to occupy its summit with some detachments. Further on, upon the narrow Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba, Captain Robertson's company of the 92nd was dropped as a link, with orders to entrench itself. The Nek traversed, the troops, guided by friendly Kaffirs, had now to undertake in single file the actual climb up the steep and rugged side of the Majuba, whose top is 6,200 feet above sea-level and more than 2,000 feet above the positions of the Boer laagers. From time to time during the tedious and toilsome ascent, a halt was made to enable the men—heavy-laden with rations and extra cartridges—to regain their breath. As the troops neared the summit the obstacles increased. The steep grassy slopes were succeeded by great

reef about breast-high. The circumference of the plateau is about 1,200 yards. When the summit was reached it was still dark, and the troops having got mixed during the scramble up, and being weary, lay down where they stood until dawn. With daylight they were extended round the edge of the plateau, with a small reserve in the central hollow. No instructions were given to entrench, and, indeed, the troops had no tools for such a purpose; but the men of their own accord attempted to obtain some cover by throwing up defences of turf and stones. Here and there the soldiers showed on the sky line, and a few shots were fired, which for the moment caused great consternation in the Boer camps in the lower group

orth-west of the Majuba. Seeing that the mountain was in British occupation, the expectation was natural that an attack would presently be made on their positions on the peak, in which case they would find themselves

summons a number of the younger men began to climb the mountain side under cover of the stones and scrub. Joubert, the commanding general, detailed a force of the older men in support of the storming party—picked shots



"THE BOERS, NOW DISDAINING COVER, . . . AND, FIRING DOWN UPON THE SCARED TROOPS, PICKED OFF THE MEN AS IF SHOOTING GAME" (p. 438).

between two fires. Their first idea, it seems, was of flight. The oxen were inspanned, and hurried preparations were made for retreat. But when it became evident that the troops on the summit were in no great strength and had neither cannon nor rockets, and that their peak position was unmolested, the courage of the Boers revived. Smijt, the fighting general, made a short stirring speech, and at his

who remained below watching the edge of the plateau, and firing at every soldier who exposed himself. As the morning passed Boer detachments attacked and hemmed in the British position on the north, the east, and the south-west. The defenders were not in sufficient strength to hold the whole of the edge of the plateau, and detachments had to be moved hither and thither to meet and attempt to

the 650 officers and men who were in on this disastrous day 90 were killed, were wounded, 58 were prisoners, and two missing, the total casualties being 283, great majority of which occurred in the , whose losses were 125; in the 58th, with of 93; and in the Naval Brigade, which 6—more than half of its strength.

Evelyn Wood reached Newcastle on March and assumed command. On the 6th he met Boer leaders, when an armistice to last for days was agreed upon. The British garrison in the Transvaal were revictualled for twelve pending the raising of their siege on the termination of peace; and Sir Evelyn Wood acknowledged the right of the Transvaal people to complete self-government subject to the authority of the Queen. Terms of peace were signed on March 23rd; and next day General

Sir Frederick Roberts, who had been sent out with large reinforcements to succeed Sir George Colley, reached Cape Town, but learning of peace being signed, immediately sailed home.

The total number of Transvaal Boers capable of carrying arms was under 8,000 at the beginning of hostilities. The total British force in South Africa, or on the way thither, at the close of hostilities consisted of thirteen infantry regiments, five cavalry regiments, twenty-two guns, three naval brigades—in all, not far short of 20,000 men. This total was exclusive of the British garrisons besieged in the Transvaal during the war. The Boer casualties throughout the war, as already mentioned, amounted to 43 killed and 58 wounded. The British casualties were over 800 killed and wounded. At Majuba the Boers had one man killed and five men wounded.



HOUSE OF A RICH FARMER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

ign with an insufficient force, very inadequately supplied. His whole army numbered 7,000 men. The roads were so bad—all the way—that he took with him no train and only the most limited number of mountain-guns—fourteen in all. There were 1,400 rounds of ammunition for the artillery. For the same reason, the troops themselves were but badly found: the force had but 11 days' rations, and half of these the men had in their own haversacks. As a mere military demonstration Clausel's expedition might have answered, but it was manifestly unequal business—it could neither face a protracted siege nor a determined assault.

From the first, too, misfortune dogged his

The weather became frightfully bad; gusty winds, storms of semi-tropical rain, on reaching the higher ground, icy cold set in. Every mountain stream—and number had to be passed—was turned into a raging torrent; paths and mountain roads broken down or carried

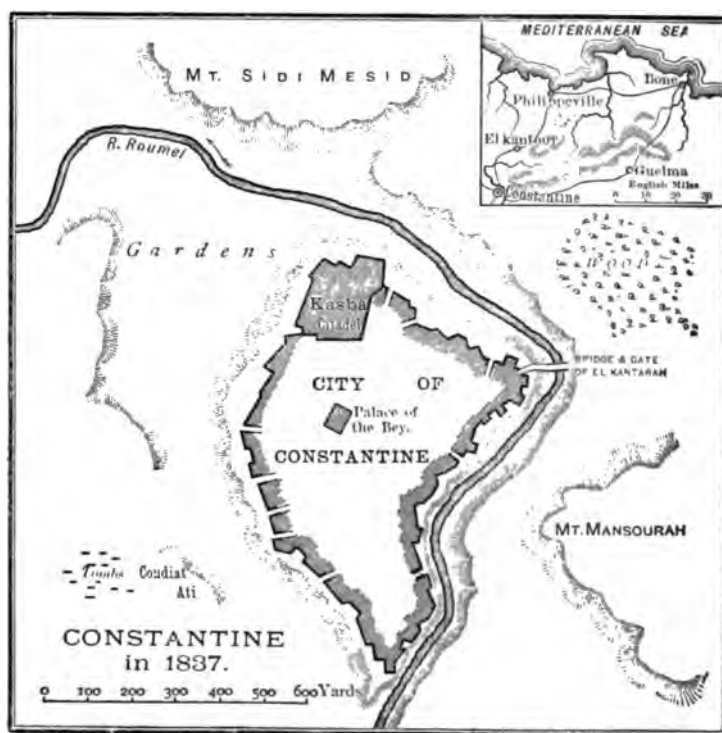
Fuel was terribly scarce, so that most nights the troops bivouacked without fire; they could not even cook food. But after thirteen days of most disastrous marching Clausel arrived at Constantine.

This city has been famous for ages, not only as the key of eastern Algeria and the principal capital of the surrounding country, but on account of the splendid position it occupies. Constantine has always been deemed one of the strongholds of the world. Some French writer has compared it to a picture standing on an

It is planted high up on a square and rocky plateau with its back against the hills. Deep, wide ravines encircle it on all sides but one; at their base, a thousand feet down, flows the rapid R. Roumel, easily converted by rain and snow into a passable flood. The only natural communication is on the fourth side—the southern—the rocky peninsula is joined by a natural causeway to the mainland; but from time immemorial the ravine has been bridged on the

western side. When the French came to Constantine the bridge of El Kantarah was an ancient and beautiful Moorish construction, hanging high in the air as it spanned the gloomy gorge.

Marshal Clausel invested Constantine on the two sides just mentioned, the southern and western. One brigade took post at Mansourah, an eminence opposite the El Kantarah bridge; the other worked round to another height—that of Condiat Ati, which commanded the city walls and gates on the landward side. The leader of this second brigade was directed to hoist the tricolor flag on the highest point of this ground, as a signal to friends inside. But here was a fresh disappointment. Clausel waited in vain for any overtures from within the city. The enemy meant fighting, not voluntary submission.



Hadj Ahmad was in the open country, at the head of a large body of alert and enterprising cavalry. Ben Aissa, who commanded the garrison, showed a firm front in the fortress. There was no choice for Clausel—his only hope of success lay in an immediate attack. His want of battering-train forbade the idea of siege; but worse than all, the French troops were growing demoralised from starvation and hardships, and

it was obvious they could not hold their ground before the place for long.

There were to be two columns of attack, made simultaneously and at midnight—one at the land side from Condiat Ati, the other upon the El Kantarah bridge. Both were to be preceded by the demolition of the gates which barred the way. But now came a fresh mischance. Till now the nights had been overcast, with incessant rain. Just before the assault the clouds cleared off; a bright moon came out, and fully betrayed the movements of the assailants. All efforts to blow in the gates were checked by such a murderous fire that the French could make no progress, and the assault entirely failed.

About daylight Clausel was compelled to order a general retreat. Rigny's brigade at the bridge fell back first, and was presently joined by the other from Condiat Ati. Both were covered by the firm demeanour of a small rear-guard commanded by Changarnier—a major then, who afterwards became a famous general. He stimulated the courage of his little force by pointing out to them that, although the enemy numbered 6,000 and the French but 300, the proportion was equal: it was a fair match between them. Such devoted courage was amply rewarded. Clausel was extricated and retreated in good order unmolested by the Arabs, who, wearied with fighting, did not attempt to pursue. Six days later the shattered and unsuccessful French column re-entered Bone, having in a brief three weeks' campaign lost in killed, wounded, and sick nearly 2,000 men, or a third of the whole force engaged.

In this the first siege of Constantine, the luck had been entirely against the old marshal. Clausel was promptly recalled, and the French people, too proud to sit down under such a defeat, insisted upon a fresh expedition against the mountain fortress. The new force was organised on broader lines, and the chief command entrusted to General Damrémont, who had gained long experience in Algerian warfare. He was to be ably supported. There were to be four brigades of infantry, with a total of 10,000 men, and an imposing quantity of artillery, sixteen field-pieces, a siege-train of seventeen guns, and an ample ammunition-train. The artillery was under General Valée, who, although senior in rank to Damrémont, chivalrously offered to serve under him. Ten companies of sappers and engineers accompanied the army to assist in the siege.

The new expedition was composed in part of troops then newly raised, but destined to become

famous in the annals of French warfare.

were the Zouaves, who made up mainly a brigade—that of the Duke de Nemours, a member of the reigning house. In the early days of the French invasion a body of warlike mountaineers had been found among the Kabyle tribe like the Swiss in Europe, hired themselves as mercenary soldiers to the native princes. They were called "Zouaouas," and they wore a distinctive dress which foreshadowed the famous Zouave uniform—the red fez, the red jacket, and wide red Turkish trousers. The French willingly secured the services of these fighting-men, and embodied them in regiments which by degrees lost their native character and became filled with adventurous spirits from all over the French horn, but attracted from all over the peasantries by the dashing nature of the service required from them. The Zouave became remarkable for their brilliant conduct in the field, their impetuosity in attack, their boldness and self-reliance in the face of the most serious danger. Yet they required to be handled with discretion and forbearance. Their lighter discipline was enforced in quarters. This peculiar character led to their being commanded by the most rising and intelligent officers in the French army. In addition to the Zouaves, General Damrémont's army included a foreign legion specially raised for this purpose, and, like the Zouaves, recruited from the daring spirits of all countries.

The second expedition against Constantine started earlier than the first. It left Bone on October 1st, 1837, and, finding fewer obstacles, reached the Rummel on the 6th—six days' march against thirteen. But Constantine showed a bold front as ever. According to a contemporary witness, the French were received with vigorous demonstrations. Immense crimson flags waved incessantly from the walls, Arab warriors from the roofs of the houses yelled shrill defiance, which the Arab warriors hoarsely echoed. As the French appeared a breach was opened upon them. Later on, when General Damrémont summoned the place to surrender, he received a most heroic refusal. "Constantine is well victualled and well armed," said the emissary. "It understands neither a breach nor a capitulation. We shall defend our towers and our homes to the very last. The French must not take the place till they have killed our man." General Damrémont acknowledged their courage, but declared there would be more glory in beating them.

re leisurely and more scientific plan of as now followed than in the first attempt. were established at points from which might most easily be made, and which favoured an assailant. This was at Ati, the height already mentioned, in which were a strongly fortified wall and t with a comparatively level approach. nch fire was hot and continuous; within a practicable breach was made in the n the morning of the 12th October Damrémont came in person to recon- nd was satisfied that the attack might made. Everybody was in high spirits; lt that the prestige of the French arms by the first failure was now about to be ed. The luck, indeed, had changed, but ill hostile, so far as the leader of the ex- was concerned. General Damrémont ined to lose his life at the outset. He ager to inspect the breach that he ven- o near, and exposed himself rashly to y's sharpshooters. Just as the Duc de s was protesting, and the general had plied "There is nothing to fear," a fatal ck him low. He fell lifeless on the very d of his triumph.

ommand now devolved upon General ho forthwith proceeded with the disposi- attack. The bombardment was con- ll day, and during the night the columns to enter by the breach silently took positions, there to await the signal to There was no time to lose. Now, as rst siege, adverse influences were begin- work, and would soon have entailed disaster. Sickness was increasing; the ere ill-fed and much exposed; they were ly drenched by heavy rains, and stood s knee-deep in mud and slush. Fever entery were already making serious in- their ranks. The baggage animals— ight become of vital importance if re- s ordered—were worn out with fatigue rtness of rations. The French army e in a critical condition before long, and wledge of this, which was no secret, more determined to win a victory.

ttack was to be made in three columns, follow on and support the other. The by Colonel La Moricière, afterwards a neral, consisted mainly of Zouaves; the nd third columns were commanded by Combes; the reserve, posted inside the arracks, was under Colonel Corbin. Each

column was 500 strong, the reserve 400. The remainder of the army lined the trenches or occupied posts of observation around Constan- tine, one brigade being held at Mansourah opposite the El Kantarah bridge.

The movement of attack was by successive companies of fifty men. About 7 a.m. the first company started at a run under the stentorian command of La Moricière—"Up, my Zouaves! forward at the double. March!" A hundred yards of open ground had to be crossed, and in the teeth of a death-dealing fire, but fifty by fifty, the gallant assailants with the headlong dash that ever characterises the French soldier in attack, entered the yawning breach. The second column was on the point of taking up the charge, when it was seen that the first assailants had met a serious check.

There was an inner line of defence—a wall, still unbreached, and commanded by a fierce converging fire. A call went up for scaling-ladders. The French sappers gallantly responded, but as they brought and placed them a whole section of the wall was thrown down by an unexpected explosion. Numbers were buried alive beneath the fragments, but the way was opened for the rest.

Now the second column was launched forward, and went gamely on. The Arabs plied them hotly with musketry, and just when a great mass of Frenchmen had got well past the breach and the second wall, there was a fresh catastrophe—a second murderous and terrific explosion scattered death and destruction around. The few survivors lost heart; they came streaming back with loud and frantic shouts of "Retire! retire! It is impossible. The whole ground is mined!"

It was a critical moment, but the prompt intrepidity of the leaders grappled with the danger and checked the retreat. A young captain of the Foreign Legion—St. Arnaud (better known afterwards in connection with the *coup d'état* and the command of the French Crimean army)—now came conspicuously to the front. Boldly advancing, he rallied his men, and led them on, crying "Forward! forward! Give them the bayonet. There is nothing to fear." The explosion had been caused by a powder magazine which had taken fire; the flames had spread rapidly, and had caught the powder bags carried by the French sappers—even the ammunition pouches of the infantry. Yet, in spite of the horrors of the situation, the assailants gathered fresh courage under the impulse of one man; the

cry of "Forward!" was taken up on all sides, and the assault was gallantly resumed.

The difficulty was to get inside the town. Every house was held by small garrisons, and the resistance was very stout and unceasing. At last an engineer led St. Arnaud at the head of his company against a barricade formed across a narrow street, beyond which were some of the great thoroughfares of the city. St. Arnaud was lifted bodily over the obstacle, and found safety

street, the French leaders always encourage their men, and assuring them that it was safer to go on than to stand and be shot at. At last a small central square was reached which stood a mosque. Here three streets diverged, and at last the firing slackened. By time all the French columns had entered were engaged within the town. General hières had been sent forward to unite all in general attack, and a concentrated deter-



"IN THE TERTH OF A DEATH-DEALING FIRE" (p. 443).

by falling on the ground inside. Of the hundred of shots aimed at him none hit him, although his scabbard was pierced and his cloak was burned by the powder. His imminent danger brought his men to his help, and all pressed on, entering a larger and the principal business street of Constantine. Here the roofs of the one-storeyed shops and the houses above were alive with Arabs, who kept up an incessant fire.

There was no help for it but to take house after house, fighting ahead inch by inch, and in so fierce a struggle that the losses were cruel, and the French as they advanced waded among corpses knee-deep in blood. But the progress made was always forward from street to

effort was about to be made, when came running up, crying, "Carta! Carta!" was carrying a paper in his hand—addressed to the general in chief which contained a formal proposal to which some of the leading inhabitants wished to surrender was by no means un- A stubborn spirit still animated many defenders, who preferred to risk the escape with the alternative of a terrible. Thousands lowered or threw themselves ravines around the town, and the dead presently filled the rocky bed of the river. The French victory was well earned, attack had been carried out with a com-

to be denied, and on the best principles of military art. Only the vulnerable side had assailed. No attempt had been made, as in the last siege, upon the El Kantarah bridge; especially, for St. Arnaud after the capture of the city, upon this bridge at the inner side, and it was to be all but impregnable.

But too often happens when fortified towns are taken by storm, terrible excesses followed this time. Constantine was barbarously pillaged and plundered by the French conquerors. For many days the sack continued. But order was gradually restored, and with it came confidence. A French general promised faithfully to respect the religion, property, and customs of the people. All the Arabs were invited to re-establish peaceably in Constantine. If they would lay down their arms and trust to the French authorities, they would be permitted to share in the government of their city. This proclamation gave general satisfaction, and quiet was established.

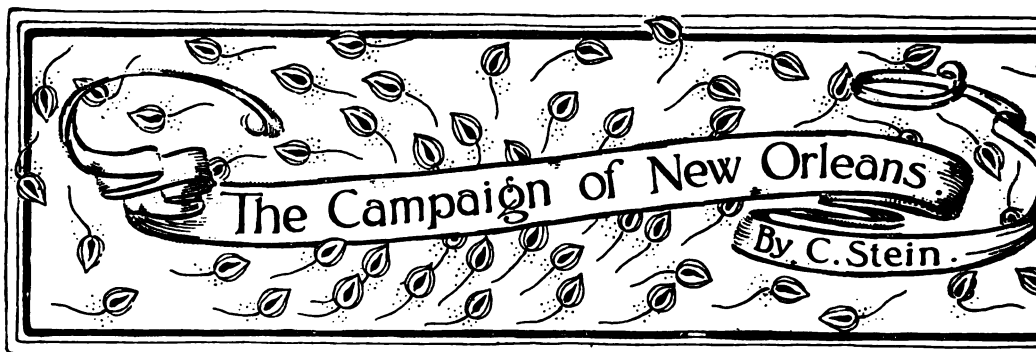
Today Constantine, although still retaining something of its Arab character, is quite a European city, with its boulevards and squares, its kiosks, and public gardens. But the memory of the great fight for its possession still lives in the names of its streets and in the names of its conquerors. The Bardo barracks, the El Kantarah gate leading to the iron bridge, are still extant, but the Condiat Ati is being levelled, and the

Place de la Brèche occupies the ground where the attacking column entered, and near at hand is a bronze statue to Marshal Valée. A stone pyramid just outside the city commemorates the death of General Damrémont, and streets are named after Colonels Combes and Peregaux, who were also killed at the assault.

The capture of Constantine marked an important epoch in the conquest of Algeria. But it by no means ended the struggle. There was fierce fighting for long afterwards, and all through this stormy period the colony has been to France what India is to England—a military training-ground. Nearly all the most notable French generals of the last generation won their spurs in Algeria. The names of Changarnier, Cavaignac, and La Moricière first became famous in Algerian military annals. The leaders of the French in the Crimea—St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pelissier—were first distinguished in Algerian warfare. Marshal MacMahon fought there, and Niel, Morris, Martimpney, and Le Bœuf. Algeria is thought to be pacified now, but it is still held at the point of the sword; and as late as 1871, when the French power at home was imperilled by the German successes, a serious insurrection was set on foot, which for a time jeopardised the weakened forces in the colony. To this day the most experienced French officers declare that the Arabs cannot be trusted, and that renewed fighting is always on the cards.



GALLERY IN THE PALACE AT CONSTANTINE.



AT the western end of Jamaica is Negril Bay, a wide, safe, and convenient anchorage. There, on the 24th of November, 1814, was assembled one of the most imposing and efficient combined naval and military forces that Great Britain has ever sent across the Atlantic. More than fifty ships were there, most of them men-of-war, and the remainder transports. The men-of-war included many vessels of the largest size, and their commanders numbered amongst them the most renowned and trusted officers of England's navy. Sir Alexander Cochrane's flag was hoisted on the 80-gun *Tonnant*, and he had with him Rear-Admiral Malcolm in the 74, *Royal Oak*. Sir Thomas Hardy—Nelson's Hardy—was in the *Ramilles*, and Sir Thomas Trowbridge was in the *Armide*. Many others there were, scarcely less well known to fame and fresh from the great deeds which had given to England the undisputed sovereignty of the seas. The decks of the fleet were crowded with soldiers. The 4th, 44th, 85th, and 21st Regiments, with a proportion of artillery and sappers, had come from North America, where they had fought the battle of Bladensburg, burned the public buildings of Washington, and lost in action their general—the gallant Ross—during the past summer. These had just been joined by the 93rd Highlanders, six companies of the 95th Rifles, two West India Regiments, two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons (dismounted), with detachments of artillery and engineers, and recruits for the regiments which had been already campaigning in America. The whole probably formed an army of about 6,000 men, though of them it could not be said that above 4,400 were troops on which a general could thoroughly depend, as the two West India Regiments, being composed of negroes, were not completely trustworthy, particularly if they were to be called upon to endure much exposure to cold in coming service.

Their leader was Major-General Keane, a bold and dashing officer, who had been sent to England to be second in command to Ross, and who did not know till he reached Madeira on his voyage that, by Ross's death, he had no senior. Other forces were on their way, which would eventually join the great armament now in Negril Bay. A squadron from Bordeaux was still on the ocean, the squadron of Captain Percy was to effect a landing from Pensacola, and more ships were to come from England conveying a commander-in-chief.

The object with which so much warlike armament had been collected had long been kept secret, but at last it was known that a descent on Louisiana was intended, and that the first operation would be the capture of New Orleans. It was thought that the Government of the United States would be taken by surprise, that little or no resistance would be offered, and that the charges of the expedition would be more than covered by the large quantities of cotton, sugar, and other products which had not been able to leave the country during the course of the war while the seas were guarded by English cruisers.

There was no long delay at the place appointed, and the great fleet got under way on the 26th November. Confidence was in every heart, and no forebodings of disaster clouded the anticipations of success which, as by the nature of the case, came to soldiers and sailors accustomed to victory.

New Orleans is built on the east bank of the Mississippi, the "father of waters," about 180 miles from its mouth. In 1814 its inhabitants numbered from 20,000 to 30,000, of whom the majority were French creoles, while the remainder were Spaniards and Americans, and a floating multitude of merchants, sailors, and others who had been detained in the city.

ed from their usual avocations by the war.

doubtful whether this population was to the American Republic, of which it had for a few years formed a part, and, indeed, defence of the town had fallen into less able hands than it did, it is more than likely that serious disaffection might have showed

The mighty flood of the Mississippi, flowing down with it a vast accumulation of sediment, had formed a great delta, and the waters always found their way to the Gulf of Mexico through many channels. Its main outlet was, however, the only one navigable for ships of any size, and this had at its mouth a constantly shifting bar, which was impassable for any vessel drawing over sixteen or seventeen feet of water.

Besides the natural difficulties of the approach to the river, it was further defended by a strong line in itself and almost impregnable by its position in the midst of impervious swamps. Supposing that an enemy should be able to pass the bar and the first fort, he would find that he had ascended the river about sixty miles, no other strong forts presented themselves, and cross fire swept the channel, at a point, where the river makes a bend, and the ships of the day had to wait for a change of wind to ensure their further progress.

The banks of the river were composed of low morasses, rank with semi-tropical vegetation, intersected by bayous, or creeks, utterly unsuitable for landing or for the march and manœuvring of troops. To the east of the great delta formed by the great river, a shallow expanse of open water stretched inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and was only divided from the Mississippi at its further extremity by a narrow strip of comparatively firm land, and on this was situated the town of New Orleans. Fresh water near the gulf was known as Lake Borgne, and, where it widened out eastward of the town, as Lake Pontchartrain. The entire width of the neck of land between Lake Pontchartrain and the river might vary from eight to twelve miles, but of this about two-thirds was reed-morass, while the remainder was occupied by cotton and sugar plantations, separated by levees or railings and drained by numerous deep ditches or canals. The whole at certain seasons of high water was below the level of the river, and was protected from inundation by high artificial levees or ramparts, called in Louisiana *levées*. The designs of the British armament being apparent, Major-General Jackson, of the United States army, an officer who had greatly

distinguished himself in Indian wars, was entrusted with supreme command at the threatened point, and arrived at New Orleans on the 2nd December. As a man who made his mark in history, and who served his country well at a great crisis in her fortunes, his personal description is of peculiar interest :—" — a tall, gaunt man, of very erect carriage, with a countenance full of stern decision and fearless energy, but furrowed with care and anxiety. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy, his hair was iron grey, and his body thin and emaciated, like that of one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful illness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-like eye betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all the infirmities of the body. His dress was simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protected his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, whilst his feet and legs were encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blacking, which reached to the knees. In age he appeared to have passed about forty-five winters."

Immediately on his arrival at New Orleans, General Jackson began making every arrangement for the defence of the town, inspecting and improving the river forts, reconnoitring the shores of Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain, fortifying and obstructing the bayous which gave a waterway to the near neighbourhood of the town, and stimulating and encouraging the people. In truth he had apparently no easy task before him. We have seen how mighty was the force arrayed against him, which was even now lying off the coast ready to advance in a wave of invasion. To oppose it he had at his immediate disposal only two newly-raised regiments of regular troops, a battalion of uniformed volunteers, two badly-equipped and imperfectly-disciplined regiments of State militia—some of whose privates were armed with rifles, some with muskets, some with fowling-pieces, some not armed at all—and a battalion of free men of colour, the whole amounting to between 2,000 and 3,000 fighting-men. Two small vessels of war lay in the river, but these were, so far, unmanned. There were also six gunboats on Lake Pontchartrain. Commodore Patterson was the senior naval officer, and he had few subordinates. Reinforcements were, however, on their way, and were strenuously pushing forward in defiance of the inclement season, swollen streams, nearly impassable roads, and scant supply of food and forage. General Coffee, with nearly 3,000 men, was coming from Pensacola. General

Carroll was bringing a volunteer force from Tennessee, and Generals Thomas and Adair, at the head of 2,000 Kentuckians, were also on their way down the Mississippi to join in the defence of Kentucky's sister State. Such an army as—even when all should be assembled—General Jackson was to command would, to all seeming, have little chance in a ranged field against the highly-disciplined soldiery of England; but it

attempted, and Sir Alexander Cochrane. General Keane had determined to effecting on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, hoped, by pushing on at once, to be able to take possession of the town before effectual resistance could be made for its defence. It was said that Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain were shallow; indeed, their depth varied from six to twelve feet. The troops were,



SUNSET IN A MISSISSIPPI SWAMP.

had, for its greatest and most reliable advantage, the occupation of a position in the highest degree difficult of approach, and, when reached, capable by its nature of effectual resistance.

On the 8th December the leading ships of the English fleet, which had left Negril Bay on the 26th November, anchored off the Chandeleur Islands, which stud the gulf opposite to the entrance of Lake Borgne; and by the 12th the whole of the men-of-war and troopships had arrived. It had been recognised that to advance against New Orleans by the channel of the Mississippi was a task too difficult to be

transferred from the larger into the smaller vessels, and on the 13th were prepared upon the transit of the land-locked lake. They had not proceeded far, however, when it became apparent that the American vessels which occupied the lake were prepared to offer resistance to the movement, and, until such resistance could be removed, no disembarkation could be attempted. The gunboats, which were light draught of water, could bid defiance to even the lightest vessels of the English fleet, which could not float where they sailed, and could only be reached by ships' ladders.

Almon

rowed by seamen, and a flotilla combined Captain Lockier of the Navy was at once red for the enterprise. The boats pushed and by noon came in sight of the foe, who willingly have retreated and given their long and weary toil in their approach, that, the morning breeze having died away, were compelled perforce to fight at anchor moored fore and aft. Captain Lockier ordered to refresh his men before he commenced action, and, dropping his grapnels just out of of the enemy's guns, allowed his crews their dinner. After an hour's repose the again got ready to advance, and, with a cheer, they moved on steadily in a long Then began one of those brilliant boat in which some of the best qualities of the sailors so often showed themselves. The cannon guns opened, and a hail of balls was red upon Captain Lockier's flotilla. One boat was sunk, others disabled, and men were killed and wounded. But the carronades returned the fire, and, as the mined, stalwart rowers gradually closed with the Americans, the marines were able to open a discharge of musketry. A last powerful the gunboats were reached, and, cutlass in the bluejackets sprang up their sides. The force was stern and unyielding, worthy of American Republic. Captain Lockier received several severe wounds, but, fighting from the stern, the boarders at length overpowered their enemy, the "Stars and Stripes" hauled down, and on every vessel the British flag was hoisted in its place.

the waterway of the lakes there was now longer any resistance, and again the light boats, to which the troops had been transferred, had to pass over it. But the depth beneath the ice became less and less, and even the lightest craft one after another stuck fast. The boats were of necessity hoisted out, and the troops, packed tightly in them, cramped in one another, began a miserable transit of thirty miles to the Island—a barren spot where all were concentrated before further operations were attempted. No boat, heavily laden as all were, could cover the long distance in less than ten days, and, besides the discomfort to the men, arising from such long confinement, matters were made infinitely worse by a change in the weather. A heavy rain began, to which a cloak afforded no protection, and such as is only seen in the tropic countries.

The operation began on the 16th, and, with all

the diligence and continued exertion of which officers and men, soldiers and sailors, were capable, it was not finished till the 21st. By day and night for these days boats were being pulled from the fleet to the island, and from the



island to the fleet. The strain upon the sailors was terrific, and many of them were almost without cessation at the oar. Not only had they to support hunger, fatigue, and sleepless nights, but the constant changes of temperature aggravated the hardships. Drenching rain by day alternated with severe frosts by night, and tried to the uttermost the endurance of all. Nor was the army, as it landed in successive detachments on Pine Island, in a better plight. Bivouacked on a barren, swampy spot, which did not even produce fuel for camp fires, the clothes which had been saturated with rain by day congealed into hard and deadly chilling husks by night, with no supply of food but salt meat, biscuit, and a little rum provided from the fleet, soldiers have seldom been exposed to more severe trials of their fortitude. But, in spite of all, no complaints or murmurings rose from the expedition. The

miseries of the present were forgotten in the high hopes of the immediate future, and this confidence did not arise alone from trust in their own strength, but deserters from the enemy related the alarm that existed in New Orleans, assured the invaders that not more than 5,000 men were in arms against them, that many of the city's inhabitants were ready to join them when they appeared, and that conquest, speedy and bloodless, was within their grasp.

Meanwhile, in New Orleans itself, General Jackson had been meeting difficulties, working to restore confidence, and providing for the necessities of the military situation with all the energy of his nature. The news of the disaster to the American gunboats had filled the people with alarm. Rumours of treason began to spread, an insurrection of the slaves was dreaded, the armed ships in the river were still unmanned, and the expected reinforcements had not arrived. A desperate situation demanded the strongest and most unusual measures. Jackson did not hesitate to adopt them, and assumed the great responsibility of proclaiming martial law, so that he could wield the whole resources of the town, and direct them unimpaired by faction against his foe. Expresses were sent to the approaching additions to his strength, urging them to increase their efforts to push forward. The two war vessels—the *Carolina* and *Louisiana*—whose possible importance as factors in the approaching struggle was recognised, were manned and prepared for service; and even a lawless semi-piratical band of barratarians smugglers was forgiven its crimes, taken into the service of the Republic, and organised into two companies of artillerymen. So great, however, was the lack of war munitions that even the flints of these privateers' pistols were received from them as a precious prize, and were forthwith fitted to muskets.

The whole of the English field army was assembled on Pine Island on the 21st December, but having been so long on board ship, and its various corps having been gathered from many different points, it became necessary, before further advance was made, to form it in brigades, to allot to each brigade a proportion of departmental staff—such as commissaries, medical attendants, etc.—and to establish depôts of provisions and military stores. In completing these arrangements the whole of the 22nd was passed, and it was not till the morning of the 23rd that General Keane's advanced guard could start for its descent on the mainland. This

advanced guard was made up of the 85th Light Infantry, and the six companies of the 95th Rifles. To it were attached a company of rocket-men and two light three-pounder pieces. The whole was under command of Colonel Thornton, 85th. The main body of force was divided into two brigades—composed of the 21st, 44th, and 60th Regiments of India, with a proportion of rocket-men and rockets, under Colonel Brook; the second, containing the 93rd and the 60th Regiments of India, under Colonel Hamilton. The 93rd was provided with rockets and field-guns, and the 60th of dismounted dragoons remained as a bodyguard to the general until they were provided with horses.

It was intended that the descent on the mainland should take place on the morning of the 23rd, at the mouth of the Bayou Bienvenu—a long creek which runs up from Lake Pontchartrain to within a short distance of New Orleans through an alluvial morass. Every boat that could be sent to the scene was to be used for the service, but it was found that there could not be provided more than were sufficient to transport a third of the army at one time. The undertaking was therefore most hazardous, if the troops were placed in proximity to the enemy in successive divisions at long intervals of time, each might be cut to pieces. Neither leaders nor rank and file were, however, to be deterred even by excessive risks. As has been said, they had the assurance that great resistance was not to be anticipated. Colonel Thornton's advance guard was therefore embarked. Many miles had to be traversed, and again the soldiers were exposed to long hours of confinement in a cramped space. Again the heavy rain of the day was succeeded by a bitter frost. Nor could they proceed after dark had set in, and, during the weary hours of night, the boats lay in their landing-place. By nine o'clock on the following morning, however, the landing was effected, and with limbs stiffened and powerless, with little available food and exhausted strength, 1,600 men stood upon the enemy's shore.

Wild and savage was the scene where the British band found itself. A scarcely distinguished track followed the bank of the bayou. On one side was one huge marsh, covered with tall grass. No house or vestige of human life was to be seen, and but few trees broke the monotony of the dreary waste. Forbidding as was the scene, and ill-adapted for defence in case of

have possibly been supposed that Keane, who accompanied the advanced column, could have here remained in concealment in the boats, which had returned to Pine Island and brought the remainder of his force; but he judged it best to push on into more open country, influenced by the hope of striking a sudden and unexpected blow, and by his fairly decided doubts whether even now his scouts might not be hovering round him. An advance was formed, and, after several hours' march, delayed by the difficulties of the road, by the numerous streams and ditches to be crossed, and by the fetid miasma that filled the air, the track began to issue from the swamp, and there were wider and wider spots of cleared land, and some groves of orange trees showed themselves.

It was evident that human habitations must be sought, and increased caution and regularity were necessary. At last two or three farm-houses appeared. The advanced companies moved forward at the double and surrounded the inmates as prisoners. There was no want of carelessness, however, and one succeeded in effecting his escape. Now all hope of secrecy had to be abandoned. General Keane knew that the rumour of his approach would spread with lightning speed, and what was left to him was to act with determination, and make the appearance of his force as formidable as possible. The order of march was changed so that, moving upon a wide front, the two battalions had the semblance of twice their strength, and the pace was quickened to gain a good military position before the enemy's force could show itself. Onward they moved till they found themselves close to the banks of the mighty Mississippi, and, wheeling to the right, they were on the main road leading to New Orleans.

They advanced towards the city on a narrow plain, a mile in width, with the river on their right and the marsh which they had quitted on their left. A spot of comparative safety having been reached, the little column halted, piled up their baggage, and their bivouac was formed. It was late in the afternoon before the moment of repose arrived, and the soldiers prepared to make the most of it: outposts were placed to secure them from surprise, foraging parties collected provisions, and fires were lighted.

The evening passed with one slight alarm, given by a few horsemen who hovered near the outposts, and darkness began to set in. In

the twilight a vessel was seen dropping down the current, and roused curiosity among those who had not stretched themselves by the fires to seek much-needed sleep. It was thought that she might be an English ship, which had managed to pass the forts at the mouth of the river. She showed no colours, but leisurely and silently she dropped her anchor abreast of the camp and furled her sails. To satisfy doubt she was repeatedly hailed, but no answer was returned. A feeling of uneasiness began to spread, and several musket shots were fired at her, but still reply came not from her dimly-seen bulk. Suddenly she swung her broadside toward the bank, and a commanding voice was heard to cry, "Give them this for the honour of America." The words were instantly followed by the flash and roar of guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept through the English bivouac. The light artillery which had accompanied General Keane's advanced guard was helpless against so powerful an adversary, and nothing could be done but to withdraw the exposed force behind the shelter of the high levee. The fires were left burning, and, in the pitch-dark night, those who were uninjured were forced to cower low while the continued storm of grape whistled over their heads, and they could hear the shrieks and groans of their wretched comrades who had been wounded by the first discharge. Thus they lay for more than an hour, when a spattering fire of musketry was heard from the picquets which had been able to hold their position. Whether this fire was only the sign of slight skirmishing at the outposts, or whether it foreboded a serious attack, was for some minutes doubtful, but a fierce yell of exultation was heard, the blackness of night was lighted by a blaze of musketry fire breaking out in semi-circle in front of the position, and the certainty came that the enemy were upon the advanced guard in overpowering numbers.

The situation seemed almost desperate. Retreat was impossible, and the only alternatives were to surrender or to beat back the assailants. General Keane and his followers were not the men to surrender, and at once assumed the bolder course. The 85th and 95th moved rapidly to support the picquets, while the 4th were formed as a reserve in the rear of the encampment. In the struggle that followed there was no opening for tactics, none for the supervision and direction of a general, or even of the colonels of battalions. The darkness was so intense that all order, all discipline were lost. Each man

hurled himself direct at the flashes of musketry ; if twenty or thirty united for a moment under an officer, it was only to plunge into the enemy's ranks and to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict, bayonet against bayonet, sword against sword. In the dire confusion of the bloody *mêlée* it soon became impossible to distinguish friend

and 167 wounded, besides 64 taken prisoner. The miserable night wore on, but with morning's dawn there came a renewal of glorious peril. The schooner whose fire had been so disastrous on the preceding evening still lay off in the river, and had now been joined by another vessel. They were



NEW ORLEANS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

from foe. The British field-artillery dared not fire for fear of sweeping away Americans and Englishmen by the same discharge. Prisoners were taken on both sides, and often released at once by the sudden rush of assistance. As both armies spoke the same tongue a challenge was of no avail, and till the deadly thrust or shot came no man could be certain who stood in front of him.

In the nature of things such fighting could not be of long continuance. The Americans, astonished by the vigour of the assault, gave way, and were followed up for some distance ; but the English officers strove to rally their men, and to make them fall back to their first position ; and soon all but those who had fallen were re-formed and concentrated. The Americans had been repulsed on all sides, but the fight had cost the English dearly, as, including the loss from the fire of the ship, 46 were killed

Carolina and *Louisiana*. Safe from any retaliation, their guns covered the shore effectually precluded any movement of the English, who were obliged—hungry, cold and wearied—to seek shelter under the levee from the shower of projectiles which swept the plain.

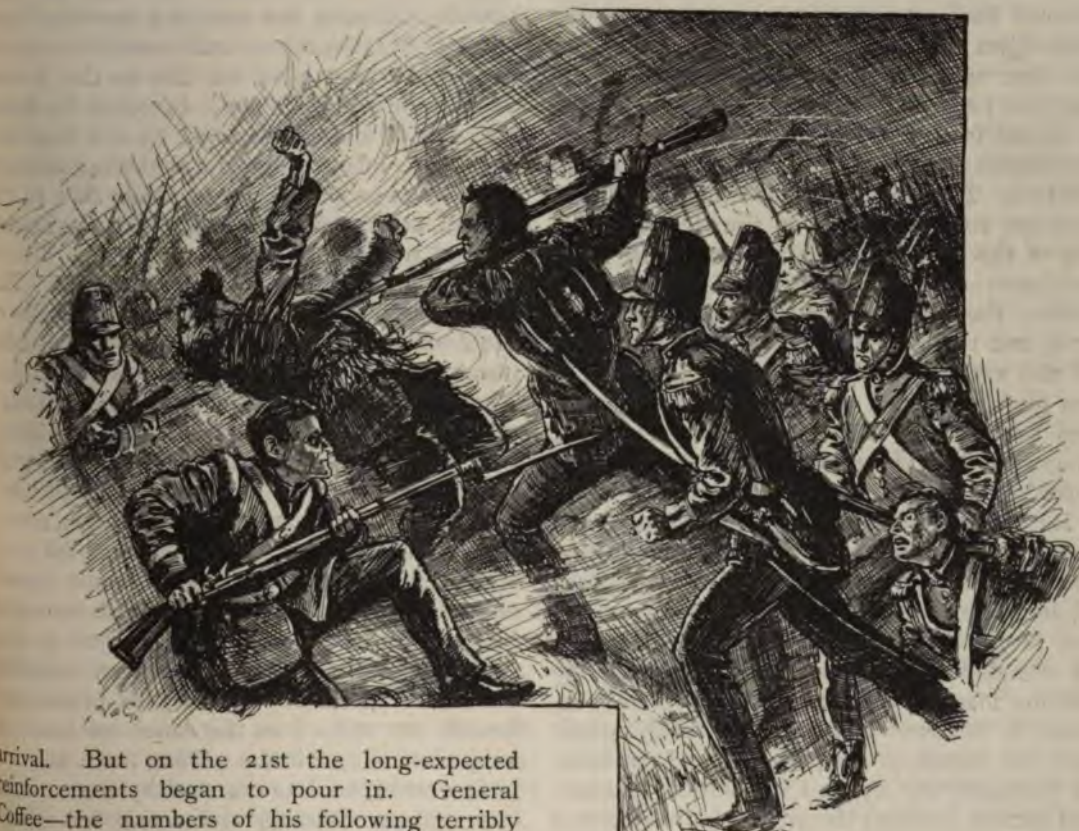
But meanwhile the rest of the army was landing, and hastening to join their comrades. The roar of the cannon had been heard over the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, and had added energy to the strong arms of the Americans, who were pulling the boats. By nightfall on the 23rd the two brigades had both arrived on the scene of battle, and had taken up positions on the ground between the morass and the river, throwing back their left, so as to avoid the fire of the ships. The advanced guard of the British at last be extricated from the trap into which it had fallen, and the night of the 24th

passed in quiet and in disheartened speculation whether the advance could be resumed or not. The responsibility of decision was, however, removed from General Keane by the unexpected arrival on the morning of the 25th of Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs, who had been sent from England as first and second in command.

Let us see what had been the course of affairs in New Orleans while the events just related were occurring. At the time that the English army was concentrating at Pine Island the defence of the city still depended alone on the small, half-organised force which General Jackson had found under his hand on his first

there was no military cohesion among them. If the English advanced guard had pushed at once on the city, instead of bivouacking during the afternoon of the 23rd, they might possibly have encountered no combined resistance, and have overthrown the Americans in detachments. But Keane's halt, however much it may possibly be justified, gave Jackson the opportunity he required, and enabled him to put all his men in line. The *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were sent down the river, with what result we have seen. The land troops were hurried to meet the enemy in the field, and the bitter struggle on the night of the 23rd took place.

When Sir Edward Pakenham took over the



"IT WAS BAYONET AGAINST BAYONET" (p. 452).

arrival. But on the 21st the long-expected reinforcements began to pour in. General Coffee—the numbers of his following terribly reduced by the toils of an unprecedentedly rapid march—came at the head of mounted Tennessee sharpshooters, hunters and pioneers from their youth. Colonel Hinds brought the Mississippi Dragoons. On the 22nd General Carroll's flotilla arrived with a further body of Tennesseans, and, what was almost more important, a supply of muskets. The different corps were not yet, however, actually united in one body, and when the sudden report came that General Keane had actually landed,

command of the English army he found himself in as unsatisfactory a position as could well fall to the lot of any general. He found himself committed to a course of action which he had not initiated, and of which possibly he did not approve. He found his force in a cramped position, which offered no scope for the operations

of highly trained and disciplined soldiers, and he learned that its advanced guard had suffered, if not a defeat, at least a very serious check. If the end of the campaign was failure, he certainly should not be laden with all the blame. Carefully he reconnoitred the situation, and carefully he considered the state of affairs. It was evident that no advance could be made as long as the *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were able to pour forth their murderous fire, and the night of the 25th was employed in erecting on the *Arcturion* batteries armed with heavy ship-guns sent from the fleet. When these opened with red-hot shot on the morning of the 26th, the doom of the *Carolina* was sealed, her crew escaped in their boats, and she blew up. The *Louisiana* effected her escape while her consort was the sole object of the English artillery. Now that the river was thus cleared, and the left flank of his force was no longer exposed to destruction if he moved forward on the road to New Orleans, Sherman made his dispositions for decisive advance. He reorganised his army, dividing it into two columns. That on the right—consisting of the 4th, 21st, 44th, and one West India Regiment—he placed under command of General Keane, the other comprising the 95th, 85th, 100th, and the other West India regiment, with the available field artillery, now increased to 12 guns, remained under General Keane, and was to strike the left of the line, while the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311th, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411th, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511th, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611th, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th

There was still much to do. Heavy guns, the ammunition had to be brought from the rear, the wounded had to be disposed of, the manifold requirements of provision for an army in the field had to be met. For two days the English lay in wait, though their outposts were exposed to a harassing and deadly attack by the British sharpshooters and partisans. On the third day a general convention, picquets were sent to the duties of the day, and the riflemen of America were ordered to kill a man to be killed, to seek individuals as they passed in their own backwoods, to harass, and causing anxiety by a continual snaggling fire.

On the fourth day, the long-delayed march began, a frosty morning of September 19th, the day of its march. Confidence in the high reputation had been shaken by cold, wet, hunger,

and broken rest were forgotten, and enemy's advanced corps fell back before hopes of conquest were renewed. Four miles were traversed without opposing the dead flat of the plain nothing could far in advance of the columns, and they cavalry to scout in front and say what lay path. Suddenly, where a few houses stood turning in the road, the leading files in view of the foe's position. In their front canal, extending from the morass on towards the river on their right. For breastworks had been thrown up, powder batteries erected, while the *Louisiana* and gunboats moored in the Mississippi flank right. Sudden and tremendous was the onrushing musketry fire that fell upon the English column and mowed down ranks. Red-hot shot set fire to the huts which were near to them. Scorched and stifled with smoke, shattered by the enemy's charge, the infantry were, for the time, paralysed and had to be withdrawn to either side of the line of attack, and the artillery were unable forward to reply to the American guns. For their purpose. The contest was too unequal for the heavy guns in the batteries and the broadsides of the *Louisiana* destroyed the light English pieces almost before they could come into action. The infantry again pressed forward, only to be themselves hopelessly checked by the enemy. Staggered, shaken, and disordered, the English columns reeled under the blows which they received. A halt was ordered, and then, sullenly, with sorrow, the whole force fell back. Again Sir Edward Pakenham found himself obliged to bivouac by the river side in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, again he had to consider how the determined American force was to be overcome. The English bivouac was formed two miles from the American line, a sorry place of rest it was. Once more the posts were exposed to the stealthy attack of the ever-vigilant, cunning, and active foe. The main body was hardly secure, for, by their guns a great elevation, the Americans occasionally able to pitch their shot among the camp fires.

The possibility of turning the enemy's penetrating the morass which protected contemplated, but the idea had to be abandoned as soon as conceived. In the meanwhile Jackson was vigorously at work in strengthening his already strong position. Numerous could be seen labouring upon his lines, and

cements came in to swell the numbers of defenders. By the suggestion of Commodore Patterson, a strong field-work was conducted on the opposite bank of the river, and with heavy ship-guns, from which a g fire could be poured on all the space which the English must attack. In view of any difficulties which presented themselves, Lord Pakenham called a council of war, which was attended by all the English naval and army leaders. It was impossible to carry the British lines by assault, for their powerful artillery would deal certain destruction to infantry columns. To turn them was impossible, and air defenders could not be induced by any offering to leave their protection. The British decided on the only other possible alternative—to treat them as a regular fortification, by breaching batteries, to try to silence some of their guns, and to make in them a practicable gap, through which an entrance might be effected.

Five effect to this resolution the 29th, 30th and 31st December were employed in bringing up heavy cannon, accumulating a supply of ammunition, and making preparations as for a siege. When these arrangements were complete—arrangements which demanded the strenuous and unremitting toil from every man from the general in command to the least private soldier—hesitation had no room, and delay was at an end. Under cover of darkness on the 31st, half of the army stole silently forward, passing the picquets, and halted 300 yards of the American lines. Here a series of works was rapidly marked out, the first part of the detachment piled their fire-ammunition and addressed themselves vigorously to work with pick and shovel, while the remainder stood by armed and ready for their defence. So rapid and to such good purpose was the work conducted, that before the day dawned six batteries were completed, in which were mounted pieces of heavy ordnance.

The morning of the 1st January, 1815, broke cold and gloomy. A thick mist obscured the ground, and even at a short distance, no objects could be seen distinctly. The English gunners anxiously looked to their pieces, and the whole of the infantry were formed hard by, ready to rush to the breach which they hoped to see made. As the day very slowly, the mist at length rolled back, and the American camp was fully exposed to view. As yet unconscious of the near presence of the thirty muzzles which were ready to

belch forth their contents, the Americans were seen on parade. Bands were playing, colours flying, and there was no preparation for immediate deadly struggle. Suddenly the English batteries opened, and the scene was changed. There was a moment of dire confusion, a dissolution of the ordered masses which stood ready for review by their general. The batteries were unmanned, the pieces silent. But, though the English salvo was unexpected, there was no real unreadiness to resist and to reply to its stern challenge. The American corps fell quickly into their positions in the line of defence, their artillery, after brief delay, opened with rapidity and precision, the furious cannonade on both sides rent the air with its thunder, and battery answered battery with storm of shot and shell. Heavy as was the attackers' fire, however, it produced comparatively little effect on the solid earthworks of the defence, while the numerous guns which Jackson had mounted, aided by the flanking fire from the works on the opposite bank of the river, were crushing in their power. Hour after hour the duel continued, and yet no advantage was gained which would warrant Lord Pakenham in hurling his infantry at the fortifications that stood in their front. The English ammunition began to fail and their fire slackened, while that of the Americans redoubled in vigour; and towards evening it became evident that another check had been suffered, and that again the invading army must fall back.

Dire was the mortification in the English ranks, bitter the murmurs that spread from man to man. The army had endured hardships with cheerfulness, they had undertaken severest toil with alacrity, but they had thought that victory was their due, and still they encountered repeated defeat. Now their encampment was open to the enemy's unremitting fire, and advance or retreat seemed equally impossible. But Lord Pakenham had some, at least, of the best qualities of a leader. He refused to lose heart, and adopted a plan which well merited success by its boldness, and whose ultimate failure was in no way to be credited to any laxity on his part. He had recognised that the enemy's flanking battery on the right bank of the Mississippi was his greatest obstacle, and he conceived the idea of sending a strong force across the river, which should carry this battery by assault and turn its guns against the Americans themselves, while a simultaneous attack should be delivered directly upon the entrenchments. To do this, however, a sufficient number of boats must be provided,



DEATH OF SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM (p. 457).

few for the task, they were quickly overpowered and slain, or taken prisoners. The mowing fire that swept the glacis mowed down the attacking columns by companies. Vainly was the most desperate courage displayed. Unharm themselves, the defenders of the entrenchments fired at a distance of a few yards into the

their head, he called for Colonel Mullens* to lead them forward, but he was not to be found at his post. Placing himself at their head, the general prepared to lead them in person; but his horse was struck by a musket-ball, which also gave him a slight wound. He mounted another horse, and again essayed to lead the 44th, when again he



"THEY STROVE TO SCALE THE RAMPART" (p. 456).

strong that stood helplessly exposed, while the men on the other side of the river—yet unharmed—kept up a deadly cannonade. Never before English soldiers died to so little profit, never has so heavy a loss been so little avenged. Sir Edward Pakenham saw his troops in confusion, and the wavering in effort which ever eludes hopeless flight. All that a gallant leader could do was done by him. The 44th had been put up, but in so great disorder that little could be hoped from such a battalion. Riding to

was hit. Death took him before he had tasted the full bitterness of defeat, and he fell into the arms of his aide-de-camp. Nor did General Gibbs and General Keane fail to do their duty as English soldiers. Riding through the ranks, they strove to restore order and to encourage the failing energy of the attack, till both were wounded and were borne from the field. Their leaders gone, and ignorant of what should be

* Colonel Mullens was subsequently tried by court-martial and cashiered.

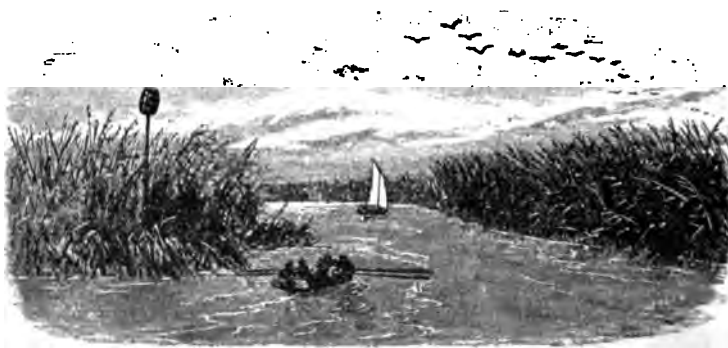
done, small wonder if the troops first halted, then began slowly to retire, and then betook themselves to disordered flight. Great as was the disaster, its results might have been even more crushing than they were but that the 7th and 43rd, presenting an unbroken, steadfast front, prevented any attempt on the part of the enemy to quit the shelter of their lines in pursuit.

We left Colonel Thornton and his 340 men on the right bank of the Mississippi, and four miles from the battery which they had been detailed to take, and whose power was so severely felt by the main body of the English army.

They had seen the signal-rocket which told that their comrades were about to attack, and late though they were, they pressed forward to do their share of the day's operations. A strong American outpost was encountered, but it could not withstand the rush of the 85th, and fled in confusion. The position where the battery was mounted was reached, and to less daring men than Colonel Thornton and his little following might have seemed impregnable. Like their countrymen on the other side, the Americans, 1,500 in number, were strongly entrenched, a ditch and thick parapet covering their front. Two field-pieces commanded the road, and flanking fire swept the ground over which any attack must be made. The assailants had no artillery, and no fascines or ladders by means of which to pass the entrenchment. But, unappalled by superior numbers, undeterred by threatening obstacles, the English formed for immediate assault. The 85th extended across the whole line; the seamen, armed with cutlasses as for boarding, prepared to storm the battery, and the few marines remained in reserve. The bugle sounded the advance. The sailors gave the wild cheer that has so often told the spirit and determination of their noble service, and rushed forward. They were met and momentarily checked

by a shower of grape and cannister, but they pressed on. The 85th dashed for their aid in the face of a heavy fire of musketry and threatened the parapet at all points. On both sides came an unrelenting discharge of musketry, the English, eager to be at close quarters, mounting the parapet. The Americans, with sudden panic, turned and fled in rout, and the entrenchment, with all its pieces of cannon, was taken. Too late! The very guns had been able already to take part in dealing destruction to Sir Edward Pakenham's morning attack, and if they were taken—if their defenders were dispersed—had done all that they were wanted to do. Even yet, if the disaster to the British main body had not been so complete and demoralising, it might have been turned upon Jackson's army. It covered a second assault; but this was not what General Lambert, on whom had fallen the command of all that remained of the army, intended—perhaps, under the circumstances, with good reason—to make no further attempts on New Orleans. To withdraw his army was, in any case, and another defeat would have rendered it impossible; and, as the Americans had gained confidence in proportion as the English had lost, defeat was only too probable. In the action nearly 1,500 officers and men had been killed, including two generals, for General Grant only survived his wound for a few hours. The English dead lay in piles upon the plain—rifice to faulty generalship, and even more to the course of relentless ill-fortune. Of the Americans who had so gallantly defended their country, eight only were killed and fourteen wounded.

Alas! that electricity did not then prevent so great a sacrifice of honour and life for the preliminaries of peace between England and the United States had been signed in London before the campaign of New Orleans was



A BAYOU OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



was in the second month of the siege of Paris. The pigeon post had brought in news of the gathering of armies on the Loire and in the North destined to come to the rescue of the beleaguered capital; but, so far, there were many hopes but few signs of the expected succour. The iron ring of the German works cut off the city so effectually from the rest of France that it was only at long intervals that some daring adventurer succeeded in passing the enemy's outposts and bringing back the besieged tidings of what was passing just outside the German lines of investment.

Sunday morning, November 13th, at the village near Creteil to the south-east of Paris, a man challenged a man who had crept up to the city half-seen in the grey light of the dawn. The man answered the challenge in French, and declared that he was a farmer of Valentigney who, at the risk of his life, passed the German lines in the dark in order to bring important news into the city. He refused to give his information to anyone but the governor, General Trochu, or one of his staff-officers. He was brought to the headquarters at the Louvre, where Trochu gave him an interview. The man said that for the last three days the Germans had seemed anxious and uneasy. He had heard them talking among themselves of something serious that had occurred at Paris: the force holding the villages to the south of Paris had been reduced, and the troops withdrawn had marched away to the south.

Trochu discussed the news with General Lecomte, his most trusted colleague during the siege. They agreed that it was most probable that the new French army of the Loire was pressing and pressing the Prussians seriously, that it had perhaps even won a victory at Orléans.

At last day all uncertainty was at an end. A

pigeon arrived from Tours bringing a despatch from Gambetta, and soon all Paris was reading it, for it was posted on the walls with a proclamation from the Governor. This was the good news:—

“GAMBETTA TO TROCHU.

“TOURS, *November 11th, 1870.*

“The Army of the Loire, under the orders of General Aurelle de Paladines, took Orléans yesterday, after two days' fighting. Our losses in killed and wounded do not exceed 2,000. Those of the enemy are heavier. We have made more than a thousand prisoners, and the pursuit is adding to the number. We have taken two Prussian guns, twenty waggon-loads of ammunition, and a great quantity of carts laden with provisions and stores. The chief fighting was round Coulmiers on the 9th. The *Man* of the troops is remarkable, notwithstanding the wretched weather.”

Paris was wild with joy. At last it had been proved that the Prussians were not invincible! The new armies that had arisen at the call of the Republic had done what the legions of the Empire had failed to accomplish. They were pressing on to the rescue of the capital; surely the time was come when the army of Paris should burst through the German besieging lines, and join hands with the victorious soldiers of the south and west. The very name of Orléans seemed of good augury. Was it not at Orléans that Jeanne d'Arc had won her first triumph over another invader? Might one not hope that again the tide of war had turned in favour of France at the same historic spot?

The newspapers all called for a grand sortie against the German lines. Everyone felt that the decisive moment was coming—that the fate of Paris and of France would be decided within the next few weeks, or even days. On the 18th there arrived a despatch from Gambetta calling on Trochu to co-operate with the relieving armies by acting vigorously against the Germans before Paris, and so preventing them from detaching any more troops to the help of

their armies in the provinces. The generals in Paris were already preparing to act. They had been arranging for a sortie across the Seine from the west of the city, with a view to breaking through the investing lines to the north-west. But now, with a victorious army pressing on the Germans to the southwards, they decided on changing the direction of the blow; and though to the last moment the change of plans was kept secret, and attempts were made to lead the Germans to still expect an attack on the side of Mount Valérien, General Ducrot was directed by Trochu to concentrate all the best troops in Paris for a sortie to the southwards, across the Marne, just above the point where it joins the Seine.

The ground in this direction was eminently favourable for such an enterprise. The German line of investment ran across the Marne near Noisy-le-Grand, followed the river bank near Brie, and then ran across a swell of rising ground to Champigny, the river between these two villages curving away sharply towards Paris, the peninsula thus formed being about a mile and a quarter across. The fort of Nogent, on the

French side of the Marne north of the curve, commanded the ground within it, and crossed its fire with the guns of the redoubt of St. Maur south of the curve. At the western end of the space thus enclosed the French held Joinville. If they crossed the river here under cover of the guns at Nogent and St. Maur, they might hope to turn the Prussian outposts out of Brie and Champigny, hold the neck of the peninsula while reinforcements crossed in their rear, and then break through the German lines in their front, their retreat across the river being fairly secure in the event of a disaster. The Marne, before joining the Seine, makes a second and still sharper curve round the height of St. Maur, and a canal cuts across the loop, passing under the hill by a short tunnel. This passage, known as the Canal of St. Maur,

played an important part in the plans for the sortie.

The ground about the loops of the Marne, which was destined to be the scene of one of the fiercest and most prolonged struggles of the siege of Paris, was not so built over as it is at the present time; but it was a suburban rather than a country district, with numerous roads, detached houses, walled parks and gardens, and plantations, so that there was abundance of cover. The large walled parks of Villiers and Coeuilly had been put in a state of defence by

the Germans, the walls being loopholed and the gates barricaded. The park walls stood a little back from the edge of the plateau on which the villages of the same name are built. This line of high ground formed the main position of the Germans, their outposts being nearer the river in Brie-sur-Marne and Champigny.

Nearly a fortnight was spent by the French in preparing for their great effort. There were to be several false attacks, to mislead the Germans and prevent them from moving troops to reinforce the position actually assailed—a position

held by portions of the Wurtemberg and the 12th Saxon Corps. These false attacks were to be made by the troops under General Vinoy's direction, but all the best regiments in Paris were formed into a field-army under Ducrot. In all, there were three armies organised in Paris during November. The "First Army" consisted of the National Guard, under General Clément-Thomas, afterwards one of the first victims of the Commune. Clément-Thomas was rather a politician than a soldier. He had no record of service, and the hundreds of thousands under his command were rightly described as mostly mere "men with muskets." They had, generally, very little fight in them. They drilled in Paris; they drew their pay and rations; they mounted guard at the ramparts (which no one attacked); and the Government did not venture



GENERAL CLÉMENT-THOMAS.

em in line of battle until the closing e siege, when they were marched out wn what a battle really was, and for art they behaved very badly.

Second Army," under Ducrot, was com- ery different materials. The infantry e up of the 35th and 42nd of the line, een withdrawn from Rome at the the war, and the line regiments that d Vinoy's corps, which he had saved catastrophe of Sedan by his splendid om Mézières. These were nearly all s of the line that were now left to

the Seine and Marne sent their contingents, but of the Parisian battalions not one was to take part in the main operation for the rescue of the capital. The "Second Army" was divided into three corps—the first under General Blanchard, the second under General Renault (a distinguished soldier of Africa), and the third under General d'Exéa. A cavalry division, under General de Champeron, was partly made up of old soldiers, partly of new levies. Altogether Ducrot had about 120,000 men under his command, the pick of the army of Paris.

The "Third Army," under General Vinoy,



THE BROKEN BRIDGE AT JOINVILLE.

all the rest had been made prisoners Sedan, Strasburg, and elsewhere. To ir numbers up to war strength and ir losses men had been drafted into n the dépôts, and to these had been ervists who had been late in joining er regiments. A Zouave regiment thus is largely made up of recruits; it was with the 136th of the line. The rest of ry consisted of thirty-three battalions s, drafted in from the provinces—the ions of the West, the men of Brittany endée, Normans from the neighbour- ouen, sturdy countryfolk from Orléans, of the central plateau from the Côte d fiery, dark-eyed volunteers of the m Languedoc. The upper valleys of

was composed of very various elements. One brigade was formed chiefly of gendarmerie and the dépôt troops of the old Imperial Guard; a second was made up of custom-house officers and men of the State forest service, with the dépôt troops of two line regiments. Two line regiments and two brigades of sailors and marines supplied further excellent material; and the other battalions were formed of mobiles from the provinces and regiments of volunteers picked from the Paris National Guard. This army was organised as a single corps of six divisions.

In the first days of the siege, when the defenders of Paris were in a very excited frame of mind, and full of the idea that the best way to resist the Prussians was to recklessly destroy their own property in the neighbourhood of the

Proclamations from Trochu and Ducrot were posted on the walls, announcing that a great effort was to be made. Ducrot's, issued at the last moment, ended with the somewhat melodramatic phrase : "I will return either dead or victorious." The gates were closed, and no one was allowed to pass the ramparts, the object of this precaution being to prevent possible spies from conveying information to the Prussians.

Yet, with all this, Ducrot persuaded that he was keeping the secret of his end. He wrote out his orders at first with blank names and dates, only filling in the names the day before the battle, the 23rd of November being selected for the great sortie. The orders were far too complicated. While the German commanders in France in 1870 occupied themselves with broadly indicating to their subordinates what they wanted done, and leaving to the commanders of corps, divisions, and brigades the great latitude in arranging the details of the attack or defence, the French commanders have had a mania for drawing up detailed programmes of their battles, in which every movement was carefully defined as to hour, place, and numbers to be employed, with the result that if any part of the programme failed to be carried out, all the subsequent movements which depended on such or such an occurrence being carried out by a corps commander were likely to be thrown into confusion. Ducrot's main idea was that, having been seized during the night, the Prussians, pontoon bridges thrown across the Marne, and above Joinville, in the early morning, the Prussians were distracted by the false attack, and the immediate field of battle was defined by the guns of St. Maur on the right, and of Joinville and Avron on the left, Renault and Bataillon were to cross the Marne and attack the heights of Champigny first, and then the heights of Joinville watching their progress from the bank above the bend, and, when certain that the flank and rear of the German army were reached by the French attack, were to support the French left by immediately reinforcing it.

On the evening of the 28th everything was supposed to be ready. Ducrot came to Joinville to watch the throwing across the bridges, and Trochu was close at hand at all times. All round Paris the forts were blazing with

their heavy guns, and the long rocket- of their shells lit up the sky. North t, through the cold and rainy evening, biles were tramping across the valley he slopes of Avron, scouts feeling the ront, and behind long teams of cart- iggering at the heavy guns which the re to place in position. Through the nel of St. Maur came the first of the -boats with the pontoons and frame- one of the bridges trailing behind it. s were at work on the Joinville bridge. d thrown some more stones down on ish heap under the central arch, and ound thus formed had fixed wooden and constructed a foot-bridge. The with its train of pontoons, made for the er the bank on the Joinville side of the Under the arch the river was rushing h a loud ripple that suggested that the as in flood. The steamer tried to pass he arch, but the current first held her i swept her down below the bridge. er other boats arrived. The river was h the great mass of pontoons and boats. ickered here and there, but not many, ld be dangerous to arouse the attention ermans, away in those villages on the . The attempt to pass the bridge was

It failed again. Then despairing ere put forth, but apparently with little or intelligence. After a while it was hat so much time had been lost that, ne materials could be got through, the idges could not be completed before . In the small hours of the morning neers announced to Ducrot that the s in flood. The attempt must be put nother day. The bridge material was way, partly behind the island at Join- tly in the tunnel and the canal. A ouncil of war was held. Would it not to stop the false attacks? There was itation. Then it was resolved to allow rals to act, and to add one more to a mischances it was not till next morning commanders of the various detachments for these minor sorties were informed main effort had been deferred for our hours.

ow comes the strangest part of the story. en proved since then that there was in the Marne that night. The rush of der the Joinville bridge had been aug- y the ill-directed efforts of the engineers,

who had added to the mass of *débris* that blocked the middle of the stream. Men who knew their business would have rather tried to clear away the obstruction under the broken arch before they brought up their heavy convoy of bridge material. The mistake was fatal to the success of the whole operation.

At Avron all had gone well, and in the early morning the naval guns, worked by Admiral Saisset's blue-jackets, opened on the German posts across the Marne. Out to the south-west of Paris, across the loops of the river, Vinoy and Admiral Pothuau stormed the advanced Prussian posts at Choisy and at the big cattle station on the railway near the village. Elsewhere there were minor sorties. The roar of guns from Avron at first confirmed Vinoy in his belief that all was going well with Ducrot. At the barriers of Paris anxious crowds waited for the news of a great victory. Tidings came that Mont Avron had been occupied, that success had crowned Vinoy's arms at Choisy. The first wounded were brought in along the river by the steamers. But there was no news of the crossing of the Marne. At last came the chilling announcement that the one serious operation of the day had been put off. Something was wrong with the bridges. So Vinoy and his colleagues abandoned the ground they had won, sad at the thought of useless sacrifices made, and blood shed freely, because "someone had blundered."

With the early twilight of the November evening work was resumed at Joinville, and the bridge material was got past the broken bridge, chiefly through the channel behind the island. In the small hours of the 30th the bridges were ready, and before dawn the strong columns began slowly to cross. The temperature had fallen suddenly, and it was bitterly cold, but with the frost there had come fog, which favoured the march of the besieged, and would have concealed their movements still better if the cannonade from the forts had not been resumed. It was hoped the noise would prevent the Germans from hearing the approach of their foes. Perhaps it did. Perhaps they thought that the weak sorties of the previous day indicated the collapse of the great French effort to break their lines. In any case, it seems to be fairly clear that while they had been on the *qui vive* all through the 29th, they felt a little more secure on the morning of the 30th. The Saxons were to relieve the Wurtembergers at the outposts across the peninsula of the Marne that morning, the latter handing over the care of

Brie and Champigny to the former about 6.30, while it was still quite dark. This was again lucky for the French, for the Saxons did not know their way about in the villages. The 107th Infantry held Champigny, and their patrols were searching the roads towards the bend of the river, when about half-past seven, just as it was beginning to get brighter, one of them rushed breathless into the village, calling out that at least four French battalions were coming on after him.

The alarm was sounded through the village, but the French were into the western end of its main street, and, driving the Saxons before them, they gradually cleared the place, and by eight o'clock held the whole of it. The German garrison consisted only of three companies, or about 500 men, and it was no discredit to them that they had to give way before the French column, but it looks as if they might have kept a better watch to their front, and discovered somewhat earlier that a whole army was pouring across the bridges. If the sortie had come the day before there would have been only a brigade of Wurtembergers in posi-

tion to meet it. Now, besides the Saxons in the first line, the Wurtembergers whom they had relieved were close at hand, and gallopers were sent off to bring them back.

To the left of Champigny another column, linesmen and mobiles of the western departments, advanced through the village of La Plante into the little valley of the Lande, passed the smoking limekilns outside Champigny, and pushed on to the barricaded embankment of the Mulhouse railway, the Germans falling back before it, a thin firing line, that was reinforced as it withdrew. On the higher ground, behind the Germans, a battery came into action, and one of its first shells, bursting on the railway line, wounded General Renault, shattering his leg. Renault was a soldier of the old school. Though a corps commander, he insisted on

being in front of one of his divisions, and he had told his men that their best plan was not to fire, but to press on with the bayonet. He died four days after the battle. Boissonet, who commanded his artillery, was killed by another shell soon after the fall of his chief. But though the German fire was becoming heavier, and there were serious losses in the dense marching columns that crowded the peninsula, the first rush had been successful. The railway had been crossed, and the French tirailleurs were dashing up the hollow of the Lande valley, towards the

plateau of Villiers. More to the left Brie, on the river bank, had been stormed, the Germans giving way before superior numbers, and effecting their retreat with difficulty.

And now the French began to press forward against the heights of Villiers and Coeuilly, and the resistance became more serious. More than once they gained the edge of the plateau only to be driven back by the storm of bullets from the loopholed park walls. Artillery brought up to close quarters might have cleared away these obstacles, but only a battery of mitrailleuses was available, and its stream

of balls produced no effect on bricks and mortar. The brave captain who brought it into action was killed beside one of his pieces. Up to noon no impression whatever had been made on the second German line.

Meanwhile, across the river to the south-west, another French column had marched out of Creteil and attacked the Germans in Mesley, only to be driven back with the loss, among others, of its commander, General Ladreyt de la Chavrière, who was shot down while cheering on his men within fifty yards of the Prussian line. To the north of Paris another attack was made from St. Denis, and obtained temporary possession of Epinay. These and other minor attacks prevented the German staff at Versailles from rapidly reinforcing the position which Ducrot was assailing. They did not feel certain



GENERAL TROCHU.



"THE FIRST RUSH HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL" (p. 464)

till the middle of the day as to which was the main attack.

It was only after one o'clock that D'Exéa brought his corps into action, crossing the river by the bridges north of Brie and pressing the German right. An earlier attack might have had serious results for the besiegers. As it was, the effect of his advance was to renew the fierce onslaught upon Villiers. The 107th and 136th of the line, the Mobiles of the Seine and Marne, the Bretons of Morbihan, and the 4th Zouaves threw their lives away recklessly in the attempt to gain a footing on the plateau. Three times the firing line of the Zouaves pressed close up to the north-west corner of the park of Villiers, and three times they fell back, leaving at last nearly all their officers and half the rank and file strewing the ground, killed and wounded. At four the sun set red in the cloudy western sky, and the darkness came on rapidly, the French drawing off to the villages they had won, and bivouacking for the night on the frozen ground, without blankets or even overcoats to cover them; for by order of Ducrot all these *impedimenta* had been left with the train on the other side of the river to lighten the load of the men—a blunder for which they had to pay dearly.

Over 100,000 French had been in action, and about 26,000 Germans had successfully held the fortified heights against them. But still the French had won ground which the Germans held in the morning, and in so far they might claim a success. About 2,000 Germans and 3,000 French had fallen in the fight.

There is an old saying about "lying like a bulletin," and the bulletin despatched that night from the royal headquarters at Versailles was anything but truthful. This was what King William sent by wire to Queen Augusta:—

" ROYAL HEADQUARTERS, VERSAILLES,

" November 30th, 1870.

"To-day important sorties were made on the east of Paris against the Wurtembergers and Saxons at Bonneuil-sur-Marne, Champigny, and Villiers, which were captured by the French and afterwards recaptured by our own troops with the aid of our 7th Brigade. Before nightfall less important sorties were made simultaneously towards the north-east at St. Denis against the Guards and 4th Army Corps. I was unable to leave Versailles, as I desired to remain in the centre.

" WILLIAM."

Not a word to show that on this Monday evening the German headquarters were seriously anxious about the situation, seeing that, so far from the villages on the Marne being recaptured, they

were held by the French, who were belying the ground they had won. True, the siege had not broken out. The attack on the plateau of Villiers and Coeuilly had pulsated, but it was also true that the French had not been driven from the ground they held in their first onset. The fact is that now the German staff had sent out true information as to the progress of the war because it was gone in their favour; but the truth as to the fighting on the Marne was suppressed for days, and a false version of the story was put in circulation. It may be that the staff was himself deceived by the staff. Podbielski—the adjutant-general who was responsible for the official *communiqués*—Beauchamp Walker, the English attaché at the royal headquarters, wrote a few days later—"Podbielski told an official lie with disgrace to our profession."

The news of the first day's battle was sent out of Paris by a balloon on the night of November 30th and December 1st. At the Palais, in Morbihan, the following morning the tidings of what was represented as a complete victory were telegraphed to the Emperor thence all over France. The despatch was a brief that it led to a most serious misunderstanding. It announced that Ducrot had successfully crossed the Marne and defeated the Germans, and that the French had taken Champigny, and Epinay. The mention of Epinay was particularly unfortunate. It was supposed that the place mentioned was Epinay-sur-Seine, but Epinay-sur-Orge was the day's journey towards the Loire. He argued that the Army of Paris was in full retreat towards Orléans, and against the advice of his staff he insisted on the Army of the Loire had just received a serious check at la-Rolande, advancing at all hazards against the army of Prince Frederick Charles. The result was widespread disaster. Two words in the name in the despatch would have prevented the possibility of mistake.

To return to the battlefield, hundreds of men wounded died of the bitter cold in the hours of the 1st of December. The soldiers of Ducrot's army, huddled together waiting for dawn, were chilled through and through; sleep was barely possible, and numbers of men who lay on the ground awoke frost-bitten and seriously ill that they had to be carried to the ambulances. There was little ammunition in the men's pouches, and before dawn

December 1st, Ducrot and Trochu had decided that it would not be possible to renew the fight on the German lines till Friday. So the day was spent by the French in renewing supplies of ammunition, rapidly fortifying the positions in Champigny, entrenching the ground between the two villages, carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. A truce was agreed for these latter purposes in the afternoon, for the Germans were less busy. They expected to be attacked at dawn. When the hours passed without an advance on the part of the French, they employed this time in strengthening their hold on the plateau. General Fransecky took command of the lines facing the loops of the Marne, and the Saxons and Wurtembergers numbered 16,000 Prussians and several batteries. At the close of the day the truce for the burial of the dead came to an end. It was dark very soon, and on both sides the soldiers lay down with considerable certainty that the dawn would bring a great battle.

The snow of the winter fell during the night's bivouac. The French had had no rest, and had suffered terribly from it. A day of battle, another of hard work, and the nights passed in frost and snow without a shelter, would have been trying even for the bravest, and the greater number of Ducrot's men were in the so-called line regiments, without reserves. The French throughout the day were very careless about their outposts. No one was on that snowy Friday morning but the sentries were half-asleep and some of them cower under cover. Just before dawn there came a rush of German infantry and rifles into Champigny, Brie, and through the plantations in the valley where the French centre lay. They were taken by this sudden onset, and at once the French were swept out of the front of the village, and, what was worse, out of the Côte d'Or and of the Ile-et-râle. They fled, a panic-stricken crowd, down the ridges. Ducrot, who had turned out to meet the Germans between Champigny and Joinville-le-Pont, met the fugitives as he rode on his staff at headlong speed towards the city. Speaking words of encouragement, threatening others with sword or bayonet, and his officers rallied the mobiles and sent them back towards Champigny. The French had recovered from the first shock, and were rapidly driving the Germans back to their place. It was a hard fight, in which

again and again the bayonets crossed in the lanes among the houses. At Brie, also, the village was attacked and retaken by the French, and in the centre they held their own gallantly against the German onset. From the heights—the scene of the battle of two days before—a hundred German guns opened on the French positions. The heavy artillery of the forts and outworks of Paris and the few batteries of Ducrot's army replied. But in the broken ground, and among the numerous enclosures along the front of the two armies, the battle was mainly an infantry fight. Three times during the eight hours that the battle lasted the villages were taken and retaken, remaining at the close of the day still in the hands of the French. In Champigny the fighting was close and desperate—from house to house, from barricade to barricade. Late in the afternoon the Comte d'Hérisson, one of Trochu's aides-de-camp, rode out from Paris along the frozen roads, bringing a message from the headquarters at the Louvre to the Governor, who was with Ducrot on the battlefield. He looked for him first in Champigny. In his journal he noted that though he had seen many campaigns he had never heard or seen such a fire as that which raged round the village. Infantry were exchanging volleys at close quarters, and the German shells were falling on every side. One of them burst in a cottage as he passed by, and the window with its shutters attached was blown out and flew over the head of his horse. He inquired of a mounted officer if he had seen the general, and though their horses were pulled up side by side, and the riders leant over and shouted into each other's ears, it was with difficulty they could make themselves heard.

Outside Champigny, near the cross road to Brie, he found Trochu and his staff. The general seemed to him to be seeking for death on the field, for he rode slowly across a stretch of open ground where the enemy's shells were bursting on all sides, the hard ground making their explosions all the more dangerous. The aide-de-camp gave him the message from Paris. A pigeon had come in from Tours, and it brought a letter from Gambetta, informing him that the Army of the Loire was in full march for the forest of Fontainebleau, and bidding him meet them there with the Army of Paris. For a moment Trochu's face brightened as he heard the news, but he had already realised that Ducrot could not break through the circle of iron in which Paris was enclosed. The most that the Army of Paris could do that day was to

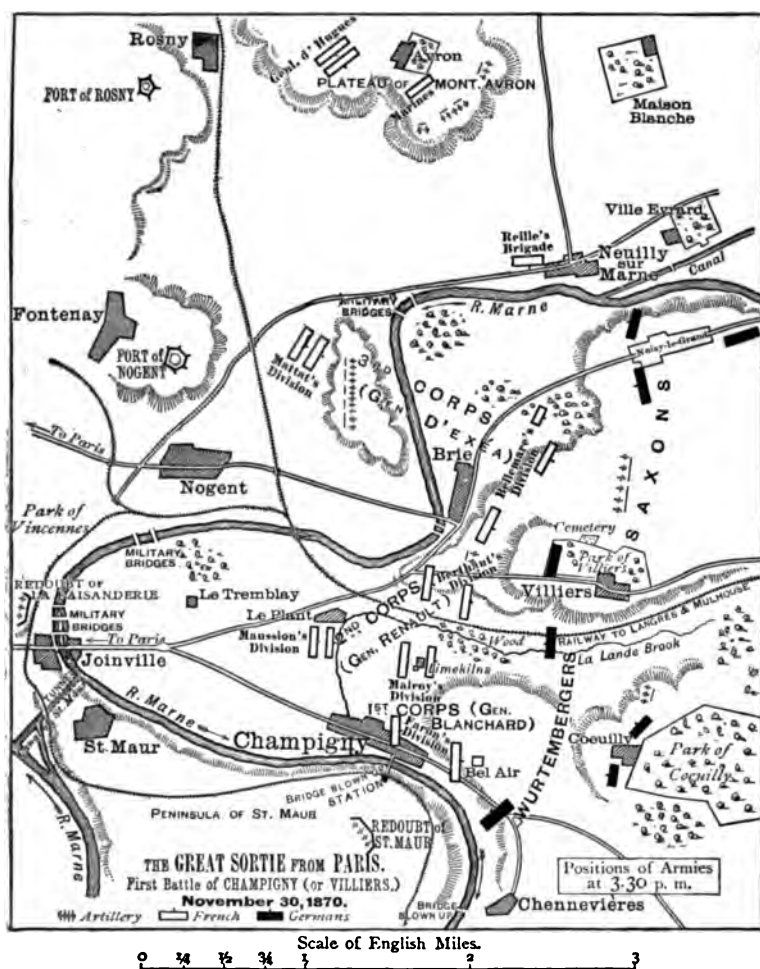
hold the narrow tract of ground it had won on the left bank of the Marne. Even if the Army of the Loire was so near at hand, all he could hope would be that next day its pressure on the German rear would enable him to resume the offensive with some better hope of success. But, alas! the pigeon despatch was the outcome only of Gambetta's sanguine spirit. He spoke of his

had more than once rallied his young men and led them in person against the enemy. One of the numerous *mêlées* he had among the enemy's bayonets, and fought in hand until he was disarmed by breaking off short in the body of an infantry soldier. It was a sword that

presented to him by some of his soldiers before the war. In spite of this bravery, it must be that it was hardly for a general command. Three army corps in place was not a central point which could direct and coordinate the operations of divisions.

Towards four o'clock fire began to slacken. The Germans, inferior in numbers to the French, attacking them in entrenched positions failed to break their line. The battle of Champigny ended like the first. The French in possession of the villages on the left but making their breaking out more than ever. Thus the French had shown when attacked though they claimed day as a victory, the advantage was with the Germans. The great had failed.

And it was a



projects as if they were accomplished facts. True, on November 30th he had ordered the advance of all the corps of the Loire army towards Fontainebleau; true, that yesterday the movement had begun; but this Friday, December 2nd, they were still slowly marching to the north-west of Orléans, engaged with the advance troops of Prince Frederick Charles. It was the first day of the disastrous battle of Loigny.

Ducrot had also acted as if he meant to keep the promise of his proclamation, and find death if not victory on the field of Champigny. He

failure. The Germans had lost in the days of battle 259 officers and 5,913 men. The French more than double the number of officers and 11,546 men. In all, more than 18,000 men had fallen in the fight. The bivouac on the battlefield was for the most wretched of all. The frost was more than ever, and something like a thousand were invalidated by the cold of that night, many of them dying before the end of the year. In the early morning of 9

cember 3rd, Trochu and Ducrot visited the quacs, and were horrified at the look of weariness and misery on the faces of officers and soldiers. They had sent their picked regiments to battle. They knew they had no troops of the same quality with which to relieve them.

the bridges of Joinville. The Germans did nothing to disturb this retreat. It was only on Sunday morning, December 4th, that they reoccupied Brie and Champigny. A French post held Le Plant to the north-west of the latter village till the morning of the 5th.



"OUTSIDE CHAMPIGNY HE FOUND TROCHU AND HIS STAFF" (p. 467).

They knew, too, that the Germans in their front had been further reinforced with men and guns. To hold on to Brie and Champigny any longer would have been to risk a fearful disaster. Orders were given to retreat. At various points along the front there was desultory skirmishing with the Prussian outposts, and the artillery was for awhile in action on both sides. Meanwhile, division after division fell back across

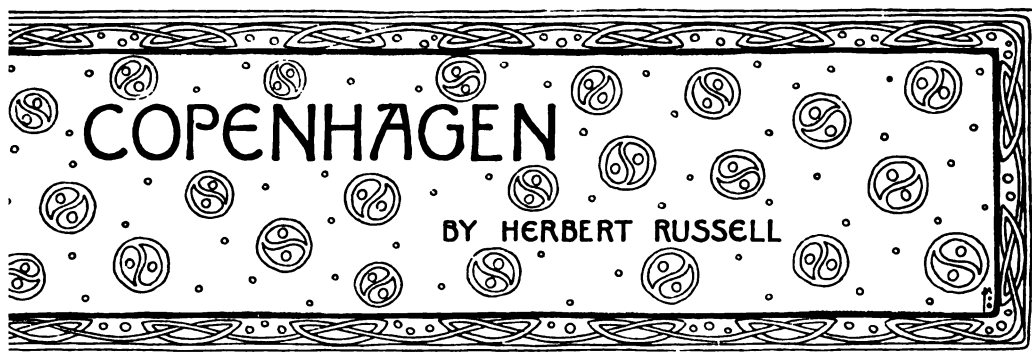
Thus ended the most hopeful effort that the French had made to break through the German besieging lines. The mistake about the bridges at the outset did much to increase the difficulties of what was never an easy enterprise. The unfortunate part of the situation was that the French commanders, with such an enormous number of armed men at their disposal in Paris, were able to make only a comparatively small part

of them into reliable soldiers. If Trochu had been able to seriously menace other portions of the German lines on the day of Champigny, he could have prevented Von Moltke from reinforcing the Saxons and Wurtembergers along the Marne; and if he had possessed solid reserves of fresh troops he could have replaced the regiments that suffered most in the first day's fight with troops that would have been in condition to

renew the battle on the morrow. As it was soldiers of Ducrot's three corps failed, but fought with honour. Whilst they were fighting in front of Paris their comrades of the Loire were fighting as bravely but with as little success at Loigny. The day that saw the retreat of Ducrot's army across the Marne saw also the defeat of Chanzy on the field of Loigny, and these two events sealed the fate of Paris and of France.



GENERAL VINOY.



COPENHAGEN

BY HERBERT RUSSELL

THE history of nations has plenty of instances to offer of the very trifling causes by which war may be brought about, but none, perhaps, of such insignificance in its import as the incident was answerable for that great Baltic whose central brilliant feature was the title of Copenhagen. There were, of political motives at work influencing going on the plucky little Scandinavian : that mad and brutal Russian monarch Emperor Paul secretly forced the Court of Denmark into an attitude of hostility, from which it would doubtless have far sooner recoiled. But the direct *causa belli* was as follows :—

On the 25th of July, 1800, a British squadron, consisting of three frigates, a sloop, and a schooner, fell in with a large Danish forty-gun frigate, the *Freya*, which was convoying two two-brigs, and two galliots. Denmark was at that period a neutral Power ; England was engaged in conflict with very nearly half of Europe. Orders had been given for British ships to search the ships of neutral Powers for arms and of war, with which there was reason to suspect our foes were being liberally supplied from these sources. In the exercise of his prerogative right, Captain Baker, of the twenty-gun frigate *Nemesis*, the senior officer of the British squadron, hailed the *Freya*, and stated his intention of sending boats to search the vessels under convoy. Captain Baker, of the *Dane*, replied with warmth that if such attempts were made he should immediately open fire upon the boats. This could, of course, be productive of but little result : both threats were put into execution and a general action ensued. The *Freya* was overpowered by the superior force against which she had to contend, and was obliged to surrender ; and the whole of the vessels, including

the convoyed ships, made sail for the Downs, where they anchored, the Danish frigate, by command of Admiral Skeffington Lutwidge, keeping her colours flying. Unhappily, the affair had not passed off without bloodshed. The British loss was two men killed and several wounded ; the Danes likewise had two men killed and five wounded.

The episode was one to have been easily adjusted by a little political diplomacy, particularly as a tolerably good understanding had previously existed between the two nations. The British Government despatched Lord Whitworth to Copenhagen to arrange the matter : conferences resulted in the agreement that the *Freya* and her convoy were to be repaired at the cost of the English, and released, and the question of the right of British naval officers to search neutral ships was to stand over for discussion at a future period. And here the affair might very well have been allowed to rest. But Russia, the inherent foe of this country, even more than France, although actually deemed to be an ally of ours, seized the opportunity which the popular bitter feeling, briefly aroused in Denmark, gave to her. She established an armed neutrality between herself and Sweden, laid an embargo upon all the British ships then lying in her ports ; coalesced with Prussia, and, as history has since shown, practically compelled, by secret pressure, the Court of Copenhagen to join in the general Northern confederacy against Great Britain.

This was an alliance in which Denmark was as a puppet in the hands of the Moscovite string-pullers. The hardy Norsemen, whose sympathies must assuredly have been far more with us at heart than with the bullying, hectoring nation which was urging them into unwilling hostility, were destined to bear the whole brunt of the strenuous conflict. But in those brave days of old the pulse of the British

nation beat high, and the spirit of aggressiveness, born of long series of wars, ran strong; the Northern Powers had assumed a menacing posture, and with all her traditional swiftness, England was upon the offensive. On the 12th of March, 1801, there sailed from Yarmouth, under the command of that mild old admiral Sir Hyde Parker, a fleet of fifteen, shortly afterwards increased to eighteen, sail-of-the-line, with a large number of frigates, bombs, and other craft. A terrible disaster, however, weakened the British force at the outset of the voyage. The *Invincible*, of seventy-four guns, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Totty, struck upon a shoal called Hammond's Knoll, where she lay beating for upwards of three hours, and then, gliding off, sank in deep water, taking with her four hundred people.

As second in command of this expedition went Lord Nelson, with his flag in the *St. George*, of ninety-eight guns.

In a letter preserved amidst the voluminous correspondence and despatches collected by Sir H. N. Nicholas, Nelson thus describes his command: "You cannot think," he wrote on February 9th, 1801, "how dirty the *St. George* is. . . . The ship is not fitted for a flag. . . Her decks leaky, and she is truly uncomfortable; but it suits exactly my present feelings." These "feelings," one deploras to discover, were melancholy, caused by his separation from Lady Hamilton. Nelson hoisted his flag on February 12th, but, owing to the violence of the weather, he was unable to go on board until seven days later. A curious anecdote, illustrating the wonderful tactical genius of the great admiral, is narrated. Immediately prior to his departure for Copenhagen, he was visiting a friend of his, one Mr. Davidson. Speaking of the Baltic expedition he was about to enter upon, Nelson

desired a chart of the Cattegat and procured and brought to him, that he might study it and impress his memory with the knowledge of those waters. This was done in the presence of Mr. Davidson, Nelson took the chart, musing awhile as he did so. Then, saying he believed the Government would spare only twelve ships-of-the-line, he marked out the situation in which he

disposed the fleet, and the result was prophetic, which was afterwards fulfilled.

Meanwhile, the British Government, believing that the Danish fleet would mark, for the purpose of hostile dispositions, would not be inclined to enter into negotiations, and, in order to preserve peace, the Government despatched the Honourable Sir James Vansittart to Copenhagen, with a fortnight's notice to the departure of the fleet, and powers to negotiate. The issue of the mission was, of course, until the time of the departure of



LORD NELSON.

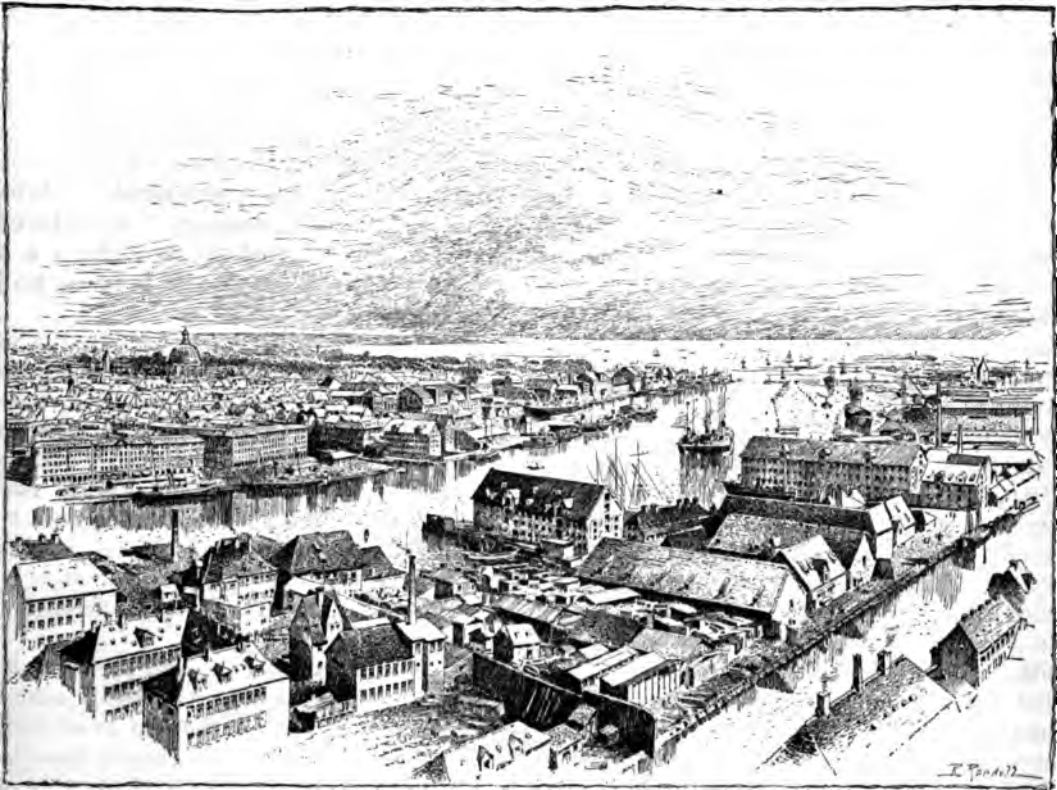
Parker's force. Strong winds prevented the British fleet from making the Naze of Denmark before the 18th of March, and scarcely were they within sight of land when a heavy fog, lasting for two days, scattered the ships in various directions. One of these, the *Blazer*, was driven under the Swedish fort of Copenhagen and there captured.

The fleet having again assembled, on the 27th they arrived from Copenhagen the frigate, bringing back Mr. Vansittart. Drummond, the British *chargé d'affaires*, delivered the reply of the Danish Government, which was one tending towards conciliation, but it was a sheer message of defiance. On the 31st of March, Lord Nelson struck his flag from the cumbersome and unseaworthy *St. George* and hoisted it afresh on board the *Elephant*, of seventy-four guns. The gallant spirit

greatly vexed by Sir Hyde Parker's procrastination on the arrival of the fleet at Cronenberg, outside of which he proposed to anchor in order to give the British minister time to negotiate at Copenhagen. "To keep us out of sight," he writes in a letter to his friend Davidson, "is to seduce Denmark into a war. I hate your pen-and-ink men: a fleet of British ships-of-war are the best negotiators in Europe; they always speak to be understood, and generally gain their point; their arguments carry conviction to the hearts of our enemies."

In truth, Sir Hyde Parker, though as brave and hearty an admiral as ever hoisted his flag on a British liner, was scarcely fitted to the command of such an expedition as this. Nelson

account of the battle, points out that Nelson's plan, had he been commander-in-chief, would have been to start immediately from Yarmouth with such ships as were in readiness, and made straight for the mouth of Copenhagen Harbour, leaving the remainder of the fleet to follow as rapidly as they could contrive. Such a dashing movement would have rendered it almost impossible on the part of the Danes to provide against the expected attack by preparations, which Sir Hyde Parker's lingering had enabled them to render formidable. As a specimen of the dallying which went on: "The pilots," writes James in his *Naval History*, "who, not having to share the honours, felt it to their interest to magnify the dangers of the expedition,



COPENHAGEN.

fretted under the delays which accompanied every fresh move. His own theory was always one of instant action. It was his swiftness which paralysed the French at the Nile, which characterised his masterly manœuvring at the Battle of St. Vincent, and which assured the success of his scheme at Trafalgar. Colonel Stewart, who commanded the troops in the fleet at Copenhagen, and who wrote a very full

account of the battle, points out that Nelson's plan, had he been commander-in-chief, would have been to start immediately from Yarmouth with such ships as were in readiness, and made straight for the mouth of Copenhagen Harbour, leaving the remainder of the fleet to follow as rapidly as they could contrive. Such a dashing movement would have rendered it almost impossible on the part of the Danes to provide against the expected attack by preparations, which Sir Hyde Parker's lingering had enabled them to render formidable. As a specimen of the dallying which went on: "The pilots," writes James in his *Naval History*, "who, not having to share the honours, felt it to their interest to magnify the dangers of the expedition,

anticipated? One may conceive, and sympathise with, the bitter impatience of Nelson at these protracted delays. "Time, Twiss, time," he once remarked to one of his favourite captains, in emphasising the value of instant action. The Danes themselves did not fail to appreciate, and make full use of, the long interval which was granted to them. Even Lord Nelson himself confessed to being astonished by the commanding and formidable appearance of the enemy's preparations. His sketch of the Danish hulks and ships-of-battle certainly exhibits a very powerful array: several towering, two-decked hulks, their sides a-bristle with the muzzles of cannon, and each equipped with a solitary pole-mast amidships; tall, fully-rigged liners, sloops and gun-brigs, and in perspective the great Crown Battery, with the masts of vessels moored within it showing above the walls.

Totally ignoring the threat of Governor Stricker, whose answer Sir Hyde Parker must certainly have accepted as an ultimatum, the British fleet, early on the morning of the 30th, got under way, and with a fine working breeze stood through the Sound in the formation of "line ahead," Nelson commanding the leading division, Sir Hyde Parker the centre, and Rear-Admiral Graves the rear. The Elsinore batteries opened fire, but not one of the ships was struck. Shortly after noon the fleet anchored a little way above the island of Hülen, distant about fifteen miles from the Danish capital; and Nelson, accompanied by Admiral Graves, went away in the *Lark* lugger to reconnoitre the enemy's defences. The preparations looked truly very formidable. Eighteen vessels, comprising full-rigged ships and hulks, were moored in a line, stretching nearly a mile and a half, flanked to the northward by two artificial islands called the Trekrona, or Trekroner batteries, mounting between them sixty-eight guns of heavy calibre, with furnaces for heating shot, and close alongside of these lay a couple of large two-deckers which had been converted into block-ships. Across the entrance of the harbour was stretched a massive chain, and batteries had also been thrown up on the northern shore commanding the channel. Outside of the harbour's mouth were moored two seventy-four gun ships, a forty-gun frigate, a couple of brigs, and some xebecs. To the south of the floating line of hulks and ships, upon Amag Island, several gun and mortar batteries had been erected, so that on the seaward side of it Copenhagen was

protected by defences which, from end to end, stretched for nearly four miles. Added to these artificial defences, additional security was furnished to the enemy by the dangers of the navigation. The channel, hazardous at all times and beset with shoals, had been beacons with false buoys, for the purpose of decoying our ships to destruction upon the sands.

Upon these elaborate preparations Lord Nelson gazed, not, we may be sure, with feelings of dismay, but, as he himself admits, with astonishment and admiration. What the Danes thought of the great British admiral is well exemplified by the following anecdote:—When our fleet lay at anchor outside Cronenberg an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Denmark came on board the *London*. Whilst seated in the admiral's cabin writing a note the pen spluttered, and the youthful officer exclaimed to Sir Hyde Parker, "If your guns are no better than your pens, admiral, you had better return to England!" He then inquired who commanded the different ships, and presently coming to the *Elephant*, Nelson's name was pronounced. "What!" exclaimed the aide-de-camp, "is *he* here? I would give a hundred pieces to have a sight of him. Then, I suppose, it is to be no joke if *he* has come!"

The British fleet having passed into the Sound on the 30th March, as has already been related, and Lord Nelson being returned from reconnoitring the enemy's defences, the commander-in-chief on the evening of this same day summoned a council of war. Sir Hyde Parker was for delaying the attack; Nelson was against losing another moment. "Give me ten sail-of-the-line, Sir Hyde," he exclaimed, "and I will undertake to carry the business through in a proper manner."

Knowing the character of his second, Admiral Parker cheerfully accepted Nelson's offer, and granted him two sail-of-the-line in addition to those for which he asked—that is to say, two fifty-gun ships, which the Danes always reckon as line-of-battle ships. The force at the disposal of Lord Nelson consisted of seven ships of seventy-four guns each, three ships of sixty-four guns, one of fifty-four, and one of fifty guns, five frigates, mounting in all one hundred and ten guns, and several sloops, bomb-vessels, fire-ships, and gun-brigs—a total of thirty-six sail of square-rigged vessels. In all, the British armament numbered seven hundred guns, of which one hundred and fifty-two pieces were carronades. The Danes, by their own accounts, had

hundred and twenty-eight guns, all heavy and no carronades.

In the indomitable energy which characterised all his manœuvres, Nelson, accompanied by Captain Brisbane of the *Cruiser*, proceeded at, under cover of darkness, on the night of Hyde Parker's council of war, and explored the channel between the island of Saltholm and Middle Ground, in order to acquaint himself with the navigation of that dangerous stretch of water. Foot by foot he groped his way through the darkling current through the biting air and ice of that bitter Northern clime. He buoyed the channel, and ensured the safety of his ships, so far as the reefs and sandbanks were concerned, whose whereabouts was grossly falsified by the Danes. "How admirals," says Clark Russell in his history of Nelson, "then afloat would have shirked this duty for themselves? Most men, possibly, would have applied to such a Lady Nelson's theory of boarding, and to the captains."

On the 31st of March Nelson made another reconnoissance of the Danish fleet, with the result that he abandoned his original project to sail from the northward, and, the wind becoming favourable, he resolved to deliver the battle from the southward. Late on the evening of the 1st of April the British fleet departed, leaving Sir Hyde Parker's division to sail-of-the-line at anchor in the Middle Ground. Lord Nelson had gone on board the *Agincourt* frigate, in order to take a final view of the enemy's situation and disposition; and when he returned to the *Elephant* he ordered a signal to be made for all the vessels under command to get under way. It is related that on sight of those colours the seamen of the fleet broke into a hurricane of cheering, and must have been borne to the ears of the Danes afar. The wind blew a light breeze, from a favourable quarter, and the sea was in perfect line, led by the *Amazon*, and the smooth water of the narrow channel.

Simultaneously with the weighing anchor of Nelson's division the commander-in-chief's division of eight ships also lifted their anchors and moved into a berth a little nearer to the mouth of the harbour, where they again brought to anchor. Here, throughout that famous battle, Lord Hyde Parker, a passive spectator of the heroic conflict, scarcely, perhaps, illustrating his noble line—

He also serves who only stands and waits."

At dusk Nelson's column anchored for the night within two miles of the tail of the enemy's line. Throughout the hours of darkness the English guard-boats were stealthily creeping hither and thither upon the narrow waters, sounding and testing the buoys. In one of these boats Captain Hardy, of the *St. George*—the man in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar—actually rowed to within the very shadow of the leading Danish ship and plumbed the water around her with a pole, so as not to be heard. On board of the *Elephant* on the eve of battle Lord Nelson was entertaining most of the captains of his division at dinner. The hero was in high spirits, and drank to "a leading wind and to the success of the ensuing day." Until one o'clock that night he was dictating his orders, and, although he retired to his cot, he did not sleep, but every half-hour called for reports of the direction of the wind. At six o'clock he was up and dressed, and at seven caused the signal to be made for all his captains to come on board.

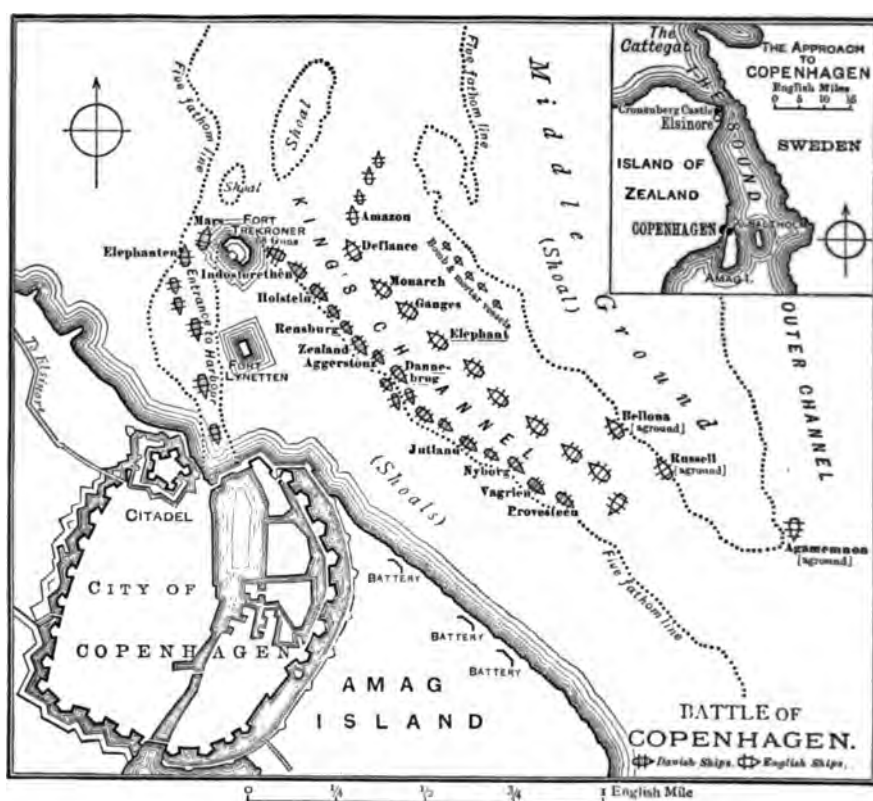
"The day of the 2nd of April," says James, in his precise Naval History, "opened, as the British had hoped it would, with a favourable or north-easterly wind. The signal for all captains on board the flag-ship was hoisted almost as soon as it could be seen, and at 8 a.m. the several captains were made acquainted with the several stations assigned to them. As circumstances prevented the plans being strictly followed, it may suffice to state that all the line-of-battle ships were to anchor by the stern abreast of the different vessels composing the enemy's line, and for which purpose they had already prepared themselves with cables out of their stern-ports." This system of mooring abreast of the enemy when the formation of the fleet permitted it, and engaging ship to ship, was a very favourite manœuvre of Nelson's, and was brilliantly successful both at Aboukir and Copenhagen.

The battle began at ten o'clock. The *Edgar*, a seventy-four, commanded by Captain Murray, was the first vessel to get into action, and for some while engaged the Danes unsupported. The block-ship *Provesteen* opened a heavy fire upon her the moment she came within range; but she held on all in grim silence until abreast of the craft she had been instructed to tackle, and then poured in a terrific broadside. So narrow was the channel that in bearing down to their respective stations the *Bellona*

and *Russell* grounded. The *Elephant*, whose situation was very nearly amidships of the line, signalled for the two stranded ships to close with the enemy. As this order was not at once complied with, Nelson instantly guessed the reason, and with his marvellous promptitude and capacity of swiftly formulating his plans, he changed the intended mode of sailing, and starboarded his helm to provide against a like casualty, trusting to the vessels in his wake to perceive his reason, and follow his example.

engaged was 100 fathoms—terribly close quarters for such ordnance as the broadside metal liners. "I hope," Lord Nelson had written Sir Edward Berry in anticipating this fight shall be able to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object, and they shall again give our enemies that hailstone of bullets which is so emphatically described in *Naval Chronicle*, and which gives our country the dominion of the seas."

For three hours the cannonade was sustained



This they all did, and the rapid manœuvre of the admiral's ship undoubtedly saved nearly two-thirds of the fleet from grounding.

The craft which Nelson had singled out as his particular opponent was the flagship of the Danish commander-in-chief, Commodore Fischer. This was a vessel named the *Dannebrog*, mounting sixty-two guns and carrying 336 men. When within a cable's length (120 fathoms) of her, the *Elephant* let go her anchor. Nelson wished to get still closer to his foe, but the pilots were afraid of the shoaling water, and when the lead indicated a depth of a quarter less five, they insisted upon bringing-up. The average distance at which the vessels

by each side with undiminished fury, and the fire of the Danish block-ships, praam-rigadeas began sensibly to slacken. Still the test could not be said to have shown symptoms of taking a decisive turn. The *Russell* and *Bellona* were flying signals of distress, and the *Agamemnon*, which had also grounded, hoisted flags indicating her incapacity. *London* lay a long way off, and it has been suggested by James that Sir Hyde Parker's knowledge of the progress of the fight might have been imperfect. This is more than probable, when we consider the dense clouds of smoke that must have rolled from the broadsides of the combatting ships. The Danes' fire was not

furious; nothing seemed yet to have been decided, and the commander-in-chief, viewing ceaseless spitting flames from every point of ponderous looming line of defence, began grow apprehensive for the British vessels,

it should be deemed." And so, according to Southey, with all imaginable reluctance, Sir Hyde Parker, at about one o'clock upon that memorable day, hoisted the signal for the action to cease.



"HE WAS FULL OF ANIMATION" (p. 478).

to fear that the fire was too hot even for him. The notion of a retreat must have been cruelly mortifying to the fine-spirited old man; but his sense of honour was foremost in the motive which prompted him to fly a signal of recall. "He was aware," he said, "of the consequences to his own personal reputation; it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame

How that order, delivered by the bunting of the *London*, was received by Nelson is one of the immortal episodes of the hero's career. During the course of the battle down to this time, the admiral had been pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant*. He was clad in a blue coat, epaulettes of gold fringe, and a plain, small cocked-hat, whilst on his breast were several orders. Colonel Stewart, who was on board

throughout the engagement, says "he was full of animation, and heroically fine in his observations." He had just remarked to the colonel that the fight was a warm one, and that any moment might be the last to either of them, and was adding "But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" when the flag-lieutenant reported the order from the *London*, and asked whether he should repeat the signal. "No," replied Nelson; "merely acknowledge it." He then inquired if signal No. 16 was still flying—that being the order for "Close action." The lieutenant answered that it was. "Mind you keep it so," said Nelson sternly, but with the stump of his amputated arm working as it was wont to do when the admiral was agitated. Then turning abruptly to Colonel Stewart: "Do you know," said he, "what's shown on board the commander-in-chief, No. 39?" The colonel inquired the purport of No. 39. "Why, to leave off action." A moment later he burst out: "Leave off action! Now damn me if I do!" Captain Foley stood near: Nelson turned towards him. "Foley," said he, "you know I have only one eye: I have a right to be blind sometimes." He levelled his telescope, and applying his blind eye, said: "I really do not see the signal." It was therefore merely acknowledged on board the *Elephant*, and not repeated, whilst on high, clear of the clouds of smoke, continued to stream the signal for "Close action."

It is only fair to Sir Hyde Parker, in reference to this signal of recall, to quote the statement of the Rev. Dr. Scott, who was chaplain on board the *London*. "It had been arranged," he affirms in his account of the battle, "between the admirals (Parker and Nelson) that, should it appear that the ships which were engaged were suffering too severely, the signal for retreat should be made, to give Nelson the opportunity of retiring if he thought fit."

The frigates and sloops of the British fleet, however, obeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal and hauled off. They were suffering cruelly, and their services were all but worthless. The gallant Captain Riou in the *Amazon*, who had been wounded by a splinter in the head, sat upon a cannonade encouraging his men. A shell from the Trekroner batteries killed his clerk and laid low a file of marines. So close was the frigate, that, in rounding, her stern beam grazed the fort. Springing up, Riou exclaimed: "What will Nelson think of us? Come, my boys, let us all die together!" Scarcely

were the words off his lips when a round shot cut his body fairly in half.

At about half-past one the fire of the began seriously to slacken, and twenty minutes later it had ceased along nearly the whole line astern of the hulking *Zealand*. The had suffered frightfully: the carnage had been terrific, the destruction enormous. Several of the lighter vessels had gone adrift owing to cables having been shot through. Between the bulwarks the corpses lay strewn on the shore reinforcements continually coming off from the shore to serve the guns. Several of the ships had surrendered; but there was great difficulty in taking possession of these partly on account of the ceaseless fire from the Amag batteries, and partly because of the boats discharged at the boats of the captors. Fresh drafts, who seemed not to heed the vessels they reinforced had already been sent. Particularly was this the case with the admiral's ship, the *Dannebrog*. She was still on fire; her colours had been lowered; the modore had struck his pennant and left her. Still men from the shore continued to swarm on her, firing at the boats sent by the British to take possession, in all defiance to the rigid custom of warfare. Enraged by this offer of resistance, Nelson again directed the battle, the *Elephant* to open upon her, and another vessel joined in the attack. When the smoke from the two ships' broadsides had cleared, the *Dannebrog* was perceived to be on fire before the wind, ablaze fore and aft, with men flinging themselves into the sea.

At about half-past two, the battle now taken a decided turn in favour of the British. Lord Nelson sent ashore his aide-de-camp Frederick Thesiger, with a flag of truce to the Crown Prince and the celebrated letter, written by him upon the rudder-head of the ship and addressed "To the brothers of England—the Danes." In this note he wrote: "Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanding the fleet against Denmark when she no longer has any ships left. The line of defence which covered her has struck to the British flag; but, if the war is continued on the part of Denmark, he has set on fire all the prizes that he has taken out of your hands, and has lost the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The Danes are the brothers, and should never be considered as enemies, of the English."

Whilst Captain Thesiger was gone on his errand with this letter, the destructive fire at

: *Monarch*, *Ganges*, and *Defiance* silenced the *Indosforethen*, *Holstein*, and the other ships of the Danish line. The *Defiance* and *Ramillies*, from Sir Hyde Parker's command, which had heretofore been unengaged, were approaching, and things looked black for the Danes. But the great Trekroner battery, which had nothing but frigates and smaller ships to oppose it, was comparatively uninjured, and sustained a hot, destructive fire. Fifteen hundred men had been thrown into it from the shore, and it was considered too strong to be taken by assault. It was deemed wise to withdraw the British ships from the dangerous narrow channel whilst the favourable wind gave them an opportunity of getting out, and the British were actually being made to that effect when the Danish adjutant-general, Malmø, came out, bearing a flag of truce, the effect of which the Trekroner and Crown Prince ceased fire; and the action, which had lasted for about five hours, during four of which it had been very fiercely contested, was brought to a close.

The Crown Prince, whom Captain Thesiger was standing in a sally-port, inquired Nelson's object in sending a flag of truce. The reply was, "Lord Nelson's object in sending on shore a flag of truce is humanity; he, therefore, conceals that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson shall have taken his prisoners out of the prizes, and he permits to land all the wounded Danes, and to remove his prizes." Formidable preparations had been made on board the British ships to provide against the non-acceptance of the terms of the truce. As Captain Thesiger was on Nelson's ship, 1,500 of the choicest boarders of the fleet entered fifty boats, under the command of Colonel Stewart and Captain Fremantle. At that moment it should be known," says Clarke in 'Arthur's Life of Nelson,' "that the flag of truce had been refused, the boats were to have landed for the batteries, and the fire of every gun of the fleet would have covered their march."

When the Crown Prince, on coming aboard the *Elephant*, saw his flag of truce, had been referred to by Sir Hyde Parker; and about four o'clock in the afternoon of this eventful day, Nelson himself went on board the *London*. His own ship, with several others of the division, in attempting to sail out of the narrow channel, ran upon the ground, and remained stranded. Nelson, it is recorded, was in depressed spirits, notwithstanding his brilliant success. He

appeared to have been shocked by the explosion on board of the *Dannebrog* and the frightful slaughter of that five hours' conflict. "Well," was his remark, "I have fought contrary to orders, and may be hanged: never mind, let them hang."

The *Elephant* floated again at about eight o'clock in the evening; but Nelson, in ignorance of this, remained for the night on board of the *St. George*. He returned at dawn on the 3rd of April, and finding his own ship was afloat, he made a tour of inspection of the prizes that had been taken. One of the enemy's ships, the *Holstein*, a Danish line-of-battle ship, which lay under the guns of the Trekroner batteries, refused to acknowledge herself captured, although in reality she had struck to the British. Her crew quibbled that they had never hauled down their colours. Two British captains had been on board to demand her, and both had been refused possession. Nelson entreated Sir Hyde Parker to send Captain Otway on this mission, and his request was complied with. As this gallant officer went alongside the *Holstein*, he ordered his coxswain—a bold, impudent fellow—to go into the maintop and bring away the ship's pennant whilst he himself engaged the commander in conversation. The man executed this order, and returned to his place in the gig with the colour hidden in his bosom. Captain Otway's demand of surrender having been refused, he insisted that a ship which had struck her colours must be a prize, and it was agreed to refer the question to the Danish commodore, who was in the arsenal hard by. The commodore replied that the vessel had not struck her colours, adding that the pennant was still flying, and begged Captain Otway to look at it. The British officer gravely replied that he did not see it, and the mortified Danes were compelled to concede the ship. Otway hastily cut her cables and towed her clear of the batteries. This anecdote is related by Captain Brenton.

On the 4th of April Lord Nelson went on shore to visit the Prince of Denmark. Some accounts say the British admiral was received by the populace with marks of admiration and respect: in actual fact, he was accompanied by a strong guard to assure his safety. Negotiations began and continued until the 9th April, the British fleet meanwhile refitting, and preparing to bombard Copenhagen should hostilities be renewed. There was much hesitation on the part of the Danes, and they honestly avowed

their fear of the Russians. Nelson answered that his reason in demanding a long armistice was in order to demolish the Russian fleet. There was a great deal of procrastination, and one of the members of the Commission, speaking in French, suggested the possibility of a renewal

bombardment. Glancing about him as he proceeded, Nelson exclaimed to a friend, sufficiently loud to be overheard, "Though I've only one eye, I see all this will burn very well."

After this banquet Nelson and the Comte de Manteuffel were closeted together, and a four



"HE POSED THIS RAFT FROM THE SHORE TO RIGHT UNDER THE VERY STERN OF THE ELEPHANT" (p. 4)

Nelson caught the words, and the commissioner, cried: "Re-

Oh, certainly, we are ready
ready to bombard this very

The commissioner hastily apologised.

The commissioner had been prepared in the Palace,

and as he passed

up the staircases, he

of the armaments had been

in anticipation of a

weeks' armistice was agreed upon. The
had no alternative: most of their defence
been taken or destroyed. Nearly all the
ing hulks had been cannonaded into a
Colonel Stewart states that the ships
have been knocked to pieces in much
time than four hours had Nelson's misg
of the North Country pilots not prevented
from occupying a much closer position. Ad
Fischer admitted the loss on the Danish si

about eighteen hundred men. The British lost two hundred and thirty-five men killed and hundred and eighty-eight wounded. The ships and block-ships of the enemy were thus counted for: the *Wagner*, *Provesteen*, *Jutland*, *Menburg*, *Hajen*, and *Suersishen* were captured and burnt; the *Aggerstonz* and *Nyburg* were burnt; the *Zealand* was burnt along with the *Charlotte-Amelia* and the *Indosforethen*; the *Isenburg* was driven ashore and burnt, and the *Stein* alone was carried away by the British. The Danes had fought magnificently; but the courage of the seamen whom Nelson led on was irresistible. That memorable day teems with instances of pluck on both sides. One of these, at least, no narrative of the Battle of Copenhagen could be complete without. A lad of about seventeen, named Welmoes, or Velmoes, had charge of a little floating battery, mounting small cannon and manned by twenty-four men. He poled this raft from the shore to right under the very stern of the *Elephant*, and began shelling the huge liner with his little artillery. The marines of Nelson's ship poured in several

volleys with terrible effect, and twenty of the tiny band fell, killed or wounded. But their boy commander stood, waist-deep amongst the corpses, and refused to quit his post until the truce was proclaimed. Such gallantry was a sure appeal to Nelson, and at the banquet he requested the Crown Prince to introduce him to young Welmoes. Having embraced the lad, he turned to the Prince and remarked that such a hero should be made an admiral. "My lord," was the answer, "if I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

Three days after the conclusion of the armistice—that is to say, on the 12th of April—Sir Hyde Parker sailed from Copenhagen, leaving behind the *St. George* and two frigates. Peace was not formally concluded for a long while, and Nelson remained in the Baltic, watching the Russian fleet. But at length, on the 13th of June, despatches came, commanding the return of the *St. George* to England; and on his arrival, Nelson was created a Viscount for his services at the Battle of Copenhagen.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, COPENHAGEN.

THE STORMING OF KARS.

17-18: NOVEMBER: 1877.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

KARS has the reputation of being one of the strongest fortresses in the world. In the old Crimean days it stood a six months' siege: gallant Fenwick Williams, an English artillery officer, with a garrison of devoted Turks, made an heroic resistance in it against superior numbers, and yielded only to famine in the end. At the peace Kars reverted to Turkey, who spared no pains to restore its defences and make it as nearly as possible impregnable. It was surrounded with new fortifications, built for the most part on the ancient sites; they were constructed under the skilful direction of the first military engineers, and armed with powerful artillery. When, in 1877, Russia once more came to blows with her traditional foe, Kars became again the scene of furious conflict; its possession was hotly contested, but it was finally won by almost unexampled bravery in the teeth of a no less stubborn defence.

The early days of the winter of 1877 were at hand when the Russians closed down on Kars. The Turkish arms had but recently met with serious reverses in Armenia; Moukhtar Pacha, the Turkish generalissimo, had been badly beaten in a great battle—that of Aladjh Dagh—and his army, which had hitherto covered Kars, was almost destroyed: only a wretched remnant of panic-stricken fugitives took refuge in the mountains about Erzeroum, where Moukhtar speedily followed to reorganise his shattered forces. Another general (Hussein Pacha) was left with a garrison of 24,000 to defend Kars. It was hoped that the great fortress would long hold out. It was so strongly fortified, so well armed, so amply provisioned, that a protracted siege seemed inevitable. The Turks, moreover, were excellent soldiers, especially good and brave behind fortifications. At that very moment Plevna, an improvised fortress just south of the Danube, was still defying the most strenuous

efforts of the Russians to take it. Many superior advantages as a place of

The Russians were, however, resolved to take Kars, and soon, if they could. They took it badly. Its fall would make the Russian communications safe where at present they were insecure; from Kars they could best advance against Erzeroum, and pave the way to Russian mastery in Armenia. But to want to take it, not necessarily to get it, especially in winter, must be taken—granted; the point was to do it.

Now, there is more than one way of getting possession of a fortress. It may be "invested"—surrounded on all sides, the communication cut off from outside relief or supplies, starved into surrender; or it may be besieged in due form, with regular "approaches," and saps pushed up nearer and nearer, and breaching batteries of heavy artillery after repeated bombardments open the way to assault; or, last of all, it may be carried by *coup-de-main*—one great vigorous blow, without delay or hesitation, which, if successful, settles the matter at once and out of hand. Which was it to be with Kars?

This was the problem which confronted the Russian generals, and which could only be solved after anxious consideration of all the *pros* and *cons*. Investment is a slow, often tedious, game; in the present case it was doubtful and dangerous, for the cold was at hand, and the winters are so severe in Armenia that the besieging troops inevitably endure great hardships and privations. Nor was the process of investment calculated to lead to capture. The garrison, after being kept at bay for six months (and they had provisions for quite that time) after perpetually harassing them by successful counter attack, might beat them off in the end. The same objections applied to the regular

Turks could meet the Russians with 300 heavy artillery, admirably posted, and a garrison sufficient to man the whole of their defences. The siege might be a long duel, in which the advantage would necessarily be with the besiegers.

There remained only the boldest, the most glorious, probably the most costly in human blood, but still the most profitable if successful method of immediate open assault. Kars

perhaps be carried by storm, if only the enterprise was undertaken on a proper scale, the attack was planned with judgment and executed in adequate strength. This was the policy which the Russian generals adopted. They were resolved to go in and win; to capture the city or at least to make a bold attempt at it by sheer force and weight of arms.

To understand what follows, a brief description of the whole fortress, as it then stood, is indispensable.

Kars was rather a series of fortified works than a single fortress. The actual city was only enclosed by a citadel, perched high above it on a straight rock, and by an ancient wall built by the Turks in the sixteenth century, and now half in ruins. The strength of the place lay in its twelve detached forts, planted at intervals of vantage and surrounding it entirely. These forts may be classed in four groups, viz.—grouping them according to the points of the compass—those to the north-east, south-east, south, and north-west of the town.

To the north-east were Forts Arab and Akh, both on the high rocky ground known as Karadagh, or Black Mountain, built on bare rock, but faced with earth, which had been carried up by hand for the purpose. These had no ditches; the first was closed at the rear by a stone barrack, the second was to have been similarly defended, but the war broke out before the work was completed.

To the south-east of the town the country was an open plain, and as such more easily defensible. So it was defended by two of the strongest forts, known respectively as Fort Hafiz and Fort Kanly: the first was a square redoubt, closed on all sides, that nearest the town consisting of a casemated barrack of three stories; the second consisted really of two small forts, also square, supporting each other, with a barrack at the end. There were, besides, Forts Souvari and Tchini, much simpler fortifications, but adding to the strength of the place.

(3) To the westward, where the ground again rose and became mountainous (it was called the Shorak Mountain), there were three forts, known as Tekman, Tek Tepasse, and Laze Tepasse, all placed on commanding points, and well armed with batteries.

(4) And, lastly, on the Tchanak Mountain, to the north-west, there were three more forts—Forts Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha, the last-named being the strongest of the three.

It must be obvious that Kars, thus defended, was a hard nut for the Russians to crack. These twelve forts were nearly all well placed: they were at such distances from each other that they could afford mutual support in case of attack, and their rocky sites forbade all idea of undermining them. On the other hand, they were a source of weakness to the town, being so near it that its bombardment was possible by the enemy thus permitted to come within range. They were unprovided with magazines or storehouses; they were short of water, all of which had to be dragged up from the river; they had no ditches round them, and their fronts or sides were undefended by flanking fire, which, moreover, when damaged by the enemy's batteries, could not be quickly repaired for want of earth in the prevailing rockiness of the soil. But the crowning defect in the whole system of defence was that it was cut into two parts: one set of forts lay on the west side of the river, the other on the east, and the river itself, running in a deep gorge, completely separated them.

The actual condition of the defences of Kars, the numbers of the garrison, strength of artillery, the amount of ammunition and supplies, were fully revealed to the Russians by spies and deserters; any further knowledge required was obtained by careful reconnaissances. By these means the best line of attack was arrived at, and it was decided to make the first principal effort against the three forts upon the plain to the south-east of the town. The approach was easiest in this direction, and hereabouts the Turks kept all their depôts and stores of provisions. At the same time, while the chief attack was in progress, demonstrations were to be made at other points, mainly to distract the enemy's attention; but these other movements were to be pushed forward and developed into real attacks if there was any promise of substantial advantage therefrom.

Hardly second in importance to the place was the time fixed for attack. If made during the day, it would undoubtedly entail enormous

losses. The Turkish forts and trenches covered a wide extent of front ; the fire they could bring to bear, both with cannon and small arms, would certainly be intense and deadly. It would begin at long range—for they had excellent weapons—and, so to speak, scorch up the ground of approach, which was altogether without cover or shelter for troops advancing in broad daylight. Worse than this, the precise movements of the attacking columns would be betrayed. Many of the Turkish forts stood on such high ground that they could see and search out everything in the plains below. So feints and false attacks would be useless, and the Turkish commander, having penetrated the real design, could

orders and instructions were actually drafted the forward movement a few hours later. Russian officers in conversation with some of the correspondents declared that nothing like an assault was contemplated. The Turks were themselves absolutely deceived. So little did they anticipate what was so near at hand, that they kept two-thirds of their whole strength on the western side of the river—that most remote point at which the attack was imminent—must be said in excuse for them that, in the former siege of Kars, under General Murad, this side was that on which the great assault had been made.

The Russian commander-in-chief was the Grand



GENERAL MELIKOFF.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.



HUSEIN PACHA.

concentrate in sufficient, perhaps in overwhelming, force to meet it at the points threatened.

A night attack was the inevitable conclusion. The storming must be made in the dark, and yet not in complete darkness ; for that would certainly cause confusion, and probably entail disaster. There must be light enough to direct movements near at hand, and yet not so much light as to betray them from a distance.

This could only be attained when the moon was at the full ; so, although a prompt attack was decided upon, the actual date was governed by the almanac, and the day, or rather night, fixed was the 15th November. It was delayed two nights later by cloudy weather and a heavy snowstorm, which obviously impeded the operations. Profound secrecy was observed on the part of the Russians, for a first element of success in the attack was that it should be a surprise. So well did they keep their own counsel, that even on the afternoon of the 17th, when the

Michael, a brother of Czar Alexander, but the head of the army—the spirit and soul, the active

spirit—was General Loris Melikoff, a man of high repute who had already earned distinction in this war. It was he, practically, who made the arrangements, and his orders were of the following effect :—

Five columns were to attack, two only to demonstrate :

(1) The first column of attack, under General Komaroff, was to move along the left bank of the Kars river through the ravine, and to attack Fort Tchini.

(2) The second, under Colonel Prince Alexander Melikoff (not the general), was to deal with the Souvari.

(3) The third and fourth columns, under General Count Grabbe, were to attack separately, each of the two redoubts known by the one name of Fort Kanly.

(4) The fifth column, under General Alkhanov,



"THE RUSSIANS WENT UP BOLDLY" (p. 455).

was to attack Fort Hafiz. These five columns were under the supreme command of Lazareff.

The two columns of demonstration were to appear to attack the most northern and the eastern forts ; the first, under Colonel Tchermisikoff, taking Forts Laze Tepasse and Mouklis; the second, under General Rydzewsky, was to deal with Forts Arab and Karadagh. These movements were to be mere feints unless they made rapid and easy impression, in which case they were to be pressed home.

Each of the five attacking columns, except the second, was accompanied with guns ; with each also marched detachments of engineers carrying scaling-ladders, dynamite cartridges to blow in gates and obstacles ; gunners also accompanied the columns to spike or dismount guns. The Russian cavalry was distributed in three positions, to watch the various roads approaching Kars from the north, the west, and Erzeroum.

Half-past eight p.m. was the hour appointed for the assembly of the troops. It was a bright, clear, frosty night, the moon was at the full, the air bitterly cold, and very still. Nothing was heard as the skirmishers crept smartly and still silently forward ; only a few shots were fired by the Turkish outposts, but as there was no reply silence again reigned. About nine p.m. the Russian guns, to draw off attention, began to salute the Tekman fort considerably to the westward of the line of real attack. Half an hour more, and secrecy or stratagem was no longer possible. The murder was out ; Melikoff's men " rushed " Fort Souvari without firing a shot. Its garrison was altogether unsuspecting of the impending danger ; the Russians were over the parapet, inside, bayoneting right and left, spiking and dismounting the guns, and after a very short fight in full possession of the place. Then this, the second column of the attack, streamed out to the rear of the fort, and hurried off to assist in the capture of Fort Tchini, the nearest to them, but upon the other side of the river.

This Fort Tchini was the point to be aimed at by General Komaroff with the first attacking column. His men had advanced at about nine p.m. on hearing the noise of battle at Fort Souvari, but met with very different fortune. He had to cross very difficult, rocky ground, and an interchange of shots aroused the camp that lay under Fort Tekman, up above his left, and brought down a host of Turks on this his

left flank. Colonel Boutchkieff, who commanded the Russian attacking column, turned at once to his left, and, postponing the movement against Tchini, went up against this enemy. He took the heights successfully, and driving back the Turks followed them close under the defence of Fort Tekman. His column was only of two battalions, but without hesitation he went on at this strong redoubt, hoping to carry it by audacity. But he was met with a murderous fire, musketry from three tiers of trenches, shrapnel shot, stones, and hand grenades. Colonel Boutchkieff was killed, his men were slaughtered, and the remnant fell back to the river, to be of no more use that night.

Fort Tchini was still untouched, and Komaroff drew up his reserves to form a fresh column for attack ; he had one regiment only, but with four-and-twenty guns, and this handful went forward gallantly to encounter a warm reception and eventually reap disaster. They were destroyed by direct and cross fire from the neighbouring forts of Tekman and Veli Pach. Komaroff held their ground till long after midnight, but then fell back defeated behind the river. No Prince Melikoff, coming from the Fort Souvari, which he carried so easily, any better success against Tchini. He had got to the rear of the fort having crossed the river by fords and boats, but attacking it on that side had taken the fort completely by surprise. But in leading his men he was dangerously wounded, and then he fell back—to wait, in the first place, for Komaroff who never appeared, and then to recross the river. Their retreat was greatly facilitated, however, by the smaller attack made by Komaroff's reserve, which had failed, as has just been described.

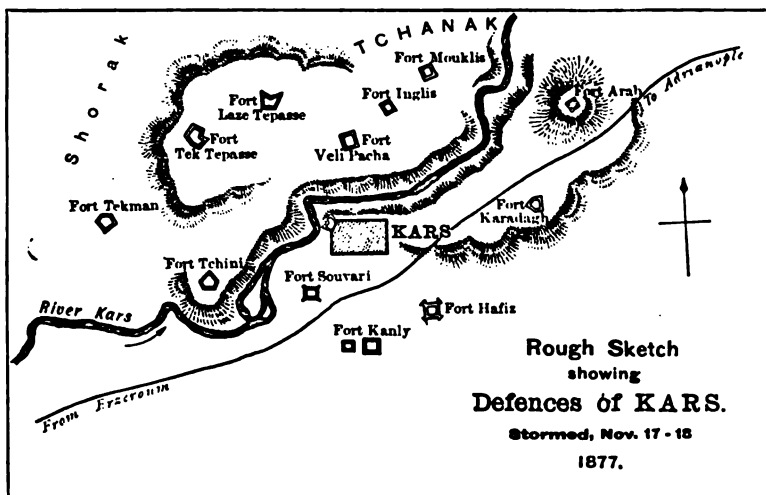
So far, then, on this western side the Russians had made no sort of impression upon Kars. These attacks on Tekman and Tchini, although unsuccessful, had been indirectly of the utmost service, for they occupied attention, and the Turkish troops employed, who would otherwise have reinforced the defenders of the southern and eastern forts at the point where, in fact, the fate of Kars was being decided all this time, fell to the lot of the third, fourth, and fifth columns of assault to overcome resistance and capture the stronghold.

Count Grabbe was entrusted with the command of the two redoubts known as Fort Kanly and Fort Kars about ten p.m. his men got close up to the fort much harassed by the ground and the enfilade fire. The right column approached the en-

ler redoubt, and, climbing the parapet, a lodgment, although opposed by superabundant numbers. The left column, headed by Grabbe in person, swarmed around the main work, attacking it in front, and rear. Grabbe was killed at the critical moment—shot dead by two bullets—and was followed by Colonel Belinsky, who later was killed. After an hour's fierce engagement—during which 500 dead Turks were found in this redoubt next day—the Russians gained an entrance, and drove the garrison out. It still fighting stubbornly, hand to hand, reached the stone barrack, which closed the fort. Here the Turks took refuge and fought to such good purpose that Belinsky's men went no further. The barrack was protected with thick walls, and the Russians were in vain to break it down; then they suffered such terrible losses that they were compelled to retreat. It was at this time that their leader, General Bulmering, met his death. A valiant charge made by the Russians, sent on by Melnikoff, renewed the attack and once more compelled the Turks to take refuge in the barrack. At

the same time, General Loris Melnikoff, finding the assailants of Fort Kanly had lost two in succession, sent a third—Colonel Bulmering—to take the chief command and lead the fight. Bulmering divided his forces into two portions, which were to turn both sides of the fort. The left column he commanded in person, and made such good progress that he got to the very edge of the fort. By one a.m. the whole of the fort was in the hands of the Russians, with the exception of the stone barrack, which still held out bravely. Colonel Bulmering now summoned the garrison to surrender, threatening first to batter it with artillery, then to destroy it with dynamite. This last was an irresistible argument, which the gallant Turk in command, Pasha—at last succumbed; but it was not four a.m. before he yielded, and by this time the intrepid garrison of the barrack had been reduced to barely 300 men.

The capture of Fort Kanly was not, however, the first Russian success that night. It had been preceded by that of Fort Hafiz and Fort Karadagh. The 5th column of assault, under General Alkhazoff, had advanced in two portions about nine p.m. against the first-named, which was next to Fort Kanly, on its right. But the right attacking party found itself seriously incommoded by the fire from batteries at the foot of the Black Mountain or Karadagh, and it was resolved to get possession of these before attempting to storm Hafiz. The Russians advanced with such determination that they soon took the batteries and drove the Turkish



artillerymen back pell-mell towards the fort of Karadagh, on the slopes above. This was one of the occasions indicated by the general orders for attack: any unexpected advantage was to be immediately followed up by a vigorous attempt to go further.

In this way Fort Karadagh fell; but only through the dauntless energy of the Russian onslaught. While some of the assailants climbed up on each other's shoulders, and so effected an entrance into the redoubt, others used dynamite to blow down the angle tower, and all with so much spirit that the Turks were driven back into the inner work, and from that right out of the fort, in great disorder. They withdrew upon Fort Arab, which was still intact, and from this point made several courageous attempts to retake Fort Karadagh, but altogether without success. The Russians had got it, and held it for good and all.

This was the unlooked-for prize of one half of

the fifth column. The other half, moving to the left, pursued the original purpose—that of assaulting Fort Hafiz. General Alkhazoff led this attack in person, and struck at both on the direct front and on the left flank of the fort. The Russians went up boldly, scaling the parapet and over into the redoubt, bayoneting all they

had been seized by sudden inspiration; Hafiz and Kanly had fallen to direct attack.

But this victory did not extend beyond the right bank of the river. On the left, or west side, the Russians had made no decided impression. The forts on the mountainous heights above, known as Tchanak and Shorak, still



KARS.

met, and forcing back the garrison into the barrack, which, like that of Fort Kanly, closed the throat or entrance of the fort. But this barrack was in no condition to resist; it had been nearly ruined by the Russian bombardment, and it soon fell into the hands of the assailants. From Fort Hafiz, Alkhazoff's men pressed forward right under the walls of Kars itself.

By this time—two a.m.—the whole of the forts on the right bank of the river were in the hands of the Russians, for Fort Arab, north of Fort Karadagh, was captured soon after the Russian success at the latter had come to be known. The barrack at Fort Kanly alone held out, but this, as has been told, was actually doomed. Recapitulating, Fort Souvari had been carried early in the night; Fort Karadagh

out: these were the Forts Tekman, Tek Taze Tepasse, Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli I and the Turkish troops which garrisoned numbered some 15,000 men, still fresh and capable of fighting, although somewhat demoralised. Hussein Pacha, the Turkish commander, determined, therefore, to make a bid for safety, if not to reverse fate, and, with these forces on the west, struck out for the mountains that ranged back towards Erzerum. The daylight, which broke about five a.m., betrayed his movement, and the Russian General Roop, who commanded all the troops on the left bank, set himself to intercept the Turkish march and prevent escape. His cavalry followed the fugitives in flank, while his infantry and stopped them. The largest part of

ks were caught, and lay down their arms, some got through and hurried towards the mountains with the Cossacks in hot pursuit. Surrender was the order of the day, and nearly the Turks were overtaken and made prisoners. Only a few of the principal officers, including Hussein Pacha, escaped, through the fitness and endurance of the horses they

Early that forenoon—the 18th November—the Russian double eagle floated from the citadel of Kars. The whole place, with all it contained, was in the possession of the assailants; those who had indirectly contributed to success on the right bank now entered the town, and joined

their comrades from the right bank, upon whom the brunt of the business had fallen.

The result of this really audacious feat of arms was commensurate with the unflinching courage that had planned and carried it through. A fortified place of the first class had been carried in open assault, 17,000 prisoners were taken, 303 guns (many of large calibre), 25,000 stand of small arms, and a vast quantity of provisions and war material. But the cost had been heavy to both sides in this desperate struggle: 2,500 Turks lay dead in and about the defences, 4,500 sick and wounded filled the hospitals; and the Russians lost in killed and wounded 77 officers and 2,196 men.



"NEARLY ALL THE TURKS WERE OVERTAKEN AND MADE PRISONERS."



"**A**RE there many British subjects amongst the Carlists?" asked a young English wayfarer of Mr. Smith Sheehan, whom he met returning with the writer from northern Spain to the village of Hendaye one evening towards the fall of 1873.

There was a twinkle of humour in the eyes of Sheehan, who was a Carlist from Cork, as he answered deliberately, as if taking time for thought—

"Well, yes; at least, there were once, but hardly now."

"How's that?" pursued the lad, who was on his way to join Don Carlos, like one of those knights-errant who sought adventure of yore.

"Their soldiering days are mostly over," said Sheehan. "They came here to work, not to play. There was an Irish Legion, but a third of it is dead, and a third wounded."

It was a fact, but the Legion had only consisted of three. Wade, who was killed, had been a law-student when he had left Ireland a few months previously to see service by the side of his friend Sheehan. By the chance turn of a coin the latter was destined to leave with despatches for Bayonne, and his companion died valiantly while advancing at Yvero to the attack of a post of guardia civil, or military police, who had remained faithful to the Madrid Government in keeping with the traditions of their corps. He had fallen before three successive bullets in a leg, in an arm, and in the forehead. Leader, who was on the list of wounded, was crippled by a stray shot in the foot at Azpeitia. He had been heading a band of Carlists, or Royalists, as they chose to call themselves in distinction to their foemen. He had been an ensign in the 30th Regiment of the British Line; had resigned to join the French army on the outbreak of war with Germany; had won the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour under Bourbaki, and was so full of former

memories that he was reported to have shouted "*Viva la Republica!*" as he urged forward the adherents of the "king in the clouds." The remaining third of the Legion aforesaid was the redoubtable Smith Sheehan himself, who had campaigned in the mountains of Italy before attaching himself to the guerrillas in the Pyrenees.

"I suppose the Carlists have had a bad time of it, on the whole; but no doubt there is some fun to be had amongst them for all that?" was the intending volunteer's next inquiry.

"Rather! Their life is all fun. They march with billiard-tables in the rear, and these are set up when they halt at night," continued the waggish Sheehan. "And as for dancing, they have the finest music in creation."

That yarn about the billiards was rather stiff, but the other was literally correct. At this period—September, 1873—there were six capital military bands with the Carlists, and as the conductors generally came from Paris, the airs they affected inclined to the sprightliness of opera-bouffe. Their choice piece—a rattling martial quickstep—recalled to the ear the duet of the two gendarmes in *Geneviève de Brabant*, or what was popular in London as "We'll Run 'em In," although it was usually supposed to go to a patriotic chorus anent "*Vera*;" and when played at a halt, led to breezy indulgence in the *jota*, or a half-waltz, half-galop, with partners in uniform lacking fair señoritas to take part in the mazy whirl.

The Carlists were in the heyday of their career in the warm autumn of 1873. Navarre, Logroño, and the rich country north of the Ebro was theirs, save the strong fortress of Pamplona, which was held as an isolated post of defence by the Republicans, or "negroes," or "vermin," as they were commonly called by their opponents. The Vascongadas, or Basque provinces (except the coast towns)—that is to

provinces of Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and were actually in possession of the the hardy sons of the mountains. ere gradually acquiring excellent arms ndant ammunition; they had captured nd mountain-guns from the enemy; overnment factories of Eybar and ere in their hands, and turning out a goodly amount of rifles and bayo- eir forces were numerous and daily in; they had a Court journal, *El Cuartel* small sheet said to be printed on the of a hill fastness, the Peña de la Plata, as reported that the sanguine champions rightful king, many of them swallow in Bayonne coffee-houses, were already of forwarding their letters under cover royal stamp—thus providing a surprise se collectors of postage tokens who call themselves philatelists. The Carlist of two strips of yellow bordering one of horizontally placed, was in high favour ugged north. The favourite rallying- *Dios, Patria y Rey*, "God, Country g," and glistened in striking gilt letters a guidon; and the messages from the nts were always headed *El Campo del* or wherever they happened to be, that time being was known as "The Field ur."

partisans of royalty—whether the was to be considered a legitimate or a usurper does not concern the chronicler—were in riotous joy, and rope; yet towards Madrid, or, indeed, other side of the Ebro, they never had st of a chance.

re Christinists of the last civil war now bstituted the Republicans—a whimsical o far, of Spanish politics in the south, Carlists, or so-called Royalists, of, the who were actually working on behalf most sturdy democratic principles to heir *fueros*, or sacred domestic privi- s sworn to under the famous oak-tree nica. They enjoyed their own laws, eir own taxes, paid dues to the Sove- a gift, were liable to no conscription. ut natives could have clerical appoint- All were perfectly equal, because all ble. Every man's home was his castle, re were armorial bearings chiselled over r of every stone dwelling. In short, asted the fullest of Home Rule, subject fealty to the king in Madrid.

It may be well to explain the origin of this struggle, which may arise again at any day. By an ancient French law, called Salic, females were debarred from succeeding to the Crown, because the stricter military duties were unsuited to their sex. This law was introduced into Spain by the Bourbons in 1700, and abolished in 1830 by Ferdinand VII. On his death his eldest daughter, known as Isabella II., became queen. The adherents of her mother, Maria Christina of Naples, who held the sceptre for her until she was of age, were termed Christinists, and those of her rival and cousin, Carlos V., were dubbed Carlists. In 1834 the insurgent banner was raised by the latter in Spain, and fighting, with much bloodshed, lasted until 1839. A British Legion, under De Lacy Evans, aided the partisans of the queen. Hostilities ended in the Vergara convention. That was termed the first Carlist war; but the struggle having been renewed in 1872 by the Pretender's grand-nephew, Carlos VII., his cause was upheld by the children of sharers in the former Carlist war, the adherents of the legitimate cause all over Europe, and the sticklers for conservatism and religion of the rigorous kind. But even in the disturbed district the old Roman quarrel of town and country existed to a great degree, the peasants being all inveterate Carlists, and the Christinists in the north being townsmen and sons of those who had been active in the former feud.

The outset of the rising began in a small way, but the little spark had spread into a wide flame, and was gradually sweeping onwards in a huge blaze. The thirty followers who had ventured into Navarre with Ollo had now grown into thousands. The defeated of Oroquieta were no longer to be laughed at, for they had fought stubbornly, and won undeniable victories.

This Ollo, the leading general of Navarre, is a figure not to be neglected. He had been a major in the regular army of Spain, but quitted the service when the Italian Amedeo was accepted as monarch, and left for exile in Paris. A letter reached him there, asking him to return to his native province and head a guerrilla outbreak. The poor man flushed with enthusiasm: it was to realise his darling wish, but he had no money to pay his fare, and he sighed as he directed his step-son (Joaquin Zubirri) to acknowledge the note—he was sorry he could not go: his engagements tied him to Paris. He had not a spare sou, but his pride as a soldier would not permit him to own his poverty. The son

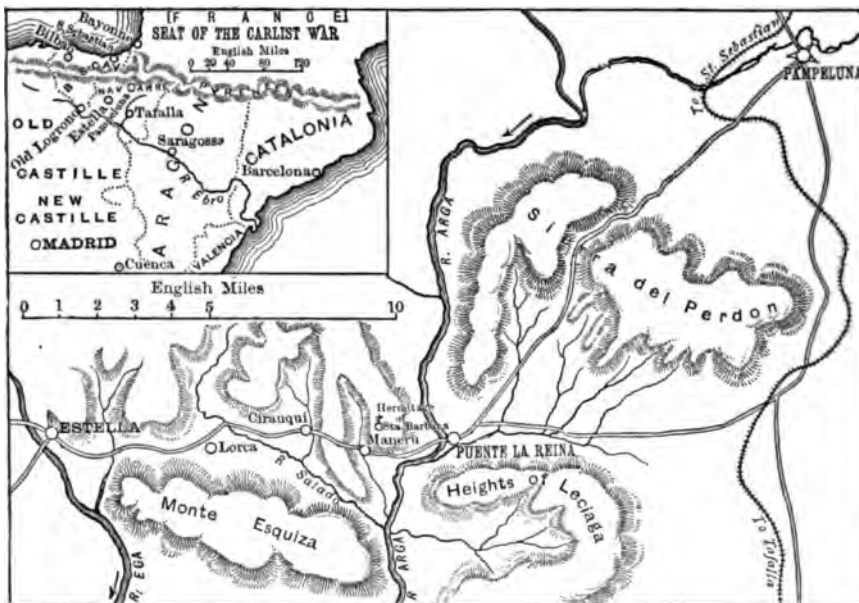
pocketed the letter, and secretly wrote to the Junta, or revolutionary committee, representing the true state of the case, and by quick post received a reply, and quietly handed it to his father. "My child," said the veteran, burning at the prospect of action, "how lucky you forgot to post that letter! Here they press me to go, and thoughtfully they enclose enough money to frank me to the frontier."

About forty-five years of age, when the writer met him in his quarters in the outskirts of Tolosa, the dignified veteran was grave and quiet, with weatherbeaten face and small blinking eyes, and as he was stout of figure, under the

largest on himself and dispersed the rest at his fantasy among his band.

The men under Ollo's immediate command were the pick of the Carlist cohorts, natives of Navarre, which claims independence of Spain, and proudly calls itself a kingdom. They were the best clad and disciplined host—smart, muscular fellows: patient, and sober—who could willingly get over a march and start from a posture of rest to the first strain of blithe music to join in a rally. These hill-men were splendid walkers, with a grumble, and could manage to be content with the need on the most frugal fare—an omnivorous

morsel of game, relish a crust of fact, when near a village or a municipality, the daily ration consisted of pounds of bread, one of meat, and one of wine, and astringent peñas, which have been Horace's Falernian, pay of one about the value of two halfpenny—purchase of tomatoes, and the everlastingly cigarette.



middle size, and slightly bent, he suggested a likeness to the third Napoleon. A pen-and-ink picture of him as he appeared may give a clue to the garb of men who formed the Carlist staff. He wore a blue boina, or flat cap, with a gold tassel. It is no more the etiquette of a Carlist to remove his boina than for a Moslem to lift his turban. His tunic was blue, with double rows of gold (or, perhaps, brass gilt) buttons, with the monogram C in front; his trousers, with the ends stuffed into his riding-boots, were blue, and on his left breast was his only ornament—the star of the Order of St. Ferdinand. Ollo, we may be sure, did not steal his decoration, which had a real meaning. Not so Belcha, a cabecilla of Guipuzcoa, or chief of a roaming faction, who had intercepted and rifled a case of orders in transit to the troops at Madrid, and put the

allowance was made by a levy proportionate to means, and was distributed so that no man was unfairly treated, and bonds were given in exchange, negotiable on the entry of Carlos into his "only court" of Logroño. Similar provision was made for grain and forage for horses. At this stage of the war there were seven battalions of Navarre, and eight strong companies. The crack company (1st and 2nd) was commanded by a dashing officer, Radica, who had thus altered his name to Rada because there was a traitor of that ill name, who stepped out with a panther-like grace. They wore blue canvas blouses, trousers with red stripes, and red boinas with brass badge—gold on top. There were four four-pounders (two smooth and two rifled) with them, and about seventy-five volunteer cavalry of a

mounted and equipped anyhow, among them
 six lancers with alpargatas, or the Basque
 shoes with hempen soles.
 Marching with them from the siege of Tolosa
 Estella, the stranger had ample opportunity

infantry, succeeded by the baggage train, another
 battalion, and lastly the cavalry led by Perula.
 A picturesque sight it was to watch this sinuous
 chain of colour, with gay flags and guidons,
 winding along through vineyards drooping with



"WITH A YELL THEY ANSWERED TO THE CALL" (A. 495).

note their peculiarities. They were accom-
 nied by two brass bands, who played them
 through every hamlet, where they were greeted
 with joyous *risas* by the inhabitants, who loaded
 them with grapes or flowers and waved their
 kerchiefs.

The column was opened by a battalion, then
 the artillery on mules, followed by the
 general and his staff; then the bulk of the

clustering grapes, up acclivities covered with
 olive growths, over grassy ridges, through ferny
 dips, by zigzag mountain-passes, across stream-
 lets, and through the black depths of railway
 tunnels, and hearken to the whinny of horses,
 the jingling of accoutrements, the gossip of
 laughing guerrillas, the breaks of mirth at the
 passage of a scudding hare, or a slip on the path,
 varied by odd bursts of song or ambitious solos

on rustic instruments. There were no laggards, although there must have been sore feet, and any attempts at pilfering were checked by the officers, who sent the plunderers back shame-faced to the ranks with a few sharp words.

The chief leaders of the Navarrese were Argonz—a grim, tall, gaunt veteran, with a pallid, bony face, who had a great eye for country, and was so familiar with every by-path that he was known as the "Topographical Directory." Perula, with short grey jacket, fur-trimmed, looked happy in front of his cavaliers. He had been an advocate, but he had given up briefs for the sword, and was frank, enterprising, broad-faced, and strong as a lion. Joaquin Zubirri, on a grey Andalusian barb, was here, there, and everywhere, compelling order in his hoarse, peremptory Spanish. Elio, a veteran of the former Carlist war, was chief of the staff to Don Carlos. Lizzaraga, an ex-field officer of the Spanish army, was dapper and very gallant, but a martinet, and religious as a friar. He had executed several men of the Guipuzcoan contingent for theft at Saraul, but had more scruples than the priest, Santa Cruz—a fierce, uncompromising factionist, who had shot twenty-seven carabineros, or revenue guards, at the bridge of Enderlaza, some of them while actually trying to escape by swimming the Bidassoa, because they had fired on one of his, coaxed to show himself to them by display of a flag of truce. Santa Cruz was the one antipathy of Lizzaraga and Loma, a brother-officer of old days, his favourite opponent. The Marquis de Valdespinas, son of him who had unfurled the flag at Vitoria in 1833, was chief of Biscay, and with him were many minor leaders of flying *partidas* of parochial repute. But the supreme head was Antonio Dorregaray, who was noted for his blue boina laced with gold.

Don Carlos, a stalwart, imposing personage, dignified, with olive face, thick-lipped, and like to a picture by Velasquez until he opened his mouth and bared his bad teeth, was in general officer's uniform, with a kepi bordered with three wavy gold bands, and the collar of the Golden Fleece at his throat. His courage was reputed to be more of the passive than the active cast. He was the dial of the clock; he was not its mainspring. His brother, Don Alfonso, who was in control of the revolt in Catalonia, was more active and aggressive.

To the person of Don Carlos was attached a mounted bodyguard entitled the Squadron of Legitimacy. To this belonged a number of

adventurers from every clime, all bright fortune-seeking gentlemen, honest and chivalrous, albeit some might be termed wild or hare-brained by long-faced people. There was Baron Barbier, an ex-Chasseur d'Afrique, riding knee-to-knee with another Baron, an Austrian who had been in diplomacy, but had been jilted by a French beauty, and in his dudgeon had won the star of valour; the Marquis de Gantes, son of a Colonel of Hussars killed at Sedan; the Count d'Alcantara, a brave elderly Belgian banker; and to show that the Spanish *sangre azul* was not wanting, there was Silva, son to the Duke of Aliaga with a Campbell for mother, who was fourteen times over Grandee of Spain, though a light weight on a charger. Theirs was the only approach to a set mess in the camp, and a light-hearted, larkish society they formed, to which duly-accredited foreigners were free, such as a Prussian, Baron von Wedell, who had been an officer of Uhlans in the French war; the gigantic Captain Fred Burnaby, of the Blue Guards (as he was introduced by some foreign friends); and Frank Vizetelly, a jovial, broad-girthed chevalier of the pen and pencil, ever ready for a joke or a skirmish, a French *chansonnnette* or a tramp up the sierras. Cheeriest of souls, how his vast boina and his expansive red faja were familiar and beloved to the Carlists of every degree! Alas! that he has to be remembered with another colleague on the opposing side—Edmond O'Donovan—by a brass in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to the victims of the Soudan.

It is not easy to give a proper notion of a war lasting with varying fortunes over a long term of years, and which consisted mainly of desultory skirmishes between isolated bodies. At its opening phases there was much of the grotesque element, but comicality was soon wiped out by carnage, for, like to every civil war, there were many instances of ferocity on both sides. To such humours as Lizzaraga shouting "Artillery to the front!" to which a small mountain-gun carried by a solitary mule responded, and then a fearful din was caused by two rustics in cuirasses, a world too wide for them, and feet cased in hemp, clattering over the flints of a village street—succeeded actions like the real business, where thousands were sacrificed, forays of the desperate Border kind, marches through bleak gorges where men died by fifties of the cold, and a regular engagement in which generals lost their lives. It may be as well to describe one small battle, that of

de la Reyna, which, although claimed by the Republicans, was most certainly gained by the Carlists, and may be looked upon as headquarters. It is in the midst of a vale of olives and vines, with spreads of fields of flax and orchards, and is crossed by two streams, the Ega and the Arga, bounded by oil-mills and wool factories. It has a population of some six thousand, and counted of considerable importance in the Carlist struggle. It is dominated by a rock crowned with defensive works, and used as a prison. There, in 1830, were shot, near Maroto, five Carlist generals. On the skirts at the right is the village of Lorca Salado, and still further to the right the pueblo of Cirauqui, with a stone bridge over a little rivulet and a road leading to a group of houses about a mile off. The route from Mañeru is Puente de la Reyna, a town half the size of Mañeru, with many convents in a lovely English plain bathed by the Arga, a tributary of the Ega, spanned by five bridges. Between Mañeru and Puente de la Reyna the landscape is diversified by ridges swelling irregularly or breaking into gentle depressions.

The Carlist port reached Estella on the evening of the 1st of October that Moriones, from the northern direction, was advancing upon it with a Republican corps. His strength was estimated by the spies as 9,500 infantry, with 200 guns and twelve guns. It was also said that General de Rivera was co-operating with him, but smaller, but still a formidable body. To meet this threatened attack Ollo could only bring 5,000 men, with 150 horse and his four mountain-guns. His weakness was rendered glaring by his shortness of ammunition. A contingent of three battalions of Alavese and Mendiri were badly armed. But these mountaineers were possessed of a hatred for their foes. The question at stake with more than with others was apparently one of fanaticism. Barone, one of the Carlist leaders in Alava, had a placard posted ordering municipalities should assist at High Mass, all pastimes should be prohibited and gaming houses closed during hours of service, and that all blasphemers, scandal-mongers, workers on holidays, and persons who indecently, should be scourged. Many Alavese (like the Vendéans in their war) wore the scapular of the Sacred Heart sewn

over the left breast. Other kinds of scapulars were also worn, as well as rosaries and blessed medals, which gave courage and confidence to these peasant soldiers.

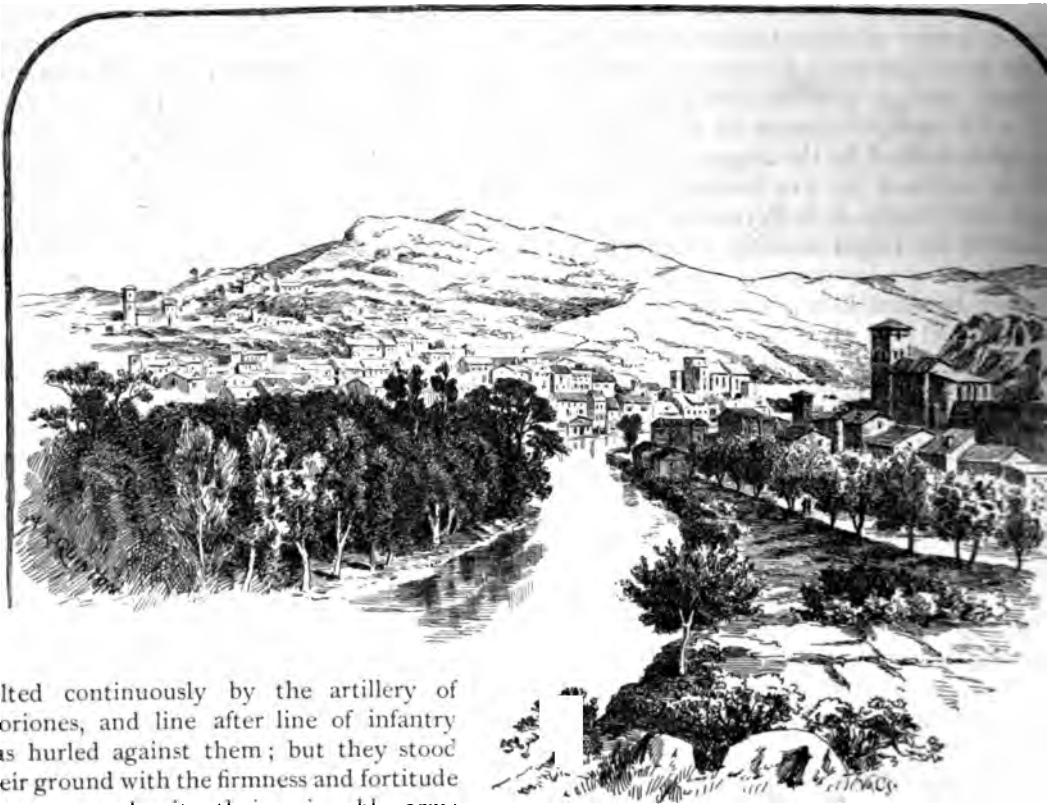
At nightfall of the 5th, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th battalions of Navarre under Iturmendi, with two guns, were ordered to form up between Cirauqui and Mañeru to check the menaced attack. Argonz was left behind, in defence of Estella, with the 1st and 5th, four companies of the 6th, 200 of the 8th (newly formed), two companies of engineers, and the remaining two guns. Brigadier Mendiri with the Alavese was assigned to Lorca, and at this point, as commanding a central spot from which converging assaults could be observed and met, Ollo took his stand as general in command.

The morning of the 6th was ideal, clear and sunny, with a keen dry air from the mountains, bracing the lungs and adding a zest to existence. The Republicans were in sight, and gave early signs of activity. They were on foot at cock-crow, and began popping at the Carlist outposts, but quick as they were, Radica with the alert 2nd of Navarre was before them, and had ascended the most advanced ridge at this side of Puente crested with the hermitage of Santa Barbara. At half-past seven Ollo was advised of the advance on this height, and immediately ordered Mendiri to go forward to Mañeru, near Santa Barbara, and issued instructions to Argonz to bring up all available reinforcements, upon which that quiet, ready chief set out at a chasseur's quickstep. At the start Iturmendi, having the intrepid Radica with him, was forced from the ridge above Puente, and sorely pressed towards the region about Cirauqui, which Ollo was marching to reach. The truth is, Moriones, having put his entire force in motion, the impetuous Radica, finding himself at the end of his cartridges, gave his men word to go ahead with the naked steel. With a yell they answered to the call, and bore themselves with a furious zeal, rushing with so much more bravery than foresight that if the other two battalions of Navarre, who were in support, had not hurried to their rescue, not a man could have escaped being killed or taken prisoner. After this opening brush, led up to with heavy, almost reckless firing, the three battalions discovered that they were so fearfully outnumbered, and had experienced such serious losses, that they had to withdraw to a hamlet near Puente de la Reyna.

The 5th of Navarre, the vanguard of Argonz,

arrived first—even before the coming of the general-in-chief. He joined Mendiri and his Alavese at Cirauqui, and Ollo ordered the united Carlists to mass themselves on a height in the rear of that from which Iturmendi had been driven, and to form the serried ranks of battle. At this, the crucial moment of the action, the volleying became tremendous. The new ground assumed was on a horseshoe range of hills, with the outer curve towards Puente de la Reyna, and the ends, towards the base, prolonging themselves to Cirauqui and Mañeru. The Alavese got the post of honour nearest the enemy, and between their foremost men and the ridge—almost as high as that of Santa Barbara—now occupied by the Government troops, stretched a deep valley. The unfortunate Alavese had been

At half-past three the Alavese (covered by charges from their ordnance) were forced to back to the vale and ascend the ridge, where their comrades eagerly awaited the moment to relieve them. The Republicans scrambled up the abandoned height, and made an essential advance for about a hundred yards; but were panting, and had suffered weightily in climbing that hill, and here they were fronted by their implacable foe, whom they were to assault in a stronger position. The discipline must have been lax with them, perhaps they thought better of their position. Suddenly they hesitated, looked at what was before them; there was a shiver of indecision through their ranks, and finally they came to a dead halt. Ollo seized his opportunity. Two of his



ESTELLA.

pelted continuously by the artillery of Moriones, and line after line of infantry was hurled against them; but they stood their ground with the firmness and fortitude of veterans, despite their miserable arms and equipments, and had repeated recourse to the bayonet with a courage that drew forth the applause of Ollo, under whose eyes they were fighting; and that counted for something, for he was a seasoned warrior, not given to the display of emotion. The Republican position was advantageous; but two of the Carlist guns having been got into action, were brought to bear upon it with fatal precision.

not yet utilised, were run up to the right to enfilade the Republicans, who were turning if to move against the Royalist left front. "Charge with shell" was the word. A bomb, admirably directed, lobbed amongst them, and one sergeant and two men, as could plainly be discerned through a reconnoitring glass, fell from the ranks.

second followed an instant later with active effect; the enemy showed his shattered behind the slope of his position, resounding *vivas* from the Carlist superiority of the Carlist artillery was made up for by the perfection of the who were all former officers of the

step by step the positions they had previously held, and the Republicans slowly melted away towards Puente de la Reyna. Santa Barbara was reached. The Royalists had left eighteen wounded behind them there in the forenoon. They were all massacred. No quarter was listened to after that gruesome revelation. "At them with the



A CARLIST CHARGE.

(From the Picture by J. Cusachs.)

corps in the regular army, who had promotion of Hidalgo. The Government were all commanded by promoted. The Carlist gunners pursuing their Moriones began his retreat by withdrawing by echelon of battalions from the Carlist left got its orders to push and fire was directed on the Carlists by its formed on the Republican right, their comrades' retirement. But the Alavese and Navarrese was fired to. They had caught the rapture of the shouts of "*Con la bayoneta!*" were the bayonet it was, for that was the of these children of the mist; and again to the fore, and inflamed age of reprisal, led the hunt, with as ever. Forward at a racing pace bounding over the valley and seizing

cavalry!" was the shout raised by the fatigued and enraged foot-soldiers. The terrain, jagged and stony, was not fit for cavalry operations, and the self-possessed Ollo retorted with an expletive of a Cambronne nature. Turning round to Captain Burnaby, who was standing near, he flushed like a girl and apologised for his impatient language. "*Adelante!*" was the cry anew, as the ignominious flight of the enemy could not be mistaken. Some of their sharpshooters maintained an annoying fire in the thick of Carlists on the rising ground, and as the bullets fell in their midst an artillery officer, riding up, asked where the guns should be placed. "There," said Ollo, pointing to Santa Barbara; "and now let the cavalry charge."

At the signal, anxiously expected, the single squadron tore out after the Republicans, some of whom were already plunging for shelter into

the Arga. A few minutes afterwards it returned with some prisoners and a good tally of killed, amongst whom was a Republican commander, sabred by a youthful lieutenant. "There he lies," said the lad to Ollo, "and here is his blood on my blade," showing his weapon dripping with gore. A captain inquired where he was to billet his men. "There," said Ollo, nodding towards a hamlet. "I thought I told you already; but while you are there, take your company into the first house in Puente de la Reyna and stay there for the night." The officer saluted, and went off to execute the order. Then, turning to a lieutenant of artillery, the general said: "Take one of your guns, and fire a shot at the first street of the town. I will let the people know that Moriones is there like a whipped cur, and dare not stir out."

The Carlists lost 1 colonel—Martin Echarch—4 subalterns, and 14 privates killed; 4 captains, 11 subalterns, and 79 privates wounded. The Republican account gave 130 Carlists killed and

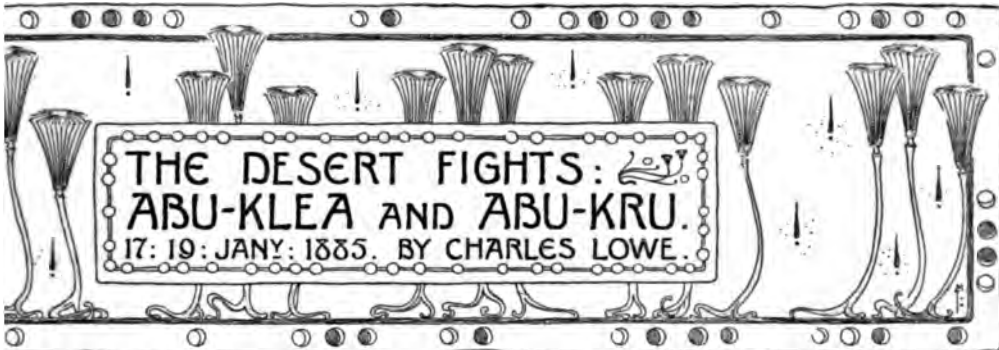
800 wounded, but that was a list of casualties doctored for the Madrid chatterers. Their loss was considerable, but may be left to conjecture. Many corpses were strewn like p on the heights where the Republicans had or had crept to hollows or furze bushes to

After all the excitement of the battle over, a battalion of Navarrese rushed to the image of a *chico*, outlined on a wall with a stick by Vizetelly, to decide bets as to where he had been struck. Not a shot had touched him, although he was hedged round with marks, like the aureole of stabs encircling the head of a performer in a show. Up were the bursts of glee of the simple Navarrese.

The attack was not renewed next day, though furnished battalions having but forty rounds each, but Moriones had gone back to Logroño, and Primo de Rivera was still in Logroño, and Carlos, with Dorregaray, Velasco, and Valdés, and four battalions of Biscay and two of Vizcaya, was on the road to exultant Estella.



SPANISH LANDSCAPE.



GENERAL CHARLES GORDON was the Chevalier Bayard—"without fear and without reproach"—of the nineteenth century; and it was mainly on account that, in the year 1884, England embarked in an enterprise without a precedent in her military annals. The object of this armed expedition was to reach Khartoum, the distant capital of the Mahomedan Empire on the Upper Nile, and rescue General Gordon who had himself gone to relieve its beleaguered garrison, but could not. After acquiring the title of "the hero of Khartoum" by his leadership of the heroic army in the Far East, Gordon had there been a considerable dash of the fortune, albeit of a higher and more heroic type than that of his famous predecessor, Dugald Dalgetty—Gordon, I say, had entered into the service of the Khedive, and Governor-General of the Soudan, which was annexed to Egypt by the great Mehemet Ali. In 1879 he resigned this post, and in the next four years the fanatical influence of the Mahdi, or False Prophet, rose in arms against the authority of their Egyptian rulers.

What were the fortunes of this insurrection, but at length, after the utter annihilation of an Egyptian force, under English command, at El Obeid, it was proved conclusively that the disaffected provinces of the Soudan could not be re-conquered without military aid on a scale which the circumstances of the time would not permit, and therefore a policy of non-interference was decided on.

What was to be done in the world had we to do with the Soudan? The answer is that the Soudan then was an integral part of Egypt, of which we had taken the good government after the suppression of the rebel Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir (1882), and we therefore deemed ourselves bound to do all we could to save the

garrison of Khartoum after deciding on the evacuation of the country. The only man who could do so, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone's Government, was General Gordon, who knew so much about the Soudan, and accordingly, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, he left London at the beginning of 1884, and in an incredibly short space of time reached Khartoum.

But soon thereafter the news reached England that Khartoum had been cut off from all communication with the rest of the country by the forces of the Mahdi, and that therefore General Gordon and his garrison were in the direst peril. Yet it was some time before our Government could brace itself up to an energetic policy of action. At last, however, it decided to send an expedition to relieve the beleaguered garrison, and the command was given to Lord Wolseley, who reached Cairo on 9th September, 1884.

But now there arose the serious preliminary question: by what route should the relieving force seek to reach its aim? Practically, the choice of routes was narrowed down to two. Disembarking on the shore of the Red Sea at Suakim, the expedition might strike across the desert to the Nile at Berber; or, concentrating in Lower Egypt, it might ascend the Nile. Each line of advance had its advocates, but in the long run Lord Wolseley decided in favour of the Nile route as being, on the whole, the best; and Gordon himself seems to have been of this opinion too. The Suakim-Berber route, with its desert sands, would, among other things, have exposed the troops to dreadful sufferings from the want of water; but while privation of this kind could not possibly be associated with the line of the Nile, the long ascent of this river, on the other hand, would be greatly impeded by the succession of cataracts or, rather, as the Canadians would call them, "rapids," which marked its course.

It does not fall within the limited scope of

this description to detail all the manifold obstacles and incidents of the advance up the Nile in the 800 whale-boats sent out from England—how stores had to be amassed, camels collected, and all other necessary preparations made. Suffice to say that, by the end of November, when the head of the immensely long flotilla had reached Hannek, Lord Wolseley thought it time to issue a stirring appeal "To the Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines of the Nile Expedition," in which he dilated on the "glorious mission which the Queen had entrusted to them," and concluded:—

"We can—and with God's help will—save General Gordon from such a death. The labour of working up this river is immense, and to bear it uncomplainingly demands the highest soldierlike qualities, that contempt for danger, and that determination to overcome difficulty which in previous campaigns have so distinguished all ranks of her Majesty's army and navy. The physical obstacles which impede our rapid progress are considerable, but who cares for them when it is remembered that General Gordon and his garrison are in danger? Under God their safety is now in our hands, and, come what may, we must save them. It is needless to say more to British soldiers and sailors."

The better, moreover, to stimulate the energies of his men, Lord Wolseley offered a prize of £100 to the battalion which should make the quickest passage in its whale-boats up to Korti, a prize that was ultimately won by the Royal Irish, the Gordon Highlanders coming in second, and the West Kent men third. Telegraphing from Korti to Lord Hartington, the Secretary for War, the commander-in-chief said:—"The

English boats have up to this point fulfilled my expectations. The men are in health, fit for any trial of strength, the result of constant manual labour. The boats against the current is very borne most cheerfully, without a grum

But how this galley-slave-like tugging oars had told upon the mere tailored of the men may be judged from what written of them by a correspondent arrival at Korti:—

"The troops arriving in the boats an absolutely ludicrous appearance in and ragged garments, the condition testifies to the utter unsuitability of served out to our soldiers for a hard There is literally not a sound garment

whole which Falstaff's regiment than a British tro tartan tre Black Wa been patch old sacks, tive cloth bazaars, as portions o tins have b on to the to repair and tear rowing. V appearance troops will the time t dition has its work w even conte

A large c formed at where Lord ley establish headquarte



SIR HERBERT STEWART.

by the middle of December the bulk of expeditionary force was gathered there, with part of its war-material and stores. Christmas came, and the day was celebrated in as like a manner as possible. Although holly and mistletoe were wanting, the troops had with them the ingredients of plum-pudding, and the camp-fire circles were hilarious with earned pleasure. Early in the morning

a grand parade ; towards noon the chaplains read a semi-church service, followed by the Holy Communion ; while the day was wound up with a camp-fire "sing-song," attended by Lord Wolseley and staff, at which several men of the various arms gave proof of their musical accomplishments ; and by way of prelude, or overture, to his camp concert, an officer stepped forward and read forth to the men the telegram which had just been received by Lord Wolseley from

massacred, together with the young and gallant Mr. Frank Power, consul and correspondent of the *Times*. After wreaking summary vengeance on these barbarous Monassirs, General Earle was to detach part of his force to open up the desert road between Abu Hamed and Korosko, and then with the remainder push on to Berber, thence to co-operate with his fellow-commander, Stewart, in the relief of Khartoum.

On the other hand, Stewart was to make his



KHARTOUM.

Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Wellington :—"Our united best wishes to yourself and troops at this festive season. May success attend your efforts."

The Christmas festivities over, Lord Wolseley began his preparations for an immediate advance on Khartoum. His plan of operations he had varied from time to time, according to the political and military exigencies of the moment ; but now he decided to divide his force into two separate columns—one commanded by Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart. The former force, called the Desert Column, which numbered about 2,200 men, including the famous Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders, with six screw-guns, was to proceed up the Nile to punish the Monassir tribe for the murder of Colonel Stewart, who had accompanied them to Khartoum, and who, on his way down the river again to Dongola, had been barbarously

way straight across the Bayuda desert to Metamneh, and thus open up another and directer road to Khartoum. A glance at the map will show that, between Korti and Khartoum, the Nile makes a great irregular sweep, roughly speaking like a bow well bent ; and it was by the land-string of this bow that Stewart was directed to advance as fast as ever he could.

The composition of this Desert Column was of a most peculiar kind, far more so, indeed, than that of the Abyssinian Expedition, of which Lord Beaconsfield had picturesquely said that it witnessed the ordnance of Europe transported across the mountains of Africa by the elephants of Asia. But it was the sandy wastes of Africa which had now to be crossed, and for this purpose the bulk of General Stewart's column were mounted on camels, those ships of the desert—a sensation entirely new to the British army with all its varied experience of warfare in every part

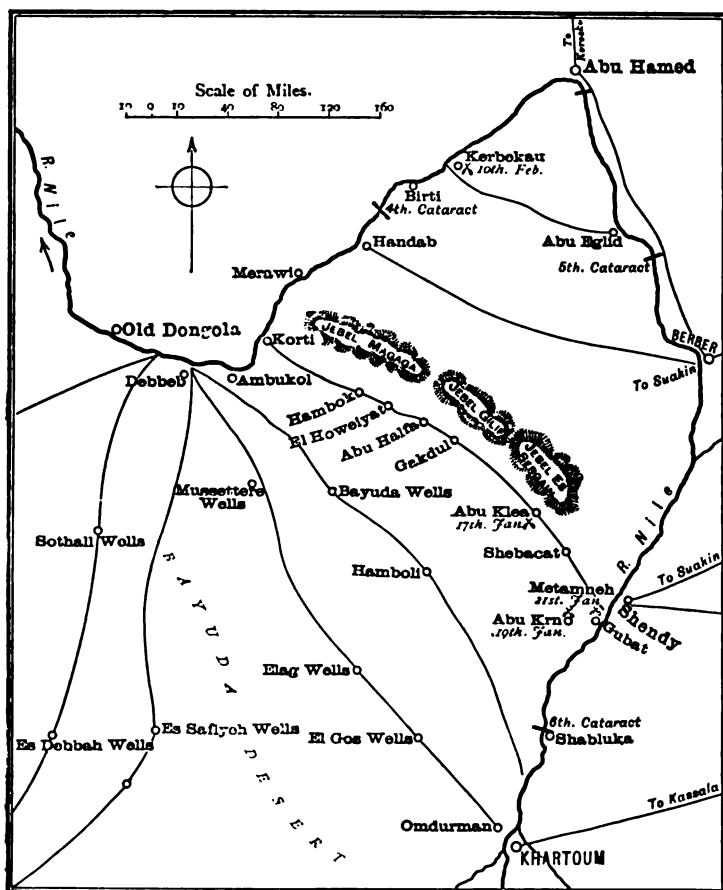
of the world. Of this army the Desert Column now represented the very cream—men chosen specially for their discipline, stamina, and strength.

The force at Stewart's disposal consisted of the First Division of the Naval Brigade, under the gallant Lord Charles Beresford, of "Well done, *Condor!*" fame; one squadron 19th Hussars (on horses); the Guards Camel Regiment, composed

Artillery (Captain Norton); 400 men of the Royal Sussex (Major Sunderland); one of the Essex Regiment; a bearer of a movable field-hospital, and transport—in all, about 120 officers and 1,900 men, about 300 natives, interpreters, camels, etc. There was also a Light Camel

—"the Lights"—composed of picked men of the nine cavalry regiments. They were employed entirely on escort duty. A total of 2,000 men. Surely this was but a lousily small force to make a one-hundred-and-some miles' march across the desert to the relief of Khartoum, invested, as this city was, by swarming hordes of Mahometan Prophet, numbering, as he himself wrote, about 100,000 fanatical warriors!

Various communications had reached Gordon had reached Wolseley, but the worst was that they were not a consistent character. On November 14 the commander-in-chief received a message which had been ten days on the road, to the effect that Khartoum could hold out for another forty days, "after that it would be lost"—which meant that no relieving British force could be at Khartoum by a date later than the 14th December. But on the last day of the year, after a detachment of the Desert Column had made its first push forward into



MAP SHOWING SCOPE OF OPERATIONS.

of picked men from the regiments of guards (Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots), and from the Royal Marines, all under Colonel Boscawen; the Heavy Camel Regiment—"the Heavies"—of Colonel Talbot, composed of selected men from the three Household and seven other cavalry regiments, Royals, Scots Greys, Bays, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, 5th and 16th Lancers; the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment (Major Gough), composed of selected men from various regiments, most of whom had served in South Africa or Egypt; a detachment of Royal Engineers (Captain Dorward); half a battery Royal

wilderness, a second messenger reached the quarters at Korti, and produced a tin of paper, no larger than a postage stamp, which had been rolled up to the size of a pin and sealed in the seam of the man's garment. On this paper were the words: "Khartoum right. C. G. Gordon. 14 Dec., 1884."

But this sanguine-looking statement exactly tally with the verbal information which the messenger had also been ordered to deliver to Lord Wolseley, and of which the general was expressed in one sentence: "Wait for me, you to come quickly." On the very

left Khartoum Gordon had written to Cairo: "All's up! I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time." But, not knowing Wolseley had gathered enough from the message to convince him that the situation at Khartoum was already one of emergency, if not, indeed, of desperation; he moved the Desert Column to make its dash across to Metamneh without

were very amusing and nautical." "Quartermaster, can't you make that gun sit a little better on the camel?" "Can't, sir; camel's got his hump all a-starboard." "Steer small, Bill," "Mind your helm, Jack, or you'll run me aboard," were some of the phrases which caught the ear of Lord Wolseley as he reviewed the Column previous to his departure for Metamneh on the 8th January.

camping at Korti the various commitments of this Column had been carefully arranged to meet all the exigencies of its march. All the men—all but the Blue-Boys wore their ordinary summer suits and discarded their distinctive regimentals—

bearskins, brass helmets, etc., and tropical kit—drab khakee tunics and puttees, or Indian leggings, and wrapped sun-helmets of pith, the inside of which many had embrowned, so as to make them less conspicuous to the marksmen of the foe. About 100 coats were taken with the Column, to be worn by those who should proceed by the way from Metamneh to Khartoum, so as to impress the besiegers of Gordon with a sense of the British name, and with the prospect of the relief of which this picturesque force should form the scarlet vanguard.

But this, let it ever be argued that a force in form has not great advantages even in the matter of utilitarian tailoring for the army.

"Heavy," whose proper arms were lance and sword, had to be taught some infantry drill and use of rifle and bayonet, while all had to be accustomed to the riding of camels. More than the steadiness of these animals had to be secured in a variety of ways. But they behaved bravely under the most trying ordeals, "barely winking their heads or even blinking" when the Column passed close past them in a thundering gallop, cheering, shouting, and flashing their

amusement was caused by the behaviour of the jolly, rollicking Blue-Jackets—than by the sight of a body of fighting-men ever longed to see their Queen—when they found themselves on board the "ships of the desert." Even the officers seemed to be puzzled by the vivacity of the riders, who formed a strong contrast to the staid and starchy of the natives accustomed to pilot ships in the desert. "The sailors," wrote Lord Wolseley, "Chief of the Intelligence Department," "with Beresford on his white donkey,

This was three days after the return to Korti of Sir Herbert Stewart, who, starting with the Camel Corps on the 30th December, had pushed forward to occupy the wells of Gakdul, and otherwise secure the line of march. "It was a strange sight," wrote one observer, "to see the 3,000 camels with their necks stretching out like ostriches, and their 6,000 pairs of long legs moving along in military array, until the rising dust first blended desert, men, and camels in one uniform grey hue, and finally hid them from the sight of those who remained in camp." The great Column moving silently along under the moonlight was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

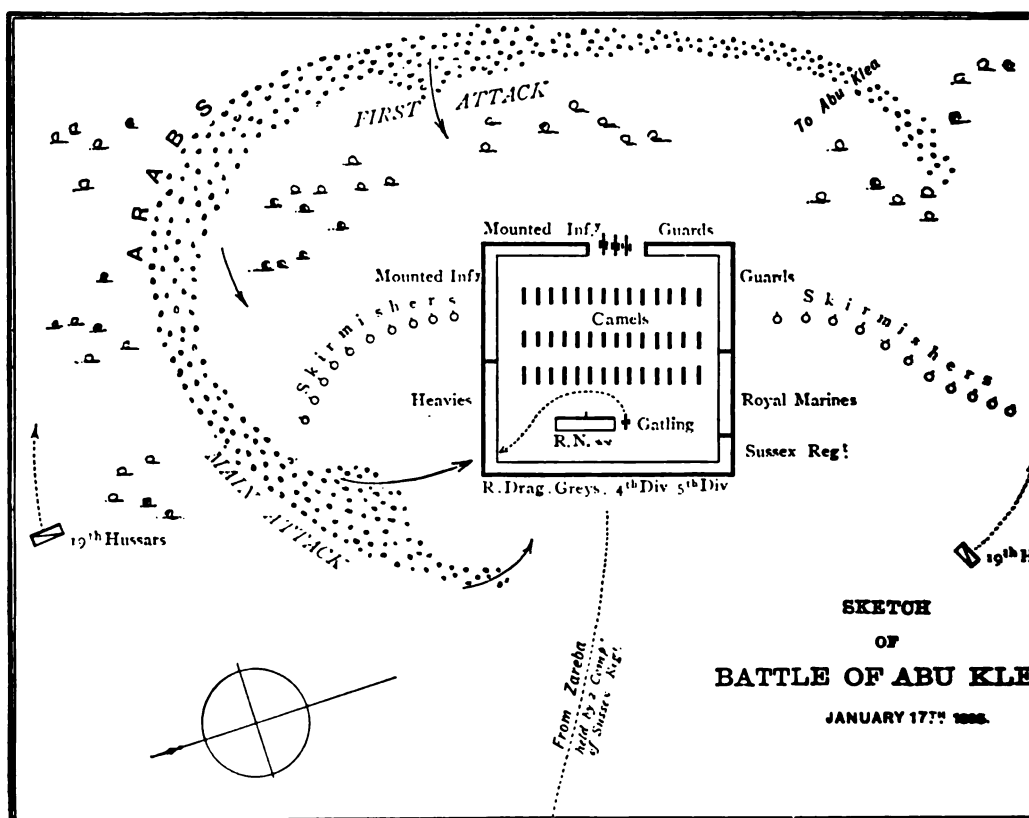
Each soldier was supposed to carry with him on his camel food and water for three days—the water being stored in musselsacks, or goat-skins. Once or twice the Column missed its way in the dark, and otherwise experienced all sorts of vexatious mishaps—loss of camels with their burdens, leaking of water-bottles, etc. Soon after daylight on the 10th it reached the first wells at Hambok, but only to find that they contained a few cupfuls of water, so it had to continue its weary march to El Howeiyat, about nine miles further on. Yet even here it was also found that Colonel Stanley Clarke's store-convoy, especially its Egyptian camel-drivers, had also drained the wells, and it was some time before the men could be marched up by companies to enjoy a drink of the muddy water which gradually trickled into them again.

On the afternoon (of the 10th) the Column started again for Abu Halfa, but had to bivouac soon after dark in rough, stony ground. The way in which the unfortunate camels tumbled about in the dark, and loads came off, and the strong language that was used, were things to see and hear. At Abu Halfa there was again much less water than had been hoped for. But the engineers set to work to open new holes, which soon filled; and the camels, donkeys, and ponies rushed for the water directly they arrived, and had to be kept back by main force. All the afternoon there was a continuous stream of men going down to the wells, and it was kept up the

whole night. Some of the officers worked hard in the hot sun, digging new wells and distributing water to all comers.

On the morning of the 12th the Column, struggling along bravely, at last reached the wells of Gakdul, which lie in a rocky, crater-like amphitheatre of the desert. Here the Guards had been left by Sir H. Stewart on his first dash into the wilderness to hold and fortify these wells, "and we were astonished at the amount

writer previously quoted, "may be best as drinking and washing days. We had fresh, clear, cold water, unadulterated gratified our eyes as well as our thirsty stomachs, and had the unaccustomed splashing and tubbing. Happy day, aforetime silent soldiers, who had scarcely breath to moisten their lips, now singing snatches of camp ditties, while rest and life were infused into everybody.



of work they had done. Two stone forts had been built, the ground had been laid out for us to camp on, paths made, and signboards put up, so that we easily fell into our places. . . . In the evening the Guards gave us a capital dinner, to which we did full justice; Gordon Cumming had his usual luck among the gazelle, and many sand grouse had been secured as well, so there was a pleasant change from bully beef and the thirst which it begets."

"To see 3,000 camels and more," wrote Sir Herbert Stewart to Lord Wolseley, "and all waterskins filled up, is a sight to be seen to be appreciated." "The two days succeeding our arrival at Gakdul," observed the

Early on the morning of the 14th the leaving a detachment of the Sussex Regt. to hold the wells, again left Gakdul for the north and on this, as well as on the following day, the first came upon traces of the enemy—a broken rifle lying on the rocks, with tracks evidently those of the Mahdi's scouts and several of his camel-men. The Column halted for the night (of the 15th) near Jebel Gakdul, the camels being well tied down, and everything prepared for a possible attack. At daylight broke on the 16th—after a long night march, attended, as usual, with confusion and delay—"we found ourselves in a vast plain, scantily covered with sparse

th the hills of Abu-Klea in front of us in the distance."

Barrow, with his Hussars, was ordered to push and occupy the wells, while the Column followed more leisurely with its camels; but he

he had to drop his prisoner and ride for his life.

The hopes of all now began to rise high at the near prospect of at last coming to hand-grips with the foe. The Column was halted on a stony



"THE DAUNTLESS GUARDSMAN LEAPED TO HIS FEET, SWORD IN HAND, AND SLASHED AT THE FEROCIOUS GROUP" (p. 508).

on returned with the news that he had found the enemy in force between us and the water. One of his officers had a narrow escape. Starting with three or four Hussars in pursuit of the enemy's scouts, he had followed them into the Abu-Klea valley, where he actually caught hold of one man: but a lot of swarthy, evil-visaged warriors springing up out of the long grass,

plateau, and an officer, going forward to reconnoitre, could see a long line of parti-coloured banners floating in the breeze, and stretching right across the road. "There was a large tent," he said, "and we could hear the tom-toms, or war-drums, beating vigorously," while some puffs of white smoke in the distance showed that their riflemen were trying to find the range.

On learning this, Stewart gave orders to fence in the column with a zeriba—or rough fortalice of stones, brushwood, baggage, boxes, and the like—and therein camp for the night, as he deemed the day to be now too far advanced for hostile operations. Hussar pickets were thrown out to some high ground on the right, but these were soon forced in again by the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who, now within range, began to gall the zeriba with its dropping fire, which hit one or two Hussars, as well as several horses and camels.

All night long they kept up this drizzling fusillade, but luckily it was very dark, and there were few casualties, though the constant whistling of bullets overhead and the vigorous beating of the tom-toms kept the recumbent Column ever on the alert. To show what a sharp look-out was kept by the Mahdist forces, it may be mentioned that, when one of the surgeons was performing an operation in the zeriba, the man holding the lantern incautiously turned it towards the hill-side occupied by the Arab riflemen, when a volley of bullets was the immediate consequence.

The Column stood to its arms as Venus rose in the early morning (of the 17th), "that being the signal by which we had heard the Arabs generally attacked," and thus it waited till the dawn, when the fire from the hills became hotter, and some of the Guards and Mounted Infantry were sent out to keep it down. The enemy in the valley had also come nearer in the night, and their tent was now down, though they did not yet show in large masses. While the Column was thus waiting to be attacked, Gough, commanding the Mounted Infantry, was hit on the side of the head, the bullet passing through his helmet and puggery, but not breaking the skin; while Major Dickson was shot through the leg just below the knee. Some Arab horsemen came round by the right, but were soon dispersed by a few rounds of shell; and as it now became apparent that the purpose of the enemy was merely to harass and not attack the column, Stewart determined, like a good soldier, to march out and give the Arabs battle, leaving a small force behind to hold the zeriba.

The square was then formed in the manner indicated on the accompanying plan, and about 9 a.m. it marched down the valley towards the row of banners which stretched across it, while Barrow's Hussars moved off to the left to keep the enemy on the hills in check. The combative strength of the Column—diminished as it

was by the detachments which it had left to hold the zeriba and the various wells rear—was now only about 1,500 officers and all told, with three screw-guns and one G. But then this handful of heroes represented the very flower and kernel of the British army.

In the centre of the hollow square were the camels, carrying water, ammunition, and other requirements. The rest of the camels, together with the sick and baggage, had been left at the zeriba. On the square moving out of the hollow in which it had formed, it at once met a brisk fire from the enemy's skirmishers, and already the men began to drop. It was then that Captain Lord St. Vincent, adjutant of the "Heavies," received the wound from which he afterwards died, while Surgeon McGill, of the Coldstreams, was also struck.

The square halted repeatedly to return the Arab fire with its Martinis and screw-gun. Large numbers of the enemy could be seen streaming off on their right. The worst of it was that the square could move but very slowly, having frequently to halt to repair its front and having its rear face forced out by the slow progress of the camels. Meanwhile, Campbell's Company of Mounted Infantry continued skirmishing on the left front, and the foe fell back, gradually appearing among the long grass, until no longer could be seen of them but their flags were visible across the valley diagonally to the British line of advance.

The square had now reached a point about five hundred yards from those flags when it again halted for the purpose of being "drawn up," especially the rear face, which had again bulged out by the lagging camels; but when the process could be completed, a mass of about 5,000 of the enemy suddenly started up behind the flags, advanced at a quick run in a serrated line, headed by horsemen, and closed down with the utmost fury towards the front corner of the square.

"It was a beautiful and most striking scene," wrote Sir Charles Wilson, "such a one as James must have seen when Roderick MacIvor's men rose out of the heather: nothing could be more applicable than Scott's description. . . . When the enemy commenced the advance, I remember experiencing a feeling of pity, mixed with admiration for them, as I thought they would all be shot down in a few minutes. . . . As they advanced, the feeling was changed to wonder that the tremendous fire we were pouring up had so little effect. When they got up

y yards, the fire of the Guards and Mounted
try began to take good effect, and a huge
f dead rose in front of them. Then, to my
ishment, the enemy took ground to their
as if on parade, so as to envelop the rear
square. I remember thinking, 'By
they will be into the square!' and almost
next moment I saw a fine old sheikh on
back plant his banner in the centre of the
e, behind the camels. He was at once shot
falling on his banner. . . . If any man
ved a place in
Moslem Paradise,
d.

irectly the sheikh
he Arabs began
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s to the front
of the square.

of the rear
now faced
and began

By this time

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was shot, and

fell three Arabs

at him. I was

to his horse's

and disposed of

ne nearest to me,

three paces off,

the others were,

nk, killed by the

ted Infantry

rs close by. . . .

ewas one strange

ent. An un-

ded Arab, armed

a spear, jumped up and charged an officer.

officer grasped the spear with his left hand,

with his right ran through the Arab's body,

there for a few seconds they stood, the

r being unable to withdraw his sword until

ran up and shot the Arab. It was a living

diment of the old gladiatorial frescoes at

peii. . . .

armichael was accidentally shot through

head by one of our own men, so that death

have been instantaneous. Gough, of the

ls, and, I fear, others lost their lives in the

way. . . . I was much struck with the

amour of the Guard officers. There was no

or fuss; all the orders were given as if on

le, and they spoke to the men in a quiet

er, as if nothing unusual was going on—

one man, when he found the Arabs had swept
past him, handed his company over to his sub-
altern, and rushed into the thick of the fight
round Burnaby. How he got out of it without
a scratch was a marvel to all."

Colonel Burnaby, of Khiva and ballooning
fame, was less fortunate—or, as he himself prob-
ably thought, more fortunate—for now he found
the soldier's death which he had so often sighed
for. Sword in hand, Burnaby had advanced on
horseback from his place among the "Heavies"

to succour the skir-
mishers, who were fall-
ing back on the square
pursued by the rush-
ing Arabs brandishing
their spears, hurl-
ing javelins, and
wielding huge double-
handed swords. An
eye-witness—Mr.
Bennett Burleigh, of
the *Daily Telegraph*
—thus described the
scene that followed:—

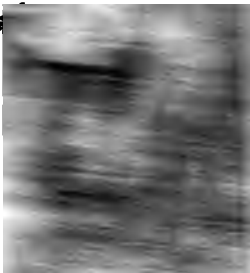
"As the dauntless
colonel rode forward
on a borrowed nag—
for his own had been
shot that morning—
he put himself in
the way of a sheikh
charging down on
horseback. Ere the
Arab closed with him
a bullet from some-
one in our ranks, and
not Burnaby's sword-

thrust, brought the sheikh to the ground. The
enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one
of them suddenly dashed at the colonel, pointing
the long blade of his spear at his throat. Check-
ing his horse and slowly pulling it backward,
Burnaby leaned forward in his saddle and parried
the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts; but
the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put
it out of his power to return with interest the
Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice, I think
the colonel just touched his man, only to make
him more wary and eager. The affray was the
work of three or four seconds only, for the savage
horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan, and
the straight-haired, tawny-complexioned Arabs
of the Bayuda steppe, were fast closing in upon
our square. Burnaby fenced smartly, just as if



COLONEL BURNABY.

(Photo, R. W. Thruft, Birmingham.)



ght of numbers. Unfortunately, too, her gun jammed, and caused the early half the Naval Brigade, who galloped by it until they were slaughtered or the square by the rush of Arabs. The rifles also jammed. "I myself," wrote an officer, "several men throw their rifles with bitter curses when they

the lock of the jammed barrel out, when the enemy were upon us. Rhoads was killed with a spear. Walter Miller, armourer, I also saw killed with a spear at the same moment on my left. I was knocked down in the rear of the gun, but uninjured, except a small spear-scratch on the left hand. The crowd and crush of the enemy were very great at this point, and, as I struggled



"THE GUESSES OF THE DAY WERE FOLLOWED BY THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MOONLESS NIGHT MARCH" (p. 511).

gun jammed and useless; and if infantry or cavalry, using the long rifle for the purpose, must have been worse. Can you imagine a more dreadful position than that of a man to face with an Arab, and your only weapon a rifle that will not go off?"

The jamming of the Gardner gun was thus described by Lord Charles Beresford, commanding the Cavalry Brigade:—"The Gardner gun after firing about thirty rounds. There were then about two hundred yards from the front of the gun. The captain of the gun, the first lieutenant, chief boatswain's mate, and myself, were ordered to take the plate to clear the barrel, or take

up, I was carried against the face of the square, which was literally pressed by sheer weight of numbers about twelve paces from the position of the gun.

"The crush was so great that at the moment few on either side were killed, but fortunately this flank of the square had been forced up a very steep little mound, which enabled the rear rank to open a tremendous fire over the heads of the front rank men; this relieved the pressure, and enabled the front rank to bayonet or shoot those of the enemy nearest them. The enemy then, for some reason, turned to their right along the left flank of the square, and

streamed away in numbers along the rear face of it. In a very few minutes the terrific fire from the square told on the enemy. There was a momentary waver, and then they walked quietly away. I immediately manned the Gardner, and cleared the jam as soon as I could. This, however, was not done in time to be of much use in firing on the slowly-retreating enemy, as they had got back into the nullah and behind the mound before it was ready."

The onrush of the furious Arabs—brandishing their weapons and yelling out their "Allah-il-Allah!"—was compared to the rolling on of a vast wave of black surf. About 12,000 of them

At one time it looked as if the two remaining sides of the square must be "swallowed up by the hordes surrounding us; so much so that, seeing my brother a few paces off, I rushed to him, shook his hand hard, and returned to my place. . . . Setting their feet apart for better purchase, our Guardsmen refused to budge one inch; we put our rear rank about, and they shot down or bayoneted every Arab that came near them."

By sheer weight of the Arab rush, the left face of the square was gradually forced back to close to the rear of the front face. The camels, which had hitherto been a source of weakness to the

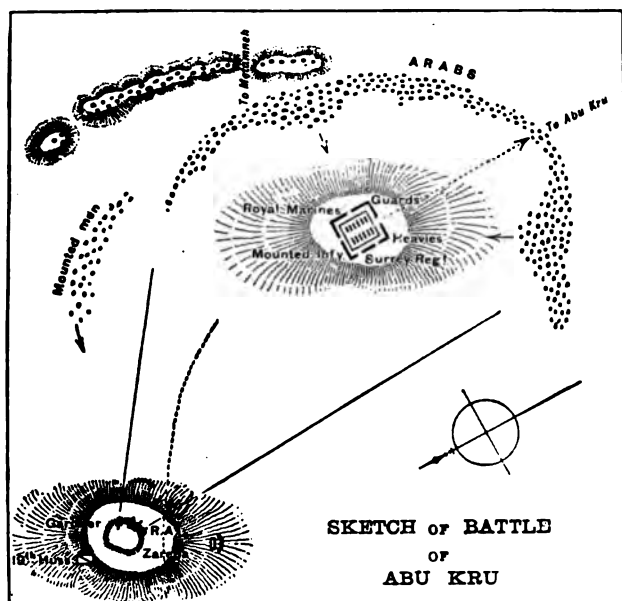
square, now became a source of strength; for, when the rear face was also forced in, the camels formed a living traverse that broke the Arab rush, and gave time for the right and front faces to take advantage of the higher ground on which they stood and fire over the heads of those engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle on the surging masses of the enemy behind. The centre of the square became the scene of a most desperate conflict—camels, horses, men, all involved in one sanguinary welter.

Within the square the din of battle was such that no words of command could be heard, and each man was obliged to act on the impulse of the moment, and fight for his own hand, like Hal o' the Wynd. "No men could have fought better," wrote Colonel Talbot, commanding the Heavies, "and although two detachments lost their

officers, their places were at once assumed by the non-commissioned officers. It was an Inker-man on a small scale—a soldier's battle. Strength, determination, steadiness, and unflinching courage alone could have stemmed the onslaught."

The whole affair only lasted for about five minutes, and before the lapse of this brief time the little band of 1,500 British soldiers, as was said by Colonel Colville of the Grenadier Guards, "had by sheer pluck and muscle killed the last of the fanatics who had penetrated into their midst." At the same time, the fire of the Heavies and Royal Sussex had checked a formidable charge of Arab cavalry towards the right rear corner of the square. Several men got the Victoria Cross for acts of conspicuous bravery; all ought to have received it.

When the inside of the square was at last cleared, its outside assailants sullenly drew off,



were estimated to have been on the ground, though only about 5,000 of these took part in the actual attack—5,000 against 1,500! It was no wonder that, at the first impact of this impetuous mass of raging devils, the British square—a formation which has become a synonym for impregnable stability—had been dented in and thrown into momentary confusion. Indeed, for some little time, the fate of this handful of England's finest fighting-men trembled in the balance. "I think," wrote Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, "that all present would never care to see a nearer shave than this, and it is, in my opinion, due to the fact that the two sides not immediately attacked (the front and right) stood their ground that the enemy retired discomfited. Had the Guards moved, none of us would have lived to tell the tale." But the Guards, as ever stood firm as rocks.

every now and then to hurl curses at "infidel" conquerors; and then a ringing burst forth from the victorious little band of British soldiers—a cheer that was followed by aimed volleys of musketry and grape at the fleeing foe, which hastened their retreat. The battle had been as bloody as it was brief. Over 1,100 dead Arab bodies were lying in the immediate neighbourhood of the Column, while the prisoners stated that their loss had been exceptionally heavy. Had the British been able to slip a few squadrons of horse at the flying foe, the extent of their victory might almost have been doubled.

Our victory had been as dearly bought, as it was hard-earned. The spears and swords of the British had done ghastly execution during that brief five minutes of the fray. "I went out to look about the water, etc.," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "and found the spot where the square had been broken a horrible sight—too horrible for description." Killed were 9 officers, and 65 commissioned officers and men; while the British (including Lord Airlie) numbered 9 (two of whom afterwards died), and 85 commissioned officers and men.

At this shocking scene of carnage the Column was moved away a few hundred yards and camped itself together again; and then, while the wounded were being attended to, and the arms, ammunition, etc., burnt, the British were sent forward to find the wells. The British were suffering agonies of thirst, but they did not find any. At last the Column reached Abu-Klea wells, of which the muddy water was as good as all like cream or champagne, after the heat and privations of the day. Here the Column bivouacked for the night, which proved to be very miserable, as the stores and baggage had to come up from the zeriba. "Verney, Verney, and I," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "tried to pull it under the prayer-carpet Wortley had brought, and I think we spent most of the time trying to pull it off each other, for none of us could do more than doze a few minutes at a time."

In the morning (18th) a small fort was built for the protection of the wounded, who had to be lying behind under a guard of 100 men of the Sussex; and in the afternoon the column moved off to Metamneh, about twenty-miles distant. Here it would strike the British and for a sight of the waters of the Nile the thirst-afflicted men were now yearning with desire far more passionate than that which had driven the home-sick soldiers of Xenophon

when, after fighting their way from Cunaxa through the mountains of Armenia, they strained to catch a glimpse of the distant Euxine sea.

All that distressing day the gallant Column pushed forward, and the fatigues of the day were followed by the tribulations of a moonless night march over very trying ground. The confusion was endless, and the noise of swearing men and "grousing" camels might have been heard miles away. Frequent and long were the halts, the briefest being seized on by hundreds of soldiers to dismount and throw themselves on the ground for a few minutes' sleep—"sleep so dead that they had to be roughly roused before they could be made to mount again."

After thus traversing a most troublesome region of bush, the head of the Column came out on open ground about 1 a.m. (on the 19th), and then, after a short halt, being still guided by Ali Loda (a noted robber), it pressed forward once more till dawn (about 6 a.m.), when the return of daylight began to revive the spirits of both men and animals. At this time the Column was only about five miles west of the river, and the same distance south of Metamneh. To traverse the distance from Abu-Klea (eighteen miles) it had taken the force fourteen hours!

At 7.30 a.m. a gravel ridge was topped, and the Nile, with Shendy and Metamneh, at last appeared in sight. But it was also seen that a formidable force of Arabs had interposed itself between the Column and the Nile, with intent to dispute its approach to the deeply-longed-for water. Turning with a smile to his staff, General Stewart said: "Tell the officers and men we shall first have breakfast, and then go out to fight." He had by this time seen that there was no hope of reaching the river without giving battle to the Arabs, and so he determined to laager, or zeriba, his transport, and march straight for the blessed river with his fighting force.

The zeriba was formed on open ground, upon a small hill of gravel, commanding the surrounding sea of grass and bush—about four miles from the Nile. Everyone was dead beat after marching all night, but down sat the Column in its zeriba to enjoy its morning meal. Yet can any meal be said to be enjoyed which is taken to the accompaniment of a dropping shower of long-range bullets? One of these struck and killed Mr. Cameron, the gallant war-correspondent of the *Standard*, just as his servant was handing him a box of sardines; and soon afterwards the same fate overtook Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, who was also acting as

private secretary to Sir Herbert Stewart. But, worst of all, Sir Herbert himself was struck by a bullet in the groin, his wound afterwards proving mortal; and now the command of the Column devolved on Sir Charles Wilson.



"REINFORCEMENTS FROM OMDURMAN HAD ARRIVED."

Meanwhile, it had been determined to construct a redoubt on an eminence about eighty yards from the zeriba, to prevent its occupation by the foe. This had to be done under the fire of the enemy, and the boxes, etc., for the wall of the redoubt were carried across from the zeriba by the officers and men of the "Heavies" and the Guards, assisted by some Engineers. Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, also took an active part in this arduous duty, for which he was mentioned in despatches—the first honour of the kind that had ever been paid to any English war-correspondent.

Thus, with all these things to do, it was not till after two o'clock that the square prepared to make for the Nile. It was composed much in the same way as at Abu-Klea; but half the "Heavies," the 19th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, and the Naval Brigade, with their guns and the Gardner, were left behind for the protection of the zeriba and the redoubt.

"As we formed up," wrote Lieutenant Dawson, "we were exposed to a very heavy fire, and among our own officers in the regiment the escapes were something wonderful. One had the button of his coat carried inside his shirt just above the belt, another was surprised by a bullet whizzing through his whiskers, a third had one right through his helmet and out the other side, and a fourth got one on the sword scabbard, which glanced off and struck his ankle."

The prospect, indeed, was well calculated to inspire even the boldest men with doubt and misgiving. But it daunted not the hearts of the British heroes of the desert, tired out though they were by the privations and fatigues of the previous four days. A sigh of relief all round the square denoted that the moment they had been waiting for all day had at length arrived.

"We all realised," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "that our work was cut out for us, and many felt that if we did not reach the water that night it would go hard with the whole force. I felt the full gravity of the situation, out from the moment I entered the square I felt no anxiety as to the

result. The men's faces were set in a determined way which meant business, and I knew that they intended to drink from the Nile that night. I was never so much struck with the appearance of the men: they moved in a cool, collected way, without noise or any appearance of excitement. Many, as I afterwards heard, never expected to get through, but were determined to sell their lives dearly."

It soon became evident that the enemy were in great force, and that reinforcements from Omdurman had arrived. The gravel ridge, which ran between the zeriba and the village of Abu



THE SQUARE AT ABU-KRU.

on the river, was alive with foot and horse, and in every direction their banners could be seen rising out of the long grass, streaming in the breeze, while the tom-toms were again kept firing at a tremendous rate. The square followed rather a zigzag course this time, so as to keep on open ground and not be surprised by a sudden rush of the Arabs; while every now and then it halted to send a few shells in the direction of the white smoke-puffs rising from the long grass. Meanwhile, whenever the enemy showed in force, the guns in the square would open upon them with showers of shrapnel, while the Gardner, too, was kept firing away. The continual fire from an invisible foe was particularly trying to the men, many of whom dropped; and so it was with a sense of relief that, on nearing the gravel ridge, they beheld the Arabs preparing for a charge.

"All at once," wrote the English commander, "suddenly as at Abu-Klea, the firing ceased, and the enemy's spearmen came running down the hill at a great pace, with several horsemen in front. It was a relief to know the crisis had passed. The square was at once halted to receive the charge, and the men gave vent to their feelings in a wild, spontaneous cheer. Then they set to work firing as they would have done on an Aldershot field-day. At first the fire had little effect, and the bugle sounded 'cease

firing,' the men, much to my surprise, answering to the call. The momentary rest steadied them, and when the enemy got to within about three hundred yards they responded to the call 'commence firing' with deadly effect. All the leaders with their fluttering banners went down, and no one got within fifty yards of the square. It only lasted a few minutes: the whole of the front ranks were swept away, and then we saw a wild backward movement, followed by the rapid disappearance of the Arabs in front of and all around us. We had won, and gave three ringing cheers."

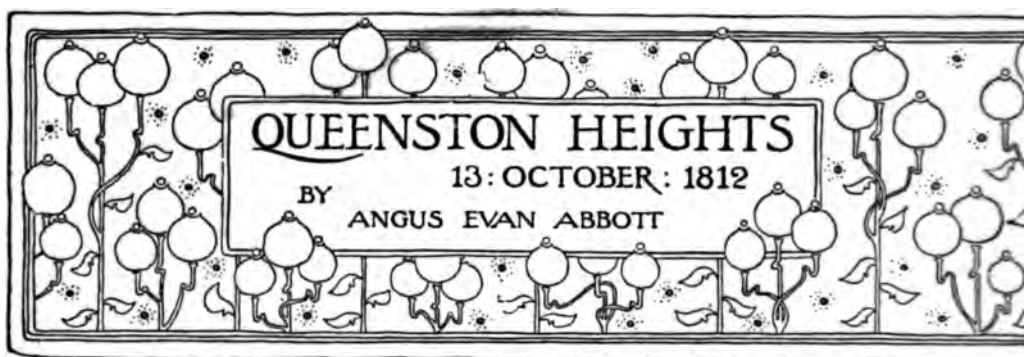
"I shall never forget my drink," said an officer, "when we reached the river. The men were half mad with joy on seeing the Nile again." They were so exhausted that when they came up from their drink at the river they fell down like logs.

The loss on this day of Abu-Kru amounted to one officer and twenty-two non-commissioned officers and men killed, with eight officers and ninety non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

By its heroic courage and endurance the Desert Column had, so far, done much; but much more still remained to be done. Khartoum itself, the object of the expedition, still had to be reached, and Gordon rescued. But the tragic sequel to the desert battles of Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru must be reserved for a separate story.



SIR HERBERT STEWART BEING CARRIED TO THE NILE.



"Thy home is in the hardy north,
 Thy head lies pillowed in the snows,
 At thy broad shoulders frets and flows
 The thwarted tide of oceans forth.
 Thy fruitful breast, the rolling plains,
 Great rivers are thy throbbing veins."

—To Canada.

A WAR that had for its tilting-ground the picturesque frontier of Canada, and for its period the opening of the nineteenth century, when, as yet, the great West was a mystery, and the forests of America stretched far beyond the white man's ken, could not but be one of infinite colour and romance. When all Canada—one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe—contained a white population of less than 300,000 souls, and the United States, now the home of more than sixty millions of people, could only boast of a population of eight millions; when no express trains snaked their way across the mammoth continent, nor swift steamers trailed their smoke athwart the blue of the skies; when the bayonet still played an important part in the winning or losing of battles; when flint locks had not been bred into hammerless guns; when the ring of the long ramrod was heard where now is heard the snap of the breechloader; when cannon were few and small, and when an army was complete without a telegraph corps to weave a network of wire at its rear like the tail of a comet—in those days wars were longer drawn out, the dead were not counted by the tens of thousands, as now. Hand-to-hand fighting was still to be had, and it would seem that individual valour played a greater part in the result of the conflicts than can be the case in this the day of machine-guns and electricity. So it is that, although many wars of the century saw more troops in the field and larger armies confronting one another, few indeed are more romantic in their details than that which

is known in Canadian and American history as "the War of 1812."

The opening battles of this unfortunate criminal war were fought amidst some grandest scenery of the world. A broad river—the equal of which is scarcely to be found—bore on its bosom Tecumseh, fighting for the Shawnese, and with him General Brock, to the capture of Fort Detroit. The muffled thunder of the Niagara Falls upon the ears of the soldiers who met at the shock of battle at Lundy's Lane. The veil of the falling waters and the swirl of the river fresh from its maddening plunge within sight of the battle of Queenston Heights—hills, rocks, precipitous banks, wide lakes so vast as to be rightly termed seas, forests unending.

Then, too, the world had not as yet broken itself out of its picturesque stages. Governments, governments, and people alike were in those days dependent for news of the outside world on the sailing-vessels that battled their way from port to port—a prey to adverse wind and charted currents, and unmarked rocks worse than these evils, the ever-present danger of being swooped upon by one of those of the sea, the privateer, of which vast numbers flitted to and fro on the bosom of the Atlantic. Nor were communications much less risky ashore. The courier with his coon cap, his moccasins in summer and snowshoes in winter, and flint-lock over shoulder, the forest where lurked a hundred dangers

these strange features of departed days complete the list of things that have to be never again to be. In "the War of 1812—the crisis—the "make up" of the army of defence of Canada—was such as can never be the field. For side by side with the 49th—"Green Tigers" the Americans named them at Queenston Heights for valour in battle—stood the Canadian militia made up of farmers, village artisans and clerks, fur-traders, and such-like components of an army; stood United Empire Loyalists and French-Canadians; stood Indians, Ojibwa and the younger Brant; stood, at Queenston Heights, negro slaves as freemen—all joined together to defend their country against the invading American. A heroic band, in all conscience, assembled to meet an advancing army not quite so mixed in personnel. In writing of the Battle of Queenston Heights, it will be as well to refer to the defenders of Canada as Canadians; for, notwithstanding the presence of British troops, and, in simple, the bulk of the antagonists to the Americans encountered were Canadian—Canadian white men and Canadian

unnecessary here to go into the question for "the War of 1812." But this may be said the struggle was an unpopular one in the United States. Indeed, some of the most States in the Union—States that had fought for the cause of liberty in the struggle for independence—condemned the action of the United States in declaring war on Great Britain. The Legislature of Maryland denounced the action of the Governments of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts—three of the most States in the Union—looked upon the war with so great a dislike that they at first refused their quota of troops. And many of the men in the country cried out against the war as unrighteous.

War, righteous or unrighteous, once begun, must stand by the central authority; and the full resources of the people of the United States were brought forward with the determination of attaining a success. The United States Government in so far that they had no other resources on hand at the declaration of the war were pursuing of the war. On the other hand was the state of Europe, so critical had been reached in the Napoleonic era, that Great Britain found herself with spare even secondary forces for the war

in the West. Says the historian Alison: "Three days after the declaration of war Wellington crossed the Aqueda to commence the Salamanca campaign. Six days after, Napoleon passed the Niemen on his way to Moscow at the head of 380,000 men."

All Europe was aflame. Bellona stood toe-a-tip, and flashed her naked sword across the world. The sweat ran from the brow of Britannia as she gathered her forces to grapple with the despot Napoleon. The struggle meant national life or death. Defeat could only be followed by destruction. It was at this moment that Madison, President of an English-speaking Republic, seated in the chair of authority so recently vacated by Washington, chose to strike a blow which, if successful, he knew must mean the destruction of liberty, the enthronement of despotism. That it did not succeed is to the lasting honour of the people of Canada.

Among the many strange and deplorable features of "the War of 1812," none were more remarkable than that Canada, a meagrely populated country, a poor country, and the people of which were no parties to the quarrel; a country having, in fact, everything to lose and nothing to gain, should have had thrust upon her the whole brunt of the war during the first years of its career. True, on the sea British and American frigates fought to a finish time and time again; and at the end of the war the Americans, good seamen and honourable, valiant fighters, were able to congratulate themselves on the stand they had made against the mistress of the sea. There was the crimson duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, a pounding match short and bloody, in which the *Shannon* captured the American. On the other hand, the Americans had their victories, and Perry's defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie placed the great lakes under the control of the forces of the Republic. But the real struggle lay along the Canadian border, and its object was, on the part of the United States, the conquest of Canada, and on the part of Canada the determination not to be conquered by the invaders. In this the Canadians succeeded against well-nigh overwhelming numbers.

The United States declared war on Great Britain, June 18th, 1812. Canada at once found herself on the defensive. Previous to the declaration of war, the United States had concentrated at the best strategical points large bodies of troops, and, as everything was ready, the moment the declaration of war was officially

made known, these moved on Canada. On July 12th, General Hull withdrew his army from Fort Detroit, and, there being no opposition in that part of the country, bloodlessly established himself on Canadian soil by crossing the Detroit River with his army. The initial steps of what must have appeared to the American armies an easy task—the overrunning of Canada—had been successfully taken.

The dividing line between Canada and the United States is in every way worthy of so vast

out upon the breast of the blue Ontario for some distance down the St. Lawrence the dividing line leaves the waterway and, striking off into the bush, marks the shores of the Atlantic. A waterway of lakes, rivers, thundering cession of whirlpools, unparalleled in all But this stretch of 1,700 miles was fit a frontier for the meagre population with its 4,450 regulars, to defend with Every war has its commanding



THE STE. MARIE RIVER.

a continent as North America. The extent of it, as known during the years of "the War of 1812," is one succession of mighty rivers and mightier lakes. Beginning with the greatest lake in the world (Superior), the dividing line runs through the Ste. Marie River, with its foaming rapids, at the foot of which even to this day may be seen the Red Indian in his birch-bark canoe dipping his net and sweeping the struggling white fish from the waters. Through Lake Huron, down the St. Clair River, the imaginary line runs, cutting in two the great reed marshes that stretch farther than the eye can see, the home of wild goose, duck, muskrat, and black bass; on down the majestic River Detroit into Lake Erie, then through the turbulent Niagara, plunging the Falls famous the world over, and

hero, standing out clearly among towering head and shoulders above his in-arms, and he is imposing in proportion to importance or number of the unde which it has been his fortune to part in. It may appear strange that the hero of "the War of 1812," from the Canadian at least, did not live to take more than a part in any battle of the war—in fact, he was killed by one of the earliest volleys of American soldiers in the first battle. Yet it is a fact that of all those who fell in this war there is no one who is remembered with kindly remembrance by the people of the United States nor to whom so much honour has been done as Sir Isaac Brock, who fell early in the battle of Queenston Heights.

Brock was a Guernsey man by birth, born in the same year as Wellington and Napoleon. When but fifteen years of age he joined the British army, first serving in the West Indies, and rising rapidly, he commanded the 49th Foot as senior colonel in the expedition to Holland. In 1801 he served under Lord Nelson in the

Brock himself seems to have recognised the pacific intentions of the American people, but disbelieved altogether in the honour or good faith of the men who at that time governed the States.

In 1810 General Brock established his headquarters at Fort George—a small post on the



WILD FIGHT TOOK PLACE IN THE WOODS" (P. 518).

upon Copenhagen. In 1802, he went with his regiment to Canada, and soon obtained command of all the troops in that country. He was among the very first to recognise the threatening attitude of the authorities across the border, the drilling and concentration of troops, and he at once set to work to put Canada into a more efficient state to resist invasion. But in this he had an uphill fight, for the people of Canada were loath to believe that their neighbours to the south would wilfully bring about a collision.

Canadian bank of the Niagara River, and some miles from Queenston. From this centre he paid a visit to the frontier ports, spending some time at Fort Malden and Sandwich. In 1811 the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada (Francis Gore) returned to England on leave, and Brock succeeded him in his position. So it happened that when the war was declared Brock held both civic and military command in Upper Canada.

The general direction of the campaign for the

conquest of Canada was entrusted by the Government of the United States to General Dearborn. This able soldier determined to invade Canada at three points simultaneously. General Hull, at the head of his well-equipped army of 2,500 troops, was, as has been told, stationed at Detroit, with only the broad blue river between him and Canadian soil. In all that part of Canada there were only some 300 troops, and these were stationed at Fort Malden—a small post at a point where the Detroit River flows into Lake Erie. His part of the campaign was looked upon as a foregone conclusion. He was to subdue the western peninsula of Canada, and if necessary march its length to Niagara.

Niagara was, of course, the second point of invasion. On the banks of this river, at the little village of Lewiston, General van Rensselaer assembled a force of some 4,000 or 5,000 soldiers, preparatory to crossing the river. When he finally took this step, it resulted in the battle of Queenston Heights, the death of General Brock, and the slaughter or capture by the Canadians of the whole of the American troops who crossed the river.

The third army of invasion headed for Montreal and Lower Canada. This was under the command of General Dearborn himself, and he and his army made for Canada by way of that strange waterway, famous in the annals of the cruel wars between the English and French, to wit—Lakes George and Champlain. Every schoolboy is familiar with this historic waterway, with its Fort Frederick, its Crown Point, its Ticonderoga, for has not Fenimore Cooper told the tales of the forest and the streams, and repopled the rugged country with the red man, the light-hearted *voyageur* and sturdy pioneer? Along this route General Dearborn moved his forces. Canada found herself in sore distress. Three armies to withstand, armies divided by hundreds of miles of practically uninhabited country, and each one of them consisting of almost as many troops as Canada had at her disposal altogether!

When the bad news sped through the land there were many sinking hearts, and few indeed who believed that the invasion could be for long withstood. Nevertheless, at the call for volunteers, the farmers and townsmen, tradesmen and the followers of the professions, all shouldered their guns and made off for the front. They rallied in such numbers that it was found impossible to arm them all, and many were sent back to their homes to look after the tilling of

the ground. Everyone feared that a lay ahead.

General Hull was the first to cross the river. Establishing his headquarters at Sandwich, he issued a fire-eating proclamation to the people of Canada, and did nothing. True, he made some ponderous movements against Fort Mifflin, held by the 350 regulars—these, no doubt, supported by many volunteers from the Province of Essex, a part of the country which had been settled by United Empire Loyalists and patriots who had given up their all in their way to Canada when the United States gained their independence. But soon telling General Hull received a severe reprimand. He depended for his supplies on convoys from Detroit, and these had to make their way through a wild tract of country. On the 4th of August 1812, a convoy commanded by Major Van Rensselaer was suddenly confronted by Tecumseh, the Shawnese Indians, and his followers. A fight took place in the woods, and in the end the great chief was victorious, scattering the American command and capturing the stores.

Hull had but a short time before this before the fall of Michillimackinac, thus establishing a Canadian force at his rear. And now that General Brock was hurrying from London to confront him caused the cautious Hull much fright. He at once retreated across the river and again established himself behind the walls of the defence of Fort Detroit.

When General Brock heard of Hull's retreat into Canada he lost not a moment. Gathering around him some 300 volunteers, and a handful of regulars, he marched to London on Lake Erie, and there embarked for a journey of several hundred miles in open boats, in a most pestuous weather, along a dangerous coast on the northern shore of Lake Erie. Night falling, the little force continued its dangerous journey, tossed about by the waves of the great lake. Only the sound leadership, together with the cheerful determination on the part of the officers and men alike, saved this expedition from disaster. On this remarkable journey not a man was lost.

Amherstburg was reached on the night of August 13th. The energetic Brock was with amazement when he heard of Hull's retreat; but, as he had little time to spare from the more important strategical position at Niagara—he made up his mind to storm Detroit without delay.

At Amherstburg Brock and Tecumseh met. Two clear figures of "the War of 1812"

together they planned the taking of it.

Tecumseh was, without doubt, a warrior of and craft, a fit follower of Pontiac; and him he had chiefs of sagacity and daring Wyandot Roundhead, Noonday, and w, to mention but three. These Indians, the leadership of Tecumseh, rendered in-le assistance to the Canadians in that part country. He generalled his warriors brill-on every occasion, and fell—cornered but ghting furiously, as was nt—at the Battle of the ss.

August 16th Brock sum-

Hull to surrender Fort t. Hull, having an army oo soldiers behind the works, refused. That night iseh led his warriors the river and lay in the that surrounded the post, g off all communication en the fort and the outside

Early the next morn-brock landed his force, ing of 730 regulars and , safely on the American Springwells, and march-pidly up the river bank ed before the fort. al Hull took fright. When ar-whoops of the Indians on his ear and the glint bayonet flashed in the ht, and when a bold sum-

came from Brock, without striking a blow rendered fort, army, stores—everything. found himself with 2,500 prisoners of war hands, and in possession of the key to all art of the continent, besides thirty-three of cannon and stores to a vast amount. might have happened if the aged general ade a fight of it there is no telling. The fort stronghold, well equipped, well garrisoned, he Canadian army was small in numbers. must have found his hands full had the been shut in his face instead of being flung open. For this mad surrender General was sentenced to be shot, but it is good to that this sentence was not carried out. In y he had served his country well.

ck's triumph sent a thrill of joy and pride gh Canada. Foreboding, and even de-ency, quickly gave place to hope. Success

nerved the people of Canada, and they prepared for a stubborn defence of their beautiful country.

Leaving Proctor in charge of the captured fort, Brock hastened back to Niagara to confront General van Rensselaer.

A grander setting for a battle could not well be found than Nature had prepared for the battle of Queenston Heights. This neat little town of Queenston, with its population of five hundred souls, was in the stirring days of 1812 a place of no small importance. Here were established the



depôts for all public stores brought from Lower Canada and bound for the West; here was the focus-point between the Upper and the Lower Canada—the outlet for the now rapidly-developing West. The two western forts—Erie at the juncture of Lake Erie and the Niagara River, and Malden at the mouth of the Detroit River—were both dependent upon Queenston for their stores and supplies, as were also the great tracts of countries those two forts dominated.

In those days there centred at Queenston a picturesque gathering of queer, rough people: fur-traders, merchants, Indians, *voyageurs* from Lower Canada, pioneers, soldiers, hunters—indeed, a typical frontier throng. Here the civilised East touched elbows with the barbarous West. From the West came stores of rich furs; from the East many things—including rum.

But trade is precarious: Nature alone is unchanging. The commercial glory has long since deserted the little town on the banks of the Niagara. The fur-laden canoes have drifted down the streams of Time.

The pioneer has shouldered his axe and marched into the past. But still, perched upon a ledge of the rock, Queenston looks down upon a river—deep, rapid, braided with currents, dimpled with eddies, and carrying on its bosom the bubbles born of



AMHERSTBURG.

the mammoth falls. Across this strait the banks of the American shore rise to a great height. Behind the quiet town the land heaves abruptly to a hill which commands a view of all the surrounding country. On top of this hill now stands the grandest shaft in Canada, to the memory of the general who fell in the fight below. In the distance can be seen the perpetual cloud of spray which is flung to heaven by the thundering waters of the Falls of Niagara, for these are only nine miles distant from Queenston.

The latter days of September and the opening days of October of the year 1812 were busy ones on either side of the Niagara River. Both Americans and Canadians were energetically preparing for the struggle that was inevitable. Van Rensselaer had chosen the village of Lewiston as his headquarters, and here he assembled a motley

crew, almost as diversified in its atoms as were the Canadian ranks across the river. Among the American general's 4,000 men were many strange characters—frontiersmen, trappers, bush-

men, Indian fighters, half-savage troops from the West and the South, together with New England farmers and sailors from the seaboard. These

were more or less loosely knit together by the 1,500 regulars that were under the valiant general's command.

But, do what he might, the unruly troops failed to understand a number of things—for instance, why a flag of truce should be allowed to shelter its bearer, and many other niceties which go without saying when regulars confront one another on the field of battle. However, the men, unruly or no, proved themselves brave in battle, which in the world of arms covers a multitude of sins. Those who chose to take part in the battle fought to the bitter end.

During the second week in October General van Rensselaer found himself in command of a sufficient force to warrant him in beginning operations without further delay. He chose the morning of the 11th for crossing the river. General Brock was uncertain as to which part of the river the Americans would pick upon for crossing, and had established himself in Fort George, leaving Queenston in charge of a small force under Captain Dennis. From some cause,

American general found it impracticable to land on the 11th, as he had intended, and, unfortunately for him, was under the necessity of postponing the movement until the 13th.

Now it so happened that on the 12th of October General Brock, desiring to effect an exchange of prisoners, despatched, for the purposes of negotiation, Colonel Evans across the river under the meagre protection of a single truce. When this British officer reached the American shore, he was met at the water's edge by an American officer who forbade him to land, and, after a couple of hours' delay, he was obliged to return to his commander and tell him that "Everything would be satisfactorily arranged the day after to-morrow." This strange refusal set the colonel a-thinking, and as he was mulling the matter over in his mind, trying to

At this time the only regulars at Queenston—men of the 49th—were under arrest for mutiny. These Evans at once released, as he did so by urging them to do their duty, and word was sent far and wide to the Canadian Militia, calling upon them to assemble at Queenston and Fort George. When these arrangements were completed, Colonel Evans, leaving Captain Dennis in charge, rode to inform General Brock of what he had heard, seen, and done. Brock agreed in his surmises of an attack, approved of his acts, but had his doubts as to whether the Americans would land at Queenston or no. That night the officers slept in their uniforms.

Sure enough, at two o'clock in the morning, the ominous boom of cannon awakened the garrison in Fort George. The attack on Queenston Heights had commenced.



"HE WAS MET BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER WHO FORBODE HIM TO LAND."

head or tail of such a message, his quick eyes discovered boats slung in the fissures of rocks and covered with bushes. At once he guessed that an attack was imminent. He rode back to Queenston, and, without waiting to ride the seven miles to Fort George, took matters in his own hands, and prepared for the threatened attack.

The morning was black. The wind blew cold and raw, and a drenching rain—such as, in North America, usually follows the lovely days of the Indian summer—had for days been stripping the last remaining leaves from the trees, and beating them into the sodden ground, and hurrying the laggard bird to its winter home in the south. But neither the darkness and

dampness of the morning, nor the dangers of the swirling river daunted the hearts of the American troops as they set out in silence to cross the water and to scale the heights of Queenston. Skilled navigators of the treacherous river had been pressed into service, and all things having been carefully arranged, great boats loaded with troops breasted the rapid river, and commenced to make a landing on a narrow ledge below the village of Queenston. The darkness and the silence seemed only to be increased by the lap of the swiftly flowing waters.

That night the Canadians kept a vigilant watch. Brock anticipating a crossing, and quite unable to guess at what point of the rocky shore the Americans would attempt to land, had seen to the throwing up of slight breastworks all along the river from Queenston to Fort George—a distance of seven miles; and behind each of these a handful of troops were posted and on the alert for any signs of an invasion. In the grey of the morning sharp eyes made out the boats upon the waters, and an alarm was at once sounded. Captain Dennis called to arms his two companies of the 49th, and these, together with a hundred militia, set out to oppose the landing of the forces.

The troops under the charge of Colonel van Rensselaer—a relation of the commanding general's—first encountered the Canadian forces.

The Americans effected a landing on a woe-fully narrow strip of beach, and notwithstanding that the batteries on the American side of the river swept the heights above where stood the adventurous invaders, Captain Dennis managed to bring his little band within rifle shot, and to direct his hail of bullets so well that van Rensselaer and his men were driven to take shelter behind a steep bank, where, safe from the Canadian riflemen, they awaited reinforcements, firing as best they might up the steep cliffs. But soon the boats, industriously plying across the river, had landed more and more of their comrades at different points of the shore. Not without serious loss, however, for the Canadian volunteers were splendid marksmen. Captain Dennis and his small band found themselves sorely pressed. The Americans, crouching behind the rocks on the narrow strip of shore, began to cast about for a place to scale the cliffs. They were not long in finding one to their liking.

When General Brock, away at Fort George, heard the cannonading from the direction of

Queenston, he called for his horse, and at once mounted. There seems to be little doubt that he thought the firing at Queenston a feint by the Americans, made in the hope that he would withdraw the garrison from Fort George, and that the invaders, when their expectations in this particular should be fulfilled, would land and take easy possession of the fort. Determined to find out the true state of affairs, and leaving General Sheaffe in command at headquarters, he set out, unattended, on the back of his favourite horse, Alfred, for Queenston. He rode hard. On his way he passed the Canadian volunteers hurrying on foot to the succour of their comrades at Queenston. Arriving at a favourable position for a survey of the field, a height where stood an 18-pound battery, he and his two aides-de-camp, who had now caught him up, dismounted.

Matters were going well with the defending forces. The Americans had been discovered much too early for the good of their project. Captain Dennis, with his handful of regulars and their backing of militia, doggedly confining the invaders to their original landing-place, and although lacking the necessary force to prevent a landing, still harassed the troops as they crossed the wide river. Brock swept the scene of action through his telescope. His officers and men were doing the best that could be done. That the movement on the part of van Rensselaer's troops was no feint, but a full-blooded action, was now quite apparent to Brock. That it was very unlikely to succeed should Dennis manage to hold the Americans to their strip of white sand by the margin of the swirling river until reinforcements, at that moment on the way, had time to arrive from Fort George, Chippewa, and the various breastworks on the river, must also have been the thoughts of the general who had planned, with the minutest care, the defences of the frontier. Although in van Rensselaer he had to deal with a general of a calibre altogether different from that of Hull, he could have had no more than the anxiety a good leader must always harbour as to the result of the conflict.

But a sad disappointment heralded a still more calamitous loss. At the very moment that General Brock had finished his survey of the field, and was lowering his telescope, the rattle of small-arms came down from the heights. This was immediately followed by a sweeping hail of bullets which cut into the ranks of the gallant defenders of Queenston Heights. Enemies in

There was no time for mounting. Brock and his aides, together with the charge of the battery, being hopelessly in a fire they had no power to silence, fell pell-mell to a place of safety. The day which had caused such a startling change in the aspect of affairs came from the heights.

Wool, a young American officer, finding a position on the strip of sand a far from safe one, with men falling about him and no prospect of an immediate alteration in the state of affairs, and being of a daring turn of mind, he obtained permission from his officers to attempt the scaling of the cliff, a point which seemed to him to hold the key of success. Taking with him a strong party of regulars, he began to search the face of the cliff, and was not long in discovering a path cut into the face of the rock. It had been looked upon by the Canadians as an impossible path. But Wool and his brave party turned the impossible into a most real possibility. Scaling the heights unaided by the Canadians, displaying in so singular a manner agility, coolness, and sagacity for one unused to war, he established himself in a commanding position before the American position. The disastrous volley that whistled past General Brock. This bold movement entirely changed the complexion on the Canadian position. The Canadians were now between two fires. The position of the Canadian position demanded to be driven from his dangerous hold.

Brock saw that this must be done, and at once. First despatching in hot haste to General Sheaffe, ordering him to draw the troops from Fort George, Brock then personally led the attack on the American's position. Placing himself at the head of Captain William's command of one hundred regulars, and with his own beloved Ontario Volunteers supporting, he moved towards the stronghold. After exchanging a heavy fire, he ordered a charge. The Americans, tenaciously holding their position all the while poured down the hill a well-directed fire.

Brock standing as he did quite six feet in height, dressed in the conspicuous uniform of a British officer, and in the very midst of the fight, small wonder that the men in Wool's command, good shots as frontiersmen, soon singled him out.

At the very instant the brave general raised his hand toward the height and shouted, "Push on, the York Volunteers!" a bullet struck him on the right breast, and passed completely through his body. Brock sank to the earth. Many who saw him fall ran to give him the assistance that not one of them had in his power to give. As they raised his head he had only breath left to ask that the news of his death be kept from the soldiers, so that they might not be discouraged. Then he spoke some words of his sister; but his voice was weak, his breath failing, his heart's-blood gushed from him, and those about who strained an ear were quite unable to make out his request. As his body lay wrapped in his cloak at a small house in Queenston, the cannon of the Tower of London thundered, and the bells of London rang madly and merrily. The news of Brock's capture of Detroit had, that very hour, reached the people of England. The honours that were bestowed upon him fell upon a pale, dead face.

Here let it be told to the credit of mankind that when the body of the British general was on its way to its first burial-place the American general caused his men to fire minute guns, out of respect for the dead. "The War of 1812" was conducted with peculiar cruelty. Life and property were destroyed needlessly, wantonly. But it had its moments of conscience.

The death of the leader of the Canadian forces brought the battle to a momentary lull. The nerve-centre of the army had been struck. But when the first shock of the news passed, consternation changed to fury. With an angry shout the Canadians made for the heights. However, Wool and his men were not to be driven, and the Canadians quickly sustained a second shivering blow. In the charge Brock's Provincial aide-de-camp, Macdonell, who had assumed command of the York Volunteers, fell mortally wounded.

But the losses were not all Canada's. Wadsworth and Colonel van Rensselaer, the American leaders, had fallen badly wounded. In fact, about this time so many officers were down on both sides that there came a second cessation in the fighting. The Americans had much the better of the position at this stage of the game. Wool had been reinforced, and fresh boatloads of soldiers crossed the river.

But a change was now about to take place. General Sheaffe, on whom the command devolved, was on his way to the field of action when he heard of Brock's death. He proved

to be the man for the emergency, acting with promptness and great determination. When, after a hard march, he arrived within sight of the field, matters looked black indeed for the defenders of Canada.

Sheaffe set about his task in soldier-like fashion. With the assistance of the two Indian

fighting had not long continued when W fell badly wounded, and Scott took his place. But the fatal tightening of the cordon continued, and General van Rensselaer saw unless substantial reinforcements were brought forward at once his hardy men, who, at the cost of so much blood, had gained a firm footing



"MANY A MAN LEAPED TO HIS DESTRUCTION" (p. 525).

Canadian soil, would be sent into the river. He took his place across the Niagara to hurry on the necessary reinforcements.

chiefs Brant and Norton and their warriors, 200 volunteers from Chippewa, a post some miles above the Niagara Falls, and his own 300 regulars and two companies of militia, he formed, on the brow of the heights, a cordon around the whole field, the flanks of his forces resting on the river; and taking every advantage the ground offered him, he began to narrow the semicircle, firing volleys into the now exposed forces of the States. The Americans, in turn, now found themselves taken in the rear. The

When he stepped ashore on his own side the river he found a pretty how-d'ye-do. His troops refused to cross. They were Fenian. They had not enlisted to serve out of their native land. The invaders refused to invade.

The truth of the affair seems to be that the sight of the dead and wounded brought back the camp from Queenston Heights had struck terror into the hearts of those who had remained behind, and that when their general commanded them to cross the river they fell back upon the

bted rights as Fencibles. But it was a mess for an invading general to find if in.

Rensselaer did all that he could under the instances to induce his troops to go to the nce of their comrades now clinging for dear the precipitous cliffs of Queenston Heights. o ; they refused to quit their native land. while the Canadian volunteers, now aware death of their leader, were fighting with ry of maddened tigers. The cry ran along nes "Avenge Brock!" and the Indians, ll looked upon Brock as a father, launched e air their ominous war-whoops as they here and there like evil spirits, firing with ng aim at the invaders, who in turn shout- For the honour of America!" clung to the the heights like lichen.

the core of that fatal circle the Americans : grimly, and prayed for the reinforcements ever came. As time passed the Canadians ned and tightened the circle. Soon the can officers were in difficulties ; then the lipped out of hand, and at last, with a rush Hurrah!" the Canadians were upon the ng forces. Nothing could withstand the ill charge of Sheaffe's men. Wool and n were spilt over the shoulder of the cliffs ater. Many a man with the bayonets omahawk behind him, leaped to his de- ion, falling on the rocks below or into minous silent river ; while the Indians, ted, hurled down the cliffs many that

would have fain placed themselves as prisoners in the hands of the Canadians. The carnage was horrible. The cliffs dripped with red.

When at last Scott, bearing on his sword-point a fluttering white cravat, surrendered the American army to Sheaffe, and when the Indians could be called from their slaughter—they had fought a winning fight with their wonted fury, for they hated the Americans ("Long Knives," as they called them) and were maddened by the death of Brock—General Sheaffe found himself in possession of a field slippery with blood and about 1,000 prisoners, including Major-General Wadsworth and many officers.

The number killed in this, the first great battle of "the War of 1812," will never be known. A great many men were seen to throw themselves into the river, preferring death by drowning than from the tomahawk of the red man or the bayonet of the white. One man was heard to cry significantly to a group of his fellows, "Come, men : it's better to be drowned than hanged" ; for there were many British renegades serving in the American army and navy during the years of this war. Although the Americans were severely defeated in their determined invasion, yet it is probable Canada lost more by the death of General Brock than she gained by the victory at Queenston Heights. For he was a man trained to war in the ablest school, and a leader who knew every mile of the frontier he was called upon to defend, and who was loved by his soldiers.



A CANADIAN INDIAN.

(After Sir Benjamin West, P.R.A.)



THE memory of Balaclava will always be cherished by Englishmen with peculiar pride. It is true that the great event of the day—the great central episode—was a blunder, a gigantic mistake, and that through it many brave men lost their lives. But the splendid courage of those who were sacrificed, and their unhesitating, unswerving devotion to duty, will always rank among the finest of our warlike achievements.

Everyone has heard of Lord Cardigan and his gallant light cavalry brigade: how a handful of horsemen, only a few hundreds of them, headed by their chivalrous leader, the last of the Brudenells, galloped straight into the "jaws of death." It was the order: that was enough. To hear was to obey, even although the chances of survival were altogether against them. The brigade went into action as fine a body of light cavalry as the world has ever seen—perfect in every point, precisely and beautifully arrayed; the remnant rode back by twos and threes, stricken and shattered. But they had performed their task, they had carried out the commands given, and had conquered although they had all but perished in the attempt.

There was more, however, in this Battle of Balaclava than the charge of the Light Brigade. There were many episodes, some highly creditable, one rather the reverse. The prowess of individuals was immense, but the generalship was not always of the best. Lord Raglan knew what was right, and ordered it; but his instructions were often misconstrued. For the military student the battle is full of valuable lessons, but everyone who reads it must be interested, for it tells how small a thing interposes between absolute victory and defeat.

Before describing the actual battle it will be well to consider why it was fought; what the Russians had in view; what would have happened

had it been won. For a right understanding of all this, it must be remembered that the English and French, were besieging Sevastopol and that they were posted on a plateau upland of high ground just in front of the fortress. The "left attack," or the operation on the left hand, was in the hands of the Russians, whose base, or port of supply, was at Kamissin on their left rear. The "right attack" was entrusted to the English; this right or outer flank of the whole allied army reached the heights of Inkerman, afterwards to become famous. We English drew all our supplies from Balaclava, another and a rather distant port five or six miles to the rear.

Now, in military science it is held that an army is most vulnerable along its "line of communications"; in other words, along the line by which it communicates with its base of supplies. This road is a sort of "life line"; by it munitions of war are brought up to the front, by it the wounded and all news are sent safely to the rear. It is a first and important duty with a general to protect his line of communications; and for the same reason a commander is always eager to strike at it. If he cannot do so, he must place himself athwart of it and hold it. An army which has been worsted has lost its chance of success. It must either change its front to open a new line to a new base, or it must mop up the sponge.

Well, the communications of the English at Balaclava lay within very tempting reach of the Russians. They were not actually exposed to any attempt had been made to fortify the position, but the defences were weak, and quite inadequate to resisting any determined or formidable attack. There were two lines of forts: the inner line was around Balaclava, where the ground was very difficult, and these were manned by British marines, and armed with naval guns. The

line of feeble redoubts encircling the valley; the first of them on the right, the site Kamara, was on the hill known to the Turks as "Canrobert's," the rest, numbered 1 to 6, crowned the Causeway Heights—a range of hills, across the crests of which the great Woronzoff road into Sebastopol. The forts were of weak construction—"a man might have ridden through them"—the masonry was inferior, and they were manned by Turks. They have proved themselves out soldiers, these Turks, behind earthworks properly handled and encouraged; in the coming fray they were overpowered, but not very fairly, in reputation.

Only British forces in the valley were one regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, and the 1st Cavalry, about 1,600 sabres. Lord Raglan was in supreme command of the latter;

Scarlett and Lord Cardigan, respectively commanded the Heavy and Light Brigades. The force assigned to our horsemen was largely determined by the nature of the ground: these open fields were admirably adapted for cavalry. Moreover, there was no other equally important duty for which they could be engaged, and Lord Raglan, by thus utilising them, was saved from weakening the already insufficient forces left in the siege.

Such was the situation about Balaclava. It seemed a kind of offer of a great opportunity to an able commander. Mentschikoff could lay claims to military genius, but even he had never seen the great results that might result from a successful attack upon the English communications. It has been said that no greater object in view than the destruction of an artillery park at Kadikoi. Yet he must have aimed at more than that, for the effort was imposing; the force to be employed was large—in all some 25,000 infantry, 12 squadrons of horse, and seventy-eight guns. General Liprandi the chief command was trusted, but a distinct and smaller force under General Jabrokitsky co-operated.

Lord Raglan had visited the Russian lines the day before the action, and brought back news of the threatened attack. Lord Raglan was duly alarmed, but he gave no orders, took no step to meet it, for he had been misled by spies. But as day broke on the morning of the 25th, there could be no longer any doubt as to the Russian intentions. As the light grew, it revealed to our cavalry, which had been in the valley an hour before dawn, the

signal flying on Canrobert's Hill that the enemy was advancing. There could be no longer any mistake. Lord Raglan forthwith despatched his son and aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, who at once turned and rode to a commanding point called the Col, where he saw the approaching columns with his own eyes, and was able to measure the probable scope of the impending attack. He could not trust his cavalry to face it alone; he knew the Turks were too few to resist long, so he sent orders to the first and fourth divisions, those of the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart, to move down into the plain and assist in the defence of Balaclava. He forbade the cavalry to move until the infantry arrived, for he was at this time in hope that a general action might be imminent, to be fought by all arms. A weighty and decisive struggle might, perhaps, settle the fate of Sebastopol without a protracted siege. General Canrobert did not share his views in this respect, and Lord Raglan himself was doomed to be bitterly disappointed before the day was done.

Meanwhile the Russians had come on with all speed. They were in three great masses: one on their left, coming from Kamara, was destined to storm Canrobert's Hill; the second, in the centre, was to move up against the five redoubts on the Causeway Heights; the third, under General Jabrokitsky, was holding the right upon the Fedioukhine Heights. They made short work of the Turks. The single battalion which held Canrobert's Hill showed a firm front, but it was shattered by a fierce artillery fire, which disabled guns and decimated the Turkish ranks. Five Russian battalions went up to the assault, while six more were in support. The attack was overwhelming; the slaughter terrific: 170 were killed out of 500, and the Russians became masters of the redoubt by half-past seven a.m.

By this time the middle columns were close upon the Causeway Heights, threatening them with another attack so menacing and irresistible that the rest of the Turks began to waver. They had seen the overthrow of their comrades; there were no supports at hand, and panic at once possessed them. Without any pretence at standing firm they streamed away to a man, in full flight across the plain to the rear, even before the redoubts were stormed. Nothing stayed them. A Scotch soldier's wife, who met them as they ran, belaboured all she could reach with a broomstick. Still they ran on, until by voice and gesture, Captain Tatham, of the Royal

Navy arrested some of the fugitives, and ranked them up in some disorder behind the 3rd.



GENERAL SCARLETT.

The time had come for the Highlanders to show of what stuff they were made. So far the fight had gone against the allies: its first episode was a disastrous defeat. Now the Russian cavalry, in great strength, a fine mass of horsemen, numbering 3,000, eager to avenge their inactivity at the Alma, were approaching the Causeway Heights, and nine squadrons had already debouched into the south valley. The road seemed open all the way to Balaklava, save for one obstacle—the famous “thin, red line” of history. This was the 3rd Highlanders, and not quite all of them, standing two deep, not in square, the traditional formation in which to “receive cavalry.” Brave old Sir Colin Campbell, the brigadier, was with the regiment in person—a host in himself; yet these brave defenders of Balaklava only numbered 550 souls all told. There was also a battalion of Turks on each flank; but they could not bear to face the coming peril, and long before the Russians got near the Turks dissolved, turned tail, and ran straight for the port, crying in English—“Ship! ship!”

Whatever resistance was to be made depended now on the “thin, red line.” Sir Colin, as was usual with him, spoke a few words of warning and encouragement. “Remember, men,” he cried, as he rode along the line, “remember there is no retreat from here. You must die where you stand.” Quite equal to the occasion, the gallant Highlanders, cheering, replied, “Ay, ay, Sir Colin: we’ll do just that.” By this time the line had been withdrawn

a little behind a rising hillock, and lay down, just to screen themselves from enemy’s artillery fire. On and on came Russian cavalry, until suddenly the Highlanders rose to their feet, and would have charged; this would have been a very hazardous proceeding, Sir Colin sternly checking it. It stood quite firm, fired a volley, which sent many saddles, and the Russians, having to go further forward, hesitated, halting presently retired in disorder. The defence of the Highlanders alone had sufficed to check back the attack.

Meanwhile the main body of the cavalry had pressed on to the Causeway, and now came a fresh episode in the battle—the first cavalry encounter. This gallant exploit of Scarlett’s brigade of cavalry has never been sufficiently appreciated simply because it has been eclipsed by the brilliancy of the more hare-brained attack that followed.

At this time Scarlett’s brigade was in position towards the east. It had been ordered by Raglan some time previously to come to the support of the already fugitive Turks. It was on the march with his six squadrons when he suddenly became aware of the presence



LORD CARDIGAN.

Russian cavalry upon his left, just appearing over the heights above him. His regi-



THE THIN RED LINE.

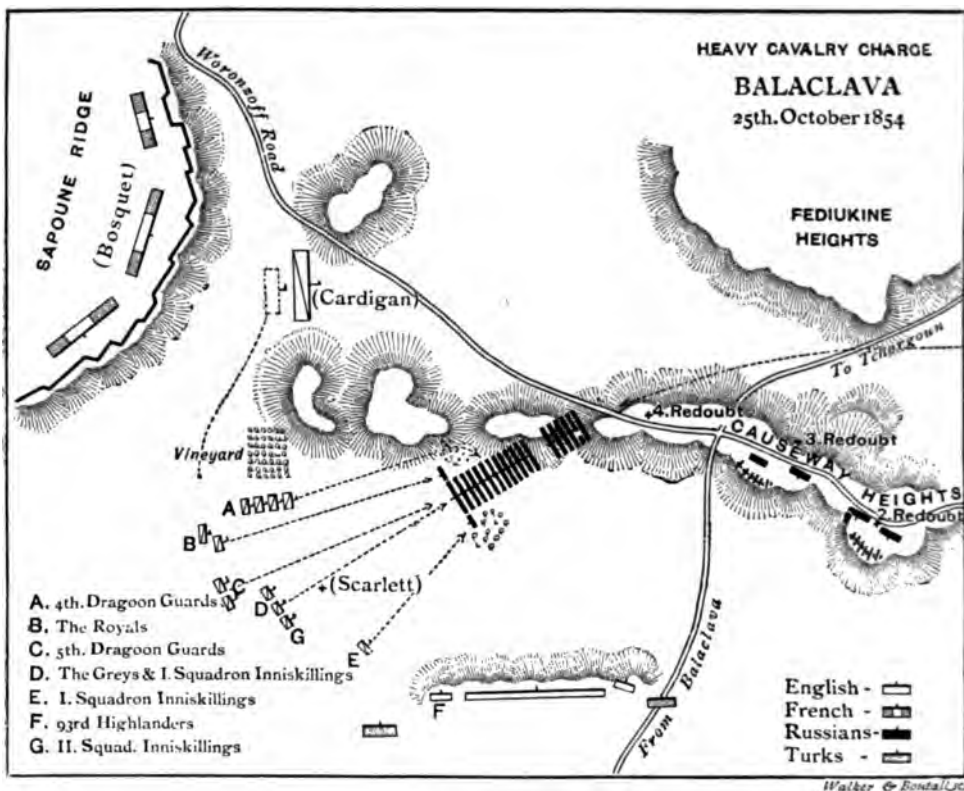
(Painted by Robert Gibb, R.S.A. By permission from the Engraving published by A. Ramsden, Esq., 9, Argyll Street, W.)

were in two parallel columns: on the inner, nearest the enemy, were one squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the Scots Greys; on the outer another squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Further to the rear were the Royal Dragoons and the Fourth Dragoon Guards.

Scarlett's decision was instantly formed. The Russian cavalry—we must not forget there were about 3,000 of them—was halted, a great, inert mass, just in the condition to invite

What the fight was may be judged from the that the general received five wounds and A Elliot received fourteen.

One squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons followed Scarlett in the front line; with them came two squadrons of the Scots Greys—regiments that have ever been close comrades and friends. On each flank behind rode in a second line a second squadron of the Inniskillings and the 5th Dragoon Guards; in extension of the last named were the 1st or Royal Dragoons.



attack. Without a moment's hesitation, the English general wheeled the first column into a line, a short line composed of barely 300 sabres, and charged. The second column also formed into line and came on in support. Scarlett himself, a fine old man with snow-white moustaches, who rode straight and sat strong in his saddle, headed the charge; his aide-de-camp, Alick Elliot, a bold sabreur, who had seen much fighting in India, galloped by his side; close behind came the general's trumpeter and his orderly: and these four brave men—general, lieutenant, and two private troopers—crashed first and alone into the middle of the enemy's heavy column, where they were at once engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, sword against sword.

As our gallant "heavies" raced forward, eager to overtake their chivalrous leader, who was already in the thick of the fight, the Russian cavalry advanced a little, but had no heart for and halted irresolute, their very numbers being to encumber and confuse them. The impulse of our charging horsemen carried all before. "There was a clash and a fusion as of a meeting wave," the combatants joined issue. "swords rose and fell," then almost in a moment the vast mass of Russian cavalry broke up into three thousand conquered by eight hundred and, turning, fled fast and in great disorder from the field.

This "truly magnificent charge," as it was called by a French general who was present

most glorious thing" he ever saw, won universal admiration from all. The enormous and unhesitating promptitude of the attack, the valour, enterprising courage shown in the assault, roused the spectators—of whom there were thousands of both armies and all arms—into enthusiasm. Sir Colin, clannish as he was, came at once to his dear countrymen, and, turning, apostrophised them thus: "Greys, my Greys, I am sixty-one years of age, but I feel young again I should be proud to serve in your ranks." Lord Raglan showed his appreciation by despatching an aide-de-camp with a message of congratulation to Scarlett, which he delivered in the simple words, "Well done."

Now the mistakes began. The first was the neglect of Lord Cardigan (who commanded the Light Brigade) to make Scarlett's victory decisively decisive. The broken Russian cavalry, retreating, passed within easy striking distance of Cardigan's splendid and still untouched force.

Cardigan acted now with vigour the enemy must have been completely annihilated. He held 700 horsemen ready, within a quarter of a mile. Yet he never moved a man, nor made any attempt.

His excuse was that his commanding officer, the divisional general, Lord Lucan, had not given him with precise instructions to remain on the defensive. Lord Lucan subsequently denied this strenuously. He admitted that Lord Cardigan was expected to defend the position he held, but he declares that he expressly told Cardigan not to attack anything and everything "that was within reach of him. The ordinary rules of war, if properly interpreted by Lord Cardigan, were against him. Defence or no defence, it was his bounden duty to improve the occasion.

The Russian cavalry, which had been scattered by Cardigan, should have been wrecked and ruined by Cardigan. But with obstinate adherence to his duty the latter remained where he was, and the enemy was suffered to escape.

What was to follow. Lord Raglan, who from the heights above saw the whole performance, was much chagrined by the inactivity of the Cavalry, and sought by despatching Lord Lucan with orders to correct it. He first directed Lord Lucan to use Cardigan's brigade in retreating along the Causeway Heights, of which the Russians by their retreat were losing hold. Lord Lucan did nothing of the kind. He told himself that the operation was one for retreat, or for combined action, the cavalry in support of infantry, and till that could be effected he did not move. The infantry, however,

through the independence, not to say insubordination, of General Sir George Cathcart, did not arrive; and so for half an hour the still uninjured Light Cavalry paused, and a great and golden opportunity was lost.

The next step taken by the Russians stimulated Lord Raglan to issue another and more decisive order. It seemed as though the enemy, by bringing up horse teams, intended to carry off the guns captured in the Turkish redoubts. This must be prevented, and Lord Raglan felt that it could be done most quickly by the cavalry. So he sent Captain Nolan—a brave soldier whose name is indissolubly connected with the catastrophe that followed—with a fresh message to Lord Lucan. It was an order in writing, "directing the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns."

These guns were on the high ground above. Lord Lucan could not see them, or what the Russians were doing, and he accordingly did not understand the order. Some critics say now that its wording should have been more precise and explicit. Anyhow, Lord Lucan misinterpreted it, and got into his head that the guns meant were the Russian guns in action firing at them, and that the "advance" ordered was against those guns. He protested; such an attack would be useless, mad, and while he still hesitated to obey Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, chafing at the delay, broke in with the words—"Lord Raglan orders that the cavalry should attack immediately." Nettled by this, as he thought, implied impertinent rebuke from a junior officer, the Lieutenant-General hotly retorted: "Attack, sir! Attack what?" Nolan, with a wave of the hand, made, according to Lord Lucan, in the direction of the battery at the end of the valley, said: "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns." Whether or not this was what Nolan intended we shall never know, for he was killed very shortly afterwards. But the general belief nowadays is that, as he had just left Lord Raglan and the high ground, he meant something very different.

The terrible mistake was now set going, and the mischief speedily increased. Lord Lucan, having misconstrued his orders, and declining to exercise his own judgment in correcting them, rode over to where Lord Cardigan sat at the head of the Light Brigade, and told him to advance down the valley. Lord Cardigan did not actually demur. "Certainly," he said; "but allow me to point out that there is a battery in

front of us and guns and riflemen on either flank." "I know it," replied Lord Lucan; "but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey." Then Lord Cardigan, without hesitation, bowed before the fiat, and quietly turning round, cried out, "The brigade will advance."

He was going, and all that rode with him, to almost certain destruction.

It is the proud privilege of the cavalry leader, as I have shown in the case of General Scarlett, to ride in the forefront of the battle, to be the "first man in" when charging. Lord Cardigan, whatever his tactical skill, was undoubtedly as "brave as a lion"—Lord Raglan's own words—and he at once placed himself alone well in advance of his staff and of the squadrons that followed him. The regiments in the first line were the 13th Hussars and the 17th Lancers; the latter were supported by the 11th Hussars; in a third line came Lord George Paget with the 4th and the 8th Hussars. Lord Cardigan sat tall and erect in his saddle—a noble figure—on a thoroughbred chestnut horse; a couple of horses' lengths behind him rode his aide-de-camps, Maxse and Sir George Wombwell. So the gallop began in the Valley of Death—a splendid act of devoted heroism.

It was the order, and it had to be obeyed. Almost at the start a strange incident occurred, and the whole mischance, but for cruel fate, might have been avoided. Captain Nolan rode suddenly across the front of the advancing brigade, and greatly to Lord Cardigan's indignation, seemed to be interfering with the command, shouting and waving his sword, as though he, and not the general, was at its head. The action and the gesture were not then understood; but by the light of what followed we may easily interpret them. Nolan had seen from the direction of the charging squadrons that they were going desperately wrong. He knew that they should be making for the Causeway Heights, not for the end of the valley, and he hoped by this violent indication to correct their mistake. Alas! his intention was speedily and prematurely foiled. While he was still pointing out the right road, a fragment of a shell struck him in the breast, and killed him on the spot. Yet after death he still sat erect, until his horse, feeling no hand about his bit, wheeled round and galloped home. Then the inanimate corpse dropped, and was dragged some distance along the ground.

There was no hope now of arresting the

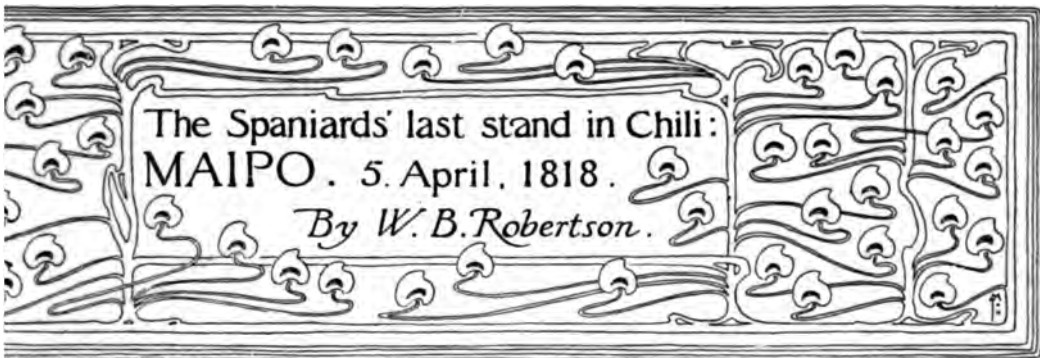
horsemen in their glorious but mad charge. "Led by Lord Cardigan," says Sir E. Hamley, who was an eye-witness of the charge, "the lines continued to advance at a trot, and in a minute or two entered the fire, where the air was filled with the rattle of shot, the bursting of shells, and the muffled roar of bullets, while amidst the infernal din the work of destruction went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to the ground." The fire came from the guns on the flanks; presently the brigade was near enough to be decimated by the battery in front; but, nothing daunted, the survivors increased their pace, and in at last among the guns. The Russian ranks were cut down as they served them. Knots of Englishmen charged straight at masses of the enemy's cavalry and forced their retreat. The struggle went on hand to hand between the many and the still undaunted until the latter had almost melted away.

Then all that was left of the Light Brigade emerged from the smoke of the battle, and survivors came dropping back by twos and threes across the plain. Two small bodies only showed any signs of coherence. About seventy men of the 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars kept together in formation, and cut their way home through three squadrons of Russian Lancers; another party of about the same strength, of the 4th and 11th Hussars, were led out by Lord George Paget, and overcame an intercepting force of Russians. But after the charge no light cavalry regiment existed as such; all were practically destroyed. Out of some 673 men, 247 were killed or wounded; and almost all the horses were killed. This was the murderous work not more than twenty minutes in all, including the start, the struggle, and the retreat.

Lord Cardigan—who had been the first to enter the battery, and who had used his sword with splendid prowess—survived to see the consequences of his "heroic but self-destructive exploit." The error was plain, but the deed was so splendid that it could not be severely condemned. Lord Raglan was, of course, cut to the heart by the loss of his cavalry Light Brigade. He reproved Lord Cardigan angrily, asking how he dared attack a battery in front "contrary to all the usages of war"; still he could not withhold his admiration of the charge, which he characterised as the finest thing that was ever attempted. French general Bosquet, who saw it from the rear, said of it that it was magnificent,



THE HEAVY CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.
(From the painting by Major Elliot, by permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Pall Mall, W.)



NE fine September afternoon in the year 1816 a squadron of cavalry might have been seen pursuing its leisurely way in a southerly direction along the western slopes of the Andes. It had set out from Mendoza, and its destination was that of San Carlos, where on the morrow singular proceedings were to commence. The head rode General San Martin, and in the rear followed a number of baggage mules heavily laden. These carried 120 goatskins of brandy, 300 skins of wine, large quantities of spurs, bridles, and such-like trappings, and handkerchiefs, all the embroidered and pressed that the patriotism of Buenos Ayrean had induced them to part from, glass and other trinkets—all destined for present to the Pehuenche Indians, whom General San Martin had invited to a conference. At eight o'clock next morning the Pehuenches, in full war-paint, began to appear in front of the fort. Each chief rode at the head of his warriors, and was met by an escort of Buenos Ayrean cavalry, who kept up an irregular fire with their carbines as they rode on to the esplanade in front of the fort. Here the women and children, who formed the rear of their several tribes, filed off without dismounting took up a position on the east side of the square. When it was ascertained that all the tribes were present, a series of sham fights began, in which only the warriors of one tribe engaged at a time, vying with each other in displaying skill in the arts of savage warfare. As they galloped, curvetted, and pranced through various manœuvres, they presented to the human eye a somewhat grotesque spectacle. Their long hair was unconfined, their bodies, from the waist, were painted with different colours, and the bodies of their steeds were

also stained and in full fighting costume. At intervals of six minutes a gun was fired from the fort, and this salute was answered by the Indians slapping their mouths with their open palms, and making other signs and noises expressive of their satisfaction at the honour that was being bestowed upon them.

By noon all the tribes had severally participated in these mimic acts of warfare, and then the real business of the conference began. The chiefs, leaving their warriors drawn up and still under arms on the esplanade, proceeded into the fort, and took their seats in the order of seniority at a long table. At the head of the table sat General San Martin, flanked on one side by the governor of the fort, and on the other by Father Julian—a Franciscan friar who was there as interpreter. It was soon explained to the assembled chiefs that all that General San Martin wished of them was permission to pass unmolested with his army through their territory on his way to Chili "to attack the Spaniards, who were strangers in the land, and whose intentions were to dispossess them of their pastures, their cattle, their wives, and their children." It was also enjoined upon the savages that they were expected to keep the projected route of the liberating army a secret from the Spaniards, otherwise the latter would be able to fall upon it in the mountain passes and annihilate it.

Dead silence now fell upon the assembly, the painted savages wearing the appearance of sages wrapped in the profoundest meditation. By-and-by one after another, quietly and without interruption, gave expression to his views, and in the end it was discovered that the Pehuenches agreed to grant San Martin's request. All now rose and successively embraced the general in token of the friendship that had just been established between them. On the result of the

conference being communicated to the Indians outside, these at once unsaddled and surrendered their horses to the care of members of the garrison. They next deposited their arms—lances, hatchets, and knives—in the barrack-room, so that the carousals they were now about to enter upon might be attended with consequences as little serious as possible.

We shall not stay to depict the frightful excesses the Indians now indulged in. On the fourth day San Martin's presents were distributed amongst them, and of these the hats and embroidered dresses, which they put on the moment they received them, seemed to please them most. For two weeks the drunken orgie was kept up, and then the Pehuenches returned to their tents as they came forth—empty-handed except for their arms. All San Martin's presents had gone back to Mendoza in the hands of dealers, to whom they had been bartered for spirits!

Meanwhile San Martin had long left for the headquarters of his army, and was busily engaged in completing what has been described as one of the most extraordinary feats recorded in military history—to wit, the organisation of the Army of the Andes. With his eyes upon their snow-clad summits he had said:—"What spoils my sleep is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains." And now for two years he had been unceasingly labouring to rival the achievements of Hannibal and Napoleon in crossing the Alps—not for the mere sake of rivalling them, but for the purpose of liberating Chili from the Spanish army then occupying her. As his final instructions from the Buenos Ayrean Government said: "The consolidation of the independence of America from the kings of Spain and their successors, and the glory of the United Provinces of the South, are the only motives of this campaign. This you will make public in your proclamations, by your agents in the cities, and by all public means. The army must be impressed with this principle, and shall have no thought of pillage, oppression, or of conquest, or that there is any idea of holding the country of those we help."

In addition to the difficulty of passing "those immense mountains" that shut him out from Chili, there was the danger of meeting a prepared and expectant foe, entrenched on chosen ground, with all the means at its command of hurling destruction upon his army while on the march. It was to overcome this danger that San Martin had with so much circumstance, as

already described, cultivated the friendship of the Pehuenche Indians. There were six kn practicable passes for him to lead his army Chili by, and of these the Pehuenches commanded the entrance to the most southerly the easiest, viz. El Portillo and El Plan. By these, as we have seen, he had asked and received permission from the Indians to by these, too, he gave out to his most int adherents he intended to go, telling them, moreover, that he had made arrangements with Indians to supply cattle and provisions to army while on the march. Yet was all simply a *ruse*. As he foresaw, the Pehuen soon sold his secret to the Spaniards, with result that President Captain-General M who commanded the Spanish army in transferred the greater part of his forces the north to Talca and San Fernando. splitting up of the royalist army was pre what San Martin desired, and to keep up deception he sent bands of light troops by southern passes, while the main army labo in safety across the passes of Uspullata and Patos.

It was on the 17th of January, 1817, the famous Army of the Andes broke up cantonments and marched from Mendoza. Previous to its departure an impressive ceremony took place. General San Martin ascended a platform that had been erected in the square of Mendoza, and, waving the flag which had been embroidered by the ladies of the town, said:

"Soldiers! This is the first independent army which has been blessed in America.

"Soldiers! Swear to sustain it, and to defend it, as I swear to do."

"We swear!" was the response that came from thousands of tongues, followed by a tremendous discharge of musketry. Then a salute was fired from twenty-five guns to the new flag, which was destined to play so important a part in the redemption of South America, and which ultimately served as a funeral pall to the body of the great commander who had now presented it to his army.

That army when it set forth was made up of the following:—2,800 infantry mounted on mules, with a spare mule to every five men, and baggage mules; 200 chiefs and officers on mules, with three saddle mules and one baggage mule to every two officers, and two baggage mules to every chief; 900 cavalry and artillery men, with three saddle mules for every two

baggage mules for every 50 men ; 60 officers of cavalry and artillery, with mules and 40 baggage mules ; staff, saddle and 46 baggage mules ; hospital attendants, with 47 saddle and 75 mules ; company of artificers, with tools,

500,000 musket ball cartridges, 180 loads of spare arms, with 87 saddle and 683 baggage mules ; spare horses for cavalry and artillery, 1,600. Besides the foregoing, which comprised the main army, flanking parties were sent up by the mountain passes to the north and south of



"IT BECAME NECESSARY TO MAKE A STAND" (P. 539).

and 30 baggage mules ; 120 workmen, elements to render mountain tracks 80 saddle and 10 baggage mules ; 1,200 charge of spare mules and the trans-artillery, 1,800 saddle mules ; provisions for 5,200 men, 510 baggage mules ; of wine (rations being a bottle per day), 113 baggage mules ; train conducting ridge, grapples, etc., 65 baggage mules ; of artillery, 110 rounds per gun,

Los Patos and Uspullata, to pursue a guerilla warfare and mislead the enemy on the subject of San Martin's route.

The provisions of the Army of the Andes were comprised mainly of jerked beef highly seasoned with capsicum, toasted Indian corn, biscuit, cheese, large quantities of onions and garlic. The latter was a necessity against the *puna* or *soroche*—a peculiar disease that affects men and animals at these high altitudes. It was

administered to the horses and mules by being rubbed on their nostrils. Another part of the fifteen days' provisions was taken in the shape of 700 oxen, which marched with the army, and were slaughtered as required. At distances apart of twelve leagues stocks of provisions were left in depôts in charge of small guards of militia. These were, in case of defeat, to save the remnant that might succeed in making good their escape, from starvation during their retreat. Every precaution notwithstanding, nearly the whole army became affected with *puna*, and many died. The intense cold, too, of the higher altitudes, near the line of everlasting snow, killed many more. Even the mules, than which no hardier beast of burden is known, dropped hourly under their loads, so that their carcasses were continuously in sight along the whole line of march. Out of the 1,600 horses, too, whose sole business it was simply to transport themselves, and of whom the greatest care was taken, that their usefulness in time of action might in no wise be impaired, not more than 500 survived to tread Chilian territory.

The army, as we have already remarked, left Mendoza on the 17th January, 1817. On the 24th its leading files entered the mountain passes. It was arranged in three divisions, each of which was entirely independent of the others. Two of these divisions went by Los Patos, the first under General Soler, and the second, a day's march in the rear, under General O'Higgins; while the artillery, under General Las Heras, took the pass next to Los Patos on the south—the Uspullata pass, which was easier and more suited for the transit of heavy guns and ammunition. General San Martin himself went by the pass of Los Patos. The whole army was under orders to debouch on Chilian territory from the 6th to the 8th of February.

An interesting insight is here obtainable into San Martin's strategy. We have seen how cleverly, through the instrumentality of the Pehuenches, he had induced the Spanish general to divide his forces. The consequence was, on issuing into Chilian territory, he had less than half the Spanish army to oppose his advance. "March separately, strike combined," was the famous dictum of a later strategist, the renowned Moltke. So far as the nature of the territory would permit, San Martin had marched separately. His separate marching divisions, however, like separate parts of a machine packed up for transit, had to be put together before a general engagement could be entered upon.

To understand in an elementary way how accomplished this it will suffice for the moment to imagine a lofty mountain with an arête on one side of it. The different divisions of an army are winding round the base of this mountain in opposite directions, and with the intention of meeting where the enemy is stationed. What happens? The enemy cannot remain stationary there, else it will be between two fires. He must retire from the mountain base. It does so. The different divisions of the other army meet their forces, draw up in order of battle, and win the victory.

Such in bald outline is the strategy that won the battle of Chacabuco. The lofty mountain was the great peak of Aconcagua. Round its northern side ran the Los Patos road, the pass by which the divisions of Generals Soler and O'Higgins had come; on its southern side ran the Uspullata road, the pass by which the artillery under General Las Heras had come. These forces converged upon Chacabuco, on February the 12th, less than a month from the time of its leaving Mendoza, the Army of the Andes had totally routed the only obstacle that lay between it and Santiago, the capital of Chile, which it entered in triumph on the 18th. Had Chacabuco been more vigorously followed, the Spaniards might have been entirely expelled from Chile. As it was, they were able to collect their scattered forces and retired upon Talcahuano, whence by no effort on the part of the Patriots could they be driven out.

With this firm footing still in the south of Chile, the Spaniards prepared to make a supreme effort to regain their former mastery. A new expedition was accordingly fitted out by the Viceroy of Peru, which was still under Spanish dominion, and, under the command of General Osorio, Pezuela's son-in-law, sailed from Callao on December 9th, 1817. This expedition comprised three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, twelve pieces of artillery, and with the gunboat at Talcahuano, where it disembarked, mounted a total strength of 6,000 men. With this force General Osorio began to advance northward towards Santiago. Generals O'Higgins and Las Heras, who had laid unsuccessful siege to Talcahuano and were still in that quarter, now fell back towards Talca, while San Martin, whose army had been encamped near Valparaiso, marched southwards to form a junction with them. He accomplished this on the 15th of March, 1818, at San Fernando, and found the united force under his command to amount to 7,000 infantry.

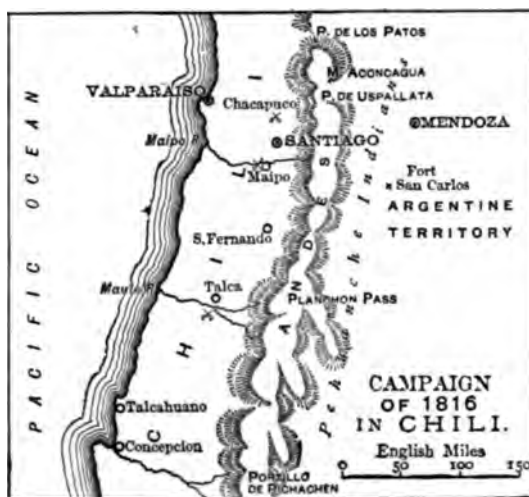
cavalry, 33 field pieces, and 2 howitzers. Thus the superiority in point of numbers was on the side of the Spaniards. Osorio's troops, however, were professional soldiers, while the main body of the Patriot army were merely civilians with more than a year's experience of actual fighting.

San Martin now advanced southward to meet the Spaniards, while Osorio, ignorant of the numbers and movements of the united army, crossed the Maule in his northward march upon Santiago. The armies consequently soon met. As on March 18th, at Quechereguas, the Royalist vanguard, being worsted in the encounter with the Patriot advance, Osorio precipitated a retreat. San Martin now pressed forward upon the retiring Spaniards, aided by an oblique movement to his own right, interposing between them and the ford of Maipo. Next morning both forces crossed the river Lircay at the same time at points miles apart, and continued to march all day nearly parallel but gradually approaching each other. In the afternoon Osorio's rear was so harassed by the Patriot cavalry, under General Balcarce, that it became necessary to make a stand. This was done an hour before dawn when Osorio wheeled into line.

Osorio's position was now a strong one. His rear rested on Talca, his left on the river Maipo, while his front was defended by a broken and uneven ground, known as the Cancharayada. A sharp skirmishing now ensued, but the coming twilight deferred all thought of a general action. Meanwhile the Royalist generals, seeing the Patriots through the gloom from the watch-tower of Talca, held a council of war. The pusillanimous Osorio advised a stealthy retreat in the night. General Ordoñez, however, refused this, pointing out the peril of such a retreat with the deep and rapid Maule behind and a superior foe in front. "In instant death," said he, "is our only safety. If you will not lead us, I myself will lead." His officers agreeing with Ordoñez, Osorio fled to a convent to pray, leaving Ordoñez in command. The latter now drew up in line of battle, placing cavalry on his wings and artillery in intervals between the different battalions, and marched straight upon the beacon fires of the Patriot vanguard.

While San Martin, who had been warned of what was going on in the Royalist camp, dissatisfied with his position, had ordered detachments of Chilean artillery from his front

to his extreme right. While this manoeuvre was still in performance, the Patriot outposts raised the alarm that the enemy was upon them, and almost immediately the Royalist right, led by Ordoñez himself, charged. Something in the nature of panic now overtook the Patriots. O'Higgins had his horse shot beneath him, and received a bullet in the elbow. In the confusion the Patriots shot many of their own friends. San Martin, at whose side an aide-de-camp was killed, tried to restore order. It was all in vain, and he was obliged to retire, followed by O'Higgins with the remnant of his division. Meanwhile the Patriot right, still entrenched in their secure position, were in utter ignorance of



what had occurred, and awaited orders. These, however, never came, so the officers held a council of war and put themselves under Las Heras. That brave general now found himself in command of 3,500 men, but without cavalry and without ammunition for his guns. Placing his guns in the centre, and forming his infantry into one compact column, he began his retreat soon after midnight.

Meanwhile, fugitives from the Patriot army fled with the speed of the wind to Santiago. Here their fears enlarged the disaster that had befallen. Everything, according to them, was lost. The entire army was dispersed, San Martin was slain, O'Higgins was mortally wounded, and the Spaniards were in full march upon the capital. Consternation now ensued. The people, in dismay and terror, began to move their valuables to convents and nunneries, and such places as they thought likely to be respected in the pillage and devastation soon to be wrought by the Spanish army. Many fled; those that could

not were frantic with terror. The Government officials, likewise—who are eager to fill lucrative offices in times of peace, and whose duty it was to restore confidence—shared, and thereby added to, the general disorder, thinking only of the public treasure, not as a treasure for the public good, but as a treasure from which

Martin arrived, to make a stand against Spanish advance on the plain of Maipo, a seven miles south of the city. The work of assembling the fugitives and reorganising army was instantly proceeded with, and March 28th Las Heras came up with the division he had conducted in so masterly a manner



THE USPULLATA PASS.

they must not be separated, and began to move it away with their own worthless bodies, until they were obliged to return by the timely arrival of San Martin and O'Higgins, whose exertions and vigorous measures soon brought the panic-stricken inhabitants back to their sober senses.

Everyone now felt that the supreme moment was arriving, and that, if the cause of South American independence was to be saved, it must be saved now. It was immediately decided, at a council of war held the same day on which San

the almost fatal field of Cancharayada. In a few days more the recently dispersed army was organised and ready for action. It comprised 10 battalions of Chilean and four of Argentine infantry, making a total of 4,000 men; two regiments of Argentine and one of Chilean cavalry numbering 1,000; and 22 guns. The entire strength did not exceed 6,000 men. The Spanish forces numbered about the same. On April 2nd they encamped on the left bank of the river Maipo. On the 3rd, having left the

Santiago and crossed the river lower encamped at Calera. Thence, on advanced to the estate of Espejo, house of which Osorio established quarters. Close at hand lay the Patriot both sides it was clear that a fight

of the battle that we are about to plain named after the River Maipo, the Andes, and, after an impetuous

hillock which acted for the Royalist left as a kind of advanced work.

General San Martin had his army arranged in three divisions, facing south-west—the first division under General Las Heras on the right, the second under General Alvarado on the left, and the third as a reserve, in a second line, under Quintana. The brave O'Higgins, still suffering from his wound, had to content himself with remaining in command of the garrison of Santiago.



"THE DIVISION UNDER ALVARADO WAS CROSSING THE LOW GROUND" (P. 542).

o miles, enters the Pacific forty-four miles south of Valparaiso. Towards this extends from Santiago a stretch of on whose crest was encamped the . In front of the western extremity a stretch of low ground lying between high land appears again in the shape of a triangular patch. On this triangular patch, while behind, and a little behind the western angle, was the farmhouse connected with the higher ground by a road shut in by vineyards and mud low ground between the two opposed armies varied from 300 to 1,250 yards in was hemmed in on the west by a

San Martin kept the cavalry and reserve under his own orders, besides directing the general operations. After issuing minute instructions as to the conduct of the troops in action—specially enforcing that on no account were they to await a charge from the enemy, but at fifty paces distant should rush forward to the attack with sword or bayonet—he rode to the front, attended by a small escort, to examine the position and movements of the enemy.

"What dolts these Spaniards are!" he exclaimed, after a careful scrutiny which disclosed to his keen eye a weakness in their position. "Osorio is a greater fool than I thought him. I take the sun as witness that the day is ours."

And, while he was yet speaking, the sun shone forth from a clear sky over the snow-capped ridges of the Andes.

Another incident that occurred later, while the Patriot columns were advancing from their camping ground, was the degradation and dismissal of a leading officer before the whole army. Marshal Brayer, who had been the nimblest to get back to Santiago after the disaster of Cancharayada and the foremost to magnify it, rode up to San Martin and made the preposterous request that he be permitted to go to the baths of Colina.

"You have the same permission," replied the general quietly, "that you took at Cancharayada. But as half an hour will decide the fate of Chili, the enemy being in sight, and as the baths are thirteen leagues off, you may stay if you can."

Brayer, complaining of an old wound in his leg that he said was causing him pain, answered that he couldn't stay. This fairly nettled San Martin, who, turning upon him sharply, said—

"Señor general, the humblest drummer in the united army has more honour than you!"

Then following up this severe reproof, he instantly issued orders that every soldier in the army be informed that Marshal Brayer, the general of twenty years of warfare, was that moment dismissed for unworthy conduct.

On reaching the edge of the high land on which they had been encamped, the Patriots were drawn up in order of battle, with four heavy guns in the centre, light pieces and cavalry on the wings, and the reserve two hundred yards behind.

The Royalists commenced the game. Primo de Rivera was sent by Osorio with eight companies of infantry and four guns to occupy the hillock that formed the western boundary of the low ground between the armies. From here he could effectively attack the Patriots in their right flank if they crossed the low ground. His connection with the main army was maintained by a body of cavalry, under Morgado. The main army still occupied the triangular table land; two infantry divisions, with four guns each, and cavalry on the extreme right.

The next move was made by San Martin, who ordered the two divisions under Las Heras and Alvarado to attack the enemy. Las Heras, it will be remembered, occupied the Patriot right, and so had Primo de Rivera to oppose. To this end he resolutely advanced to an intervening

hill under the fire of Rivera's four guns. These were playing upon Las Heras the on the Patriot right, charging Morgado him and his horsemen from the field. He was thus isolated from the main body; that Las Heras had to do was to keep and to check his advance.

Meanwhile, the division under Alvarado, crossing the low ground, its right flank no longer in danger from Rivera, who were now full, in consequence of the loss of Las Heras, and the dispersion of his wing cavalry. It arrived at the foot of the ground occupied by the Royalists, climbed the slope, and even reached the high land in opposition. Then a sudden and a vigorous burst upon them, and they were hurled from the hill with severe loss. The Spaniards followed up this advantage, pursuing the Patriots across the low ground, until they themselves being blown to pieces by the heavy guns in the Patriot centre, and were still stationed on the crest of the land, and so were forced to retire.

The critical moment in the battle had arrived, and San Martin was not slow to perceive it. He ordered Quintana to advance his reserve to the support of the left wing which had just been broken back, and to do so by an oblique movement from right to left across the low ground, so as to take the Spaniards in the flank. On the way Quintana was forced by three battalions of Alvarado's division, and so was enabled to fall upon the Spanish infantry with all the greater force. But the Spaniards were being out-generalled every hand. The Patriot cavalry, on the other hand, had already charged and put to flight the Royalist cavalry, on the right; and now, falling upon the other flank of the Spaniards, fell upon the other flank of the Spaniards. Meanwhile, Alvarado had rallied the rest of his broken division, and now he, too, bore upon the Spaniards, eight guns accompanying him.

Osorio, seeing the main portion of his army being worsted, recalled Primo de Rivera from the hillock to the rescue; and then, finding himself a coward that he was, fled. Ordoñez now assumed the command; but the battle being practically lost and won, he withdrew his men from the field, retiring upon the farmhouse of El Estero de Rivera having abandoned the hillock. Las Heras was released with his division to lend momentum to the already irresistible advance of the Pa-

indeed had now become a pursuit. At
 nt the disabled O'Higgins arrived on
 , and hailed San Martin as the saviour

was some hard and bloody fighting to
 though. Ordoñez had safely gained
 and made hasty preparations for its

Las Heras was the first general officer
 e before it, and gave orders for the
 on of the high grounds commanding
 d about. General Balcarce, however,
 s in general command of the infantry,
 ordered an immediate attack. Colonel
 on led the assault with a battalion of
 antry, but was received by a terrific fire
 e and musketry, and driven back with
 officers wounded and 250 men killed.
 oled Balcarce's impetuosity, and the
 of Las Heras was taken. Fire was
 from seventeen guns occupying the
 ound, and the enemy driven from its
 efences into the houses and vineyards.
 e foot soldiers advanced, broke through
 l walls, and took the houses by assault.
 nage was sickening, and would possibly

have continued until there was not a Spaniard
 to kill had not Las Heras, who, like all brave
 men, was also humane, at great risk to him-
 self, put forth all the efforts at his command,
 threatening even to shoot his own soldiers unless
 they desisted, to check the ferocity of the
 victors. The brave Ordoñez thought it no
 dishonour to surrender his sword to the equally
 brave Las Heras.

Such, then, was the battle of Maipo, equalled
 in importance in the whole war of South Ameri-
 can independence only by the battles of Boyacá
 and Ayacucho. The Spanish loss amounted
 to 1,000 killed ; 1 general, 4 colonels, 7 lieu-
 tenant-colonels, 150 officers, and 2,200 men
 taken prisoners ; besides twelve guns, four flags,
 large quantities of small arms, ammunition, and
 baggage captured. The Patriot loss exceeded
 1,000 killed and wounded. General Osorio
 succeeded in escaping by the coast, and arrived
 at Talcahuano with only fourteen followers.
 These, joined by 600 other fugitives, left Chili
 as soon as possible by sea for Lima. The Army
 of the Andes had done its work. It had liberated
 Chili from Spanish dominion.



SANTIAGO.



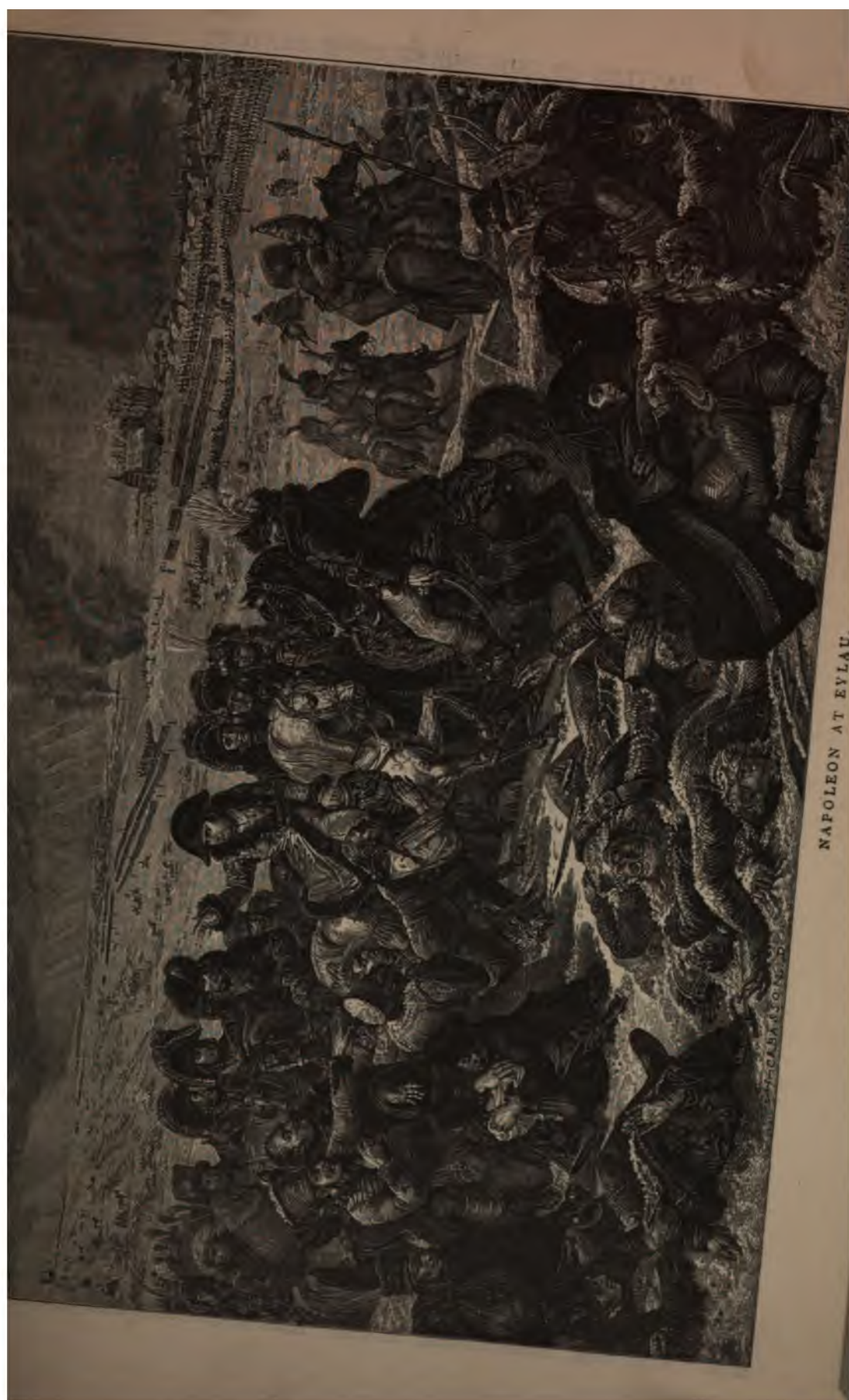
THE battles of Eylau and Friedland were closely connected with one another and with the Treaty of Tilsit (July 7th, 1807), to which they led. At the beginning of 1807 it seemed that the destinies of Europe were about to be decided on the shores of the Baltic, where a mighty struggle was pending between the resources and genius of the North in conflict with those of the South; between Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia on the one part, and on the other Napoleon—or "Bonaparte" as he was then called—Emperor of France and King of Italy. The latter derived support from the nations he had subdued: Italy, Spain, Holland, and a great portion of Germany. The former were dependent, in a measure, on the goodwill and co-operation of Great Britain and Sweden. The battle of Eylau, however—the first in which Napoleon received a check, though not a defeat—was fought by the armies of Russia and Prussia against those of Imperial France.

The Russians in a general sense occupied, as they always must in conflict with the nations of the West, a very advantageous position; for, even if unsuccessful, they could be sure, in their retreat, of drawing the enemy into an inhospitable and barren country, while they on their side would be able to obtain both reinforcements and supplies. The battle of Eylau was claimed both by the French and by the Russians as a decisive victory; though it really decided nothing. Napoleon's immediate object in attacking the Russians was to drive them back, and advancing upon Königsberg occupy the ancient capital of Prussia and seize the king; which he failed to do. But the more important aim of the Russians and Prussians was to drive the French from the country they had invaded; and towards this result they made no effective step. The French at the end of the second day's fighting occupied the field of battle, tended the enemy's wounded, buried the dead, and remained in their positions

for upwards of a week; after which they turned, unmolested, to winter quarters.

In numbers the French were superior to the enemy, in the proportion of 75,000 to 70,000; but they had the climate against them. Napoleon found but little opportunity of employing his infantry. This can scarcely be taken into account in reckoning up the opposing forces. But as a matter of fact, the battle was won by the French cavalry and artillery; and in these arms, Napoleon was stronger than his allies. Though Napoleon's infantry took but a little part in the action, one particular regiment, the 25th, suffered so severely that it lost nearly the whole of its officers. "To the memory of the 25th regiment," says the brief memorial inscription recording the fact. Another peculiarity of this remarkable battle may be noted: some of the Tartar regiments in the Russian army were armed with bows and arrows—to the great amusement, it is said, of the French artillery. An English publicist, writing soon afterwards of this sanguinary encounter, found cause for satisfaction in the fact, although our political interests demanded the defeat of the French, the troops of civilisation had shown themselves able to put back the northern hordes. Considering, however, that the French were superior in numbers to the Russians, that they were better armed, and that they were commanded by Napoleon in person (whose presence on the field was estimated by Wellington as equivalent to an additional 10,000 men), the wonder is that the Russians, who formed the bulk of the allied army, were able not only to hold their ground against the French for two successive days, but when at last retired, to do so without being seriously pursued. For if at the end of two days' fighting the French occupied the field of battle, they took care not to advance beyond it.

After the fatal day of Jena, King Frederick



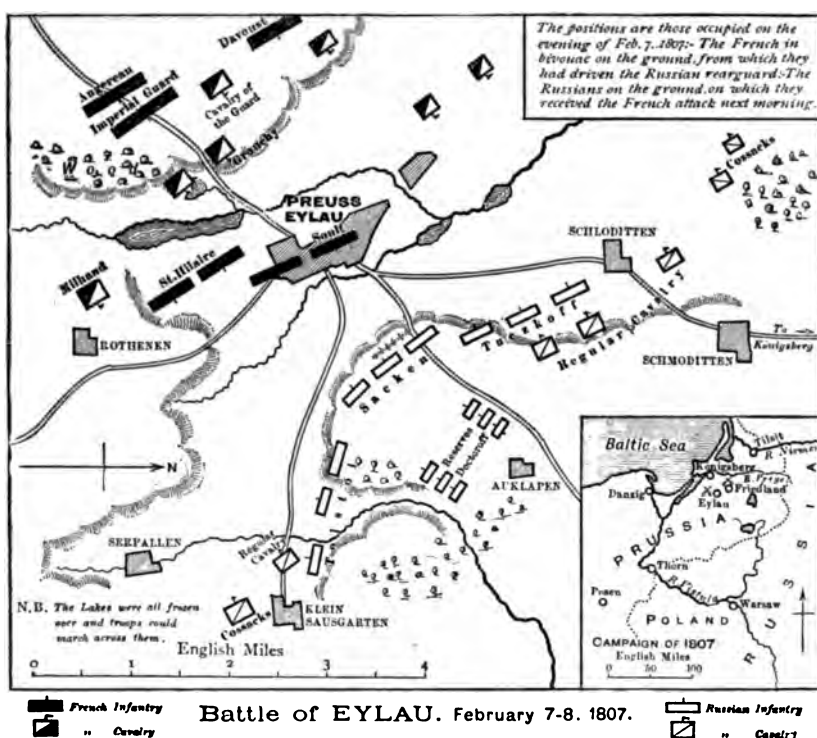
NAPOLEON AT EYLAU.

William of Prussia found himself reduced to one province and 25,000 soldiers. He and his court retired to Königsberg, there anxiously to await the arrival of the Russians; and no sooner had Prussia's powerful allies come within reach than Napoleon prepared to attack them. After several reconnaissances in force and partial encounters, Napoleon by a skilful and formidable flank movement forced Benningsen, the Russian commander-in-chief, to retreat to Eylau, a small town on the Pasma, about twenty-two

distance, it was impossible to communicate him in time for the next day's battle.

On the following morning, February 8, the Russians commenced the attack with cannonade on the village or town of Eylau only by one division under St. Hilaire. Emperor's military eye a hill commanding the town presented itself as the most important point of attack. Until this was carried the Russian army would be unable to act offensively against the enemy, for it would be impossible to execute the necessary operations of envelopment in the plains.

Augereau was then ordered to move with his corps open a canal against this coming spot. He was suffering from rheumatism and fever, unable to sit firm on horseback, had himself to be supported to the saddle, directed, however, by vigorous artillery upon the key position; the armies being no more in short distance of one another, shot took effect, slaughter was at one moment appeared from movements of the



Battle of EYLAU. February 7-8. 1807.

miles south-east of Königsberg. Marshal Soult, in rapid pursuit, entered the place at the head of his corps almost at the same time as the Russians. A collision took place in and around the Eylau cemetery, where the fighting was kept up with fury on both sides for several hours, until night came on. The Russians then fell back behind the town, but lighting their camp fires, showed that they had no intention of retreating further. They evidently meditated a renewal of the conflict on the following morning.

Napoleon lost no time in ordering Marshals Ney and Davoust to take up their positions—the former on his left, the latter on his right; and Davoust was on the right of the French early the next morning, ready to fall upon the Russian flank. Ney's corps, however, being at some

Russians that, impatient of suffering so long without any decisive result, they wished to outflank the French on the left wing. At that moment Marshal Davoust's sharpshooters appeared, and fell on their rear. Upon Augereau's corps filed off in columns to the right and occupy the centre of the Russian position which might otherwise have overwhelmed Davoust by its superior numbers. At that time the division commanded by General St. Hilaire filed off to the right in support of Davoust, and in order to facilitate the junction between Davoust and Augereau.

No sooner had these movements been completed than so thick a fall of snow covered the ground that neither could see beyond the distance of two feet. The point of direct

the French columns, inclining too much to the right, wandered about in uncertainty. This lasted half an hour. When the weather cleared, 20,000 Russian infantry, supported by heavy and artillery, were on the point of executing a turning movement, with the view of cutting off the division of General St. Hilaire. Each army was in the most critical position, and was without cohesion. Its columns were struggling about in all directions, incapable of supporting one another. Many superior officers, including Augereau, had been wounded. Napoleon, however, assisted into Napoleon's presence, expressed bitterly of not having been adequately prepared.

Napoleon saw the danger, and calling for General Lestocq to him: "Are you going to let us be overpowered by these people?" He then ordered a grand charge to be executed by the whole army. Eighty squadrons of cavalry were in it, and the masses of French horsemen broke through the lines of the Russian cavalry, in endeavouring to oppose this movement, were routed with great slaughter. As the Russian infantry, against which the charge had been directly made, that especially. Its two massive lines were utterly broken. The third, falling back, rested for a moment upon a wood.

Fortune, however, of the battle was not decided until Davoust, whose progress was greatly impeded by the weather, was enabled to fall on the rear of the enemy and cut them from the hilly ground. The French, after repeated attempts to regain the ground they were constantly losing, beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind them masses of killed and wounded and a portion of their artillery.

The battle seemed won. But at this moment occurred what Napoleon had been constantly dreading: the arrival on the scene of a Russian force, from 7,000 to 8,000 strong, commanded by General Lestocq. The Prussian command was being pursued by Marshal Ney. He was some two or three hours ahead of Napoleon, and the battle would certainly be decided before Ney could come up. The rapid action of new troops has often had a decisive effect upon a battle of which the result was previously doubtful. The part played by the Russians at Waterloo, by the French at Eylau, are cases in point. But eight years after Waterloo the sudden appearance of Prussian reinforcements at Eylau had no effect, except

perhaps to modify the character of the French victory and of the Russian defeat. But for the assistance rendered by the Prussians, the French might have routed the Russians and executed the meditated advance upon Königsberg. As it was, General Lestocq held the French to some extent in check; and the balance had in some measure been restored between the contending forces, when Benningsen, just as he was proposing a final attack, received news of the approach of Ney, who was about to fall on his left flank as Davoust had previously turned his position on the right. A final retreat was now ordered, and Benningsen was at least able to boast that his line of retreat was the one chosen by himself. He marched, that is to say, in the direction of Königsberg without being seriously pursued by Napoleon, who throughout the battle had kept Königsberg constantly in view, and more than once had sought to encourage his troops by pointing to the just visible steeples of the ancient Prussian capital.

It had been the design of Bonaparte to take Königsberg, but he was forced to fall back on the Vistula. It had been the design of the Russians to drive back the French beyond the Vistula, to retake Ebling and Thorn, and to force them to raise the sieges of Colberg, Gaudenz, and, above all, Danzig. But by a series of successive actions they were themselves driven back by the French as far as Eylau, and, on the day after the great battle, beyond the Pregel.

Sixty-three years later, a similar question arose as to which side had gained the victory in a battle fought at Bapaume, in the north of France, between the French under General Faidherbe and the Germans under General von Goeben. The French drove back the Germans, and occupied at night the positions held by the Germans in the morning. This looked like victory. But the object, said General von Goeben, of the French attack was to break through the German lines and march towards Paris for the relief of the siege; and this the French did not do.

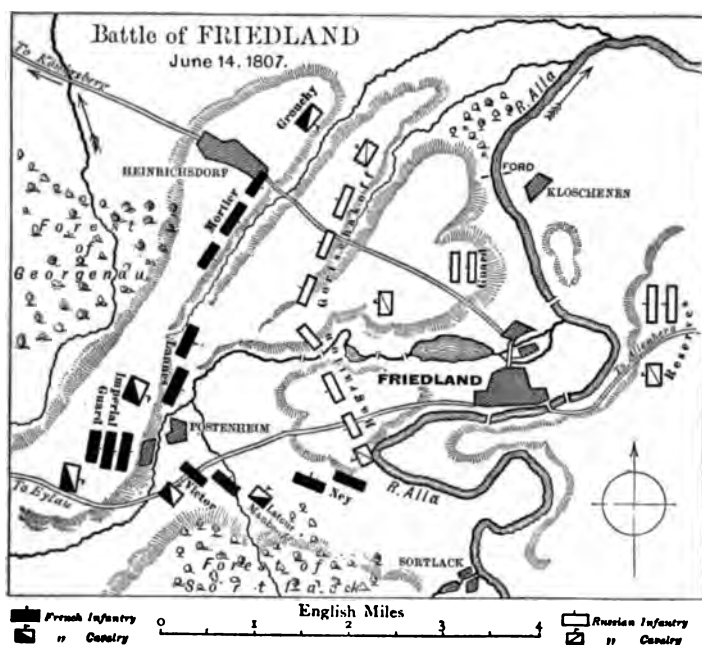
The doubtful victory of Eylau not being sufficient for the Emperor's glory, there was now no possibility of Napoleon's returning to Paris until after the accomplishment of an unmistakable conquest. Danzig, it is true, had fallen. But the Russian army was still in a threatening position, and had to be disposed of.

Napoleon's army, meanwhile, had been increased, through the fall of Danzig, by more than 30,000 men; and, though there was neither truce nor armistice, he did not take any immediate

measures for opening the campaign and surprising the enemy, according to his usual system, by the promptitude and rapidity of his movements. He, on the contrary, manifested every symptom of a sincere and even somewhat earnest desire that hostilities might be, for the present, terminated by negotiation. Till this could be arranged, Napoleon seemed determined to remain on the defensive. The ambassadors attending his court at Finkenstein were witnesses of the proud eminence on

—was appointed governor, and Le Febvre created Duke of Danzig. Each soldier who had been engaged in the siege received a gratuity of ten francs.

In the meantime the light corps of the army advanced in various directions in order to pass the Russians, and get between them and their magazines, by cutting off their retreat to Königsberg; and soon afterwards the headquarters of the French army arrived at Eylau. Here the fields were no longer covered with ice and snow, but, on the contrary, presented one of the most beautiful scenes in Nature. The country was everywhere adorned with beautiful woods, intersected by lakes, and enlivened by handsome villages. On the 13th, while the Grand Duke of Berg and the Marshals Soult and Davoust had orders to manœuvre in the direction of Königsberg, Napoleon, with the corps of Ney, Lannes, Mortier, the Imperial Guard, and the 1st Corps, commanded by General Victor, advanced on Friedland. On the same day the 9th regiment of Hussars entered that town, but was driven out of it again by 3,000 Russian cavalry. On the 14th the Russians advanced on the bridge of Friedland, with the intention of pursuing their



which he now stood, and abundant care was taken that they should fully understand the importance of his recent conquest—the great bulwark of the Vistula. When the ambassador of the Porte was presented, on the 28th May, by the Prince of Benevento, Napoleon declared that he and the Sultan Selim would be for ever after as inseparably connected as the right hand and the left. The offices and administration of the Government were now transferred from Warsaw to Danzig, which seemed at this time to be intended for the capital of the French dominions in those parts. The recently captured city was visited on the 30th May by Napoleon, at the head of the greater part of his staff, together with his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and all his Court. The Emperor reviewed his troops, and gave orders for the reparation of the works demolished in the course of the siege. General Rapp—a great favourite

march to Königsberg, and at three in the morning a cannonade was heard. "It is a lucky day," said Napoleon; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Marengo." Different movements and actions now took place, by which the Russians were stopped on their march. A mighty struggle was unavoidable, and both armies prepared for a decisive battle. By five in the evening, the several corps of the French were at their appointed stations. Marshal Ney was on the right wing, Marshal Lannes in the centre and Marshal Mortier on the left. The corps of General Victor and the Guards formed the reserve. The cavalry, under the command of General Grouchy, supported the left wing; the division of dragoons of General La Tour Maubourg was stationed as a reserve behind the right and General La Housay's division of dragoon with the Saxon Cuirassiers, formed a reserve for the centre. The whole of the Russian army

drawn up in the best order that the place circumstances seemed to admit. The left wing extended to the town of Friedland, and the right wing a league and a half in the other direction. The position taken up by General Bennigsen was apparently one continued plain, which, however, was intersected by a deep ravine full of water, and almost impassable. A ravine ran in a line between Domnow and Friedland, where it formed a lake to the left of the place, and separated the right wing of the

the town of Friedland, and nearly opposite to the centre of the army, was the small village of Heinrichsdorf. The field of battle lay between the left of this village and the river, to the south of Friedland.

Bonaparte, having reconnoitred the position of the enemy, determined to take the town of Friedland. Suddenly changing his front and advancing his right, he commenced the attack with the advanced part of that wing. The firing of twenty cannon from a battery was the



"SEVERAL RUSSIAN COLUMNS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE RIVER" (p. 550).

sians from their centre. A thick wood at a distance of about a mile and a half from Friedland, on more elevated ground, fringed the plain nearly in the form of a semicircle, except at its extremity on the left, where there was an open space between the wood and a narrow river. In front of the wood about a mile from

signal of battle. At the same moment the division under General Marchand, supported on the left by another division, advanced upon the enemy, the line of direction being towards the steeple of the town. When the Russians perceived that Marshal Ney had left the wood in which his left wing had been posted, they

endeavoured to surround him with some regiments of regular cavalry and a multitude of Cossacks. But General La Tour Maubourg's division of dragoons rode up at full gallop to the right wing, and repelled the attack. In the meantime General Victor—who commanded, as has been mentioned, a corps of the Grand Army—erected a battery of thirty cannon in the front of his centre; and his works, pushed forward more than four hundred paces, greatly annoyed the Russians, whose various manœuvres for producing a diversion were all in vain. Marshal Ney was at the head of his troops, directing the most minute movements with his characteristic intrepidity and coolness. Several Russian columns that had attacked his right wing were received on the point of the bayonet and driven into the river. Thousands were thus lost, though some escaped by swimming.

In the meantime Marshal Ney's left wing reached the ravine which surrounded the town of Friedland. But the Imperial Guard of Russia, horse and foot, had been placed there in ambush; and it now rushed suddenly on Marshal Ney's left wing, which for a moment wavered. Dupont's division, however, which formed the right of the reserve, fell on the Russian Imperial Guard and defeated it with great slaughter. Several other bodies were sent from the centre of the Russian army for the defence of the all-important position of Friedland. But the impetuosity, the numbers, and the prompt and skilful co-operation of the assailants with an immense artillery prevailed. Friedland was taken, and its streets bestrewed with dead bodies. The attempts of the Russians on the left wing of the French being defeated, they made repeated attacks on their centre. But all the efforts of their infantry and cavalry to obstruct the progress of the French columns were exerted in vain. Marshal Mortier, who during the whole day had exhibited the greatest coolness and intrepidity in supporting the left wing, now advanced, and was in his turn supported by the fusiliers of the Guard, under the command of General Savary. The French columns pressed forward on the Russians, chiefly along the sides of the ravine; which was thus as advantageous to the French as disadvantageous to the Russians. Victory, which had never, in the judgment of the French generals who drew up the bulletin, been for a moment doubtful, now declared decidedly in their favour.

The field of battle presented one of the most horrible spectacles of wounded, dying, and

dead men and horses that was ever beheld. The number of the dead on the side of the Russians was estimated by the French at from 15,000 to 18,000, and that of the dead on their own side at less than 500. But they admitted that the number of their wounded amounted to 3,000. Eighty cannon and a great number of covered waggons and standards fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Russians were pursued in their retreat towards Königsberg till eleven o'clock. During the remainder of the night the cut-off columns endeavoured to pass, and part of them did pass, the river at several fordable places. But next day covered waggons, cannon, and harness were everywhere seen in the stream. "The battle of Friedland," says the French bulletin, "is worthy of being numbered with those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. The enemy were numerous, had fine cavalry, and fought bravely."

Next day, June the 15th, the Russians endeavoured to re-assemble on the right bank of the river, while the French army manœuvred on the left bank to cut them off from Königsberg. The heads of the hostile columns arrived at Wehlaw, a town situated at the confluence of the Alla and the Pregel, nearly at the same time. The Russians at daybreak on the 16th passed the Pregel, and continued their retreat to the Niemen. The French bulletin says that "having destroyed all the bridges, they took advantage of that obstacle to proceed on their retreat." If, however, there were several bridges on the Pregel, they must (as was pointed out in reply) have left one at least standing till they had crossed the river themselves, though the French gazetteers would insinuate that they escaped only by means of the demolition of all the bridges.

The consistent and true account of the matter seems to be that which is given by an eyewitness of the campaign, who says that "at Wehlaw the Russian army passed the Pregel, without any loss or even annoyance, on a single bridge. A detachment of 4,000 French troops watched their movements, but did not oppose their retreat. The bridge was then burnt, and the Russians continued their retrograde movement to Pepelken, where they were rejoined by the Prussian corps under General Kaminskoy, who had been detached to Königsberg on the 10th, for after the defeat of the main Russian army Königsberg was untenable."

At eight in the morning Napoleon threw a bridge over the Pregel, and took up a position

with his army. Almost all the magazines the enemy had on the Alla had been into the river or burnt. At Wehlau, r, the French found an immense quantity

Possession was taken of Königsberg by ps under Marshal Soult. At this place und some hundred thousand quintals of ore than 20,000 wounded Russians and ns, and all the arms and ammunition that n sent to the Russians by England, in 160,000 muskets that had not been landed. ench bulletin continued as follows : " It the 5th of June that the enemy renewed es. Their loss in the ten days that l their first operations may be reckoned o men, killed, wounded, taken, or other- t *hors de combat*. They have lost a part - artillery, almost all their ammunition, e whole of their magazines on a line : than forty leagues. The French armieseldom obtained such great advantages o little loss."

the conduct of this short campaign on t of the Russians, as well as its com-ent after the reduction of Danzig, there gs a mysterious cloud. After this im-ent, and the addition that was made French army by the liberation of between and 40,000 fighting-men, it was univer-posed that General Benningsen would he part of Fabius." As the possession ig and the peninsula of Nehrung gave ilities to the French for turning the ank of the Russian army on the north, supposed that instead of making an he would fall back behind the Pregel, port his right on Königsberg, where he e nearer his resources, and the French from theirs. Thus, also, time would have rded for the execution of those military ich were projected in Swedish and Prus-merania. The conduct of the Russian

which had been so much extolled is operations were supposed to have ccessful, was now, as commonly happens unfortunate, severely condemned. The

of censure appear, indeed, to have : least very plausible. But the world then know, nor do we now know, ole of the case. That the Russians have lost in the course of ten days nen, while the French had only about lled and 5,000 or 6,000 wounded, appears trous an exaggeration that even the f it may reasonably be questioned. Yet

the losses and disasters of the Russians were admitted by themselves to have been immense. General Benningsen did not attempt to conceal the real situation of affairs after the battle of Friedland, as he had done after that of Eylau ; and he did not hesitate to give it as his opinion that any further contest with the French on the field of battle would be hopeless.

It was computed by the most dispassionate and competent judges that the French commenced this short campaign of ten days with 160,000 men, including all kinds of troops stationed between the Oder and the Alla ; and that the allies had about 100,000 effective men, infantry and cavalry, besides Cossacks, Bashkirs, and other irregular troops. It was acknowledged by French officers that from the 5th to the 14th June the Grand Army had lost in killed and wounded at least 20,000 men.

On the 19th, at 2 o'clock p.m., Bonaparte with his Guards entered Tilsit.

Although the Russians were completely beaten at Friedland, they had presented such an obstinate resistance both at Friedland and at Eylau that Napoleon now thought it worth his while to make peace with them in the first place at the expense of Prussia, Russia's powerless ally, and secondly at the expense of all Europe, with a special view to the injury of England. Overtures of peace were accordingly made, and the result was a meeting of the two Emperors at Tilsit. Prussia was now entirely sacrificed, the King losing all his possessions, with the exception only of Memel. Without abandoning the Duchy of Warsaw, formed out of the Polish provinces taken from Prussia, to which was afterwards added the whole of western Galicia (the best part, that is to say, of Austrian Poland), Napoleon arranged, beyond doubt, with Alexander a partition of the continent of Europe. The treaty was, of course, not made public. But in reference to its provisions Napoleon in his speech to the Senate, in August, 1807, said : " France is united to the people of Germany by the laws of the Confederation of the Rhine, to those of Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, by the laws of our federative system. Our new relations with Russia are cemented by the reciprocal esteem of these two grand nations."

Many were the stories told of the peaceful, conversational collisions between Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit, sometimes during the conferences, often when the conferences were not taking place, and the two monarchs were talking privately together. Alexander declared himself

a disbeliever in the hereditary principle, to which he owed everything. Napoleon, on the other hand, who had in no way profited by this principle, was its warm partisan.

Once when the French and Russian Emperors were walking out together, they met a French sentinel of the Imperial Guard, whose face was terribly disfigured.

"What do you think of soldiers," asked Napoleon, "who can survive such wounds?"

"And what do you," replied Alexander, "of soldiers who can inflict them?"

"*Ils sont tous morts!*" interrupted the sentinel.

"Your side is always victorious," said Alexander, with a smile.

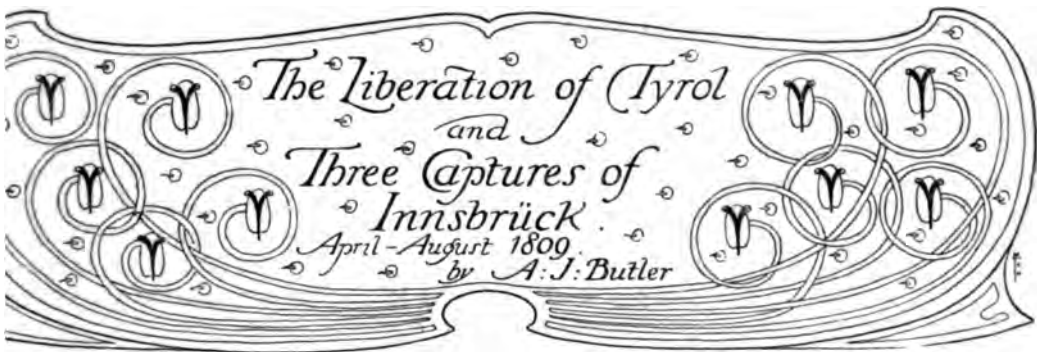
"Thanks to the timely support of my Guard," answered Napoleon.

This sort of military *marivaudage* is deduced by M. Thiers in his "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," though the vaudevillistic style of repartee was no in harmony with the character of Napoleon's mind.

Numbers of persons professed to know, immediately after the event, what had place at Tilsit; and one political agent what he declared to be the secret art of the Treaty to the English Government, according to M. Thiers, wasted its money in buying them. What, however, could two powerful sovereigns do—already masters of nearly the whole continent of Europe—develop a project for uniting their forces in perpetuating their dominion!



COSSACKS.



IVE hundred and thirty years ago the land of lofty mountains and deep valleys called Tyrol was made over by its last Countess to the Duke of Austria ; from that day to this the people have no sovereign but the head of the House of Hapsburg. Above all, they have re- every effort to incorporate them with Austria. Of the same blood and speech, same laws and religion, it might have been expected that the two countries would have long united ; but the old rivalry between the Austrian and Bavarian houses seems to have added itself to the peoples, between whom there has always been more or less feud. In the reign of the Elector Max Emanuel, in alliance with France against the House of Austria, attempted to pass through Tyrol to join Marshal Vendôme coming up from Italy. " But," says the historian Schönbach, " in Tyrol there dwells a breed of people loyal to their old customs and to their laws."

Moreover, this people is rough and independent, and proud of its mountains, which, with their laws, guarantee freedom and security against the attack of foreign foes."

So Max Emanuel found. He reached Innsbrück, pushed on to the Brenner, and sent a detachment round by the Inn valley to meet the expected Frenchmen. They got as far as the bridge of Pontlatz, above Landeck. At this point the valley contracts to a gorge, and at the narrowest point the Inn, here a turbulent torrent forty or fifty yards wide, has to be crossed.

The Bavarians found the bridge broken.

On the further side a breastwork had been erected. Not a single foe could be seen. Suddenly shot after shot cracked from the mountain side ; tree-stems and rocks rolled down the mountain, and men and horses, and cutting off all retreat, and in a few minutes such of the unbattered Bavarians as were not shot down or taken were prisoners in the hands of the

Tyrolese. A few days later the whole country was up. The alarm bells rang from every church tower ; every road towards Italy was barricaded ; every mountain side was alive with sharpshooters, and nothing remained for the Elector but to cut his way through the swarming foes back to his own territories, with a heavy loss of officers (including his chamberlain, Count von Arco) and men. A worthy Tyrolese peasant of those days kept a short diary, which has been preserved. Here is an extract from it :—" In 1703, on the eve of St. John Baptist (June 23) 20,000 enemies invaded Tyrol, did great damage, killed many of our people, but still more fell on their side, came as far as the Lower Meadow " (a place at the south foot of the Brenner, of which we shall hear again), " and after that were driven out by our marksmen and militia on St. Anne's Day (July 26)."

Tyrol was not troubled with a hostile invasion again till the last years of the century. In March, 1797, the French general, Joubert, attempted to cross the Brenner from Italy. Where the great eastern road through the Pusterthal falls into the Brenner road, and close to the point where the strong fortress of Franzensfeste now dominates the junction of the two railways, stands a little village called Spinges, lying in the angle between the roads, and about 1,000 feet above them. Here a peasant army awaited the French, and for some days the surrounding forests were the scene of desperate fighting. The peasants fell on with clubbed guns, and with a fury that nothing could withstand. One Prixa of Axams was found dead after the fight, with seven Frenchmen lying around him. Peter Haider brought down six with his rifle. He was then attacked by five at once. He shot one with his rifle, one with his pistol, and cut down a third before a shot laid him low. The two remaining opponents slashed him with their swords, leaving him for dead,

but it took more than that to kill a Tyrolese of those days, and Haider survived. In these mountain villages the church and churchyard often form a natural citadel. Time after time did the French storm that of Spinges. A girl of twenty-two, Katharina Lanz, who lived to relate her exploit till 1854, led the defenders. With her hair floating in the wind and her skirts well tucked up, she plied a pitchfork with a goodwill and efficiency that was too much for the French bayonets. Meanwhile the road back to Italy was blocked by an Austrian force, and General Joubert had to make the best of his way down the Pusterthal. By April 13th the enemy was out of the country.

The hostilities between France and Austria in 1805 affected Tyrol so far that Innsbruck



received a visit from Marshal Ney; an honour which the Tyrolese had done their best to decline, by offering a stubborn resistance to his passage from Bavaria by way of Scharnitz. Their positions, however, were turned; but Ney was shrewd enough to see the benefit of exasperating so warlike a people as little as possible.

In December the war ended with the Peace of Presburg; and now for the first time what Tyrol had dreaded for centuries came to pass. The province was annexed to Bavaria, and the bond of over four centuries was snapped. No more brutal disregard of national wishes and national rights was ever shown, even by Napoleon. The Bavarian Government was probably sincerely anxious to act fairly by its unwilling subjects, but it went to work all in the wrong way. Into a land of well-to-do, independent, intensely religious peasants, who had never felt the pressure of external authority, but had gone on governing themselves for centuries on the old Germanic system, the Bavarians tried to

introduce all the pedantries of officialism; compulsory enlistment was substituted for volunteering; the local authorities were replaced by officials from Munich, who gave the orders; the parish priests were removed; the Church organisation generally interfered to the point of persecution; the name of the province disappeared under a new-fangled division into "Circles"; worst of all, the old castle near Meran, the very heart of the land, was sold by auction.

Tyrol had never abandoned the hope of recovering its freedom under its former rulers. Communications were maintained all the time between the Archduke John, the most popular member of the Imperial house, and certain men in Tyrol who enjoyed the special confidence of their countrymen. The most notable of these, Andrew Hofer, was an innkeeper and horse-dealer from the Passeir valley. His humble inn, which still exists, runs up into the mountains behind the town. His wild torrent of the Passeir, where the bed widens into a little beach. In this situation, it is known as "On the edge of the world" and its owner was often spoken of in Tyrolese fashion as the "Sandwiler" landlord of Sand. The position of his house is as central as any in Tyrol. From it Meran may be reached in four hours' while in the opposite direction a few hours' march brings you to Sterzing. The way up the Brenner on the south side.

It was, therefore, possible for Hofer to force an enemy to attack the rear of an army that passed in either direction. Hofer was a man of about forty, distinguished more for his strength, kindly disposition and upright character than for any special military talent or ambition for government. It is, indeed, a little difficult to explain the great influence which he doubtless exercised. Though there is no doubt to his courage, he showed no dash amounting to recklessness with which any of his subordinates exposed their lives; his extreme good-nature, and unwillingness to let any man, led him especially towards the end of his career into pitiable vacillation. He had no gift of eloquence, such as often attracts men with no other qualification into leaders. Yet there can be no doubt that

* "The King is a nice gentleman enough, but a peasant with whom he had happened to meet passing through the country, " but his clerks are

he was the recognised chief in the grand ce which this little mountain-country and offered for a time successfully, to queror of Europe. Other leaders whose hould be mentioned were Martin Teimer, Speckbacher, and the Capuchin Joachim ger. All these men had taken part in ting of recent years. Teimer, who was ngest of them, being thirty years of age, n to the rank of major in the *landsturm*, ia. He was probably the ablest of all the e leaders, as he was no doubt the best d; but he never inspired the same con-

Joseph Speckbacher was ten years He was now an *employé* in the salt-works , near Innsbruck, and comfortably off. ith had been very wild. As a boy of he had taken to a poacher's life; and g among those mountains is a very t business from the rabbit-snaring and t-netting which occasionally enlivens coverts, and helps to fill English gaols. he most authorised chamois-hunting is angerous sport; and when the hunter

at any moment to become the hunted, ire with his game the sensation of a i the ribs, unless his own wits can save ill be easily seen that no better training e found for mountain warfare. Speck- was a man of undaunted courage, ss resource, and a thorough knowledge ountry which was to be the chief field of ns. Father Joachim had served as an aplain, and had earned a medal for

Now he was to lead in many a fierce but he made it a point of honour to o weapon save a great ebony crucifix, t was currently reported, became in his s formidable as the maces wielded by d bishops. "The Redbeard," as he was as perhaps the especial favourite of the

He, too, survived into the second half entury.

when Austria, encouraged by Napoleon's difficulties in Spain, plucked up courage re war against him once more in March, e Tyrolese were all ready to bear their n April 9th, Teimer and Hofer issued d order, making it clear to every district ; special task would be. Teimer then l to take the command in the Inn bove Innsbruck; Speckbacher being in of the district between the capital and arian frontier. Hofer disseminated the rough other innkeepers—the country

inns in Tyrol being the natural centres of information—until every man knew precisely what he would have to do, and had merely to await the arrival of the little note bearing the words "IT IS TIME." Another signal was given by strewing sawdust in the streams, and sending planks bearing red flags down the rivers.

The men from Passeir and the neighbourhood of Meran assembled round the little inn "on the Sand." There were some thousands of them altogether, Hofer, with his broad shoulders and mighty black beard, conspicuous among them. All wore the dress of their valley—brown jacket with red facings, a red waistcoat with broad green braces over it, a broad leather belt on which were worked the owner's initials, leather breeches, bare knees, and red or white stockings. Each man carried his heavy rifle, with which he could make pretty sure of a chamois at 300 yards; and a Bavarian was a larger mark. It must be remembered that few regular troops of that day had anything but smooth-bore muskets. Hofer made a short speech:

"When you have carved a wooden figure, may you take it to Vienna and sell it? Is that liberty? You are Tyrolese—at least your fathers called themselves so; now you have to call yourselves Bavarians. And our old castle of Tyrol has been demolished. Does that content you? If you raise three ears of maize, they demand two from you. Do you call that prosperity? But there is a Providence, and it has been revealed to me that if we plan to take our revenge, we shall have help. Up then, and at the Bavarians! Tear your foes, ay, with your teeth, so long as they stand up; but when they kneel, pardon them!"

The first shot was fired not far from the place where Joubert had been overthrown eight years before. Colonel von Wrede (who in later days was to be a thorn in the side of the French) was in command of the garrison of Brixen. Intelligence reached him that an Austrian force under General Chasteler was approaching through the Pusterthal, and on April 10th he sent a detachment to destroy the bridge over the river Rienz at St. Lorenzen, near Bruneck. The peasants were up in a moment, the detachment was not suffered to approach the bridge, and when Wrede brought up his whole force in support, it was met with a hail of bullets from the mountain side. An attempt to get the guns into a position whence their fire might destroy the bridge was frustrated by a furious charge of the peasants,

who, many of them armed only with cudgels and flails, dashed upon the troops, surrounded the guns, and hunted the gunners into the river. Wrede could do nothing but try to make his way to Sterzing, where he might unite with the garrison of that town. A force of 3,000 French under General Bisson, on its way from Italy,

wisely decided to meet them in the open, where military discipline might tell. The steady fire of grape-shot and musketry checked the onward rush, and the peasant force retired into a hollow road to re-form, while girls and women from the town supplied refreshments. A second rush was similarly checked. Hofer, sitting, as one his-

torian of these events remarks, like Moses on a hill above, and watching the fortunes of the fight, espied some loaded hay-waggons, doubtless bringing supplies for the garrison from the mountain hay-sheds. A brilliant idea struck him, or was suggested to him. If these could be brought up they would serve as cover for the sharpshooters, who could then dispose of the enemy's gunners. But at first no man ventured to bring them within range of the deadly grape. Then a girl stepped



TYROLESE GIRLS.

(Photos, F. Unterberger, Innsbruck.)

accompanied him a little below where the fortress of Franzensfeste now stands. The way from the Pusterthal to the great northern road passes through a narrow defile—the Brixener Klause, or Gorge of Brixen—and here the unlucky French and Bavarians were, of course, at the mercy of their furious enemies. Pelted with rocks, tree-stems, and bullets by an invisible foe, in momentary fear of being overtaken by the Austrians, whose advance-guard actually appeared before they were well out of the defile, they made their way with heavy loss to the plain in which lies the little town of Sterzing.

Meanwhile Hofer and his men had dashed over the Jaufen Pass. Colonel Bärenklau (this looks like a mythical name, but appears to be correct), the commander of the Sterzing garrison,



forward, swung herself on to the back of one of the oxen, and, regardless of the bullets, urged the team on with whip and voice, exhorting her countrymen at the same time "not to be afraid of the Bavarian dump-lings." The guns were now soon silenced; the Tyrolean fell on with the butt, and in a few minutes the whole Bavarian force, or so much of it as remained, was disarmed, and before evening

lock and key in a neighbouring the guard, as often happened, of All traces of the fight were care- d, the victors dispersed among the and when Bisson and Wrede arrived, ing morning, April 12th, no garrison

domes of the Innsbruck churches below them, and hoped for a respite. A mounted officer was sent on to announce their approach to General Kinkel and Colonel Dittfurt, commanding the garrison of the capital. As he rode through the gate of the town he dropped from his horse,



THE CASTLE OF TYROL.

and, no news of its fate could they enemy was to be seen. Puzzled, and armed, they pursued their march, or harassed, as before, wherever a le—of which there are many along a road—gave an opportunity to the their favourite tactics. more terrible surprise awaited them. dawn of the 13th, the weary, bat- till numbering nearly 4,000, saw the

pierced with a bullet. To explain what had happened we must pass to the Inn valley. The village of Axams had incurred a fine for resistance to the conscription, and on the 11th a detachment had been sent to collect this. They fared little better than their comrades at St. Lorenzen, and retired, vowing vengeance. In the course of that day the whole of the valley above Innsbruck was astir, and ready to march upon the town. Meantime, Speckbacher had

summoned the lower valley to arms. All night long beacon fires blazed on the mountains which look down into the streets of Innsbruck. The morning of the 12th had hardly dawned when he was at the gates of Hall, and no sooner had these been opened as usual by the unsuspecting garrison than the Tyrolese rushed in. The officers were seized in their beds, hardly a shot was fired, and in a few minutes, with a loss of two only of his men, Speckbacher had captured 400 Bavarian soldiers. These were marched off to Salzburg, again under the escort of women, for no men could be spared from the task of liberating the country. Hall is a short eight miles from Innsbruck, and long before noon Speckbacher was with the levies from the upper valley, who were attempting to storm the two bridges that here cross the Inn just outside the walls of Innsbruck. Up to this time they had made little progress, for want of leading; but when Speckbacher, waving his hat and shouting "Long live the Emperor Francis!" placed himself at their head, they wavered no longer. The gunners fell under the terrible clubbed rifles, or were thrown into the river; some young mathematical students from Innsbruck University slewed the guns round, and poured volleys into the troops who were hurrying up from the town; the peasants pressed forward, some with no weapons but their fists; an attempt to break through with cavalry was frustrated by the sharpshooters, who by this time had got into the houses, and were dealing death from every window. To complete the victory, at this moment appeared Major Teimer, with some more or less drilled battalions of *landsturm* from the upper valley. General Kinkel, thoroughly terrified, wished to capitulate, but his more energetic subordinate, Colonel Dittfurt, declared that he would sooner die than surrender to a rabble of peasants whom a couple of squadrons could keep in order, and made a last desperate effort to rally his men. As he was speaking two bullets struck him, and he fell from his horse. Struggling to his feet, he dashed with drawn sword on the advancing mass, to be again shot through the chest. Even then he made one more effort, aided by a few officers, to dislodge some of the enemy from a position which enabled them to keep up a galling fire; but a fourth bullet, in the head, stretched him senseless, and he was carried to the main guard. After his fall the surviving troops surrendered, and Innsbruck was in the hands of the Tyrolese. It was not yet eleven o'clock.

The remainder of that day was rejoicing, and, it is to be feared, to some extent in pillage. Such of the burghers of Innsbruck as were thought to have been on too good a footing with the hated *Boar* were regarded as fair game for a little plunder. At the same time, however, generous actions were done by individuals, saving the lives of the vanquished. An official was on the point of being strangled by a furious mob when a girl flung herself round him, and asserted, quite fictitiously, that he was her betrothed. He was spared. A young Tyrolese who had captured a Bavarian officer took him to an inn and gave him shelter. The officer, in gratitude, offered him gold earrings which he was wearing. "No, no, I think I did it for pay?" said the lad; "but with difficulty would he accept them; it is for your sake. The old imperial eagles were here, and he and rapturously greeted when found. "The feathers are grown again, old tail," said the haired man, as, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he embraced the beloved symbol.

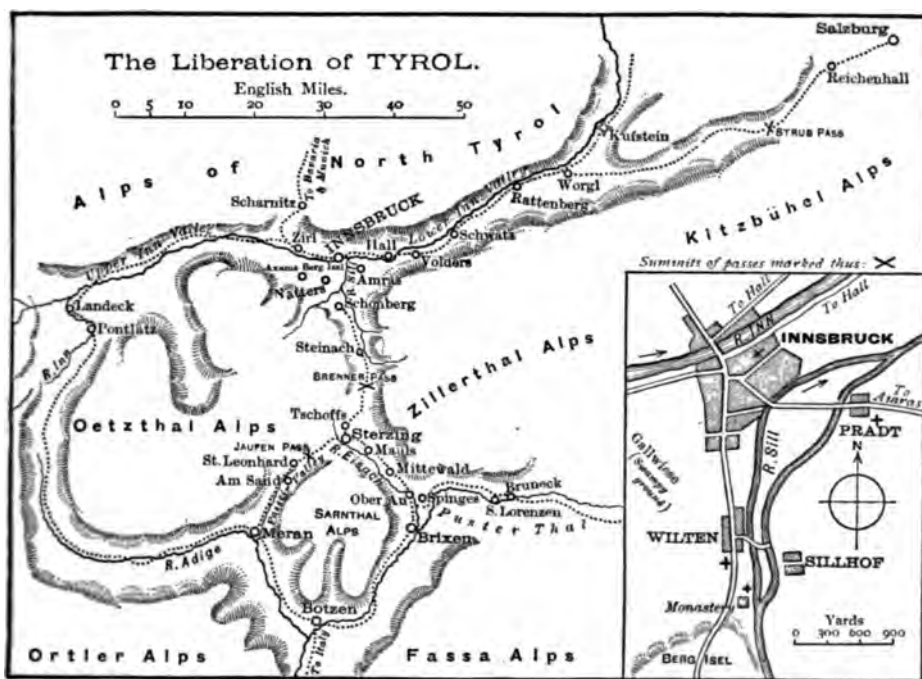
Men slept that night where they could, in the streets or gardens. In the earliest morning the alarm-bells rang, and the word was given that the French were upon them. It was known, this was the force under Baron Wrede; but those in the town knew of the way in which they had fared on the other side of the mountains. The garrison was barricaded, and all preparations made for a street fight. At five o'clock the French column appeared on Berg Isel; and both sides were drawn up in order of battle in the ground that lies between the south side of the town and the foot of the mountains: the French on the left wing, French on the right. At the same time a strong force of Tyrolese hurried round to the rear, and occupied Berg Isel. The French were fairly entrapped. Teimer had not been extracted from General Kinkel an order for the Bavarian commander send someone to the town to see how matters stood; in consequence with which Wrede himself, and a French officer, came in, and the former was killed while the latter was sent back to report. The sharpshooters had already opened fire. Then came himself to meet General Kinkel in the suburb of Wilten. The French commander asked for a free passage into Germany, and offered to take all the flints out of the town before moving; but Teimer would accept of nothing but capitulation. All this time the bullets of the sharpshooters were doing their work.

dense ranks, adding to the general demoralization, and enforcing the arguments of the Tyrolese leader. At length General Bisson fell. The French and Bavarians laid down their arms. Two generals, 130 officers, and 600 men, with seven guns and 800 horses, were handed over to the Tyrolese.

Colonel Dittfurt, lying in the guardhouse, during one of the intervals of his delirium, had fallen in his furious cursing, to ask: "Who were your forces yesterday?" "No one," was the answer; "each man fought as he best could

Chasteler, whenever captured, was to be brought before a military commission and shot in twenty-four hours. To the Tyrolese, of course, this mattered little, but it undoubtedly shook Chasteler's nerve, and to some extent prevented the regular troops from giving efficient help.

On May 1st a strong force of Bavarians and French, under Wrede, now general, and Marshal Lefebvre, the Duke of Danzig, occupied Salzburg. The shortest route from that city to Innsbruck lies by Reichenhall and through a narrow defile called the Strub Pass, entering the



Emperor and Fatherland." "Not so," he said. "I saw him again and again: he was riding a white horse." And the story went on that St. James, the patron Saint, as appears, of Innsbruck, had fought for his country as of old he fought for Spain.

The Austrian troops, under General Chasteler, fell the next day; but it was not expected that the Tyrolese would be left long in undisturbed possession of their conquests. Napoleon's fury at the news he heard how his troops had been served by a herd of undisciplined mountaineers knew no bounds. He issued on May 5th an order of the day, in which "a certain Chasteler, calling himself a general in the Austrian service," was condemned of having caused an insurrection in Tyrol and allowed some Bavarian conscripts to be executed; and it was directed that the said

Inn valley at the little town of Wörgl. The Strub was held by Tyrolese and soldiers, 275 in all, with two guns. Wrede's entire division was sent on May 11th to force the pass, and succeeded in doing so after nine hours' hard fighting, in which the handful of defenders had four times repulsed the assailants. On the following day General Deroz, advancing by way of Inn valley, relieved the frontier fortress of Kufstein, which the Tyrolese were blockading, and on the 13th the two forces joined in the neighbourhood of Wörgl. The Bavarians had encountered a stubborn resistance all the way, and were infuriated: village after village was set on fire, property destroyed, women and children slaughtered. General Chasteler, with a force of 2,000 regular troops, having failed to prevent the junction of the Bavarians with the French,

was forced to accept battle at Wörgl and utterly routed, himself escaping only by the speed of his horse, and after the commission which was to carry out Napoleon's order had already been selected. On his way through Hall he was roughly handled by the salt-miners. The French and Bavarians marched upon Innsbruck, ravaging and burning, a task in which the former now seem to have taken the lead. At any rate, it is



SALZBURG.

recorded that Lefebvre, enraged at the sight of the Austrian eagle over the gate of the little town of Rattenberg, was only prevented from burning the place down by Wrede's strenuous opposition. Fifty-three peasants, taken with arms in their hands, also owed their lives to the firmness and humanity of the Bavarian general, who further issued a stringent order forbidding all ill-treatment of the inhabitants. On May 19th the Duke of Danzig entered Innsbruck. Two days later Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles in the battle of Aspern, or, as the French call it, Essling; but before the news of this could have reached them,

Lefebvre and Wrede, believing all opposition was at an end, and wishing to cut off the Archduke John's retreat from Italy, had returned to Salzburg, leaving General Deroy's division to hold Innsbruck.

Marshal Lefebvre was so far right, that orders had been received by the Austrian commanders in Tyrol to withdraw their troops. But he reckoned without Speckbacher. That indefatigable man, on the day of the defeat at Wörgl, had been in Innsbruck collecting all the weapons and powder upon which he could lay his hands. Then he went to General Buol, who was at Völders, near Hall, preparing to retreat over the Brenner, and vainly tried to persuade him to make a stand. Finally, climbing one of the mountains whence all the country round Innsbruck could plainly be seen, he carefully estimated the strength of the enemy, and found that he had not more than 18,000 men to deal with. On May 23rd with two faithful companions, George Zoppel and Simon Lechner, he made a dash for the Brenner. Two more joined the party at Steinach, and the five, by spreading themselves about the mountain side, and changing their position at every shot, succeeded in putting to flight a cavalry patrol of several hundred men, which had been sent up to reconnoitre. General Buol was still holding the defile of Lueg, just north of the Brenner Pass, and Hofer with 6,000 men was also there. To them Speckbacher addressed himself, pointing out that the panic among the inhabitants of the Inn valley, caused by the events of the previous days, was over, and that they were quite ready to rise again. Buol was persuaded to put 1,200 men with 6 guns at the disposal of the Tyrolese leaders; and on May 25th, Hofer took up his position at Berg Isel, while Speckbacher, with the men from the lower Inn valley, held the right wing as far as Hall. The Tyrolese numbered some 18,000; Deroy had at most 12,000, but many of these were veterans. Some isolated fights ensued that day; more than once the Bavarians attempted to storm the position, and were repulsed. In the evening heavy rain came on (it rains most days at Innsbruck) and fighting



"WITH A ROAR LIKE THUNDER THE TERRIBLE 'STONE-BATTERY' BURST OUT" (p. 163)

was suspended. Owing, it is said, to the injunctions of an old man, who pointed out to Hofer that May 29th was a great Church festival, Hofer fixed that day for the attack. This delay also gave time for Teimer, who was at Landeck, to bring his men down the valley. General Derooy, a kind-hearted old man, used the interval to issue a proclamation recommending submission, which, naturally, produced little effect, unless that of impressing the peasants with the idea that he was wavering.

On the morning of May 28th the Bavarian army was drawn up round the town of Innsbruck. The Tyrolese line extended in a great crescent to the south, its left on Zirl, ten miles above the town, its right on Völders, about as far in the other direction. The battle began on the wings. Speckbacher took the bridge of Völders and attacked Hall. On the left, Father Joachim Haspinger led the men from Meran, supported by two Austrian companies, by way of the villages of Mutters and Natters, into the marshy tract known as the Gallwiese, just above the town on the right bank of the river. He was soon at hand-grips with the enemy. A Bavarian soldier was delivering a thrust at him with his bayonet when a bullet laid the assailant low—fired over the Capuchin's shoulder, and so close that the famous red beard was singed. Only staying now and again to shrive a dying man, he pressed forward at the head of his peasants, who slowly but steadily drove the Bavarians before them. At a farmhouse called Rainerhof another gallant deed was done by a girl. With a small cask of wine on her head, and a glass in her hand, she was going about in the thick of the fight, dispensing drink to the weary men. A bullet went through the cask, and the wine began to pour out. In a moment she had it down from her head and her fingers in the holes. "I have only got two hands," she shouted; "if another bullet comes the wine will be lost. Put your mouths to all the holes, and drink while you can!" The fighting went on till noon with no definite results. An attempt of the Bavarians to storm Berg Isel, the centre of the Tyrolese position, was repulsed with the aid of Colonel Ertel's troops, though not till the right had nearly been turned by the foe. Hofer—surveying the whole field from the heights of Schönberg, where his headquarters were—cast anxious glances towards the left to see if any signs of Teimer were visible. At the head of his column, he appeared on the other side of the river; but they came up slowly, and ammunition was failing. To gain time, Hofer

sent a flag of truce to the Bavarian command with proposals for a surrender. This was refused, but Derooy asked for a twenty-four hours' armistice which Hofer equally declined. However, now too late in the day to resume the fight, and under cover of the night General Derooy managed to evacuate the town unobserved, the wheels of the guns and the hoofs of the horses being all muffled, and to march away, halting till the Bavarian frontier was reached. By seven o'clock next morning the Tyroleses were once more in Innsbruck.

The next month passed in tranquillity. After his defeat at Aspern Napoleon remained for several weeks on the island of Lobau, on the Danube, making his preparations to retrieve his lost ground. For reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained, the Archduke took no steps to do more than watch his foe. On June 4th Napoleon again crossed the Danube, and on the following day inflicted on the Austrians the decisive defeat of Wagram. An armistice quickly followed, and again all Austrian troops were ordered to evacuate Tyrol. This time the persuasions of the Tyrolese leaders were of no avail, and General Buol could do nothing but withdraw, after issuing a proclamation in which the peasants were exhorted to tranquillity and resignation. On July 30th the Duke of Leuchtenberg re-entered Innsbruck, and ordered that the weapons should be given up within forty hours, and that the leaders should surrender at once. A force was sent over the Brenner to another up the valley of the Inn. Hofer, on the other side, sent round a circular note calling all arms. On August 2nd, a body under Haspinger and others took up a position in the valley of the Eisach, a little higher up than the spot where Bisson and Wrede had been so recently treated in April. They secured the bridge, where the road crosses the river between the hamlets of Oberau and Unterau—the Upper and Lower Meadow. Speckbacher, with his Pusterthal men, joined them, and all was ready to receive the first enemy who should appear. General Rouyer's division had re-entered Innsbruck on August 3rd. At 7 a.m. on the 4th the leading column—a Saxon regiment, 2,000 strong—entered the narrow gorge of the Eisach. A barricade brought them to a halt, during which they afforded a mark to Speckbacher's men. A torrent of stones also fell on them. Still they moved forward as far as Mittewald, where artillery had to be used to clear the road. Fully 800 marksmen were

id on both sides of them, and they ing heavily. As they reached the bridge rang out overhead: "Stephen, shall way?" "Not yet," came the reply. umn halted, and an orderly was sent t the matter to General Rouyer. He the advance to be continued, but, it is nself retired to the rear of the column. e voice was heard again: "Now cut, the name of the most Holy Trinity!" roar like thunder the terrible "stone- burst out. Rocks, larches, huge frag- f the mountain side, crashed down upon less Saxons and Bavarians, overwhelm- dreds and cutting the column in two. ses of the force by the day's end ed to 1,300. In the night Rouyer with- rear to Sterzing. The Saxons were sur- , and after a gallant defence compelled to er. To this day the defile between Mitte- l Oberau is called the "Sachsenklemme." , meanwhile, had again crossed the and lay a couple of hours' march to the Sterzing, in a position where he could ds with Haspinger on the right and on with Speckbacher, who, with his usual , had moved to the north of Sterzing, r occupied a line of which the centre was age of Tschöfss. At noon on August Marshal Lefebvre, with 7,000 men and , entered Sterzing, and at 3 a.m. on the g day marched forward to Mauls, having ie precaution of putting on the uniform vate soldier. He also endeavoured to e heights with skirmishers. Haspinger y at first, probably only with the view ng his enemy into greater difficulties. he Tyrolese really advanced, Lefebvre was ack, escaping narrowly with his life, and ning found him back at Sterzing, where to rally his men. But the Tyrolese gave rest, and on the 10th he ordered a retreat. column which was trying to make its nd by Landeck had no better luck. At mened bridge of Pontlatz they fared just countrymen had fared 106 years before. tone-batteries" played so effectively on at most had to surrender, and only a the whole number got back to Landeck. 10th they were again at Innsbruck, with 22 officers and over 1,000 men. vre arrived on the following day, but he : been allowed to reach the capital un- l. "The finest hunt I ever had in my id Speckbacher, who led the pursuit, and

stuck so close to the heels of the enemy that he himself dragged a Bavarian officer from his horse, and, like one of Homer's heroes, carried off his sword and spear as a trophy. Some of the German officers seem to have found a little consolation in the thought that the French had now had a taste of the Tyrolese.

Both sides rested on the 12th. The 13th was a Sunday. In the early morning Father Joachim said mass in the church of Schönberg. Hofer made one of his short speeches: "Are you all here, Tyrolese? Then we will advance. You have heard mass, you have taken your dram. In the name of God, then." The military service in the great abbey church of Wilten was not over when the first shots were fired. The numbers were about the same—some 20,000 on either side, the Bavarians, Saxons, and French having perhaps slightly the advantage. The tactics were very much as in May. Haspinger again led the left wing, Speckbacher the right. The marshal, however, in order to keep his retreat open, had detached a force under Count Arco to hold Schwatz. The levies from the upper Inn valley were on the opposite side of the river, but they were unable to do much more than give employment to part of the enemy's force. At 2 p.m. the marshal ordered an advance. Covered by artillery fire, two regiments stormed Berg Isel, while others attacked Ambras, on the further side of the river Sill. Every foot of ground was stubbornly contested. The men of Passeir were forced to give way. Speckbacher was driven from his positions. Only Haspinger, on the left, hurled the attacking columns back into the plain. The Bavarians began to set fire to the houses. It was the worst move they could have made, as it only served to infuriate the Tyrolese. Rallying under cover of the forests, they burst out again, and after one volley charged home with clubbed guns, the weapon which served them best. All the positions were recovered, and though Lefebvre ordered five more assaults, the assailants reeled back each time with broken heads.

The struggle only ended with daylight. The Bavarians had lost 2,000 men. Count Arco had fallen, like his ancestor, to a Tyrolese bullet, but the way to Kufstein was still open; nor was Hofer desirous to drive the enemy to extremities. So long as the land was freed from his presence, it was enough. At 7 p.m. on the 14th the Marshal Duke of Danzig left Innsbruck with his whole force. That night he entrenched himself at Schwatz, but soon found that the

neighbourhood of Haspinger and Speckbacher made the position undesirable, and on the 19th he proceeded to Salzburg. For the third time in four months Tyrol was freed.

It is beside our present purpose to trace the course of events further. It may be said that for some weeks Hofer governed Tyrol from Innsbruck, with about as much success as could be expected from a peasant suddenly raised to such a position. His upright nature prevented him from making so many blunders as his want of education and experience might have been expected to lead him into. On October 4th, the Emperor's "nameday," a great festival was held, and Hofer was presented with a medal, sent by the Emperor himself. On the same day the treaty of Schönbrunn was signed, and Tyrol was finally handed back to Bavaria, and overwhelming forces were sent to enforce submission. Speckbacher was defeated on the Salzburg frontier on October 16th, and barely escaped capture. A few days after, Hofer left Innsbruck, and took up his quarters at Schönberg. Once again, on the 27th, the Tyrolese turned to bay, and inflicted some loss on the Bavarians; but on November 1st General Wrede succeeded in surprising their

position on Berg Isel at a time when they were celebrating the festival of All Saints in the neighbouring churches, and inflicted a heavy defeat. Once more victory was propitious to Hofer, when, after three days' hard fighting at St. Leonhard, close to his own home, he compelled 1,200 Frenchmen, who had crossed the Jaufen in pursuit of him, to lay down their arms. But this was the last gleam of success. Hofer's mind seemed failing; he was no longer master of himself. A price was set on his head, and on December 2nd he fled into the mountains, and took refuge in a remote spot known only to himself and a few trusty friends. The secret was, however, betrayed, and at the end of January a force of 600 Frenchmen was sent to take him. He was brought to Mantua, and tried by a military commission. The majority were in favour of some penalty short of death; but Napoleon was not likely to spare the man who had baffled his generals so long, and a peremptory message commanded that he should be shot forthwith. He underwent the sentence with heroic fortitude on February 20th, 1810.

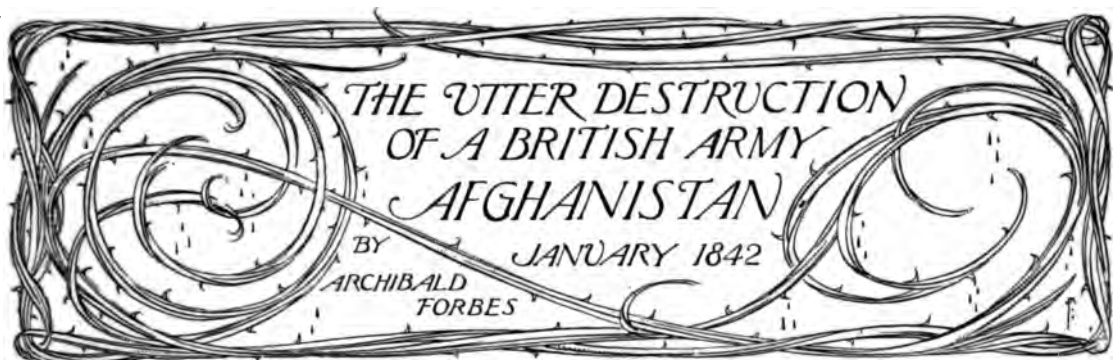
On the fall of Napoleon, Tyrol again came under its old counts.



From the Painting]

ANDREW HOFER MADE GOVERNOR OF THE TYROL.

] by Franz Defregger.



GLORIOUS, for the most part, as have been the military annals of Great Britain, the student of them will not fail to find the record of occasional disaster. In our own time a regiment has perished under the shadow of the Isandlwana mountain, and another was all but annihilated at Maiwand. But once only in the long roll of our many wars has been consummated the total ruin of a whole British army. In January, 1842, between the cantonments on the plain of Cabul and the hillock above Gundamuk, whereon the last remnant of fighting-men sold their lives dearly, there fell upwards of 4,500 soldiers, and more than double that number of camp followers. How this ghastly catastrophe came about, and how stern retribution for it was exacted, is told in the following narrative.

In 1838 the Sutlej was the British frontier. Between that river and the mountains of Afghanistan lay the Punjaub State, then ruled by Runjeet Singh. Under evil counsel, Lord Auckland, then Governor-general of India, resolved to send an army into Afghanistan to dethrone Dost Mahomed, and reinstate Shah Soojah, who, so early as 1809, had become a fugitive and an exile. All men whose experience gave weight to their utterances denounced this "preposterous enterprise." Lord William Bentinck, Auckland's predecessor, characterised the project as an act of incredible folly. Marquis Wellesley, a previous Governor-general of great distinction, regarded "this wild expedition into a distant region of rocks and deserts, of sands and ice and snow," as an act of infatuation. The Duke of Wellington pronounced, with prophetic sagacity, that the consequence of once crossing the Indus to settle a government in Afghanistan would be "a perennial march into that country."

But Lord Auckland was determined on the undertaking. He gathered at Ferozapore an Anglo-Indian army, and sent it, with the ill-

omened Shah Soojah on its shoulders, into the unknown and distant wilds of Afghanistan. That army began its march in December, 1838, and did not reach Cabul until the following August. A mere puppet in the hands of Macnaghten, the brilliant but uncertain civil servant who accompanied the new monarch in the capacity of envoy, Shah Soojah inspired the Afghans with no enthusiasm for his cause. They realised that he was restored to his throne merely by British bayonets; and they contrasted this creature of the Feringhis with his predecessor, the vigorous and masterful Dost Mahomed, who had fled across the Hindu Kush on the approach of the British troops.

The two years during which the quasi-occupation of Afghanistan lasted were far from quiescent; but the sanguine Macnaghten could not bring himself to recognise that Shah Soojah had no real grip on the country, and that the holding of the British troops was no more than the ground on which were their camps. He believed—or professed to believe—that "the country was quiet from Dan to Beersheba." "The people," he said, "are perfect children, and they should be treated as such. If we put one naughty boy in the corner, the rest will be terrified." Brave, wise General Nott, who commanded at Candahar, and who "never interfered in the government of the country," differed totally from the envoy's views. "Unless," he wrote, "strong reinforcements be quickly sent, not a man of us will be left to describe the fate of his comrades. Nothing will ever make the Afghans submit to the hated Shah Soojah." Nott regarded the situation with shrewd, clear common-sense.

In September, 1841, Macnaghten was about to quit Afghanistan. He had been appointed to the high post of Governor of the Bombay Presidency, and he was looking forward to an early departure for a less harassing and tumultuous sphere

of action than that in which he had been labouring for two troubled years. Before starting, the duty was cast upon him of cutting down the subsidies paid to the Afghan chiefs as bribes to keep them quiet. He had objected to this retrenchment; but, yielding to pressure from India, he intimated to the chiefs that their subsidies were to be reduced. They vehemently remonstrated, but without effect; and they then formed a confederacy of rebellion. The Ghilzai chiefs were the first to act. Quitting Cabul, they occupied the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, and entirely intercepted the communications with India by the Khyber route.

Macnaghten, busy with his arrangements for departure, gave himself no trouble in regard to this significant demonstration, remarking merely that it was "provoking." The time was approaching when Sale's brigade was to quit Cabul on its return journey to India, being relieved by the brigade which Shelton was bringing up. Macnaghten had intended to accompany Sale's march, for he wrote that he "hoped to settle the hash of the Ghilzais on the way down." But the Ghilzai rising anticipated him, and it spread so widely and rapidly that on October 9th Colonel Monteath was despatched to clear the passes with a strong detachment of all arms. Broadfoot, who commanded a corps of sappers, made a tour of discovery in search of entrenching tools. Driven from pillar to post, he at length betook himself to the officers in chief military command in Afghanistan. Poor General Elphinstone was a gallant soldier, but utterly unversed in Afghan warfare; wrecked in body and impaired in mind by physical infirmity, he had lost all faculty of energy; and he was so exhausted by the exertion of getting out of bed, that for some time afterwards he could not concentrate himself on business. He could give Broadfoot no instructions, and when the latter took leave, the poor old general said, "For God's sake clear the passes quickly, that I may get away; for if anything were to turn up, I am unfit for it—done up, body and mind." And this was the man whom Lord Auckland had appointed to the most responsible and arduous command at his disposal, and that in the fullest knowledge of Elphinstone's disqualifications for active service.

Sale fought his way down the passes, suffering occasionally serious losses. His European regiment—the 13th (now Prince Albert's Light Infantry)—consisted chiefly of young soldiers, *some of whom*, at the debouche into the Tezeen

valley, after a skirmish in which an officer and several men were killed, fell into precipitous flight, hotly chased by the Ghilzais. (The steep ascent to the Jugdulluk crest, the point of march, blocked by the baggage abandoned by the main body, was complicated by the halt while the rear-guard had to endure fierce attacks of the tribesmen and then the rain poured down from either side on the compact mass in the ravine below. The onslaught was valiantly repulsed; but the crest was not held until upwards of 120 men had fallen, many wounded among whom had to be abandoned with the dead. At a council of war held at a long halt at Gundamuk it was resolved to march on to Jellalabad, which was regarded as an eligible *point d'appui* on which a reinforcement might move up and a retiring force could fall back. Accordingly the brigade proceeded to that place, which was occupied on November 14th.

While Sale was battling his way through the passes to Gundamuk, the British people at Peshawar were enjoying unwonted quietude. Since the previous summer the Bala Hissar garrison had been withdrawn; and the troops, quartered in cantonments on the plain north of the city, ceased to be an expeditionary force, and became substantially an army of occupation. The officers had sent for their wives to join them, with them the bungalows in which they had settled down. There were dances and dinners in the morning "coffee house," and the evening gathering round the bandstand; a race-course had been laid out, and there were "sky-rocket" and more formal meetings. And so "the life went on, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away."

The defencelessness of the position, nevertheless, had long disquieted thinking men. The cantonments were surrounded by the camp of an obstacle in the shape of a shallow ravine and a feeble bank over which an active force could scramble. Their area was commanded on all sides by Afghan forts, which were not occupied nor destroyed, in one of which was contained the commissariat stores. The essentials of a defensive position the cantonments at the beginning of the war had been simply contemptible. The general and the general lived in the cantonment. Alexander Burnes occupied a house in the city close to the Treasury, and several other officers resided in the suburbs. Shelton, with his

camp on the Siah Sung hills, about a
 oth from city and cantonments. The
 1 of the British force, apart from the
 contingent, amounted to four infantry
 its, two batteries of artillery, three com-
 of sappers, a cavalry regiment and some
 r horse, all well equipped and in good

In the Bala Hissar, Shah Soojah had
 lerable body of military and several guns.
 : unexpectedly there broke out a sudden
 n November 2nd, 1841. On that morning
 lent mob assailed Burnes's house and
 him to pieces. The Treasury building was
 ; both houses were fired, and their sepoy
 massacred ; the armed mob swelled in
 s, and soon the whole city was in a
 tumult. Prompt and vigorous action
 ave crushed the outbreak ; but its rapid
 ment was encouraged by the indifference,
 on, and delay of the authorities. Shelton
 h marched into the Bala Hissar with part
 orce, the rest moving into the canton-
 but little else was done save to recall
 e passes Major Griffith with his regiment.
 orders were forwarded to Sale at Gun-
 calling him back—orders with which he
 comply. A brigade was begged of Nott
 andahar, which could not get through
 o the inclemency of the weather.

in Mackenzie was in charge of the com-
 t fort in a suburb of the city. Fiercely
 l on the 2nd, he maintained his post
 wearied constancy until midnight of the
 though his garrison was short of am-
 n and crowded with women and children.

was sent him, the gate of the fort
 d, and his wounded were fast dying. He
 ed the fort, and fought his way gallantly
 : cantonments, bringing in his wounded
 women and children. Nowhere else did
 ghans encounter any resistance, and the
 passiveness of our people encouraged
 o act with vigour. From adjacent forts
 ere threatening the main commissariat
 ndering access to it. The young officer
 iding its garrison lost his head, where-
 ie general ordered the withdrawal of him
 : garrison, abandoning the fort and its
 s. In this attempt several officers and
 re lost. The disastrous consequences of
 ndonment of the fort were urged by the
 ariat officer, containing, as it did, all the
 xcept two days' supplies in cantonments,
 o prospect of procuring any more. Orders
 en given that the fort was to be held

to the last extremity ; but on the morning of
 the 5th, just as troops were preparing to reinforce
 him, the officer and his garrison evacuated the
 fort. Thus, with scarcely a struggle to save it,
 was this vital fort dropped into the enemy's
 hands, and thenceforth our unfortunate people
 were reduced to precarious and scanty sources
 for their food.

On November 9th, owing to the general's
 mental and physical weakness, Brigadier Shelton
 was summoned into the cantonments. He was
 expected to display some vigour, but the hope
 was not realised. He was a very resolute man, but
 was of a sullen temperament, and when worried
 by Elphinstone, "retired behind an uncommuni-
 cative and disheartening reserve." From the
 first he had no belief in the ability of the
 occupants of the cantonments to maintain their
 position, and he never ceased to urge prompt
 retreat on Jellalabad. He was a determined
 fighting-man ; but the 44th, the only European
 regiment of the force, unfortunately had a
 record of misbehaviour, to which it was un-
 happily true during this miserable period. A
 sudden stampede from an already evacuated
 fort left the colonel of the regiment and
 a brave handful who stood by him to
 be hacked to pieces. Shelton with difficulty
 rallied the poltroons, but a call for volunteers
 from the regiment was responded to but by one
 solitary private. On another of those days of
 disheartenment Major Scott, of the 44th, made
 appeal on appeal ineffectually to the soldierly
 spirit of his men, and while they would not
 move the sepoys could not be induced to ad-
 vance. The insurrection spread with ominous
 rapidity. Tidings came in that the officers of
 the Kohistanee regiment at Kuhdurrah had been
 cut to pieces by their own men. On November
 15th there rode wearily into the cantonments
 two wounded officers, the only survivors of
 the Goorkha regiment stationed at Charikar in
 Kohistan. Major Pottinger was wounded in the
 leg, and Haughton, the adjutant of the corps, had
 lost his right hand, and his head hung forward
 on his breast, half severed from his body by
 a great tulwar slash. The final fight occurred
 on the 22nd on the Behmaroo heights, when
 Shelton, with five companies of the 44th and
 twelve of native infantry, with some cavalry
 and a gun, were assailed by Afghan masses.
 Shelton commanded a bayonet charge, but not
 a man sprang forward at the summons which
 British soldiers are wont to welcome with cheers ;
 the troopers heard, but obeyed not, that trumpet

call to "Charge!" which so rarely fails to thrill the cavalymen with the rapture of the fray. The gunners only, men of that noble force the Company's Horse Artillery, quitted themselves valiantly, and stood to their piece to the bitter end. The sombre day ended in a wild rout towards the cantonments, the Afghan cavalry making ghastly slaughter among the panic-stricken runaways.

As the result of this disaster, Macnaghten resorted to negotiations, which the Afghans designedly prolonged. At length, on December 11th, he met the principal chiefs on the river side between the cantonments and the city, with a draft treaty to which the sirdars assented. More delay occurred; but on the 23rd, the envoy, with his staff officers, Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, rode out to hold a conference with Akbar Khan, the treacherous and ferocious son of Dost Mahomed. After a brief colloquy, the unfortunate envoy was suddenly seized, dragged down the slope, and hacked to death by Afghan knives. His head was paraded in triumph through the streets of Cabul, and the mangled trunk, after having been dragged through the city, was hung up in the great bazaar.

Major Pottinger, as now the senior political



SIR ROBERT SALE.

officer, was called upon by General Elphinstone to conduct negotiations with the Afghan leaders. On the sombre and cheerless Christmas morning

that brave man rose in the council of timid who wore swords, and remonstrated with sole vigour and powerful argument against acce



DOST MAHOMED.

the degrading terms which the chiefs had tumeliously thrown to them. But the hearted council unanimously decided to remain in Cabul and to force a retreat were impracticable, and that nothing remained to release the army by accepting the conditions stipulated by the Afghans. "Under those circumstances," in the words of Pottinger considered it my duty, notwithstanding repugnance to and disapproval of the me to yield and attempt to carry on a negotiation. Severe and humiliating as were the terms were not obtained without difficulty. Pot had to plead, to entreat, to be abject; to the truculent Afghans "not to overpower weak with sufferings," and to entreat them to forget kindness" shown by us in former. One blushes, not for, but with the g Pottinger, loyally carrying out the mis duty put upon him. The shame was no it lay on the council of superior officers overruled his remonstrances and ground face into the dust.

Our people were made to pass under the every hour of their wretched lives during last winter days in the Cabul cantonment. Day after day the departure was delayed, on pretext that the Afghan chiefs had not completed their preparations for the safe conduct of the force. Day after day the snow was falling with a quiet, ruthless persistency. At last the ill-omened evacuation by our doomed people from the cantonments, wherein they had undergone every extremity of humiliation, was begun.

reary winter morning of January 6th, 1842. lay deep on plain and hillside; the cruel bit fiercely into the debilitated frames of epoys and the great herds of camp-followers. marching-out force consisted of about 4,500 d men, of whom about 690 were Europeans,

enterprise, whose deserved failure was to be branded yet deeper on the gloomiest page of our national history, by the impending catastrophe of which the dark shadow already lay upon the blighted column.

The advance began to move out from the



"AN AFGHAN HORSEMAN RODE AT HER WITH UPLIFTED SWORD" (p. 570).

native soldiers on foot, and 970 native ymen. In good heart and resolutely com- ed, a strength of disciplined troops thus tuted might have been trusted not only ld its own against Afghan onslaught, but te the offensive with success. But, alas! eart of the hapless force had gone to water, ipline was a wreck, its chiefs were feeble pathetic. The awful fate brooded over its n banners of expiating by its utter annih- the foolish and sinister prosecution of the

cantonments at nine a.m. The main body under Shelton, accompanied by the ladies, sick, and wounded slowly followed, already disorganised by throngs of camp-followers with the baggage. The Afghans occupied the cantonments as portion after portion was evacuated, rending the air with their exulting cries and committing every kind of atrocity. When at length the rear-guard moved off in the twilight, an officer and fifty men were left dead in the snow, victims of Afghan fire; and owing to losses in the gun-

teams two horse-artillery guns had to be spiked and abandoned. The route of the rear-guard was cumbered already with heaps of abandoned baggage, which the Afghans were plundering assiduously. Other Afghans, greedier for blood than for booty, were hacking and slaying among the sepoy and followers who thus early had dropped out of the column. Babes lay in the snow abandoned by their mothers, themselves prostrate and dying a few yards farther on. The force bivouacked in the snow at the end of the first short march of six miles. During the night of bitter cold, soldiers and camp-followers, foodless, fireless, and shelterless, froze to death in numbers, and numbers more were frostbitten. The silence of the camp next morning betrayed universal despair and torpor. Already defection had set in: part of the Shah's contingent had deserted during the night.

No orders were given out, no bugle sounded the "advance" on the sullen morning of the 7th. The column heaved itself forward sluggishly, a mere mob, destitute of any order or discipline. The Afghans hung on its skirts slaughtering and plundering, and of the seven guns five fell into their hands. A body of Afghan horse charged right into the heart of the column, spreading confusion and dismay far and wide. At Boothak was found Akbar Khan, who professed to have been commissioned to escort the force to Jellalabad, and who insisted on a halt until the morrow, when he would provide supplies—supplies that never came. He wrung from Pottinger a subsidy of 15,000 rupees, and demanded and obtained him, Lawrence, and Mackenzie as hostages.

Another night passed with its train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death. Scarce any of the baggage now remained; neither for man nor beast was there any food. Daylight brought merely a more bitter realisation of utter misery. The two nights of exposure to frost "had so nipped even the strongest men as completely to prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service; even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, had to be lifted on to their horses." The few hundred men still capable of exertion at the sound of hostile fire struggled to their feet from their lairs in the snow, leaving many of their more fortunate comrades stark in death. A turmoil of confusion, plundering, and bloodshed reigned. The ladies were no longer carried in litters and palanquins, for the bearers were mostly dead: they sat in the bullet fire in *panniers* slung on camels, invalids as some of

them were—one poor woman with a 10-month-old baby.

It was not until noon that the living human beings and animals were once more in motion, the task before them to thread the perpendicular gorge of the Khoord-Cabul pendent on either side by perpendicular pinnacles. The "Jaws of Death," as the Afghans called the ravine, were barely entered when the darkness was renewed. Lady Sale, who rode in advance, had a bullet through her arm; and more through her dress. Some of the ladies had strange adventures. In one of the *panniers* of a camel were Mrs. Boyd and her little son, in the other Mrs. Mainwaring and her own infant and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. The camel fell, shot. A native trooper caught Mrs. Boyd up behind him, and brought her through safely; another horseman, behind her child rode, was killed, and the boy fell into Afghan hands. The Anderson girl shared the same fate. Mrs. Mainwaring was made to travel on foot, when an Afghan horseman seized her with uplifted sword. She was rescued by a sepoy, who killed the Afghan, and then conducted the poor lady and her child through the dead and dying and the heavy fire of the mouth of the pass, when a bullet slew the brave grenadier, and Mrs. Mainwaring was obliged to continue her weary and hazardous transit bivouac beyond. Near the exit of the gorge the commanding position was held by some of the regiments, supporting the only gun remaining. Under the cover of this stand the remainder of the mass gradually drifted forward while the pursuit was checked, and at length all the living force reached the camping place at Akbar, accompanied by the chiefs and followed in the track of the retreat. Pottinger professed that his object was to stop the fire, but Pottinger distinctly heard him shout to them!" in the Pushtoo tongue. In the midst of the scene of the heaviest slaughter "came on one sight of horror after another as the bodies were stripped. There were many cut into two. Hindustanee women, as well as men, were found literally chopped to pieces; many with their throats cut from ear to ear. Snow fell all night on the unfavourably gathered tentless on the Khoord-Cabul ground. On the 10th, Akbar sent into the column a proposal that the ladies and children, in their deplorable condition he professed to sympathise with, should be given over to his protection, and that the married officers should accompany

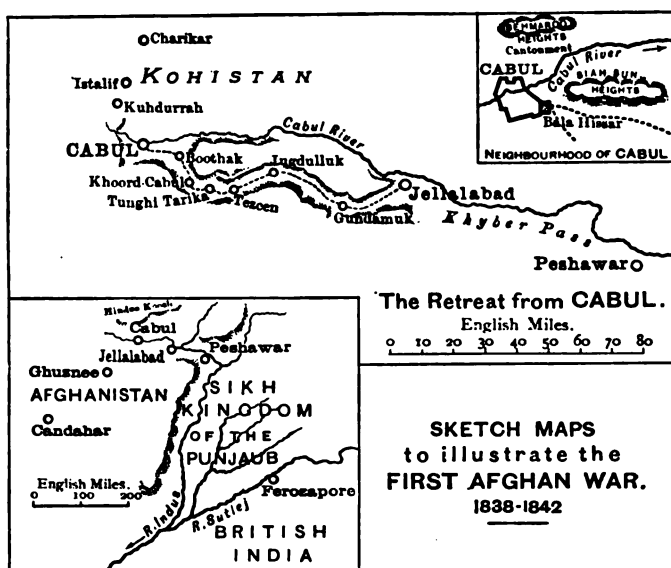
the general had little faith in the sirdar, and was fain to consent to an arrangement on some promise of alleviation to the distress of the ladies, scarce any of whom had a meal since leaving Cabul. Some, from childbirth, were nursing infants days old; other poor creatures were daily apprehending the pains of motherhood, was not surprising that, dark and dreary was the future to which they were looking themselves, the ladies preferred its awful certainties which lay before them to the uncertainties of the retreat column. If in the ranks of their husbands there was any between public and private duty, the general decided the issue in favour of them to share the fortunes of their families.

There was no supplies, and the retreat was resumed on the 10th, greatly attenuated by starvation, disease, and desertion. The remnants of the army, consisting of the remnant of the 44th, the solitary gun, and a small cavalry, forced its way through the mountains, and marched on until it reached the Tunghi Tarika—a deep gorge barely passable. Men fell fast in the snow, struck down by the cold from the heights; but the survivors struggled on to the heights beyond, and waited for the arrival of the main

body that was never to emerge from the snow in the Tunghi Tarika. The few survivors brought to the advance the ghastly sight of it now was all that remained of the army which had quitted the Cabul cantonment. The steep slopes had suddenly swarmed with Afghans rushing down to the butchery, and the massacre had stunted living victims remained.

The remnant of the army consisted now of the files of the 44th, about 100 troopers, and a fragment of horse artillery with a single gun. The sirdar protested his regret for the general's leading his inability to control the hillmen; but he offered to guarantee the safe conduct to Jellalabad of the European soldiers if they would lay down their arms. This sinister proffer was rejected, and the retreat continued, led in disorder by the general and the camp-followers. During the retreat from Kubbar-i-Jubbar to the

Tezeen valley, Shelton's dogged valour had mainly saved the force from destruction; and he it was who now suggested that a resolute effort should be made to reach Jugdulluk by a rapid night-march of four-and-twenty miles. This was the last chance, and Shelton's proposal was adopted. Fatal delays occurred, and ten miles short of Jugdulluk the little column was running the gauntlet of jezail fire, which lined the road with dead and dying. The harassed advance reached Jugdulluk on the afternoon of the 11th, and bivouacked under volley after volley, poured



down on the weary band by the inexorable enemy. Here Akbar claimed as hostages General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and he pretended that what remained of the force should be allowed to march unmolested to Jellalabad.

The little band, leaving perforce the sick and wounded, marched out into the darkness, resolute to push through or die fighting. The fierce Ghilzais hung on the rear and flanks of the column, encumbered with its fatal incubus of camp-followers, mixed among the throng with their deadly knives, and killed and plundered with the dexterity of long practice. On the crest of the Jugdulluk height the tribesmen had erected a formidable abattis of prickly brushwood across the road, which dammed back the fugitives. In this trap were caught our hapless people and the swarm of native followers, and now the end was very near. From behind the barrier and round the lip of the great trap the

hillmen fired their hardest into the seething mass of soldiers and followers, writhing in the awful Gehenna on which the calm moon shone down. On the edges of this whirlpool of death the fell Ghilzais were stabbing and hacking with

gunless now, rallied to him the few gunners who were all that remained of his noble and historic troop, and led them to share with him an heroic death.

The barrier was ultimately broken



JELLALABAD



VIEW OF THE KHOORD-CABUL PASS, SHOWING THE SPOT (a) WHERE THE REMNANT OF THE 44TH REGIMENT MADE THEIR GALLANT STAND.

ferocious industry. Among our people, face to face with death on the rocky Jugdulluk, officers and soldiers alike fought with cool, deadly rancour. The brigadier and the private, engaged in the same bitter *mêlée*, fought side by side and fell side by side. Stalwart Captain Dodgin, of the 44th, slew five Afghans before he went down. Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery,

end. Rush after rush recoiled from its front ; but a final onset of the enemy, hand, ended the unequal struggle, and closed the dismal tragedy. Captain Souter, of who, with a few wounded privates, was taken into captivity, saved the colours, which he wound round his waist before he departed from Jugdulluk. Of a little group of mount-

and a scant remnant of the force wrought their escape from the pit. The morning of the 13th dawned on a day of rain. A group of some officers and forty-four European soldiers — remained alive of the brigade. Its march was marked by sharp assaults, and the band turned aside to take a defensive position on an adjacent hill, where they were swarmed by Afghans, who snatched from them their arms, but they were sternly resolute to the bayonet point. The Afghans set them to the work of digging, picking off officers, man after man, after a few rounds remained, the pouches were exhausted, but the remnant stood fast, awaiting the

ridden forward, only six reached Futtewhere two were slain. Of the four who further, three were massacred within four of Jellalabad. One officer alone survived in that haven of refuge.

ladies, married officers, and hostages and Akbar Khan along the line of retreat with its ghastly tokens, and recognising at every step the bodies of friends and es. At Jugdulluk they found General stone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain n, and learned the fate which had over the marching force. On the following bar quitted Jugdulluk with his hostages e ladies, and rode away northward into untains. On the fourth day the fort of ad, in the Lughman valley, was reached, Akbar left the prisoners while he went to the reduction of Jellalabad.

n Sale's brigade occupied Jellalabad on ber 12th, 1841, that place was incapable ing a vigorous assault. The skilled and ic Broadfoot, in the capacity of garrison r, had the duty of making it defensible; e repairs were already well advanced in the 29th, the Afghans surrounded the ad pushed their skirmishers close up to s. A sortie worsted the invading body nsiderable slaughter, and drove it from

Pottinger, confirming the rumours already rife of the murder of Macnaghten, and of the virtual capitulation to which the Cabul force had submitted. A week later an official communication



AKBAR KHAN.

was received, signed by General Elphinstone and Pottinger, formally announcing the convention entered into with the Cabul chiefs, and ordering the garrison of Jellalabad to give up that place to an Afghan sirdar, who was the bearer of the humiliating missive, and forthwith retire to Peshawur. Sale gallantly pronounced himself un-

trammelled by a convention forced from people "with knives at their throats," and expressed his determination to hold Jellalabad, unless ordered by the Government of India to withdraw.

Rumours of disasters befalling the Cabul force had, in a measure, prepared the people in Jellalabad for misfortune, but not for the awful catastrophe of which Dr. Brydon had to tell, when, in the afternoon of January 13th, 1842, the lone man, whose approach to the fortress Lady Butler's painting so pathetically depicts, rode through the Cabul gate of Jellalabad and announced himself the sole survivor of the British



TYPES OF AFGHAN SOLDIERS.

inity. Bad news at intervals filtered he passes from Cabul, and at the new rived a melancholy letter from Major

army which had quitted the Cabul cantonments a week before. Dr. Brydon was covered with cuts and contusions, and was utterly exhausted. His

first few broken and hasty words extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding their Cabul comrades and friends. Almost simultaneously with this shock there came tidings up the Khyber of the failure of Wild's efforts to come to the relief of the Jellalabad garrison, and the information that further attempts must be indefinitely postponed. This intimation weakened in some degree Sale's resolution to hold Jellalabad to extremity, and he scarcely appreciated the glorious opportunity presented of inspiring by the staunch constancy of the garrison a weak Government staggering under a burden of calamity. Sale summoned to a council of war the commanding officers of his brigade, and expressing the conviction that nothing was to be hoped for from the Indian Government, he sought their opinion regarding offers received from Akbar Khan to treat for the British evacuation of Afghanistan. He laid before the council, in reply to a message from Shah Soojah, the draft of a letter professing the readiness of the garrison to evacuate Jellalabad, on the terms of exchange of hostages, restoration of British prisoners and escort to Peshawur "in safety and honour," with arms, colours, guns, supplies, and transport. Sale frankly owned that he was in favour of accepting the specified conditions.

Then the noble and high-souled Broadfoot arose in his wrath, denouncing the project of withdrawal as neither safe nor honourable, and contending that they could hold Jellalabad indefinitely—"could colonise, if they liked." His branding as disgraceful the giving of hostages on our part roused Captain Oldfield to express himself tersely but pointedly on the subject. "I for one," he exclaimed in great agitation, "will fight here to the last drop of my blood; but I plainly declare that I will never be a hostage, and I am surprised that anyone should propose such a thing, or regard an Afghan's word as worth anything." The resolution to abandon Jellalabad was carried, Broadfoot and Oldfield being the sole dissenters. But Broadfoot's representations later turned the current of opinion, and the other members of the council, gradually regaining their self-respect and mental equipoise, unanimously declined the proposals advocated by their commanding officer; and thus ended with honour the deliberations of the memorable council of war, whose eleventh-hour resolve to "hold the fort" mainly averted the ruin of British prestige in India and throughout the regions bordering on our Indian empire.

The close investment of Jellalabad by Akbar

Khan thwarted the efforts of the garrison to obtain supplies, and at length, on the 7th April, Sale led out a sortie in force. Three columns Havelock commanded, Colonel Dennie the centre, and Col. Monteath, commanding the native regiment, the left. Akbar, reputed 5,000 strong, was in position in front of his camp, about three miles from Jellalabad, with a strong outpost midway between the camp and the city. Havelock and Monteath marched straight at the enemy, but Dennie halted to assault an intermediate fort, with the result of failure on his own life. The artillery came to the aid of the infantry at a gallop, and poured shot and shell into Akbar's mass. The three columns, by abreast of each other, deployed into three, moving forward at the double in the teeth of the Afghan musketry fire, swept the enemy out of his position, capturing his artillery, and putting him to utter rout. By seven o'clock of the April morning, the British were signally beaten in the open by the troops who boasted of blockading in the fortress.

The garrison of Jellalabad had thus secured its own relief. Thenceforth it experienced neither annoyance nor scarcity. General Darnley arrived with strong reinforcements a few days after the brilliant sally which had given the garrison deliverance from all trouble, and the 1st Division of his column was played into its camp at Jellalabad plain by the band of the 13th Light Infantry, to the significant tune of "Oh, but ye've been coming!" The magniloquent Elphinstone dubbed Sale's brigade "the Illustrious Column," and, if the expression was somewhat strained, its conduct was without doubt eminently creditable.

It was little wonder that the untimely tidings of the Cabul outbreak, and the shock of the catastrophe in the past, had temporarily unnerved the Government. But Lord Auckland rallied his resources with creditable promptitude. In the few days of his term that remained he could do more than make dispositions which his successor might find of service. Lord Auckland took to the command of "the Army of Retribution" a quiet, steadfast, experienced artillery officer, who during his forty years of Indian service had soldiered creditably from the precipices of the Himalayas to the rice-swamps of the Irawaddy. He was essentially the fitting man for the task, characterised as he was by strong shrewd sagacity, calm firmness, and single-mindedness.

nd. There were many things in Lord
nd's Indian career of which it behoved
repent; but it must go to his credit
gave Pollock this high command; and he
honestly claim, as he made his prepara-
o quit the great possession whose future
licy had endangered, that he had con-
d towards the retrieval of the crisis by
ly furthering "such operations as might
ired for the maintenance of the honour
erests of the British Government."

ck reached Peshawur in the beginning of
ry, 1842. Wild had attempted to force
yber and had failed. One-half of Wild's
was sick in hospital and the whole in a
utter demoralisation, which spread to the
regiments which Pollock and McCaskill
t up. In this situation Pollock had to
he pressing appeals to advance made to
id patiently to devote weeks and months
restoration of the *morale* and discipline of
ive troops and to the reinvigoration of
hysique. He gradually succeeded in this
nd, having inspired them with perfect
nd trust in himself, he felt himself at
justified in advancing with confidence,
hened by a brigade comprising British
and horse artillery. He moved on the
g of April 5th, with a force about 8,000
and carried out a scheme of operations
in conception and complete in detail.
illmen had blocked the throat of the
Pass, and were waiting behind the
for the opportunity which never was to
them. For Pollock's main body quietly
in front of the barrier, while his flank-
arms hurried in the grey dawn along the
nd heights, pushing so far forward as to
reverse with their fire the obstacle and
nders. The guns swept with shrapnel
it and lateral slopes, the centre moved on
sted, while the flanking parties pushed
nd yet farther forward, chasing and slaying
tive hillmen; and making good Welling-
ervation "that he had never heard that
ops were not equal, as well in their per-
ctivity as in their arms, to contend with
come any natives of hills whatever."

ck's march up the passes was thenceforth
unmolested. He found at Jellalabad, in
words, "the fortress strong, the garrison
; and, except for wine and beer, better off
are." One principal object of his com-
had been accomplished: he had relieved
rison of Jellalabad and could ensure its

safe withdrawal. But a great company of his
countrymen and countrywomen were still in
Afghan durance. His commission gave him a
considerable discretion, and he determined in
his patient, steadfast way, to tarry awhile on the
Jellalabad plain, in the hope that the course of
events might play into his hands.

Stout old General Nott had meanwhile been
holding his own in the Candahar country, fight-
ing, marching, and expressing himself with re-
freshing plainness. When the local chiefs, after
the Cabul disaster, suggested negotiations for his
withdrawal, his answer was brief and to the point:
"I will not treat with any person whatsoever for
the retirement of the British troops from Afghan-
istan until I have received instructions from the
supreme Government." When General England,
bringing up a brigade to reinforce him, met with
a discreditable repulse in the Kojak pass, and
piteously begged Nott to come to his support,
the grim old warrior peremptorily ordered
England's prompt advance, remarking sarcasti-
cally in his biting letter: "I am well aware that
war cannot be made without loss; but yet, per-
haps, British troops can oppose Asiatic armies
without defeat."

Lord Ellenborough, the successor of Lord
Auckland, on his arrival in India had pub-
lished a manifesto which spoke of "the re-
establishment of our military reputation by the
infliction upon the Afghans of some signal and
decisive blow;" but six weeks later he was order-
ing Nott to evacuate Candahar and retire to
India, and instructing Pollock to withdraw with-
out delay every British soldier from Jellalabad
to Peshawur. Pollock temporised, pleading
inability to retire for want of transport. Nott
reluctantly began preparations for withdrawal.
But early in June Lord Ellenborough, while
reiterating injunctions for his retirement, gave
him the alternatives of returning to India by
the direct route, or of boxing the compass by
the curiously circuitous retirement *via* Ghuznee,
Cabul, and Jellalabad. Pollock, for his part, was
permitted, if he thought proper, to advance on
Cabul in order to facilitate Nott's withdrawal,
if the latter should elect to "retreat" by the
circuitous route just described. The two gen-
erals accepted with joy the responsibility which
the Governor-General had shuffled off upon
them, and proceeded to act with soldierly
initiative and vigour. They moved in con-
cert. Pollock concentrated his force at Gunda-
muk, and began his march on Cabul on
September 7th, eager to hurry forward, since

Nott had written that he expected to reach Cabul on the 15th, and Pollock was burning to be there first. On the 8th he found the Ghilzais in force on the Jugdulluk heights, who stood their ground against a heavy artillery fire, and had to be driven off at the bayonet-point by brave old General Sale at the head of the Jellalabad brigade. Akbar made his final stand in the ravine beyond Tezeen with a force some 15,000 strong, and the Afghans fought with

miles ; indeed, the whole march from Gundamuk to Cabul may be said to have been over the corpses of the massacred army." Pollock reached Cabul on the 15th, and camped on the race-course of the city. He had won the race for Cabul with Nott by a couple of days.

Nott from Candahar had far the longer distance to traverse, and he had to encounter the heavier fighting. He gave Shumshooden's army of 10,000 men a thorough beating, drove the



"MOVING FORWARD AT THE DOUBLE IN THE TEETH OF THE AFGHAN MUSKETRY FIRE" (p. 574).

desperate fury. Up among the precipices there were many hand-to-hand encounters, in which the sword and the bayonet fought out the issue ; but the hillmen were finally driven from the rocky summit of the Huft Kotul by Broadfoot's bloodthirsty little Goorkhas, who, hillmen themselves, chased the Afghans from crag to crag, using their fell kookeries as they pursued. There was no further opposition, and this was well for the Afghans, for the awful spectacle in the Khoord-Cabul pass kindled in Pollock's soldiers a white heat of fury. "The bodies," wrote Captain Backhouse, "lay in heaps of hundreds, our gun-wheels crushing the bones of our late comrades at every step for several

Afghans from Ghuznee, and hoisted the British flag on its capital ; and after a final victory within a few marches of Cabul, he reached the vicinity of that capital on September 17th.

For months there had been negotiations for the release of the British prisoners whom Akbar had kept in durance ever since they came into his hands during the disastrous retreat in January ; but those had been unsuccessful, and it was now known that the unfortunate company of officers, women, and children had been carried off to the westward of Cabul into the hill country of Bamian. Pollock promptly despatched Sir Richmond Shakespear with a force of horse on the mission of attempting the liberation of



THE REMNANT OF AN ARMY.
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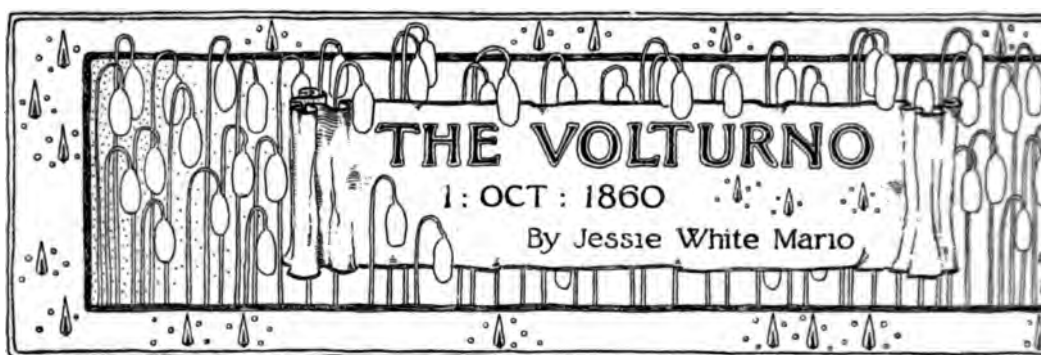
tives. But our gallant countrymen had wrought out their own freedom. They guaranteed to their custodian their return money; and, captives no longer, proceeded to assert themselves in the usual British manner. They hoisted the Union Jack; Pottinger became once again the "political," and ordered the chiefs to attend his durbar. Their fort went into a state of defence, and victualled in readiness for a siege. But when tidings came of Akbar's death at Tezeen, the self-emancipated party set out on the march to Cabul. On the 17th they were taken charge of by Shakespear and his horsemen, and on the 21st Pollock, with the company of British men and women, whose rescue had been mainly effected by his long steadfastness.

There more remains to be told. An Afghan fell in arms at Istalif, a beautiful village of the ever-hostile Kohistanes, was attacked by a division which carried the place

by assault, burnt part of it, and severely smote the garrison. Utter destruction was the fate of Charikar, where Codrington's Goorkha regiment had been destroyed. Pollock determined to "set a mark" on Cabul, to commemorate the retribution which the British had exacted; but he contented himself with destroying the great bazaar, through which the heads of Macnaghten and Burnes had been paraded, and in which their mangled bodies had been exposed. On October 12th the conjunct force turned its back on Cabul, which no British army was again to see for nearly forty years, and set forth on the march down the passes. As the army was crossing the Punjaub, Dost Mohamed passed up to reoccupy the position from which he had been driven three years previously. And so ended the first Afghan War, a period of history in which no redeeming features are discernible, except the defence of Jellalabad, the dogged firmness of Nott, and Pollock's noble and successful constancy of purpose.



THE KHYBER PASS.



THE liberation of Sicily completed by the victory of Milazzo on the 23rd of July, 1860, Garibaldi, bent on freeing the Italian mainland, sent across the straits 210 pioneers to raise the flag of revolution there, intending to proceed across the frontier into the Papal territory, give battle to the Papal and French troops, and crown Victor Emmanuel King of Italy in Rome.

This last part of his programme was opposed by Cavour, who, however, obtained permission from the French emperor to invade Umbria and the Marches, and attack and defeat La Moricière's legion, on the understanding that all conflict with the French troops would be avoided and the Pope's authority respected.

Garibaldi, after a triumphal march through the Calabrias, entered Naples on the 7th of September, accompanied by General Cosenz, Dr. Agostino Bertani, the surgeon-soldier and organiser of the volunteer expeditions, nine staff-officers and orderlies.

The young king, with some 50,000 troops who remained faithful to him, retiring to Gaeta with the royal family, on board a Spanish warship, as his own fleet refused to leave the Bay of Naples, Garibaldi at once realised that the final duel would have to be fought out by the royal and revolutionary forces between Gaeta and Capua. He took up his position, therefore, between Naples and the Volturno, and after a slight reverse, due to the imprudence of the officers left in charge during his brief absence, he fixed his watch tower on the summit of S. Angelo, never quitting it save to sleep at headquarters in Caserta.

Towards the end of September, 1860, Garibaldi's army of volunteers, numbering in all some 21,000, were distributed between Caserta and the river Volturno, as follows: At S. Angelo, the centre and key of his position, was Medici (the man who had held the Vascello against the

French throughout the siege of Rome) 4,000 infantry and nine guns in position; Sta. Maria, Milbitz (also a Roman veteran commanded the left wing, instead of Cosenz, Minister of War), with 5,000 men and four guns; Cortese, with 1,500 men being on his extreme right towards Aversa; at Maddaloni, Bixio, on the 30th April, 1849, captured 300 French invaders and brought them prisoners to France; the commander of the *Lombardo*—which the *Piedmont*, had borne the Thousand from Quarto to Marsala—with 5,663, was in charge of the right wing; while isolated at Castel Volturno stood Bronzette with 227 sharpshooters. S. Leucio and Gradillo, Gaetano Sacchi, Garibaldi's Montevidean comrade, whom he carried off wounded from the victorious Salto and nursed on the return voyage with tenderest care.

All the generals and superior officers fought under him in Lombardy in the "I of the Alps" volunteer corps, pioneers and Franco-Piedmontese allies against the Austrians.

At Caserta, under Sirtori, now chief of staff, were the reserves, to the number of 10,000 men and thirteen guns, the Guides, and a few French for all cavalry. Such was the "twelve-mile Garibaldian line" extending from Avezzano to Maddaloni. "A defective line," wrote the general later, "irregular and all too long for the French at my disposal." But their defects were unavoidable considering the formidable position of the Neapolitans in Capua, whose fortifications forming the *tête-de-pont*, were rounded on three sides by the Volturno, the one solid bridge across the river in Italian hands, together with all the *scafi*, or boat-ferries, with 50,000 troops; numerous batteries supplied field-artillery with sixty-four rifled guns besides batteries in position in the front of the fortress and on the heights of Jerusalem, 7,000 splendid cavalry, which daily performed

volutions on the exercise-ground of

g that seven roads issuing from the Volturno converge on Naples, the enemy's objective behaved indeed that he who held the trust for Victor Emmanuel should keep watch and ward along the left bank of tuous, snake-like river which, in its from its source in the mountains of the to its mouth in the Gulf of Gaeta, here at a snail's pace, there runs with e velocity. On September 27th appeared official *Gazette* Garibaldi's proclamation lini's victories over La Moricière and aking of Ancona, ending thus: "The soldiers of ny of the have passed tier and are politan soil. l soon have d fortune to heir victori- ds."

bly this un- news de- ing Francis, th his step- had joined ps at Capua, ent to his s plan far g Garibaldi l his line, so

e king should "spend his birthday in

aldi—who, from his eyrie on Mount marked, pondered, and understood the nts in front of Capua and along the ivined their intention, and on the 30th er, warning Medici to repulse but not n Colonna's column of 3,000, which ad to cross the Volturno at the Traffisco started for Maddaloni, telling Bixio that alists would pour down on him from , and advising him to withdraw from oncentrate his forces round Maddaloni, the Caroline Aqueduct, and to hold Caro at any cost. "If you lose that, I cut off from Naples." "Monte Caro yours as long as life is mine," answered ng, dashing veteran. Returning to S.

Garibaldi gave his last instructions ci, then to Milbitz at Sta. Maria, and Medici's forty wounded just brought in,

said to old Ripari, surgeon-soldier at Rome and detained there after the siege in the Papal galleys for seven years, "Send them down to Naples, empty the Caserta hospital, and mind that you all *sleep on the wing*."

At three a.m. on the following morning, leaving strict orders with General Sirtori to keep the reserves at Caserta till he should summon them, he again alighted from the railroad at Sta. Maria just as the battle had commenced, as he had foreseen, "along all the line."

From Capua two brigades—10,000 men—under Afan de Rivera, marched against Medici's 4,000. Another column, 7,000 strong, attacked

Milbitz and his 4,000, and a detach- ment under Ser- gardi, going towards Aversa to find Corte De Mechel, with 8,000, poured down by the Ducenta road on Bixio's 5,600— Perrone starting to rejoin him with 2,000 more. Co- lonna, repulsed by Medici the day be- fore, was at the Treffisco ferry, now with 5,000 men, and 7,000 reserves at Capua, all the



columns well supplied with batteries and horse, 2,500 cavalry still remaining in front of the fortress ready to be despatched where needed—40,000 regulars pitted against 20,000 irregulars! So sudden was Tabacchi's attack on Milbitz that his outposts at the brick-kiln and convent fell back, and S. Tammaro was evacuated; the little battery of four pieces on the railroad answered bravely to the enemy's battery of eight on the Capuan high road. After an hour the infantry duel commenced, and the Neapolitans were driven back behind their pieces, the bright *picciotti* of Corrau's brigade badly mangled. Garibaldi at once summoned Assanti's brigade—1,100—from Caserta, then leaving Milbitz to shift for himself, he dashed off in a carriage towards S. Angelo to see how it fared with Medici. He was greeted by a hail of bullets, his coachman being killed and an aide-de-camp and the correspondent of the *Daily News* wounded. He and his staff sabred their way

through till they reached Mosto's crack corps of Genoese sharpshooters, who, with Simonetta's Lombards, were in the thickest of the fray. Medici, with his centre in the village of S. Angelo in Formis, his extreme right extending

de Rivera, with two brigades, invested his front; the outposts fell back, nor could battalions led against the enemy's right prevent their occupying the road, prevail against the number of the assailants and the superior



NAPLES, FROM TOSILIPO.

to the S. Vito wood, his left to the Sassano and Di Napoli villas, loopholed, barricaded, and fortified on the Sta. Maria road, with his guns on the heights, a battery constructed on the Capua—S. Angelo cross-roads, had stationed his outposts to the north on the river banks, to the south, within 2,000 paces of Capua, with a loose line of skirmishers thrown across to Sacchi's Brigade at S. Leucio. At dawn Afan

of their guns: the Garibaldians were driven back to the slopes.

At the same time the Sassano and Di Napoli villas were attacked and taken; then the battery on the cross-roads, when the grape shot of Torricelli's battery stopped their progress. Simonetta, Ramorino's battalions, and the British (Dunn's two companies of *picciotti*), in a fierce fight, recaptured the guns; then De

ion failing, "To the bayonet!" he cried, and his boy-soldiers charged under the guns till, Ramorino killed and Dunn's dashed, the Bourbons scored another and retook the guns. Medici, Guastalla, chief, and Major Castellazzi, leading fight at the bayonet, arrested their progress could not then re-capture their guns. At that moment that Garibaldi appeared scene of action, and, gathering together

portion of Sacchi's brigade, he, from the top of S. Nicola, succeeded in dislodging them, but, surveying the battlefield, saw Medici still encompassed by his foes. Dashing down he expelled them from a villa, collected all the troops he could lay hands on from a battery to the west, opened a rattling fire, electrifying officers and men by his presence, saw them recover the villa on the Capuan road, the barricade, and three lost pieces, taking two companies prisoners.



"IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT GARIBALDI APPEARED."

forces at hand, made them charge the foe with the bayonet, repulsed, routed, took the two houses; then, believing any to be "only on his left," made for so. To his surprise, he found several in his rear, stationed on the formidable heights of Tafata, actually dominating S. Angelo. Better acquainted with the than he or his, the Colonna brigade during the night, penetrated Medici's lines of the sunken roads—old military routes of courses, now dry and so deep that cavalry and artillery can occupy them again invisible." With his Genoese and a

At noon there was a lull. Medici ordered his men to "halt and eat," when, just as they were falling to, Afan di Rivera brought up fresh troops who devoured the rations, seized two pieces, and, setting fire to several houses, possessed themselves of S. Angelo in Formis. Medici—cool and imperturbable as ever, with his men perfectly in hand—slowly retired to the slopes, keeping up a steady and constant fire; still Garibaldi saw that without fresh troops he must be cut to pieces. But how to summon the reserves?—the road and telegraph lying between S. Angelo and Sta. Maria in the enemy's hands, no news as yet of Bixio, no certainty of

Milbitz's fate. Putting in practice his favourite proverb, "Who wills goes, who wills not sends," alone with his faithful Basso, that inseparable comrade, orderly, sick-nurse, and friend, taking care that the soldiers should not see him depart, by goat-paths and watercourses across country, he regained Sta. Maria, where Milbitz, himself wounded, his troops decimated, still held the post-road, the rail, and the town of Sta. Maria against tremendous odds, as Tabacchi, with ever fresh forces and well-supplied artillery, kept up a ceaseless fire.

Bixio's news had varied from hour to hour. Attacked by three columns on his front, on Monte Caro, and on the aqueduct, a lively fire was interchanged; a rifled battery of eight guns sent the Eberhard brigade flying, leaving the aqueduct in possession of the enemy. Boldrini, with seven officers and most of his soldiers wounded, fell mortally wounded on the summit of Monte Caro.

Dezza, in command of that "precious gem," sends up Menotti Garibaldi with two companies, but the enemy had scaled the heights; Taddei, under cover on the left, surrounds them in the rear, waving his cap as he reaches the summit. Dezza, with Menotti reinforced, charges at the bayonet on their front; they retreat with a run, and Monte Caro is saved.

Bixio, relieved of this anxiety, rallies his forces, drives the enemy along the road, sends back to Maddaloni his two howitzers, with their commanders killed, other two from the aqueduct; then a general charge at the bayonet, and two of the enemy's columns retire behind their own battery. Dezza and Menotti charge four times at the bayonet, and the third column, which, protected by a wood, has aimed at cutting off communications with Caserta, is sent to join the others.

This success was owing in great part to the heroic resistance of Bronzetti, who for ten hours "detained" Perrone, with 2,000 men, marching to the assistance of Von Michele. Pilade—twin brother of Oreste, killed at Tre Ponte in 1859—alone sustained the shock of the guns on a height and of the enemy's musketry. When ammunition failed they rushed on to the bayonet—just fifteen, the rest killed or wounded on the slopes. "Surrender, oh brave ones!" cried Perrone; but, marching on to death, Bronzetti fell with a bullet through his heart. The rest were carried wounded into Capua. Bixio, who at noon had telegraphed to

Caserta for reinforcements, at 3 p.m. sent that he could hold his own.

Garibaldi having summoned all the reinforcements from Caserta, reanimating the troops at Sta. Maria as he had done at S. Angelo, went himself to watch for their arrival.

Guessing his fasting condition, some friends (amongst them the writer), who were previously conveyed to him by two British tars, "H.M.S. Hannibal" on their caps, who had pleaded "for muskets to join in the fray, a pail of water, a basket of fresh figs, and of English biscuits. The inhabitants of Sta. Maria, having quitted or shut up their houses, could obtain no more solid fare was obtainable. As we presented him with these, a bright, sunny smile lit up his serenely serious face.

"What!" he said, "are you encouraging Queen's sailors to desert?"

"Never a bit," we replied. "They are here for a holiday, and want some fun."

Then as, after drinking eagerly from a pail, his hand was stretched out for the biscuit, a shell, ricocheting from the field, burst near his feet. A splinter, as he told us after he had grazed his thigh, but this he heeded not, his eyes now sparkling with delight as he rested on the head of the reserve column, a *bersagliero* of the Milan brigade recognising him, dashed forward shouting "*Erriva!*" "The day is ours," he said; and, despite the fire on the left and the fact that two battalions sent across the fields to Parisi were surrounded, he bade them halt for five minutes. Then, turning them in column of attack, he sent the brigade to "clear the road" of the Bavarians, dividing him from Medici, where they were assailed by a galling fire, Tabacchi, determined to seize the Capuan gate, shelling the S. Angelo road and the Eber column in the shelter of the trees.

On were sent the gallant "Calabrians" under Pace, and as the trumpet sounded for a charge the Milanese sharpshooters rushed to the enemy, followed by another battalion, charged as ordered, without firing a shot.

The corps of Tabacchi and Afan de Lade were now pursued on flanks and rear. A man who, with his inflexible obstinacy, had held his own against such overpowering numbers, sending all his men for a last assault, Tabacchi began to beat a retreat, and to cover this charge the Milan brigade with four squadrons of cavalry, but, greeted with a hail of bullets, they turned tail and fled. Milbitz sent out of the Ca

me seventy hussars, and Tabacchi left
 eces behind him.

the Hungarian legion arrived, and Garibaldi
 pointing to the wooded plain to the left,
 the Bourbons were firing volley after
 called out: "Welcome, my brave Hun-
 ; drive away those rascals for me—
moi ces coquins." Said and done. Up
 ber (who was acting, it may be men-
 as correspondent of the *Times*) with his
 and the French company De Flotte,
 ad been under fire since dawn, and the
 t of the *picciotti*—Corran, the fellow-
 of Rosalino Pilo, badly wounded, shout-
 joy at the sight of *Galibardo*.

ii, with old Avezzanós (Guastalla
 d), cleared their end of the road, Türr's
 shelled from the rail, he charging bril-
 at the head of his hussars.

le band of Englishmen maintained the
 on that Peard, Wyndham, Dowling, and
 nded Dunn had created. The so-called
 legion had not yet arrived.

y the Bourbon cavalry charged across
 1: the cavaliers turned tail as the home-

thrusts of the bayonet touched them. The very
 gunners seemed to miss their range—perhaps
 because the Garibaldians rushed too close under
 the muzzles of their guns. Clear, audible above
 the battle din, rang out from time to time the
 Duce's clarion voice: "Bravo, my Calabresie!"
 "Hungary, well done!" "Charge, Milan,
 charge!" "What heroes are my picciotti!"

Suddenly one "heard the silence": the enemy,
 after fighting obstinately for twelve mortal hours,
 re-entered Capua, protected by the guns of the
 piazza. Bixio telegraphed that Von Mechel had
 returned to Dugenta. The Garibaldians lost
 one-tenth of their numbers—306 killed, 1,717
 wounded, all of whom were brought into am-
 bulance or hospital, tended and their wounds
 dressed before midnight. Of the Bourbon killed
 and wounded we have no list on that day and
 the morrow. Garibaldi took 2,070 prisoners,
 chiefly of Perrone's column; so Bronzetti was
 avenged. At 5 p.m. on the 1st October the
 field battle of the Volturno was fought out and
 won, the Bourbon dynasty for ever doomed,
 and Italian unity assured by that Garibaldian
 "*Victory along all the line.*"

*Alla carissima Sorella mia
 Jennie White Morris -
 Infermiera del mio ferito -
 in quattro campagne -
 1860, 1866, 1867, - 1870.
 E. Garibaldi*

GARIBALDI'S AUTOGRAPH.



IT was a happy coincidence that the greatest of all Lord Wellington's victories in the Peninsula should have been won at a place near the foot of the Pyrenees called Vittoria—a name which is now proudly blazoned on the colours of no fewer than forty-four British regiments.

Begun in 1808, the Peninsular War, undertaken by England for the deliverance of Spain and Portugal from the insufferable yoke of the French, had already been dragging on its chequered course for a period of nearly five years. The glorious career of British victory had been diversified by defeats, disappointments, retreats—by everything but surrender and despair. Portugal had been twice purged of its French invaders; and Wellington's masterly retreat behind the famous lines of Torres Vedras, running from the Tagus to the sea, had been followed by the heroic storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, which secured the Spanish gates of Portugal; while the victory of Salamanca opened up the road to Madrid, and with it the prospect of a speedy and successful termination of the war.

But, again, the failure at Burgos, and the consequent retirement of Wellington into Portugal, gave the French a further respite from the certain doom that awaited them and their upstart Emperor's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, whom the Corsican despot had foisted upon the people of Spain as their king. For with Wellington, to retreat was only to return after brief space as the repairer of his own reverses. His motto was, "*Réculer pour mieux sauter.*" And, after all, it is only soldiers of the highest genius who can do this. Marshal Moltke was once in a company where someone ventured to say that his name would rank in history with those of Marlborough, Turenne, the Great Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. "No," said the immortal German strategist, "I have no right to

be named with those great commanders, have never in my life conducted a retreat."

Hitherto the French had vastly outnumbered Lord Wellington's troops (British and Portuguese) in the Peninsula, but the winter 1812-13, after his third retirement from Portugal, turned the scale in his favour. This winter had all but destroyed Napoleon's "Grand Army" on its frozen flight from Moscow; and on returning to Europe—a may be said to do who comes from Russia the Emperor had to weaken his armies in the Peninsula by the drafts required for enabling them to meet his allied foes at Leipzig. Thus, in the spring of 1813, the relative strength of the contending armies in the Peninsula was now in favour of the French, who had now about 160,000 effective men with the Emperor, while Wellington had the command of a host of nearly 200,000, of which 44,000 were British, 31,000 Portuguese, the rest Spaniards and Sicilians. In May his Portuguese army, numbering 75,000 men, was cantoned from Lamego to the Baños Paiva. It is only this portion of his force that concerns us.

Wellington had spent the winter in reorganizing his army. He had received reinforcements from England, including the Life and Guards; he had re-established with a firm hand the discipline which had been too much to become loose; tents and pontoon train had been provided; and by the time the buds were on the tree, and the fields again green with the forage necessary for his cavalry, he found himself at the head of an army ready to go anywhere with him and do anything. For if ever an army commanded the confidence of his men, it was certainly his—

"England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun."

That the spring would again see the great English leader on the move, the French knew well. But what they did not know exactly was in what direction this movement would be taken. Hitherto Wellington had always

Spain, though he had nothing of his brother's transcendent genius for the art of war—had posted the bulk of these forces between the Tagus and the Douro on a line extending from Toledo (once so famous for its sword-blades)



"THE HIGHLANDERS SWEPT ON" (p. 587).

operated from Portugal by the valley of the Douro—his audacious passage of this river in the face of Marshal Soult's army in 1809 had been one of his very finest feats; and the French concluded that this would again be the line of his advance.

In this expectation King Joseph Bonaparte—who commanded the French forces in

through Madrid to beyond Salamanca. In this position he was fond enough to hope that he would be able to repel any frontal attack which might be made by Wellington on any part of his line; and Wellington, on his part, did all he could, by the circulation of false reports and other *ruses de guerre*, to encourage the French in their belief that he meant to re-invade Spain.

through the central provinces between the Tagus and the Douro.

But for various reasons Wellington resolved to make a flank march by the north, so as, if possible, to turn the French right and fall upon their rear. Dividing his forces into three armies—the left one under Sir Thomas Graham, the centre one commanded by himself, and that on the right led by Sir Rowland Hill—Wellington, by a series of masterly movements which completely deceived the French and took them by surprise, crossed the Ebro and fought his difficult way across the successive affluents of its right bank, pushing the out-manceuvred Frenchmen ever before him through Burgos, which they blew up in their retreat, and compelling them to transfer their main position from the line of the Douro to that of the Ebro. "A grand design," wrote Napier, the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War, "and grandly it was executed. For high in heart and strong of hand Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter, the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he the leader so proud and confident that, in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand, cried out: 'Farewell, Portugal!'"

Wellington, so to speak, had now burned his ships, or at least his bridges, behind him. For, having executed his splendid flank movement, which compelled his enemies to fall back on their lines of communication with France through the Pyrenees, he transferred his own base of supplies, formed by his ships, from the Tagus to the Biscayan ports. It was like a transformation scene in a theatre; and the curtain of war now rose on the pleasant little town and valley of Vittoria, whither Joseph Bonaparte had hastened to concentrate about 60,000 of his men, together with all his stores and baggage, the pillage of five years, the artillery depôts of Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos, and a convoy of treasure from Bayonne—the birthplace of bayonets. "*Was für Plünder!*"—"What a city to sack!" old Marshal Blücher once exclaimed on looking down on London from the dome of St. Paul's. But the sight of all the treasure which was now amassed in the valley of Vittoria would have almost made the fingers of "Marshal Vorwärts" itch still more.

While Wellington expected, and expected not in vain, of his red-coated soldiery that they should prove second to none in battle, he did not exact

of them a familiar acquaintance with the historical associations of the scenes which they immortalised anew by their bravery. But had they been aware of the incidents which, in times long past, had been enacted on the scene of their present battle array, they would doubtless have felt doubly resolved to sustain the martial glory of their country. For here it was that, in the year 1367, Edward the Black Prince had routed some of the finest troops of France under their famous leader Bertrand du Guesclin; and a prominent height in the region was still known as the "Englishmen's Hill" (*Altura de los Ingleses*), from the gallant stand which had been made by some English knights and their followers against a large body of Spaniards under Don Telo. Vittoria had previously to this derived its name from some ancient and forgotten victory, but now it was to receive a fresh coating of scarlet paint that would last to the end of time.

The position of the French could not well have been stronger by nature. Their left, under Maransin, rested on an elevated chain of craggy mountains; their right, under Reille, on a rapid river (the Zadora); while Gazan held the commanding heights in the centre, and a succession of undulating grounds afforded excellent situations for artillery. The French line extended for about eight miles, and this was guarded by about 60,000 men with 152 guns. King Joseph himself was in nominal command of this army—a splendidly equipped one in every respect—though he allowed himself to be guided in all things by Marshal Jourdan, who, on this 21st of June, was suffering so acutely from fever that he was unable to mount his horse. The French army could not have consisted of better fighting material, but it was badly commanded. In respect of position, cavalry and artillery, King Joseph was decidedly superior to Wellington; but, on the other hand, Wellington had the advantage of being numerically stronger than his opponent by about 20,000 men.

After an early morning of mist the day broke in glorious sunshine, and then the British army began to move forward over very hilly and irregular ground from its bivouacs on the Bayas river, running almost parallel with the Zadora. The scene was one of the most splendid and animated that could be imagined, being a perfect picture of all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," all the panoramic sights of battle, and all the sounds:

"The neighing of the cavalry horses, the roll

ils and gun-carriages, the distant yet words of command, the mingling music bands, the trumpets of the Horse, the f the Rifles, and the hoarsely-wailing s of the Highland regiments, ever and elling upon the breeze, pealing among hts of Puebla, and dying away among ings of the vale of Zadora."

Attack on the French position was begun lowland Hill on the British here he advanced a Spanish under Morillo to gain possession of the Puebla heights. With difficulty, though unopposed, Spaniards gallantly scrambled to of those heights. But prey were sharply opposed by nch, who, perceiving the which thus threatened their ched a portion of their centre d began to make immense s to hurl the overweening s down the hill again. And now have gone extremely h the valiant Dons had not n quick to perceive the peril re in, and tell off the 71st l Light Infantry with another talion, under Colonel Cadog-rush to their assistance. e pipers of the Highlanders o "Johnnie Cope," the regi-march, which had been to celebrate the finest of all d victories—that of Preston-

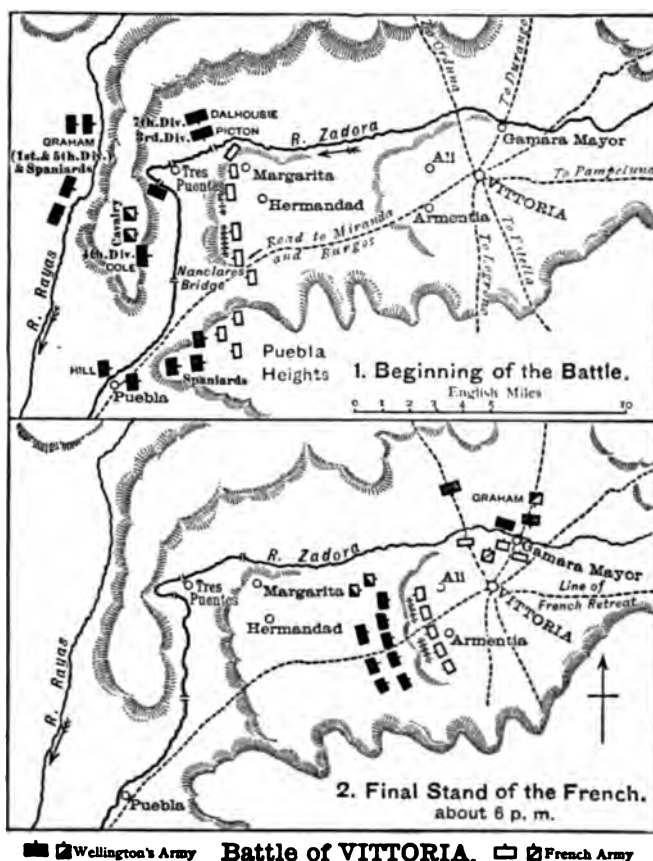
sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
g, 'Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
'll learn you the art o' war,
'll meet me in the morning.'

hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?" etc.

ough inspired by all the memories asso-ith these stirring strains, the 71st rushed ccour of the hard-pressed Spaniards, and ched the summit of the heights, though it sacrifice of life. Scorning the use of the Highlanders, with levelled bayonets, p and upon the foe through clouds te and tearing volleys of grape and y; and their fighting rage was further d by the sight of their idolised com-(Cadogan) falling mortally wounded horse. A few minutes later he died

in the arms of Colonel Seaton, of the 92nd Highlanders. Nothing could now withstand their headlong charge, which was like that of the clans at Prestonpans; and after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, Maransin's Frenchmen were hurled back and down the reverse side of the hill, which now began to resound with the victory pæans of the Highland war-pipe.

"We lay on the heights for some time," wrote



a soldier of the 71st. "Our drought was excessive. There was no water there, save a small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men stooped to drink. A ball pierced his head. He fell in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood. Thirsty as we were, we could not drink of it. There were only three hundred of us on the height able to do duty out of one thousand who drew rations that morning. The cries of the wounded were most heartrending."

The spirit which animated the British troops on this day of victorious battle was well described by Sergeant Donaldson, of the Scots Brigade, in his "Eventful Life of a Soldier":—"Those who

have not known it from experience can form no idea of the indifference with which our soldiers entered a battle after being some time in the Peninsula. As an instance of this, when we were lying in front of the enemy in expectation of being engaged, one of our men, a Highlander, having lost a small piece of ornamented leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking it off the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said very seriously, "I wish there may be an engagement to-day, that I may get a rosette for my cap!"

While as yet the battle on the Puebla heights

seemed doubtful, Wellington, with his eagle glance, had discerned the advance of the tartans, and then, turning to his staff, he announced that the hill had been won; and not-

Meanwhile, in the centre, where Wellington himself swayed the battle, General Picton, commanded the famous "Fighting Third" division, was fretting his heart away under enforced inaction. His soldiers were straining to advance like greyhounds in leash, and his equally fiery leader had some difficulty in straining them. As the day wore on, and the fight waxed ever warmer on his right, Picton became furious and observed to an officer, "D——n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us." His stick fell in rapid succession upon the mane of his horse. At length another officer galloped up from Lord Wellington.

Picton's face began to glow with animation at the prospect of his being ordered into action, but it suddenly grew black again on the officer simply asking whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. "No, sir," answered Picton sharply, "but have you any orders for me?" "No, sir," replied the aide-de-camp. "Then pray, sir," continued the irritated general, "what are the orders you *do* bring?" "Why," answered the officer, "that as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the



VITTORIA: PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION.

withstanding repeated efforts on the part of the French to dislodge them from this important position, the allies retained possession of them throughout the day.

Division, shall commence an attack on the bridge" (pointing to one on the left). "The 4th and 6th are to support him."

Picton could not understand the idea of

sion fighting in *his* front, so, drawing to his full height, he said to the aide-de-camp, with some heat, "You Lord Wellington from that the 3rd Division command shall, in less minutes, attack the and carry it, and the 4th Divisions may support choose." Saying which, from the aide-de-camp himself at the head of his n with a wave of his ards the bridge and the "Come on, ye rascals! ye fighting villains!" fulfilled his promise. heavy fire of artillery his "Division moved steadily iding companies rushing ridge, where they formed en columns. Then they their left, so as to attack 's centre. Still advancing me order, they pressed ights, where they quickly into line. The foe hardly he attack, for so ably and ere these bold manœuvres ut that the French for ent were as if panic- Picton had gained the a front of him, but the on his right had not yet ficient progress to come with and support him.

his impatient "rascals," he waited for nce of the 7th Division (Lord Dal-and part of the "Lights," while the er General Cole) passed the Zadora a er to the right by the Nanclares bridge. the tardier advance of these Divisions, h made desperate attempts to roll back pening upon him with fifty guns and erried masses of infantry at his line. incessant fire which his "fighting poured into the teeth of their assailants rible havoc in their ranks, and what d not-do with their bullets they did bayonets. When these were crossed enemy, the issue of the struggle in this e field was certain.

a time "Picton's Division," as an as wrote, "acted in a manner which t once the surprise and admiration of

the whole army. For nearly four hours did it alone sustain the unequal conflict, opposed to a vast superiority of force. From the nature of



"THE SOLDIERS HELD AN AUCTION THROUGH THE NIGHT" (p. 591).

the ground, the rest of the army became witnesses of this animating scene; they beheld, with feelings more easily conceived than expressed, the truly heroic efforts of this gallant band. They saw the general—calm, collected, and determined—leading them on in the face of danger, amidst a shower of cannon and musket balls. Nothing could appal, nothing could resist, men so resolute and so led. They subdued every obstacle, bore down all opposition, and spread death, consternation, and dismay in the enemy's ranks."

The uneven and broken ground made Picton's advance difficult and his line irregular, but there was no confusion in his ranks. A second time did the "fighting villains" charge down with the bayonet on the rearward position to which they had forced the enemy to retire, and so hasty was the French flight that they left twenty-eight of

their guns in the hands of Picton's irresistible men.

Thus the fight went on for several miles, prominent incidents in its course being the storming of the village of Margarita by the Oxfordshire Light Infantry at the point of the bayonet, and a similar carrying of Hermandad by the Royal Irish Fusiliers with a rousing yell of victory. Thus, for a distance of six miles, the tide of battle rolled backwards towards Vittoria. The whole basin was a scene of sanguinary strife. Every valley and height and woodland was covered with sheets of flame, and every vineyard wall and hedgerow served as a breastwork, which was desperately contested.

Later, on the British left, Sir Thomas Graham—with the 1st and 5th Divisions, Pack's and Bradford's infantry brigades, a Spanish Division under Longa, and Anson's brigade of horse—had been equally successful in passing the desperately-defended Zadora and threatening the French right.

Some idea of the fighting on this flank may be gained from the terse account which was given of it by Lieutenant Campbell (afterwards to become Sir Colin, the hero of Lucknow, and Lord Clyde), who was then acting as orderly officer to Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford: "While we were halted the enemy occupied Gamara Mayor in considerable force, placed two guns at the principal entrance into the village, threw a cloud of skirmishers in front among the corn-fields, and occupied with six pieces of artillery the heights immediately behind the village on the left bank. At 5 p.m. an order arrived from Lord Wellington to press the enemy in our front. It was the extreme right of their line, and the lower road to France, by which alone they could retire. Their artillery and baggage ran close to Gamara Mayor. The left brigade moved down in contiguous columns of companies, and our light companies were sent to cover the right flank of this attack.

"The regiments, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, did not take a musket from their shoulder until they had carried the village. The enemy brought forward his reserves, and made many desperate attempts to retake the bridge, but could not succeed. This was repeated until the bridge became so heaped with dead and wounded that they were rolled over the parapet into the river below. Our light companies were closed upon the 9th, and brought into the village to support the 2nd Brigade. We were presently ordered to the left to cover

the flank of the village, and we occupied the bank of the river, on the opposite side of which was the enemy. After three hours' hard fighting they retired, leaving their guns in our possession."

The battle now presented a magnificent posing spectacle as the three divisions of Wellington's army, after having crossed the 2nd and beaten back their opponents from ridge to ridge, and from village to village, moved forward to a grand general attack. Here, again, the "fighting villains" were ever to be seen. Frequently the Divisions on the right would see them charging into the very heart of the enemy's centre, and immediately afterwards the enemy retreating in confusion.

"Many guns," wrote Napier, "were taken as the army advanced, and at six o'clock the enemy reached the last defensible height, one mile in front of Vittoria. Behind them was the plain on which the city stood, and beyond the thousands of carriages and animals and combatants, men, women and children, crowding together in all the madness of terror, and as the English shot went booming over the vast crowd started and swerved with convulsive movement, while a dull and low sound of distress arose. But there was no time for stay for army or multitude. It was the wreck of a nation. However, the courage of the French soldier was not yet quelled; and on whom everything now depended, maintained his post on the upper Zadora; and the Divisions of the south and centre, drawing up on the last heights, between the villages of Armentier, made their muskets flash like lightning, while more than eighty pieces of artillery, massed together, pealed with such a horrid uproar that the hills laboured and trembled, and streamed with fire and smoke, amidst the dark figures of the gunners were bounding with a frantic energy."

The French retirement was successively converted into retreat, flight, and headlong flight, followed by the scarlet masses of Wellington's victorious infantry from ridge to ridge, from height to hollow. In the morning the superbly organised army, the French had at sunset become a wild and affrighted mob.

Joseph himself had a very narrow escape. The 10th Hussars galloped into the town just as he was leaving it in his carriage, and when Captain Wyndham dashed after him with a squadron, his Majesty only escaped by quitting his carriage and mounting a swift horse. But the Emperor

rewarded by the finding of the greater part of the king's regalia in his carriage. Every object, though less of value than of cost, that was captured, was Jourdan's baton of field-marshal, which Wellington sent home to the Prince Regent as one of the trophies of his most unparalleled victory—unparalleled by military and political results, as well as by the immense amount of booty of all kinds which fell to the hands of the allies.

This consisted, among other things, of all the enormous amount of plunder which the French had so copiously amassed in the course of their campaigning in Spain. To use the words of one of their commanders, Gazan, "They had lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their baggage, all their stores, all their papers, so that it could prove how much pay was due to the Generals and subordinate officers alike reduced to the bare clothes on their backs, most of them were barefooted."

The work of fighting had scarcely ended when the work of plundering began. The camp of every man was like a fair: planks were laid from tent to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, disposing of such booty as had fallen to their share. Of five and a half

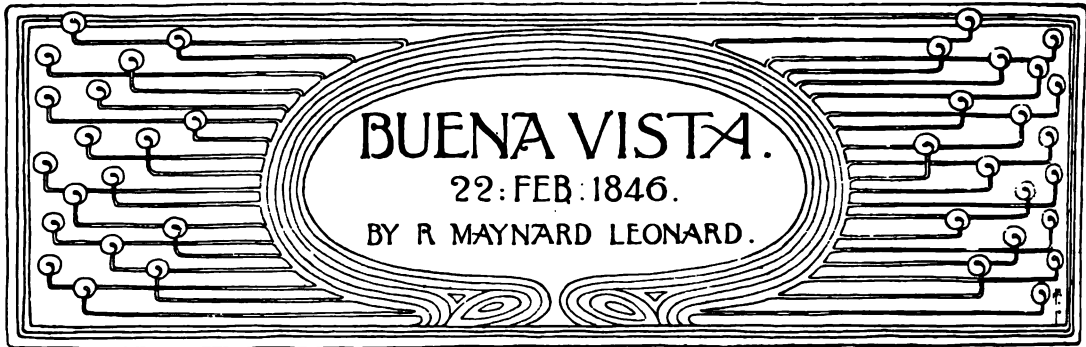
million dollars alone, which were indicated by the French accounts to be in the money chests, not one dollar was ever credited to the British public. The British private, however, had his fair share of all this immense spoil, and he had richly earned it by contributing to one of the most complete victories which had ever been won—a victory which, purchased by the allies at the comparatively small cost of 5,176 killed and wounded (that of the French being about the same), secured to the British arms the glory of having finally delivered Spain from the insufferable presence of its French oppressors.

True, the work of the war was not yet complete. San Sebastian had still to be stormed, and the battles of the Pyrenees fought. But, meanwhile, as Napier wrote, "Joseph's reign was over; the crown had fallen from his head, and, after years of toils and combats, which had rather been admired than understood, the English general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror. From these lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations."



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(From the Portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A.)



“**Y**OU are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in all human probability, avoid suffering rout and being cut to pieces with your troops.”

It was with these alarming words, by way of preface, that Santa Anna, the Dictator of the Mexican Republic, on the eve of the Battle of Buena Vista, called upon the United States commander-in-chief, General Taylor, to surrender within an hour. Taylor's reply was short and to the point :—

“In answer to your note of this date summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.”

The Battle of Buena Vista, or Angostura, when the foremost generals on either side met for the first and last time, was in many ways the most remarkable engagement of the war about Texas between Mexico and the United States. It will be well to state briefly the cause of the war. Mexico's struggle for independence and liberty was prolonged and painful, and revolutions were for many years of almost annual occurrence. In 1836, when Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, one of the most remarkable men that Mexico has ever produced, was President, the Texans revolted, and with the aid of the United States defeated the chief of the Republic at San Jacinto. Santa Anna was not one to forget that he owed a grudge for this. He declared some years afterwards that he would never recognise the independence of the “land pirates” of Texas while he could draw a sword. He vowed to exterminate them, and even to chastise the Government of the United States. However, this would-be Napoleon of America was rudely awakened from his ambitious dreams and banished by his fickle countrymen.

In 1845 a measure for the annexation of Texas to the United States was passed by Congress

and ratified by the Texans. The motives for this step need not now be discussed. It is sufficient to say that General Zachariah Taylor was sent with forces to occupy the country to the banks of the Rio Grande, or the Rio Bravo del Norte, being instructed to act as much as possible on the defensive. The Mexicans, not unnaturally, regarded such action as amounting to a declaration of war. Active hostilities began in May, 1846, battles being fought at Palo Alto and at Resaca de la Palma, which General Taylor followed up by the brilliant capture of Monterey. Then the greater portion of the American troops were withdrawn to swell the ranks commanded by General Scott, the senior officer, whose scene of operations lay in another direction; and Taylor, whose prowess had greatly impressed the picturesque enemy, seemed fated to have nothing to do for a time. Meanwhile, successive Mexican Governments, unstable as water, had been overthrown by the dissatisfied and possibly alarmed people. Santa Anna was recalled in January, 1847, from his retreat in Havana. Compared to Cincinnatus, he was made Dictator, and was everywhere received with the wildest enthusiasm, and with as much confidence as that with which the Invincible Armada was despatched. With the cry of “God and Liberty!” Santa Anna called upon his countrymen to rally round him, and to deliver the land from “the northern barbarians, the despoilers of your soil, the desecrators of your churches.” In an incredibly short time more than 20,000 men responded to his summons, and, even mortgaging his private estates to raise money, Santa Anna moved towards General Taylor at full speed.

A vivacious lady, who saw the Dictator not long before, described him as “a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly-dressed, rather melancholy person, apparently somewhat of an invalid, with a sallow complexion, fine, dark, penetrating eyes,



"THE MEXICAN LANCERS CHARGED THE ILLINOIS SOLDIERS" (A. 995).

and a wooden leg"—his own having been amputated below the knee. Altogether, "a more polished hero" than she expected to find. None other could have kept such an army together, or have moved it with such marvellous rapidity. Santa Anna left San Luis Potosi with 21,340 men, some of whom, however, were despatched in other directions before they reached Agua Nueva, a village some sixteen miles south of Saltillo, the capital of the province of Coahuila. General Taylor had previously occupied Agua Nueva, and he retreated thence before the foe. This was only a ruse of his, but the Mexican general encouraged his men with the cry that the Americans were flying before them. "Onward! onward!" he cried, "and avenge your slaughtered countrymen." He left San Luis Potosi with only twelve days' provisions, all of which had to be carried owing to the unfertile nature of the country. "The immense granaries of the enemy are before you," said the general to his men; "you have only to go and take them." As it happened the Mexicans reached the field of battle after a march of twenty leagues, for the last sixteen of which they had had no water nor food, except one ration of ham served out at Encarnacion. General Taylor had only retired a few miles nearer Saltillo. He had some time before noted the hacienda of Buena Vista as an invaluable retreat in case of need. "'Tis a principle of war," Napoleon once remarked, "that when you can use the lightning 'tis better than cannon"; and man could scarcely have made this place so well-nigh impregnable as Nature had done.

General Taylor, or "Rough and Ready" as he was affectionately called, had long before—he was now sixty-three years old—won his spurs on the battlefield. He was short, round-shouldered, and stout. His forehead was high, his eyes keen, his mouth firm, with the lower lip protruding, his hair snow-white, and his expression betokened his essentially humane and unassuming character. No private could have lived in simpler fashion. When he could escape from his uniform he wore a linen roundabout, cotton trousers, and a straw hat, and, if it rained, an old brown overcoat. In battle he was absolutely fearless, and invariably rode a favourite white horse, altogether regardless of attracting the enemy's attention. The old hero never wavered when he heard of the approach of the dreaded Santa Anna. He quietly went to work, and, having strongly garrisoned Saltillo, placed his men so as to seize all the advantages the position offered. The

forces at his disposal for the latter purpose numbered 4,425, of whom 344 were officers. Even of this small force but two squadrons of cavalry and three battalions of light artillery, or 453 men all told, belonged to the army. Very few had thus seen actual battle, and so it was with Santa Anna's army. Mexican forces that engaged in battle consisted of 13,432 infantry, 28 battalions of cavalry, 39 squadrons; and a train of 24—three 24-pounders, three 16-pounders, 12-pounders, five 8-pounders, and a seven-inch howitzer—all served by 413; a total of 15,148 men.

Imagine a narrow valley between two mountain ranges. On the west side of the valley a series of gullies or ravines, on the east the steep sides of precipitous mountains. Such was the Pass of Angostura, which, at one spot only a few miles from Buena Vista, could be held as easily as Horatius kept the bridge in the hands of old Rome; and here were placed Captain W. B. Smith's battery of three guns and two companies of infantry as a guard. Up the mountain eastward the American army was ranged, more especially on a plateau so high as to command the ground east and west, and only approached from the south or north by intricate ways formed by ledges of rock.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 9th of February the advance pickets espied the Mexican van, and General Wool sent word of haste to Taylor, who was at Saltillo. The Mexican army dragged its slow length towards the plateau, their resplendent uniforms shining in the sun. With much the same feelings as Macbeth when Birnam Wood approached, must many Americans have watched the flow of the sea. Two hours after the pickets had announced the van, a Mexican officer came forward with a white flag. He bore the imperious message from the dictator the opening words of which had already been quoted.

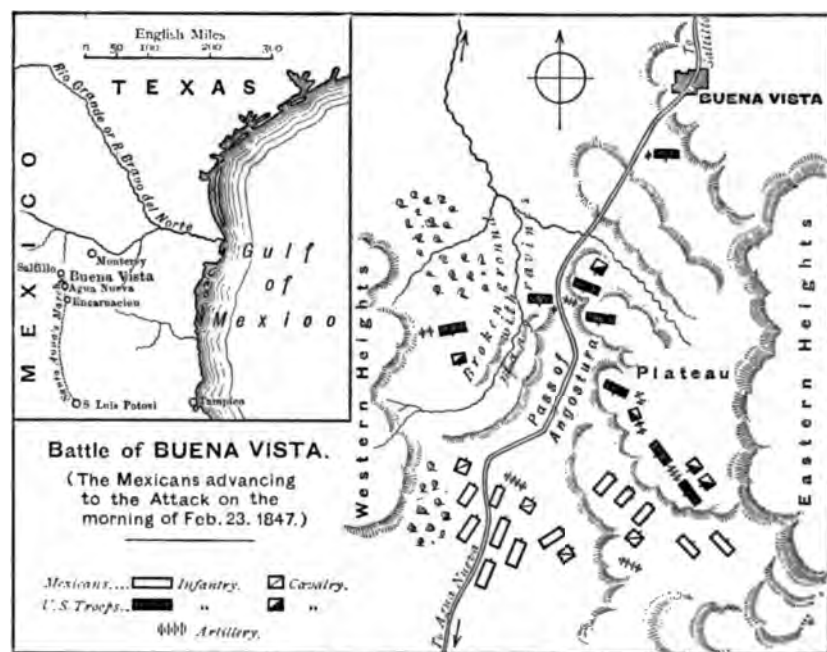
After General Taylor's curt reply had been made, an immediate attack was expected, but was delayed while the Mexican general ordered for his rear columns to come up. In the middle of the afternoon some of the enemy, as they were on their way towards the plateau (while the body was advancing up the pass where Captain Washington was waiting), exchanged shots with the Americans, and brought their howitzer into play; and this kind of thing, which the Mexicans prevented from being more serious, went on until after sundown. Then, seeing that the

importance was likely to happen that Taylor returned to Saltillo, whither also Mexican cavalry, under General Minon, advancing in order to cut off the expected of the intruders. Night fell, and the could be felt. Already the vultures were ed together. Although it was bitterly n the mountain tops, the Americans ked without fires and upon their arms. the cloak of night some 1,500 of the ns out-manceuvred their foes, gained the s, and passed away in order to attack the g at the given

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plateau eastward. The Indiana troops ordered forward, but were presently upon by their colone!—Bowles—to "cease and retreat." They fled, and only a few n could be rallied, and these afterwards the men from the Mississippi. Riding pbraid such cowardice, Lieutenant Lincoln ddled with bullets. Captain O'Brien, s of the Indiana desertion, pressed on- ith three pieces of artillery in face of a 'grape and canister and the incessant ry of 3,000 infantry. The captain, dis- ed when he discovered the truth, was not ed. Above all the tumult he heard l Wool's voice ordering forward the trusty . Two horses were shot under him, and self was wounded in the leg. He opened h an effect that only those who have

been on the field of battle can fully appreciate. Stimulated by his success, O'Brien went forward for another fifty yards, and repeated his dose—"as before." The brave Mexicans, however, rallied, and every breach was immediately filled. Before long not a single cannonier was left alive to work the guns, to say nothing of the destruction of the horses; and the captain had to retreat to the American lines. He soon borrowed two six-pounders from Washington and returned to the plateau, whose safe-guarding was necessary, no matter at what cost.



Meanwhile, more American artillery to O'Brien's left was driving back the Mexicans, who thus involuntarily reinforced the cavalry opposed to the gallant captain. The Mexican lancers charged the Illinois soldiers—"the very earth did shake." It was not until the former were within a few yards of O'Brien that he opened fire. This gave the Mexicans pause, but with cries of "God and Liberty!"—on they came again. Once more the deadly cannonade—another pause. O'Brien determined to stand his ground until the hoofs of the enemy's horses were upon him, but the recruits with him, only few of whom had escaped from being shot down, had no stomach to this fight left. The intrepid captain again lost his pieces, but he had saved the day.

At this point the leisurely General Taylor, on his white horse, so easily recognisable, came

from Saltillo to the field of battle. North of the chief plateau was another, where the Mississippi Rifles, under Colonel Davis—who, although early wounded, kept his horse all day—stood at bay, formed into a V-shape with the opening towards the enemy. Nothing loth, the Mexican lancers rushed on, and the riflemen did not fire until they were able to recognise the features of their foe and to take deliberate aim at their eyes. This coolness was too great to be combated.

As energetic as ever, the Mexicans now resolved to make for Buena Vista, where the American baggage and supply train were. The Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry offered such opposition as they could, but a portion of the Mexican cavalry reached their rear, and in the conflict a lance entered the mouth of Colonel Yell, commanding the men of Arkansas, and wrenched off his lower jaw, mercifully killing him at once. Lieutenant-Colonel May had been told off in charge generally of the American horse, and he succeeded in cutting off the Mexican body, who had cause to regret their short-lived triumph, as in the narrow ravines they had no chance.

In the rage of battle, especially when its operations cover so wide a field as this, it is not always easy to arrive at the truth. There are two accounts of what immediately followed, either of which may be correct. The more probable is that Santa Anna sent one of his officers with a white flag to ask what the American general "wanted," and that General Taylor ordered General Wool to see the Mexican dictator, but that the envoy was unable to stop the enemy's advance, notwithstanding the truce, and so returned with his mission unfulfilled.

The other story is that General Taylor, pitying the Mexican remnant and disliking the shedding of so much blood, sent Lieutenant Crittenden to demand their surrender and so save their

lives. Crittenden, speeding on his errand, said in reply to May, "I am going to tell those fellows to surrender in order to save their lives." "Wait till I have charged them," May implored. "Impossible! The old man has sent me, and I must go on." "But," said the colonel, "my good fellow, for God's sake just rein up for five minutes and give us a chance." Taken blindfold to the dictator, Crittenden was told to point out to his general the folly of continuing the contest, whereupon the messenger coolly replied, "I have come to demand your immediate surrender to General Taylor." The veracious chronicler adds that Santa Anna raised his eyebrows in speechless amazement, as well he might. No matter which version be correct, it is quite clear that the wily Mexican gained sufficient time to enable his men to quit their unpleasant position, the Americans having to endure the mortification of seeing their sure prey escape under the pretext of the truce. General Minon came up to the rear at this period of the day, but was repulsed by artillery without any difficulty—as though, indeed, it were a sham fight.



GENERAL TAYLOR.

There is some limit to mankind's endurance, and for a time the struggle was less arduous. Suddenly it was seen that the Illinois regiment and the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry were in grievous straits, in two senses of the word, and were being overwhelmed by the combined forces of the enemy.

"Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder."

General Taylor ordered Captain Bragg, a comrade-in-arms worthy of O'Brien, forward with battery, and he obediently rushed to the rescue with the lightest carriages that he could get. The advance artillery was taken by the Mexicans, who also repulsed the supporting infantry.

appealed for fresh help. "I have no regiments to give you," "Rough and Ready" started to have replied, "but Major Bliss (assistant adjutant-general) and I will support you"; and the brave old man spurred his horse to the spot beside

annon. Unheeding, the Mexican cavalry rode forward, and the day was now theirs for a moment. "God and Liberty!" their proud cry again rang as their horses galloped so close to Captain Bragg's coign of vantage that their riders had no time in which to pull up before the battery opened fire with canister. As the smoke cleared, the little band of Americans saw the work they had done, the gaps in the enemy's ranks, and heard it in the shouts of men and of horses. They reloaded with

The Mexicans pressed forward with their courage at the cannon-mouth was truly marvelous. This second shower of shot was equal, if not greater, to the first. A third discharge completely routed the enemy, being human, fled in great haste over the dead and the dead—no quarter where. The American cavalry pursued the flying with foolish rashness, beyond safe limits. The Mexicans, all on an instant, turned, and the hounds became the hunted and had it not been for Bragg's cannon check on the Mexican cavalry, who had enough grape and shot for one day, they would have been annihilated.

Before Captain Bragg had come to the aid, the American loss had been very severe, but General Taylor afterwards wrote, "I do not exultation in our success when I miss the familiar faces"—for the old man called his army under him his military family, and he loved it with proportionate affection. The Mexicans lost in those fatal minutes Colonel Hardin, whom the Mexicans killed with their

bayonets as he lay wounded on the ground, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, who was wounded in the leg. Clay's men carried him till the roughness of the route and the enemy's hot pursuit made it a difficult and dangerous task for them.



"IN THE NARROW RAVINES THE MEXICANS HAD NO CHANCE" (p. 596).

He then insisted on being left to his fate, and he was last seen alive in the act of defending himself with his sword from the Mexican bayonets. Colonel Hardin, of the Illinois regiment, also fell at the same time, but, although wounded to the death and lying prostrate on the ground, he shot one of his foemen with a pistol before a bayonet thrust silenced him too.

At six o'clock, after ten hours' uninterrupted

and fierce fighting, the battle came to an end with the curious result that both armies left off "as you were," occupying the same positions as in the morning. But the losses on both sides had been very heavy, as will shortly be shown. The silence of that night—also passed on the mountain tops without fires, although with darkness came again the bitter cold—was unbroken, except by the cries of the injured, whose wounds smarted in the raw air, and by the howls of the wolves and jackals eager to dispute with the birds of prey the human carrion.

General Taylor expected a renewal of hostilities on the morrow, but the welcome daylight showed that the Mexicans had retreated—or rather countermarched—to Agua Nueva for rest and refreshment. Butler's words are not necessarily untrue because written in sarcastic vein—

"In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat."

Both the rival generals would have liked to have continued the battle, but the Mexicans were utterly worn out, and the Americans were scarcely less weary. A day or two afterwards Santa Anna was invited to exchange prisoners, and he agreed to set free all those he had taken, Taylor undertaking to care for the wounded whom the Mexicans had left behind. The dead were buried with all convenient speed, and the wounded taken as comfortably as possible—which is saying very little—to Saltillo.

The American loss was reported by General Taylor to be 267 men killed, of whom 28 were officers (an unusually large proportion), 456 men wounded, and 23 missing. Santa Anna reported his loss to be 1,500 men killed—"and that of the enemy was much greater." By some the Mexican loss was estimated at double the figure given by the dictator.

At the close of the battle Wool embraced Taylor, who exclaimed, "Ah, general, it is impossible to whip us when we all pull together."

That was the secret of the American success. They fought with perfect unanimity. But without their artillery this would have been unavailing. Success it was; for had the Mexicans triumphed, the army of occupation would have been destroyed from off the face of the earth. To General Wool the very highest praise is due. Before his superior officers on the scene he directed everything, and his skill on the field proved invaluable. His officers had been almost mutinous but were unused as they were to military command, and General Wool was a stern disciplinarian, but they lived to appreciate and to acknowledge the service he had done them in protecting them. General Taylor bore unhesitating testimony to his colleague's worth.

Santa Anna did not exaggerate the triumph when he said his army had done more than could be expected under the laws of Nature. It had just been formed, and had not had time to acquire discipline or military habits. The Mexicans were fatigued and famished—nay, many of them were positively ill—and it is not surprising that their action was not so united as that of their adversaries. "Our last effort will have been decisive," said the dictator. General Minon had done his duty in the face of the enemy"; and he had the offender tried by court martial. As it was, Santa Anna claimed the victory, and the obsequious authorities of San Luis Potosi proclaimed it as signifying "eternal gratitude to the illustrious and renowned, and well-deserving general in chief of the invaluable army."

As already stated, General Taylor and Santa Anna never again tried combat. That the "northern barbarians" eventually won their point, and that the Rio Grande became the boundary between the two republics, are now matters of history. Taylor and his grateful fellow-countrymen, who neglected Buena Vista, left behind them a name which will get Buena Vista, old "Rough and Ready," and himself an everlasting name.





TOO little is known by the general public of the expedition to Egypt in 1801. There is a vague idea that our troops forced a landing in the face of a stout resistance, and that afterwards a battle took place in which the French lost the day and we our general, Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

The above is generally all that is known of an expedition which was well conceived, ably carried out, and completely successful. Moreover, it was fertile in acts of gallantry, and served to give a much-needed encouragement to the British army, which during the preceding forty years had not been intoxicated by success.

In 1800 the French were firmly established in Egypt, and the British Government, anticipating a design on India, determined to send an expedition to the land of the Pharaohs. At the same time a force from India of some 6,000 men was to co-operate.

The principal blow was, however, to be dealt by an army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Before we come to the history of the campaign let us glance for a moment at the career of this gallant soldier. The son of a landed proprietor in Clackmannan, he was born in 1734, and was educated first at Rugby and afterwards at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leipsic. His father obtained for him, in 1756, a commission as cornet in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and he first saw active service in 1758, as aide-de-camp to General Sir William Pitt in the seven years' war in Germany. He became lieutenant in 1760 and captain in 1762. The year 1793 found him a major-general in command of a brigade in the army which, under the Duke of York, co-operated with the allies in the invasion of France. He greatly distinguished himself, and displayed much capacity when in command of the rear-guard on the retreat

through Holland in August and September, 1794, having, it is worth noting, under his orders Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington.

In November, 1795, he was sent at the head of 15,000 men to reduce the French sugar islands in the West Indies, a task which he accomplished with signal success; and after serving as commander of the troops in 1797 in Ireland (and having come into conflict with the Castle authorities by his determination to suppress the outrages of the Yeomanry and Militia), and afterwards in Scotland, he was promoted in 1799 to the rank of lieutenant-general, and sent to the Helder in command of 10,000 men. He acquitted himself so well in this brief campaign that the Ministry wished to raise him to the Peerage; but, disgusted at the inglorious ending of the expedition, he indignantly refused the proffered honour. This is but the briefest *résumé* of Abercrombie's public career as a soldier previously to the expedition to Egypt. Of his private character, we learn from an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1801 that it was "modest, disinterested, upright, unstained by any negligent or licentious vice." "He was a good son, brother, father, husband," proceeds the writer, "as well as an able and heroic general."

It was in Malta that the expedition was organised. Abercrombie had been sent to the Mediterranean in 1800, and had proceeded, after an unsuccessful attempt to effect a landing at Cadiz, to Minorca with the intention of landing in Italy—a project which had been baffled by Napoleon's victory at Marengo. The object of the invasion, as has been said, was to arrest the apprehended danger of French designs on India, and it was arranged that the Indian contingent of 6,000 men should co-operate from the south. His army may be said to have been

organised at Malta, whence it sailed on the 20th and 21st December, 1800, for Marmorice, in Anatolia, on the coast of Asia Minor.

While there, the ship which was carrying the 42nd Highlanders was visited by a venerable

Only a few horses having been obtained and there being little hope of immediate effective co-operation on the part of the Turks, the expedition sailed for its destination in February, 1801.



"THE COLONEL IMMEDIATELY RAISED HIS CANE, AND, SHAKING IT AT THE SOLDIER, CALLED OUT, 'OH, SCOUNDREL!'" (p. 602.)

white-bearded old Turk, evidently a person of rank. On seeing the Highlanders in their kilts he burst into tears, and to their astonishment addressed them in Gaelic. It seemed that he was a Campbell from Kintyre, and in early youth—according to the author of "Stewart's Highlanders," who was with the 42nd as a captain on the occasion of the visit—when playing with a schoolfellow had accidentally killed him. According to another account, the schoolfellow was converted into an adversary slain in a duel. Be that as it may, Campbell fled the country for fear of the law, and had about 1760 joined the Turkish army, in which he had risen to the position of general of artillery.

During the stay in Marmorice—which was made for the purpose of collecting gunboats and effecting arrangements with the Turks, both as to co-operation in the invasion of Egypt and a supply of horses—the troops were practised in embarking and disembarking.

The expeditionary force was composed as follows:—

Brigade of Guards.—Major-General H. George Ludlow: eight companies 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, the flank companies being left at home.

The 1st Battalion Scots Guards, the flank companies left at home.

Major-General Coote's Brigade.—1st (The Royal) Regiment; two battalions of the 5th Regiment; 92nd Highlanders.

Major-General Cradock's Brigade.—8th, 13th, 10th, and 90th Regiments.

Major-General Lord Cavan's Brigade.—21st, 50th, and 79th Highlanders.

Brigadier-General John Doyle's Brigade.—18th, 30th, 44th, 80th.

Major-General John Stuart's Brigade.—7th, 11th, 14th, 20th, 25th, 36th, 42nd, 51st, 56th, 60th, 64th, 68th, 71st, 75th, 78th, 81st, 85th, 88th, 91st, 94th, 97th, 100th, 103rd, 106th, 109th, 112th, 115th, 118th, 121st, 124th, 127th, 130th, 133rd, 136th, 139th, 142nd, 145th, 148th, 151st, 154th, 157th, 160th, 163rd, 166th, 169th, 172nd, 175th, 178th, 181st, 184th, 187th, 190th, 193rd, 196th, 199th, 202nd, 205th, 208th, 211th, 214th, 217th, 220th, 223rd, 226th, 229th, 232nd, 235th, 238th, 241st, 244th, 247th, 250th, 253rd, 256th, 259th, 262nd, 265th, 268th, 271st, 274th, 277th, 280th, 283rd, 286th, 289th, 292nd, 295th, 298th, 301st, 304th, 307th, 310th, 313th, 316th, 319th, 322nd, 325th, 328th, 331st, 334th, 337th, 340th, 343rd, 346th, 349th, 352nd, 355th, 358th, 361st, 364th, 367th, 370th, 373rd, 376th, 379th, 382nd, 385th, 388th, 391st, 394th, 397th, 400th, 403rd, 406th, 409th, 412th, 415th, 418th, 421st, 424th, 427th, 430th, 433rd, 436th, 439th, 442nd, 445th, 448th, 451st, 454th, 457th, 460th, 463rd, 466th, 469th, 472nd, 475th, 478th, 481st, 484th, 487th, 490th, 493rd, 496th, 499th, 502nd, 505th, 508th, 511th, 514th, 517th, 520th, 523rd, 526th, 529th, 532nd, 535th, 538th, 541st, 544th, 547th, 550th, 553rd, 556th, 559th, 562nd, 565th, 568th, 571st, 574th, 577th, 580th, 583rd, 586th, 589th, 592nd, 595th, 598th, 601st, 604th, 607th, 610th, 613th, 616th, 619th, 622nd, 625th, 628th, 631st, 634th, 637th, 640th, 643rd, 646th, 649th, 652nd, 655th, 658th, 661st, 664th, 667th, 670th, 673rd, 676th, 679th, 682nd, 685th, 688th, 691st, 694th, 697th, 700th, 703rd, 706th, 709th, 712th, 715th, 718th, 721st, 724th, 727th, 730th, 733rd, 736th, 739th, 742nd, 745th, 748th, 751st, 754th, 757th, 760th, 763rd, 766th, 769th, 772nd, 775th, 778th, 781st, 784th, 787th, 790th, 793rd, 796th, 799th, 802nd, 805th, 808th, 811th, 814th, 817th, 820th, 823rd, 826th, 829th, 832nd, 835th, 838th, 841st, 844th, 847th, 850th, 853rd, 856th, 859th, 862nd, 865th, 868th, 871st, 874th, 877th, 880th, 883rd, 886th, 889th, 892nd, 895th, 898th, 901st, 904th, 907th, 910th, 913th, 916th, 919th, 922nd, 925th, 928th, 931st, 934th, 937th, 940th, 943rd, 946th, 949th, 952nd, 955th, 958th, 961st, 964th, 967th, 970th, 973rd, 976th, 979th, 982nd, 985th, 988th, 991st, 994th, 997th, 1000th.

Reserve (commanded by Major-General Moore with Brigadier-General Oakes in command).—

companies of the 40th Regiment, and the 28th, 42nd Highlanders, 58th, Corsicans, and detachments of the 11th and Esch's Dragoons.

dry Brigade under Brigadier-General —12th and 26th Dragoons.

illery and Pioneers, under Brigadier-Lawson.

total strength was 12,864, including about 1,000, according to Stewart; according to Wilson, 14,967, 300 sick. Wilson gives the force as 12,000 men, excluding officers but including 1,000; 500 may be perhaps accounted for by the 1st's excluding our Maltese Pioneers and 1,000. He estimates the effective force at 12,000. Alison gives the figures as 13,000, including 1,000 infantry, 1,000 artillery, and 1,000, and 999. On the 1st March, I prefer to estimate the effective force at 12,000 fighting-

13 infantry, 1,000 artillery, and 1,000, and 999.

On the 1st March, I prefer to estimate the effective force at 12,000 fighting-

French red, according to Alison, 6,520 and 1,000; but were divided at different points—

Alexander and Cairo. Commander of the French was Menou, from his belief in the French, had the rich of the

of the

at Rosetta, and the Mahommedan faith, and assumed the name of Abdallah Jacques François Menou—his conduct in one who, under Louis XVI., was a baron and a *maréchal-de-camp*. A soldier, he displayed little ability as a commander-in-chief, and was not much respected by his officers and men. It may be mentioned that

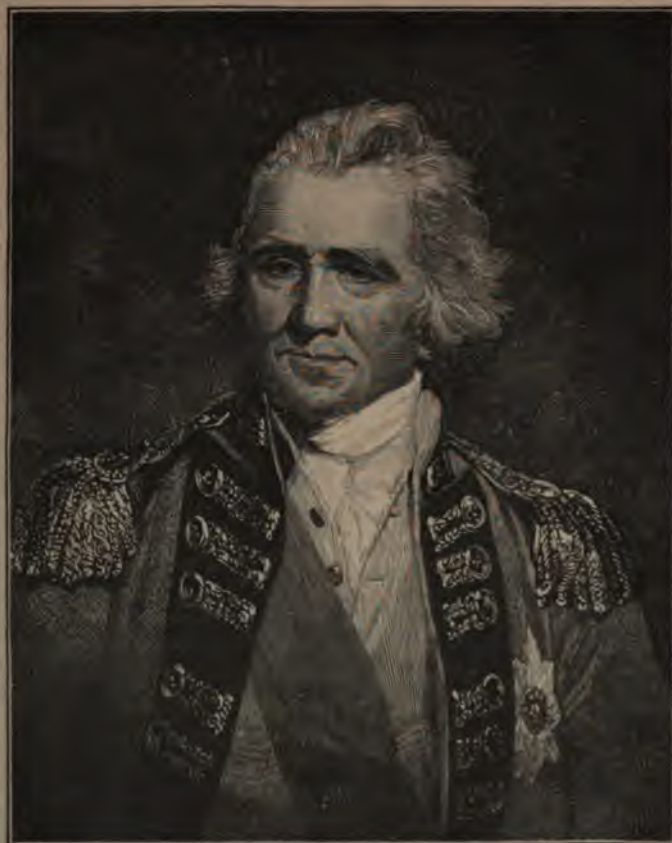
at Marmorice, Abercrombie received information which led him to believe that the French army was three times as numerous as the British force. This information was incorrect, as has been shown, but still the numerical superiority of the French was substantial. As will be shown, moreover, fortune gave Menou an opportunity of concentrating of which he failed to take advantage.

On the 1st March the British fleet anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, twelve and a half miles east of Alexandria. It was intended to disembark at once, but owing to bad weather the landing was not effected till the 8th March.

Though the British fleet had appeared in sight on the afternoon of the 1st March, the

preparations for resisting a landing were insufficient and comparatively feeble. The total number of French troops in the Bay of Aboukir numbered only 2,000 men, including 200 dragoons with twelve guns. These were formed on the top of a concave arc of sandhills about one mile in length, and rising in the centre to about fifty or sixty feet above the beach. The slope was very steep and the sand loose, so that ascent was extremely difficult.

The arrangements for the landing were as follows:—About 5,230 men were to be put on shore first, to be supported as soon as possible by another body of troops. The men were to be conveyed from the ships in boats of the Royal Navy and of transports. The right flank of the boats was to be protected by the fire of a cutter



SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

and two gun-vessels, the left by that of a cutter, a schooner, and a gun-vessel. On each flank also were two armed launches. Two bomb-vessels and three other ships also assisted to cover the landing by their fire. Sir Sidney Smith was in charge of the launches carrying the field-artillery.

The regiments were drawn up in the following order, from right to left :—The four flank companies of the 40th ; the 23rd, 28th, 42nd Highlanders, and the 58th from the reserve ; the brigade of Guards, the Royal regiment, and the two battalions of the 54th on the left of all. There is no special mention of the Corsican Rangers, but they must have landed, for they lost twenty-nine killed and wounded. Thus, it will be seen that the force first disembarked consisted of the whole of the reserve, with the exception of some cavalry detachments, the Guards, and a portion of the 1st Brigade, and ten field-pieces. Of the 2nd battalion of the 54th Regiment, only 200 landed with the first party. General Eyre Coote commanded the whole, but the commander-in-chief was close in rear of the centre. It was reported that Lord Keith, knowing the impetuosity and indifference to danger of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, had given a hint to the naval officer commanding the boat which carried the commander-in-chief to keep as far back as possible ; nevertheless, Sir Ralph was on shore shortly after the landing of the troops.

The troops who were first to land—about 5,320 in number—were placed in boats at 2 a.m. of the 8th March, but as there was found not to be room for all, some 1,600 were left behind to come ashore in the second trip. The remainder of the 1st and 2nd brigades were removed to the most advanced ships in order to be able to give prompt support. The boats carrying the first instalment were ordered to rendezvous in rear of H.M.S. *Mondovi*, which was out of reach of the enemy's guns. Owing to the great distances which some of the boats had to row, all did not reach the *Mondovi* before 8 a.m., and it was 9 a.m. before the order to advance was given.

The sea was as smooth as glass, and for a short time there was no sign of an enemy. Soon, however, the castle of Aboukir (which from a promontory on the British right was able to take the boats in flank), and the field-pieces on the sand hills, opened a heavy fire with shot and shell, and afterwards grape, which dashed the spray into the boats. Captain Walsh, 93rd Highlanders, aide-de-camp to

General Coote, who was present on the spot, and wrote a history of the campaign, says that the effect was that of a violent storm upon the water. Two boats were sunk, and with them carrying a part of the Coldstream Guards, and most of those not slain by the fire of the shell were drowned. The covering force of our gun-vessels, launches, etc., produced considerable damage to the enemy, and as the boats approached the shore, to the shot, shell, and musketry was added a destructive fire of musketry from the French infantry posted on the shore. Our boats, however, never faltered, and the beach was quickly reached. It had been expected that they should all take the ground, but owing either to the configuration of the coast or to the fact that some delay was caused in the centre owing to a momentary confusion to pick up men from the two boats sunk, the right wing reached the beach first, and then came with a short interval the centre, and finally the left, which consisted of hired boats, last of all.

As soon as we got under the fire of the enemy's artillery some of their infantry fell down to the water's edge and bayonetted the boats in the act of landing. The four flank companies of the 40th, on the extreme right, were believed to have been first on shore, though among the first, of them being their colonel, afterwards General, Sir Brent Spencer. The records of the 40th Regiment state of this officer :—"As he leaped on the beach, a French soldier instantly ran out from behind the sand hills, and, advancing to within a few paces from him, took a deliberate aim at him with his Spencer, and seemingly deprived him of the chance of escape. The colonel, however, was not in the least dismayed, but immediately raised his cane, for he had not drawn his sword, and shaking it at the soldier, his eyes fixed ferociously at the same time, called out, 'you scoundrel !' Spencer's extraordinary coolness and composure under such desperate circumstances were supposed to have paralysed the Frenchman's fire, for without firing he shouldered his rifle, and with all possible expedition, and darted back behind the sand hills behind his comrades."

General Moore, afraid that the landing would fail unless a post of the enemy situated on a high sand hill—probably that which is now mentioned as being the highest point of the beach—was taken, ordered the fire which the fire was very destructive, and ordered Colonel Spencer to take it. At the beach the four companies, aided by the 23rd and

formed that part of the position with the net, broke two French battalions, pursued and captured three French guns. The Highlanders landed, and formed up as if on parade, and with the 28th carried charged up the sandhills in their front, the fire of a battalion and two guns. French infantry were drawn off, and Captain n, with the Grenadiers of the 28th, captured guns with their horses, limber, and waggons, a desperate resistance, which cost their detachment a loss of twenty-one men. No sooner had the event taken place, 200 French dragoons attempted a charge, which, however, was promptly repulsed. This body of French, however, soon afterwards swooped down on the Guards, who had not been expected, and had not formed up. There was momentary confusion, but the 58th, on the right, repulsed the onslaught with their fire, which gave the Guards time to get to the rear. This done, the British soon put the French horsemen to flight. The 4th and the Royal Regiment, being the last to appear, appeared very gallantly on the scene, and at that moment they repulsed 600 French in-

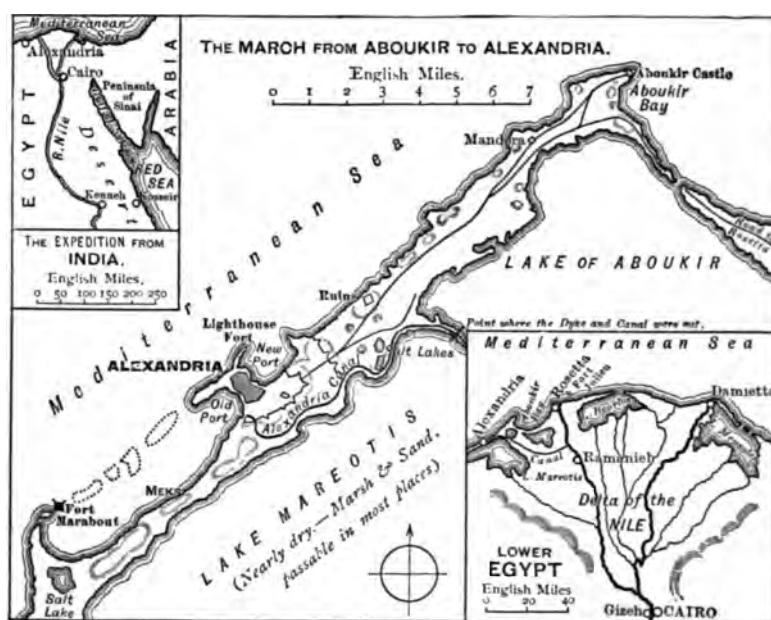
fantry, who had emerged through a hollow in the sandhills, and were advancing with fixed bayonets on the left flank of the Guards. The French, seeing this fresh body of troops, fired a volley and retreated.

The struggle had now lasted about twenty hours, and the French had been driven back to the sea. In fact, the action was virtually over.

The French and the British, however, exchanged a desultory fire of artillery for about four and a half hours. Sir Sidney Smith and the sailors having, with superhuman exertions, scaled up to the top of the sand hills several pieces of cannon. A little after 11 a.m. the French gave up, and our troops advanced to a position about three miles from the shore. Thus ended this hazardous enterprise, carried out under great difficulties of every description. Nor was our victory dearly purchased, our casualties being

only 98 killed, 515 wounded, and 35 missing, the latter having been, no doubt, drowned. The loss of the French was computed at 400 killed and wounded, while eight guns and many horses were captured. So excellent were the arrangements that by nightfall the whole of the army was landed.

The ground which was the scene of subsequent operations was a narrow spit of land with the sea to the north and Lake Aboukir on the south; it is about a mile and a half broad and twelve miles long, on the western extremity



THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT IN 1801.

being Alexandria. Immediately after the battle some men-of-war boats entered Lake Aboukir by an open cut. This lake was of great value to us in respect to protection to our left flank and also for the transport of stores. Thus a serious difficulty was overcome, as we were almost destitute of transport animals. Sir Ralph Abercrombie was at first anxious about the water supply, but his fears were soon dispelled by Sir Sidney Smith, who pointed out to him that wherever date trees grew water was to be found. Explorations were at once made, and proved successful. The castle of Aboukir on our right rear was blocked by the Queen's and the 26th Dragoons, who were dismounted.

On the 9th, the wind being fresh, no stores could be landed. On the 10th the disembarkation was completed, and the day was spent in reconnoitring. Some skirmishing between the

advanced posts took place, a surgeon and twenty men of the Corsican Rangers being captured by a sudden advance of French cavalry.

On the 12th the army advanced about four miles to Mandora Tower. Beyond a little skirmishing between the cavalry and advanced posts no fighting took place on that day. On the 13th the advance was continued, with a view of turning the right flank of the enemy, who had taken up a strong position across the peninsula, chiefly on an elevated ridge. The French having been reinforced by two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry from Cairo, and by a portion of the garrison of Rosetta, were able to put about 6,000 men and between twenty and thirty guns into line; their cavalry numbered 600 well-mounted men. Menou arrived that day from Cairo, but does not seem to have directed the operations. The advance was commenced in a line of three columns, with intervals. Each column was in mass of open column. The right column consisted of the

brigade was followed by Coote's brigade, the Guards, under Ludlow. The left consisted of Cavan's brigade, with the 92nd Highlanders as advanced guard, Stewart's foreign brigade and Doyle's brigade following in succession.

It may here be mentioned that there had been a little re-distribution of regiments, and that a battalion of marines had been added to the force. Our small body of cavalry, badly mounted and only numbering 250, were on the right of the rear of brigade of the centre column. During part of the advance Lake Aboukir was on the left, and that flank was covered by a flotilla of armed boats under Captain Hillyar, R.N.

The army marched off at 6.30 a.m., and when it came within range the enemy opened fire from their artillery, which, searching out the columns from front to rear, caused heavy loss. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, therefore, ordered a deployment of the left and centre columns. They formed two lines—Doyle's brigade remaining



ALEXANDRIA: VIEW FROM FORT CAFARELLI.

reserve under Sir John Moore in two brigades, one in rear of the other. It skirted the sea, and was a little in rear of the alignment of the rest of the army. In the centre was Craddock's brigade with the 90th Light Infantry, under Colonel Hill as advanced guard. Craddock's

in column in rear of the left, while the Guards formed a third deployed line in rear of Coote's brigade in the centre. The reserve, under General Moore, remained in column on the right, with their leading company on a level with the second line of the deployed troops.

the troops were deploying the French from their position to attack us. The men were forming the advanced guard centre column, were charged with impunity by the 26th Chasseurs-à-Cheval. It is the 90th, as a light infantry corps, wore which fact induced the French to mis- sion for dismounted cavalry. Hence they

however, the gallant Highlanders sprang to meet them, and poured in so heavy and effective a fire that the 61st Demi brigade were forced to retire, abandoning the two guns. For their brilliant conduct on this occasion both the 90th and 92nd were authorised to bear "Mandora" on their colours. About this period of the action Dillon's regiment attacked with the bayonet a



"TWO OF THE NUMBER RODE AT THE GENERAL" (p. 607.)

acked with great confidence. It is not so stated, but it would appear that the dived their opponents in line, receiving th a steady fire which emptied many Some of the more daring of the Chas- rsevered, however, charging right up egiment, but were quickly bayoneted. Hill on this day owed his life to his which resisted a bullet which would e have penetrated his head. In the e Ralph Abercrombie, whose personal ty amounted to a fault, was surrounded, was shot, and he was nearly captured, was rescued by a party of the 90th. At e same time the 92nd Highlanders were by the 61st Demi brigade, named "The es," and were also exposed to the fire e of two field-pieces. Nothing daunted,

bridge over the canal and captured it and two guns. The French fell back, halting from time to time to open on us with their well-horsed batteries. Our progress was, on the contrary, slow, for our guns had to be drawn by hand and the sand was heavy. About 2.30 p.m. the French having abandoned the crest which they had originally occupied, took up a fresh position on another crest close in front of the forts and works of Alexandria.

About this time the 44th captured in splendid style a bridge over the Alexandria Canal, which skirted the southern border of the field of battle; the bridge was defended by a body of infantry and cavalry, and a howitzer. The bridge was taken, but so heavy an artillery fire was opened upon them by the French, who had brought up some heavy guns from the

the ranks said to his captain—Stewart of whose account we follow: “I see a strong force of the enemy marching past in our front: distinguish them by their large hats and white plumes; call to the general, and allow us to charge;” I told him to go back to his place, that was impossible, as Major Stirling, with the wing of the regiment, was in our immediate front, at a distance of only 200 yards. As the man still insisted on the truth of his statement, I ran out to the front, perceived through the darkness a large body; and though I could not distinguish any particular object, the sound of feet and arms convinced me of the soldier’s courage.

In a few minutes Colonel Stewart and Stirling’s wings charged the column in the rear. But it is proper to explain that it was the rear rank of the left wing that turned out and charged to their rear; the front rank held their ground to oppose the enemy in the immediate front.”

The column saw that it was discovered and turned towards the ruins. As the Frenchmen were in the so-called redoubt, but which was the gorge, the rear rank of the 28th turned out and fired into them, the front rank of the regiment, unmoved, keeping up a fire on the enemy in their immediate front. The 28th, in number and in some confusion, “incapable” dashed onwards to the ruins, supported by the fleet-footed Highlanders, and passed through the openings. The 58th, however, coolly faced about and fought the French. When surrounded by the corpses the gallant survivors—two in number—surrendered. The standard was picked up by the officer who bore it to Major Stirling, of the 42nd, who handed it over to Lieutenant Sinclair, with orders to remain with it by the captured six-pounder. Subsequently he was overthrown and stunned by French cavalry. When he came to himself his standard was gone. Some time after, Lutz, a captain of the Minorca regiment, came to Colonel Abercrombie, and presenting him with the standard said that he had taken it from a French officer. Lutz obtained a receipt and twenty-four guineas. This incident caused some ill-feeling. Moore and Oakes were wounded about the same time, but remained at their posts.

When the enemy made a renewed attack on the redoubt, Moore ordered the 28th to move of the ruins to bar their progress. The French drew close, Sir Ralph Aber-

Abercrombie, ever at the point of danger, rode up and called out: “My brave Highlanders, remember your country; remember your forefathers.” Responsive to the appeal, the gallant Black Watch, with a true Highland rush, dashed at the foe and sent them back in disorder and hotly pursued. Moore, who had a keen vision, differing in that respect from Abercrombie, who was very short-sighted, saw through the smoke and dust some fresh French columns drawn up on the plain, and three squadrons of cavalry about to charge through the intervals of the retreating infantry. Consequently, he ordered the regiment back to its old ground. Owing to the noise of the firing the order was only heard by some. Those companies who did hear it fell back, the others hesitated, and the next instant the French cavalry were upon them, with a fair prospect of success, for the advanced companies of the 42nd were broken and scattered. The men, however, stood firm, in groups, or even individually maintained a stout fight with the dragoons. The companies which had been withdrawn in time, and were in comparatively regular formation, repulsed the cavalry, some of whom galloped through intervals, and were almost all cut off. After penetrating our line, some wheeling to the left were shot by the 28th, who faced to the rear. They were thrown into great disorder by their horses falling over the tents and holes for camp kettles, dug by the 28th.

It must have been about this time that Sir Ralph Abercrombie was nearly slain on the spot by a French dragoon. He had sent off all his staff with orders when some French cavalry reached the spot where he was watching the fight. Two of the number rode at the general, and were about to cut him down, when the gallant veteran succeeded in wresting the sword from his adversary, who was immediately shot by a corporal of the 42nd, the other, seeking to ride away, was bayoneted by a private of the same regiment. According to Sir Robert Wilson, he was unhorsed in the struggle, and it is probable that he was, for we read of him as having afterwards walked to the redoubt on the right of the Guards, and as continuing to walk about. It was only known that he was wounded by the sight of blood trickling down his leg, for he never mentioned the fact that a bullet had lodged in his hip-bone, though he complained of a contusion in the chest, caused by a blow from the sword which he had eventually wrenched from the French officer. When the battle was over he

found himself utterly spent, and after having his wound attended to by a surgeon of the Guards, he was carried on board ship. While being carried to the beach he asked what had been put under his head. His aide-de-camp replied, "Only a soldier's blanket." "Only a soldier's blanket!" was the rejoinder; "make haste, and return it to him at once."

A little after the attack on the right the French assailed the Guards, driving in their skirmishers. The enemy advanced in echelon from the right, with a view to turning the left flank of the Guards. Several companies, however, of the 3rd Guards being thrown back, this manœuvre was foiled, and the steady fire of the brigade, coupled with the advance of Coote's brigade on the left, caused the French to retire.

Scarcely had this first charge of cavalry by two regiments of dragoons failed than the second line of three regiments made another bid for success. There was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting. According to Captain Walsh, the 42nd opened and let the enemy's horsemen through, and then faced about and fired on them. The survivors strove to force their way back, but few succeeded, their commander, General Roize, falling about this time. At the end of the charge General Stewart's brigade came up on the left of the 42nd. This was about 8.30 a.m., and till 9.30 a.m., when the battle virtually ceased, nothing but a combat of artillery and an interchange of musket-shots between the skirmishers took place on this part of the field. About 9.30 a.m. the French began to retreat, and by 10 a.m. all firing ceased.

It may here be mentioned that the 92nd Highlanders had marched very early that morning towards Aboukir, where it was to go into garrison, being much weakened by casualties in action and from disease. When the firing began it was two miles from camp, but under Major Napier immediately countermarched, and arrived to take part in the battle. It is noteworthy that the steady conduct of the 42nd stood them in such good stead that, though twice engaged hand-to-hand with the enemy's cavalry, only thirteen men received sabre wounds.

The French of all arms behaved with the utmost gallantry, but it is with regret that we mention that many of them when captured were found to be drunk, and among these was an officer of high rank.

The brave and chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith was, as usual, to be found wherever the danger was greatest. In the heat of the action Major

Hall, aide-de-camp to General Craddock, while carrying orders, had his horse killed under him close to where Sir Sidney was watching the fight. Disengaging himself from his fallen steed he went up to Sir Sidney and begged that officer to hand over to him his orderly's horse. Sir Sidney at once consented, and told the man to hand over his horse. While he was speaking a cannon ball took off the dragoon's head, on which Sir Sidney calmly remarked, "This is destiny. The horse, Major Hall, is yours."

A period of inactivity followed the battle, due, probably, to the wound of the commander-in-chief. The problem, moreover, was one that it was difficult to solve. Evidently the garrison of Alexandria would not soon surrender, and their position was strong, their resources considerable. A French force, moreover, occupied Cairo, and the capture of that city would produce a great moral and material effect. The distance, however, was great, and owing to the want of transport it would be necessary to advance on the capital by the Nile. The co-operation of the Turkish army was needed, and it was not yet certain to what extent it might be depended on. The attitude of the Mamelukes had also to be taken into consideration. Finally, General Baird was expected from India, and some regard to his movements had to be paid. At length, however, General Hutchinson, who had succeeded to the command of the army on the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie—who expired on board ship on the 28th—decided on a plan of operations, the main feature of which was an advance by a portion of the army under his personal command, while maintaining the investment of Alexandria by the remainder, under General Coote. He was the more readily enabled to arrive at a determination because, on the 26th March, the Capitan Pasha with 6,000 Turks had disembarked in the Bay of Aboukir.

On April 2nd Colonel Spencer, with the 58th Regiment, the flank company of the 40th, and thirty of Hompesch's Hussars, was sent to take possession of Rosetta and obtain command of the Nile, for the fleet wanted water and the troops fresh meat. Besides, the capture of Rosetta was the first step in an advance on Cairo. Spencer was accompanied by 4,000 Turks. On the 6th, Hutchinson, learning that the garrison of Rosetta had been strengthened, reinforced Spencer with the Queen's Regiment. On the morning of the 8th, Spencer, after a trying march across the desert, reached the neighbourhood of Rosetta, and found the passage of the river opposed. It



"SUDDENLY A FRENCH OFFICER GALLOPED UP TO MAJOR WILSON" (p. 610).

was, however, soon forced, and a portion of the French marched to El Hamed, on the left bank of the Nile. Detaching the Queen's and 500 Arnauts, under Lord Dalhousie, to blockade Fort St. Julien, with the remainder of his force Spencer marched south, and established himself in front of the enemy's strong position at El Hamed. There he remained for several days, sending out reconnoitring patrols and receiving reinforcements. Gradually during the following twelve days his command was brought up to—exclusive of Turks—about 300 cavalry, 4,000 infantry, with, however, only 100 horses and camels for the guns, water, and provisions.

Returning to Alexandria, Hutchinson had, with some misgiving and reluctance on account of the devastation which the measure would cause, cut the embankment of the canal and let in the waters of Lake Mareotis. By this means he almost isolated the town from external supplies, and succoured and secured his left flank, which was now protected by a flotilla on the lake. He was thus enabled to leave with confidence Coote, with about 6,000 men, in front of the town, while employing about 5,310 of his troops and some 9,510 Turks in the advance along the banks of the Nile towards Cairo. He himself proceeded to Rosetta, where he arrived on the 26th April. Lord Dalhousie and the Capitan Pasha had established batteries against Fort St. Julien, and on the 16th a bombardment was begun from these, aided by the fire from the men-of-war and boats. On the 19th, after a sturdy resistance, the garrison—having lost 40 killed and wounded and being without any prospect of succour—surrendered, with 15 guns and 268 men.

On the 4th May a detachment, consisting of two 6-pounders, two 12-pounders, two howitzers, twenty of the 12th Dragoons, the 89th Regiment, and a body of Arnauts with four horsed Turkish guns, under Colonel Stewart, was sent across the Nile, with instructions to conform with the movements of the main body on the left, or eastern, bank of the Nile. On the following day the main body advanced in two columns, one with its left on the Nile, the other with its right on Lake Edki, the whole preceded by about 4,000 Turks. At the same time a flotilla of Turkish gun-vessels and some armed djerms, or native boats, manned by British sailors, sailed up the Nile. On the 6th the allies halted in front of the canal of Deroute, which falls into the Nile on its left, or western, bank. To the south of the canal the French occupied a fortified position.

On the 7th May our cavalry reported the French had fallen back, and by picking up in their abandoned camp it was that they numbered 3,931 men, including cavalry. On this day the army was joined by 600 Syrian cavalry—badly mounted, untrained, half-naked, and many without arms. On the 9th the army marched towards Mansieh, where the canal of Alexandria joins the river.

Some skirmishing took place on both banks of the river, and Stewart constructed a battery which to fire on the fort and an encampment situated on the left bank. The next morning, when Stewart was in readiness to open fire, the fort capitulated and the entrenched camp was found to be empty. On the 11th the army resumed its march, and on that day a very daring capture of a French convoy was effected.

The Arabs reported that a considerable number of French were advancing with a view to perceiving signs of the proximity of the army they retired into the desert. Doyle was ordered to pursue with 250 men, two guns, and his own brigade. Colonel Crombie, son of the deceased Sir Ralph, and afterwards Sir—Robert Wilson, officer of the staff, galloped ahead of the force only accompanied by a few Arab horsemen. After a seven-mile march they came up with the enemy, whom they drew up in square, surrounding the French. A little desultory interchange of shots between the French and the Arabs ensued. Wilson thought that audacity might be of service and obtained leave from Colonel Abercrombie to try what he could do. Riding up, and waving a white handkerchief, he announced that he had been sent by the commander-in-chief to demand surrender on condition that the French and men composing the party should be sent at once to France. Colonel Cavalier, commanding the convoy, peremptorily ordered him to draw. Major Wilson, however, persisted that the offer was merely dictated by humanity and that Colonel Cavalier would incur responsibility if he refused it. To this he replied that the French colonel paid no apparent attention and again ordered him to retire. Major Wilson, fearing that his attempt had failed, was proceeding towards General Doyle, who in the meantime had come up with his cavalry and was firing musket shot of the convoy. Suddenly an officer galloped up to Major Wilson and requested that he would return to Colonel Abercrombie.

sted time for consultation with his After some haggling it was agreed envoy should surrender, being allowed n their arms in the British camp and desert before the Bedouins. The con- ed of 560 men—cavalry, infantry, and cluding 120 of the Dromedary Corps, picked men)—one four-pounder gun, camels. The captors and captured shed off to camp, not meeting the l they had gone about a league. It fterwards that the mention of "France" Wilson had produced so great an officers and men that Colonel Cavalier hoice about surrendering.

Belliard, commanding at Cairo, ith 5,500 men and twenty-four guns to Grand Vizier. Meantime the advance itish continued up the Nile, with y great sufferings. On the 23rd instance, there was a sirocco, the er rising to 120°. So oppressive was hat several horses and camels died, roops were almost suffocated. On June the British army arrived in izah, opposite to Cairo, on the other e river. Preparations being made Gizeh, and the Grand Vizier being in the east bank of the Nile, threaten- ult on Cairo, General Belliard on the an officer to propose a capitulation on e negotiations came to an end on the it was agreed that the garrison should on the following conditions — that elliard and his troops, numbering up- 0,000 effective men, with fifty guns, tain their arms and personal property orted to the coast. On arrival at the ere to be embarked on ships pro- he British and transported to France. t article it was agreed that the French e up their arms as soon as they were hip. By the embarkation return given d, it would appear that exclusive of ilitaries and civil employees, the total ounted to 12,862.

15th July the march to the coast he following order : A body of Turks, h army, the French, the British ith some Mamelukes. On the 9th, 11th August, the British troops from ched into camp before Alexandria, angled for the embarkation of Belliard en. This reinforcement was needed, h Coote had been joined by several

battalions and some drafts, sickness had reduced his force to 3,200 men fit for duty. Now the army in front of Alexandria was raised to a strength of 16,000 effective men. On the 16th, at nightfall, Coote with the Guards, under Ludlow, Lord Cavan's and General Finch's brigades, a few field-pieces, and 100 of the 26th Dragoons—4,000 men in all—were transported in boats by Lake Mareotis to the west of Alex andria. In order to cover the movement, on the morning of the 17th, Doyle with his brigade was ordered to carry the green hill on the French right, while Moore was directed to send some light troops to seize the knoll about a quarter of a mile in front of the French lines, in order to reconnoitre. Little opposition was made to Doyle, the French abandoning the open work on the green hill, the artillery on which had been previously removed. Moore having accomplished his object, and the knoll being too far advanced to be maintained, returned to our lines.

About 7 a.m. the enemy made a furious sortie with 600 men, and attempted to recapture the green hill. The 30th, being somewhat scattered to avoid the heavy cannonade, were taken by surprise, but rallied and charged, driving back the French, who suffered some loss.

Returning to Coote : he, seeing at daybreak that the French occupied a strong position about three miles to the west of Alexandria, left Finch to make a demonstration, whilst he himself went on a few miles further, where he disembarked, without meeting with any opposition, at a spot nine miles from Alexandria. The isthmus between the sea and Lake Mareotis was about half a mile broad. On the night of the 17th-18th there was a causeless alarm in camp, with much shouting and confusion. Coote issued a severe animadversion, but a brigade order stated that his remarks did not apply to the Guards. On the 18th, batteries were begun against Fort Marabout, which was situated on a rocky islet guarding the western entrance to the harbour of Alexandria, and 150 yards from the shore. The batteries were begun on the night of the 17th-18th, and aided by the fire of some small Turkish and British ships and a body of sharpshooters. On the 20th the tower fell, and on the 21st the commandant surrendered, with ten guns. The garrison had originally consisted of 200 men, of whom fourteen were killed. Our loss was *nil*.

On the 18th the army advanced about one and a half miles towards Alexandria. On

the 22nd the army advanced some four or five miles under a heavy cannonade, which caused us a loss of sixty killed and wounded.

The French suffered heavily, and abandoned a strong

Dragoons were ordered to charge a ha of French cavalry. The latter retired on a battalion of infantry, who were received by the 26th till they were within yards. The French then fired a volley marvellous to relate, hit neither man



GATEWAY, ROSETTA.

fortified position, with several guns, their camp, and baggage. On the 23rd, Coote was reinforced by a brigade under Colonel Spencer. The enemy threw many shells into our camp, causing, however, but few casualties. Soon after dark on the 24th the 20th, 54th, and a detachment of the 26th Dragoons proceeded to drive in the French outposts. Our men used only the bayonet, and were completely successful after a struggle of about three-quarters of an hour. About 11 p.m. the French made a determined counter-attack, but after another three-quarters of an hour's fighting were again driven back, their loss on both occasions being heavy, seventy Frenchmen having been captured and thirty bayoneted, besides the casualties caused by our handful of cavalry. It was in one of these actions that a most singular event occurred. Coote was advancing with a company of the Guards when a discharge of grape smote them, taking off several hats but hurting no one. On another occasion a detachment of the 26th Light

Coote on the 23rd had opened a fire of three 24-pounders and five mortars, the French had retaliated with a heavy fire. The crisis was evidently at hand in order to create a diversion for Coote's troops in the east, and the British batteries on that side, opened fire, and in the meantime an aide-de-camp of Menou came in with a flag of truce with a proposal for an armistice preparatory to capitulation. After some negotiation a prolongation of the armistice was signed on the terms that the French army was to be transported to England with ten guns and private property. The embarkation of General Menou was completed, exclusive of 350 sick to be left behind

a front of Alexandria at that time was 16,000 men. When General Menou signed capitulation, he wrote his name "Abdallah Menou." Turning to General Hope, who invited General Hutchinson, he said that no doubt surprised at his signature; that he had tried most religions, but found the Mahomedan the best. After the capitulation he entertained Hope at dinner, horseflesh being one of the dishes. Probably this was a *sur de théâtre*, but there can be no doubt the French had been reduced to great want for animal food, and they had plenty of it.

It was thought in the British camp that Menou was somewhat hurried into signing by fear of the atrocities by the Turks in case Alexandria was carried by assault. It is undoubtedly true that, as soon as the armistice was signed, he begged Coote to withdraw all Turks and to take from the outposts. He had good reason for the cruelty of the Turks for when Madame de Genes was captured at Alexandria, the Capitan Pasha refused to send her as a prisoner to the Sultan. The British authorities, how-

ever, insisted on despatching her to join her husband at Alexandria.

Now only remains to say that General Baird, with a force of 5,500 European and native troops, proceeded from India, landed at Cosseir, in the Gulf of Suez, marched 120 miles across the desert to Kenh, on the Nile, and thence descended in boats to Rosetta, which he reached in August. He was thus too late to take part in the campaign. Towards the end of September the army was broken up, most of the regiments belonging to it quitting the country.

The loss of the British army during this campaign was 23 officers, 20 sergeants, 2 drummers, and 505 rank-and-file killed; 168 officers, 1 quartermaster, 149 sergeants, 17 drummers, and 2,723 rank-and-file wounded; 7 officers, 1 quartermaster, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 73 rank-and-file missing.

As usual, however, disease was responsible for more casualties than the enemy. Ophthalmia and dysentery caused much loss. From ophthalmia 200 men became blind of one eye and 160 of two eyes. At one time there were no fewer

than 700 men out of the two battalions of the Guards in hospital from ophthalmia, and Ensign Dalrymple, 3rd Guards, records in his unpublished journal that 3,500 men had died in the hospitals.

It will be seen from a perusal of the preceding pages that this was by no means, as so many believe, one sharp fight at landing and another in the battle before Alexandria; but a campaign in which, besides these two actions, there were many skirmishes, including some severely-contested engagements. Altogether, it was a creditable and glorious expedition, doing much to re-establish

our military reputation, which, owing to our bad fortune in Flanders, had fallen very low in the estimation of Europe.

The value set upon it by the British nation was shown by the rewards conferred on the army and navy: a peerage to Abercrombie's widow, with a pension of £2,000 a year; the same to General Hutchinson, with the Bath; Lord Keith created a British Peer; thanks of Parliament to the Army and Navy employed. In addition, the Sultan granted the Order of the Crescent to the generals, and to other officers gold medals.



SIR EYRE COOTE.



THE first phase of the Zulu War of 1879 may be said to have closed on the 23rd January in that year. It had been marked by a terrible disaster to the invading army—the taking of the third column's camp at Insandhlwana. But though this, in its magnitude and severity, overshadowed the results of the operations carried on by other portions of the army, and sent a thrill of horror and mortification through the British Empire, there had not been wanting sufficient instances of bold and successful conduct to encourage confidence in the future and to point out how victory was to be achieved. The defence of Rorke's Drift had covered with glory a small detachment, and had secured the colony of Natal from invasion; the first column, under Colonel Pearson, had driven the enemy before it on the banks of the Inyezane river, and had established itself at the old mission station of Etshowe; while the fourth column, under Colonel Evelyn Wood, had traversed and widely reconnoitred the Zulu country to the north of the White Umvolosi river, had everywhere brushed opposition from its path, and was well prepared for further advance. In the meantime, however, the movement of British forces was checked, a new plan of operations had to be formed, the army had to be reorganised, and the stores and transport lost at Insandhlwana had to be replaced.

At the end of January the general situation was this: Colonel Pearson, though he had received permission and even advice from Lord Chelmsford to retire from his advanced position, had bravely determined to maintain his hold on the south of Zululand, and had built a strong fortification at Etshowe, sufficient for the accommodation of all his force except the mounted men, whom he sent back to the banks of the Tugela. Colonel Wood had moved to Kambula Hill, where he formed a strong entrenched camp

as a *point d'appui* from which he could protect the north of Natal and harass the enemy by continued unexpected movements. Between Colonel Pearson and Colonel Wood the remains of the third column held Rorke's Drift, now strongly fortified, and Helpmakaar. The frontier of Natal was thus watched and guarded from end to end, and even if the Zulus, emboldened by their one great success, had been tempted to make an inroad into the colony, they must either have met with formidable resistance, or, if they avoided the strong posts, they would have exposed themselves to attack on their flank or rear.

Lord Chelmsford—who, after the disaster at Insandhlwana, returned to Pieter Maritzburg—had sent information about recent events to England. As South Africa was not then in telegraphic communication with the mother country, the general's despatch had to be conveyed by steamer to St. Vincent before it could be put upon the wires, and it did not arrive in London till the 11th of February. The whole of England was stirred by the calamitous news, and powerful reinforcements were at once prepared for despatch to the seat of war, in addition to others which were already on their way. But not from distant England alone was help to come. Colonial troops undertook the duties at Capetown, setting free the regular garrison; volunteers replaced the wing of the 88th on the frontier of Cape Colony; the *Shah*, which was on her way home from the Pacific station, was in port at St. Helena, and her commander, Captain Bradshaw, took the prompt decision to alter her destination, embarked the St. Helena garrison and sailed for Durban, thus providing an immediate force of 650 men, including 400 bluejackets; while the 57th Regiment, just on the point of leaving Ceylon, was directed to proceed to Natal.

ing the whole of February and the early of March the general attitude of the portions of the English army was one of . Strong posts were established along the frontier of Natal, and the forts on the lines of communications were improved and held by small garrisons. On the north alone, the force under Colonel Wood was unceasingly active and carried out many raids and wide-ranging movements with perfect success. Zulu villages were attacked and burned, sometimes at a distance of over thirty miles from Kambula, and the enemy's cattle were swept in, in defiance of the British stance, and even the family of Ohama, the king's brother, which was anxious to place itself under British protection, was sought out at a distance of forty-five miles in the heart of the enemy's country and safely escorted to Kambula. The heart and soul of all these daring operations, which did so much to restore confidence when confidence was sorely needed, was Lieutenant-General Buller, whose tireless energy was checked by no obstacles, and whose colonial horsemen were ready to follow him through all hazards. The advantages gained by Colonel Wood were, however, more than balanced by the surprise of the enemy, escorted by a company of the 80th Regiment, which was conveying supplies to the camp. Captain Moriarty and sixty-two lost their lives, and the remainder of the party was only saved by the boldness and presence of mind of Sergeant Booth, who rallied a group of men and retired slowly, firing several volleys. The saddest part of the story was the misconduct of a subaltern officer, who led his men in action, and who, in general, was afterwards held up to the reprobation of the whole British army.

As has been said that Colonel Pearson had firmly fortified his position at Etshowe, and firmly held his hold upon the south of Zululand. He had with him from 1,000 to 1,200 Europeans, and a sufficient supply of ammunition and provisions, and from his post of vantage was able not only to survey and examine all the surrounding country, but also to carry out well-devised and daring expeditions against the enemy, and to inflict on them severe losses. But he was unable either to advance or to retreat with his force. The whole power of Cetewayo's fastnesses of Zululand were in his front, and the long and difficult road behind him to the Tugela, and the Natal frontier was blocked by the enemy in overpowering numbers. The first task which Lord Chelmsford had to

perform, therefore, was to join Pearson's garrison with such reinforcements as would enable it either to push to the front or to retire to its immediate base of operations, pending the construction of a new scheme of campaign for the whole army. Some reinforcements had already arrived in Natal, but many more were still on the sea, and the general decided that Pearson should be withdrawn from Etshowe, and that in the meantime no further movement should be made along the line by which the first column had originally advanced.

The weather for some time had been wet, and during the African rainy season the difficulties of moving large bodies of men with sufficient transport to maintain their food supplies in a barren country are great. By strenuous exertion, however, Lord Chelmsford had collected on the banks of the Tugela, by the 27th March, a column strong enough to force its way through any probable resistance to the beleaguered post of Etshowe. It comprised the 57th and 91st Regiments, six companies of the 60th, five companies of the 99th, and two companies of the Buffs, in addition to a naval brigade formed of men from the *Shah*, *Tenedos*, and *Boadicea*. There were also a squadron of mounted infantry, some two hundred mounted natives, with two field-guns, four rocket tubes, and two Gatlings. Two battalions of the Native Contingent were added, but little confidence could be placed in their fighting qualities. The whole amounted to 3,390 whites and 2,280 natives, and was divided into two brigades under Lieutenant-Colonel Law, R.A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, 60th Rifles. Besides the fighting force, the column comprised 122 carts and waggons containing provisions and stores, intended not only for its own supply but also to relieve the wants of Colonel Pearson's men, who had been so long cut off from the outward world.

The lessons taught by the Insandhlwana disaster bore ample fruit in the method of movement in the relieving column. No precaution was neglected, no opening given for surprise by an active and bold enemy. A route was taken which was comparatively open and presented little cover for a concealed hostile attack. Surrounded by a screen of mounted Europeans and natives, the main body and the transport marched by day in the closest possible order, ready at any moment to form for defence in battle disposition, while at night the waggons were carefully parked in laager, a shelter-trench

was drawn round the camp, and besides ordinary picquets and sentries, each regiment kept one company alert and ready for immediate action. The first two days of the march, which commenced on the 29th of March, were over rolling grassy plains with gentle slopes, wooded knolls, and small streams at intervals, diversified with an occasional deserted kraal and patch of cultivated ground; but on the third day the aspect of the country began to change, the column entered on a more wooded land with large masses of the high and strong Tamboukie grass bordering the road, and many boggy places, the crossing of which demanded skill and resource. On this day (the 31st of March) little progress in distance was made, as the Amatikulu river had to be crossed by a drift where the current ran, swollen, angry, and dangerous from the recent floods; but on the 1st of April the advance was steadily maintained till a slight eminence was reached, about a mile from the Inyezane, and here the laager for the night was formed. The Gingihlovo stream ran hard by the camp, and the comparatively open surrounding country,

shot had been fired, no distant muttering told the approach of war's tempest. It was evident, however, that a crisis was at hand, and in Lord Chelmsford's force watchfulness was redoubled,



SIR REDVERS BULLER.

SIR EVELYN WOOD.
(Photo, Fradelle.)

free from thick bush, marked the spot as a good defensive position. During the day large bodies of Zulus had been seen by the watchful scouts, and one dark threatening mass had moved parallel to the English march; but so far no

the strength of the camp defences was carefully made as perfect as possible, and the soldiers were ready to stand to their arms in their appointed places at the first alarm.

The day closed in heavy rain; and, wet and sodden, all lay down to take what rest they could in their silent, anxious bivouac. At three in the morning of the 2nd of April the general went round his waggons and trenches to satisfy himself that all was in order and that no precaution had been neglected. Still the enemy came not, and the advantage to be gained by night attack was passing away. Watchful eyes were strained, peering into the long, shadowy grass to see the expected mass of dusky warriors, and watchful ears were on the alert to catch the quick patter of naked feet which would tell of the Zulu charge, but all remained quiet. As day began to break, the mounted men were sent out to reconnoitre, and under the command of the gallant Barrow they cantered into the dim veldt, while their infantry comrades remained standing at ease round the laager, at each of whose angles looked out field-pieces, Gatlings, or rocket-tubes.

Hark! a shot in the distance, followed by several more faint reports in quick succession.

have been found, and soon the men fall back with the news that the enemy are approaching. At sharp orders, the shelter-trenches are laid ready to speak when they answer the enemy's challenge. The men form up close to the waggons, the waggons themselves, the carts and other non-combatants who are in possession of the place themselves take a part in the fighting.

The columns of warriors come into sight on the further side of the river, and cross it at different points. On the left wing of the army, and, deploying in a loose order, they come with the determination of their nation on the northern and eastern side of the laager. Almost as another column on the right wing—shows itself at a distance, coming from the bush, and it is for the attack of the northern and western faces of the English defences. The attack begins with the fire at 1,000 yards; but, as the attack tells with cruel fury of the attack is the men in rear of the front, and, in wave after wave, mocking at death, they are eager to close with

the assegai, the Zulus surge forward with all their warlike bravery of coloured feathers, crests, leopard-skin cloaks, and oxtail necklets and knee ornaments come, chanting their battle song during the time of its measure with the assegai. Occasional shots come from the host, but, confident in their numbers, their dauntless courage, and in their recent victory, they think to annihilate their foe with their strong right arms as they had done at Insandhlwana. In the leading lines have come within of the shelter-trenches a sudden sheet

of flame bursts from the English parapets, and a leaden hail hisses over the plain, blighting them with destruction. Many a grim warrior reels and falls, many a kraal may now look in vain for its young men returning over the veldt. But there is no craven thought of retreat. As one man sinks to the earth, others rush on in his place, and from the cover afforded by the long



GROUP OF ZULUS IN FULL DRESS.

Tamboukie grass the Zulus now keep up a heavy and well-sustained fire. An attempt is made on the northern angle of the laager, and some of the warriors even reach to within twenty-five yards of the death-dealing rifles. But nothing human can stand against the withering steady volleys that come from the 60th, and the attack, not checked alone, but blasted and destroyed, is hopeless. Better fortune or less steady resistance may be met with in an assault on another face of the laager, and, without confusion or delay, some of the heavy masses run round to join the western attack, which is withstood by the 57th and 91st. Again the desperate charge is

delivered, again it is met by the paralysing torrent of lead. Effort after effort is made with despairing courage to come to close quarters, and Dabulamanzi himself, the great induna who commands the whole, is seen leading heroically. But all to no purpose. The flower of Zululand are scattered and broken on the plain where they have fought so well. Lord Chelmsford sees that the time has come for counter-movement to complete the success of defence. Major Barrow, who, with his mounted men, is already in the saddle, is launched at the Zulu flank, and gives the order to charge. The little band of horsemen, their sabres biting deep, scatters the enemy's groups which still retain any cohesion, and soon the remnant of Cetewayo's warriors are in hasty and disordered flight.

Assault so desperate and defence so stern could not but entail loss to the English, even though they were completely victorious. Lieutenant-Colonel Northey, of the 60th, and Lieutenant Johnson, of the 99th, with 9 non-commissioned officers and men, were buried at Gingihlovo; and 6 officers, with 46 non-commissioned officers and men, were wounded. It cannot be said that Lord Chelmsford's success was dearly bought, but the price paid was none the less to be deplored.

As the immediate result of the battle, Colonel Pearson's garrison at Etshowe was relieved and withdrawn to the Tugela; and Lord Chelmsford was free to consider his future plans for invading Zululand.

Among other measures taken by Lord Chelmsford to facilitate his operations between the 28th March and the 4th April, he had sent directions to Colonel Evelyn Wood to make, if possible, a diversion in the north, which might have the effect of withdrawing in that direction a proportion of Cetewayo's army, and thus reducing the opposition which might be looked for on the march to Etshowe. Such orders were welcome to the commander of the force at Kambula, and he set himself with characteristic energy to act upon them, and to undertake such an operation as by its audacity should stir Cetewayo to employ a large force in reprisal, and by its vigour should shake the Zulu monarch's prestige in a great part of his dominions.

The Inhlolane mountain is a table-topped eminence about three miles long, whose nearest point is twenty miles from Kambula. Its sides are precipitous, and its summit can only be reached by a few difficult paths winding through rocks, and commanded at every turn by such

strong positions of defence as caves and hanging heights. In 1879 it was occupied by a strong and warlike Zulu tribe, whose warriors were perched on an almost inaccessible or terrace, and whose cattle, in time of peace, found a place of safety on the topmost. Colonel Wood had had, on the 16th March, an opportunity of reconnoitring this fastness, and he resolved that he would best make the position desired by Lord Chelmsford, in a bold and daring raiding it from end to end.

At so great a distance from his camp it was obviously impossible to employ the infantry under his command, and the force on the mountain was therefore entrusted to the mounted troops and to the light armoured native allies who had been partially organised as a portion of his force. The attackers were divided into two portions, one was to operate against the two ends of the mountain—that sent against the east end being intended to form the main attack, while the other was to create confusion and act principally in support. The first, under Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, consisted of about 400 white men and 277 natives; the second, under Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, consisted of 200 white men and 440 natives.

On the 27th March the two small forces left Kambula camp and bivouacked for the night at different points in the neighbourhood of the mountain, Lieutenant-Colonel Buller at four miles from its south-eastern extremity, and Lieutenant-Colonel Russell four miles from its north-west. On the 28th Buller left his camp at 3.30 a.m., and, under cover of the falling mist, began the ascent of the narrow path leading to the summit. The way was not passable for mounted men, and it could not have been traversed in the face of prepared defence; but the few Zulus who guarded the entrance were taken by surprise, and could not withstand a daring attack. As it was, indeed, the summit was only reached by the strength of the force, with a loss of two officers and a private, besides many casualties among the horses. Colonel Wood, with his staff and a personal escort, passed the night at Russell's camp, and left it soon after 3 a.m., intending to follow Buller. On the way he met Colonel Weatherford, who commanded some colonial mounted troops attached to Buller's party, and who, losing his way with the column in the darkness, had followed it up the mountain side. In the increasing light Colonel Wood could see

ly on the hilltop, and the sound of audible on the north-east face. Leading himself, he pressed forward with ; towards the path by which Buller ed, and followed the track marked by of dead and wounded horses. The e, however, by this time thoroughly heavy fire was opened from front and ed from behind huge boulders of Lloyd, Colonel Wood's interpreter, y wounded, Colonel Wood's horse was other casualties were suffered. The seemed to come from a particular ce, and Colonel Wood ordered some ley's men to dislodge the Zulus who . There was some little delay in is command, and Wood's staff and ng the matter gallantly into their s, charged into the cave. Captain who was leading, was shot dead by a n within ; but his comrades forced ; cleared the cave, and resistance at was overcome for the moment by : and determination. Buller's task ly been accomplished, however, and, f his staff killed, Wood gave up the joining him. Some of Weatherley's also been killed, and he received to try to force his ascent by another onel Wood then returned to see how arty had progressed, bringing with ided man.

e, Russell had effected the ascent of 1 end of the hill without opposition, himself on a lower plateau than that er had reached. The descent from plateau to the lower one was an er cliff, up the face of which was a cable for men climbing, but quite im- r the upward movement of horses. ig-places in the cliff fire was opened, ed some casualties, but this did not mmunication being opened by dis- ien with Buller's force above, and all be going well. A quantity of cattle , and the force remained halted, the turn of events. Suddenly the d native allies were seen gesticulating ig to a distant ridge of hills to the

The dull eyes of the Europeans t nothing, but a powerful telescope ulu army on the march, moving with ous swiftness of their nation. Their ld not then be estimated, but there atly many thousands, and they were

moving apparently towards Kambula camp. The threatening presence of this great force introduced a new and unlooked-for e'ement into the conditions of the day's operations, and Russell judged it best to release the cattle which had been captured, and to send the dismounted natives who were with him back to Kambula ; as, in case they were pressed, the horsemen would then be able to act more freely and independently. It was obvious that Buller must soon retreat from the top of the mountain, but it was uncertain by what route he would come, so Russell took up a position on some rising ground, from which he could give aid to Buller whenever he might appear.

Colonel Wood was moving westward along the side of the hill, as has been told, when he also became aware of the proximity of the Zulu army, and all that its threatening presence meant. Russell's force was the only one under his hand, and to it he sent a written order to move to the Zungen Nek, going on himself to the place which he distinguished by that name. Unfortunately, Russell, who had only lately arrived in that part of the country, did not know the Zungen Nek, and the aide-de-camp who brought the order was unable to direct him. The officers of the force, some of whom knew the land, were called in council, and all indicated a place about six miles distant, which had been passed on the march of the 27th. Russell then moved there rapidly, loath to leave the place where he believed that he could cover Buller's retreat, but supposing that Colonel Wood, who knew the whole situation better than he, had good grounds for wishing him elsewhere. Alas! Wood had meant another spot, and by this misinterpretation of the order Russell was removed from the place where he was afterwards sorely wanted, and took little further part in the day's work.

Not alone by Wood and Russell had the approaching Zulu army been noted, but Buller had also seen it from the upper plateau, and the inhabitants of the Inhlolane mountain, gathering renewed courage and confidence from the nearness of a great mass of allies, began to press on the men who an hour before had scattered them in flight. Buller had to retreat, and the only way that was open to him was the precipitous path at the western end of the plateau. Down this path no man could ride, and, even when left to themselves and driven down it like sheep, many of

GENERAL PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS IN ZULULAND, 1879.

Scale of Miles.
0 5 10 15 20 25

Positions of 1st Columns
Forts X
Railway.....

The map illustrates the military campaign in Zululand during 1879. It shows the movement of British columns from Sanderton in the north towards Durban in the south. Key locations include Newcastle, Wakkerstroom, Lüneberg, Kintla, Cambridge, George, Warwick, Newdigate, Marshall, Evelyn, Victoria, Enlonganeni, Albert, St. Paul's, Entumeni, Etahowe, Fort Pearson, Stanger, Williamstown, Vervulam, and Durban. The map also depicts the Buffalo River, various smaller rivers like the Pongola and Mgeni, and numerous forts and camps. Dates such as 12th March, 26th March, 4th July, 22nd Jan., and 2nd April are marked at specific locations. A legend indicates symbols for 1st Column positions, forts, and railways. A scale bar shows distances up to 25 miles, and a compass rose points North.

orses, though African bred and surefooted
ordinary circumstances, fell headlong
from top to bottom. Buller was encum-
bered with wounded men, the horses of many of
whom had been killed, and his position

of a Dutchman who had rendered many valuable
services to Colonel Wood's column. When the
lower level was at last reached there was still a
long and weary march before the shattered band,
and if the great Zulu army had attacked, the



"RIFLE IN HAND, HE HELD THE POST OF HONOUR IN REAR."

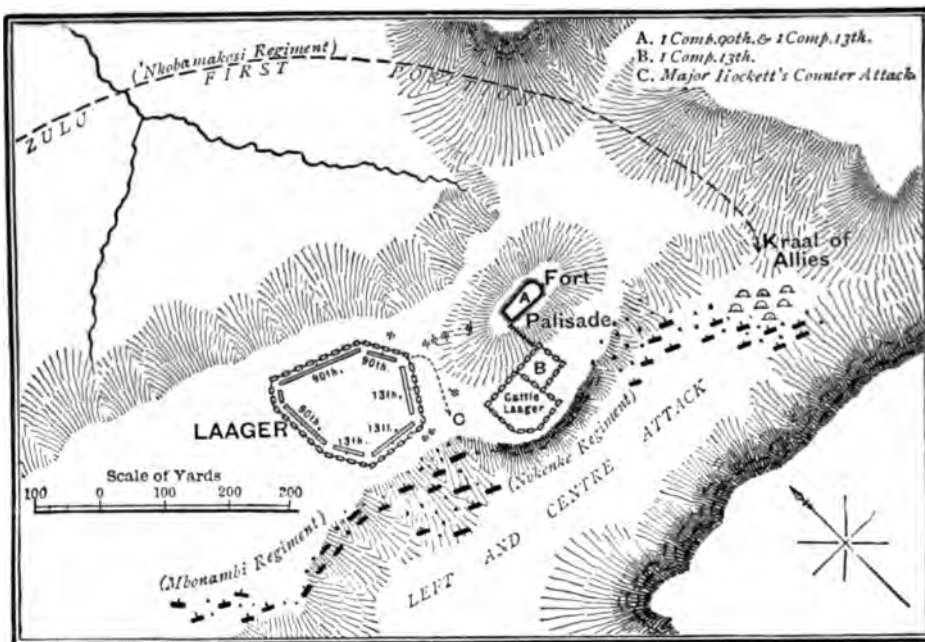
almost desperate, but his grand coolness
courage never failed, and he conducted his
with the utmost steadiness and heroism.
Descent from the upper plateau was accom-
plished by the Frontier Light Horse and the Boer
gent forming the rear-guard, and striving
to keep the enemy in check; and at this time
about twenty men with Mr. Piet Uys, the gallant

result must have been fatal. But, exhausted
by their rapid movement from Ulundi, they
did not close, and Buller was able to bring
off his men with little further loss. That he
did so was entirely due to his own undaunted
courage and resolution, and to the personal
example which he set, as, rifle in hand, he held
the post of honour in rear, and maintained a

steady front against the foes who thronged in pursuit.

But the heaviest losses of the day were not where Buller commanded in person. Before the great Zulu army came in view he had sent a party under Captain Barton, Coldstream Guards, his second in command, to bury his comrades slain in the early morning, with orders that, when the duty was accomplished, they should make their way independently to Kambula. Captain Barton eventually met Colonel Weatherley, after, as has been told, the latter parted

by a number of the enemy, occupiers mountain, who, scattered and defeated in morning, had now again gathered in caves of their refuge and had descended the strong position where they had the at their mercy. Captain Barton, supported by Colonel Weatherley, did all that a gallant could do under the circumstances. He tried to cut his way through the now swarming masses of the enemy, but everything went against him. Hampered by difficulties of ground, greatly outnumbered, with no



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA.

from Colonel Wood, and with him moved towards Kambula by the south side of the mountain. But they found themselves unexpectedly within a short distance of the Zulu army, "which had by this time approached the Inhloblane so closely as to leave no outlet between its right flank and the mountain." The position was critical; but as all were mounted men, there was still hope that, by retracing their route, they might pass to the safe line of retreat by the north side of the Inhloblane over the rising ground called the Ityentika Neck, without coming into collision with the overwhelming hostile force. Too late; the retreating soldiers might indeed have escaped from the portion of the main Zulu army which had been detached to pursue them; but their path over the Ityentika Neck was barred

by a Zulu, who acknowledged that he had struck the last and fatal blow, and from the position in which the remains of the gallant soldier were then found. Captain Barton succeeded in passing the place where the enemies were thickest, and was in a hurry to escape but that he had taken a woman behind him on his horse. The horse failed to carry the double burden from his pursuers, and Captain Barton and his companion for whom he had sacrificed his life dismounted and were separated. The man, being unarmed was killed at once. The woman then turned on Captain Barton, whose weapon was a revolver, which unfortunately was out of order and missed fire. Even though defenceless, his bold front seemed to keep his enemies at a distance till he fell.

horses
hausted
his efforts
unsuccessful
and of
Colonel
Weatherley
only
survived
fatal
Neither
captain
nor
Weatherley
was
that
famous
story
told
end
disclosed
the
year.
was
principally
from

by savage from behind, and the murderer-
 regai was able to do its bloody work.
 chivalrous, and gentle, when almost
 safety was within his reach he threw
 because he could not forego the chance
 of a comrade's life; and when all hope
 of life and death stood before him he met
 as fastly as an English officer and a gentle-
 man with his face to the foe.

One day on the Inhlolane mountain had
 been done, even though it was distinguished
 by acts of personal self-devotion and left
 proud memories, it would none the less
 been counted as one of disaster and
 shaken public confidence in the fortune
 of English arms in Africa; but happily it
 was the first act of a battle drama whose
 scene was to wear a different aspect.

It was now certain that a formidable army
 was in the neighbourhood of Kambula, but it
 was not known what were its ultimate designs—
 whether it intended to attack the English force
 of Colonel Wood, or whether, neglecting
 the force altogether, it was preparing for the
 defence of Natal. Information received from
 various sources, however, at length led to the
 fact that the English position would be as-
 sailed about midday on the 29th of March.

The position taken up at Kambula was on
 the edge of a mountain spur. Its most im-
 portant feature was a large waggon laager,
 containing the hospitals, stores, and giving a
 fine defence for the greater part of Colonel
 Wood's force. On a small knoll about 150
 yards to the westward was a strong redoubt
 of holding three companies, while on the
 northern side, commanded both by the
 laager and the redoubt, there was a
 smaller laager in which were sheltered
 the draught oxen. Towards the north
 the ground trended away in a gentle slope
 of a natural glacis, but southwards there
 were several abrupt ledges and broken ground.
 It could not be commanded by the fire of
 the laager, and which afforded cover under
 an attack might be made. The force at
 Kambula consisted of 2,086 men of all arms,
 including sick in hospital and some natives.
 It was in the highest state of discipline and
 preparation. No expedient of war had been
 neglected by its commander. Every man
 was in his post, and all felt perfect confidence
 that an attack came, however formidable it
 might be, it would break in vain against the
 prepared defence.

So thoroughly prepared was everything that
 on the 29th March it was not considered
 necessary to alter the daily routine of the
 camp. Two companies were sent to cut fuel,
 which was urgently needed, and the usual
 reconnoitring parties moved out to patrol and
 watch the neighbourhood. At 11 a.m. reports
 came in that the Zulus were approaching, and
 shortly afterwards they were seen moving from
 the Zungu mountain in five dense columns.
 The woodcutters were brought back, the call
 "Stand to your arms!" was heard, the tents
 were struck, boxes of reserve ammunition placed
 open in convenient spots, and every man fell
 in at his appointed post. By half-past one the
 general movement of the Zulu army was full
 in view, its right wing circling round the camp
 to the north, and the centre and left keeping to
 the southward, but both out of fire from the
 artillery. Colonel Wood wished to force the
 right wing to engage prematurely, and thus to
 avoid the delivery of a simultaneous combined
 attack from the whole army. To this end he
 sent out some of his mounted men under
 Lieutenant-Colonels Buller and Russell, and the
 action commenced by their riding up to the
 Zulu flank, dismounting and opening fire. Even
 Zulu discipline was not strong enough to keep
 in hand a powerful column when attacked by
 a handful of men, and the whole Zulu right
 wing turned and charged the little body of
 horsemen. These remounted and retired, having
 accomplished their task. As they neared the
 camp the artillery opened, and shell after shell
 sped over their heads against their pursuers.
 But the Zulus were committed to the attack,
 and pressed on, coming under the heavy fire
 of the laager and the redoubt. Their losses were
 severe, and, determined as they were, they never
 reached within 200 yards of the death-dealing
 muzzles, and eventually had to fall back to the
 shelter of some rocks to the north-east.

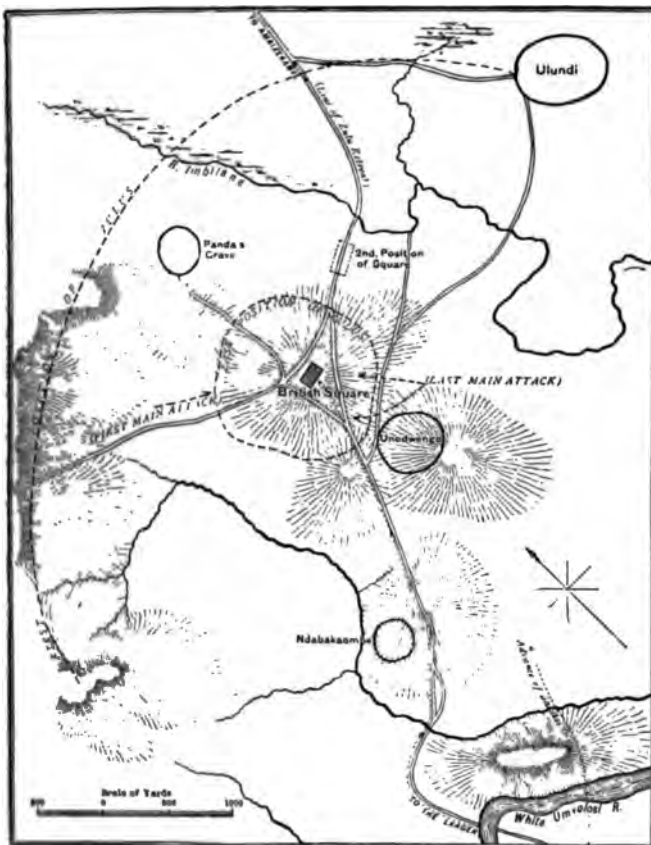
The attack of the Zulu right wing having
 been checked, Colonel Wood was now able to
 devote all his energies to repelling the enemy's
 centre and left. By 2.15 p.m. the west and
 south of the camp were heavily assaulted, and,
 taking advantage of the broken ground above
 described, the Zulus gathered in large numbers
 to pour themselves upon the cattle laager. Here
 Captain Cox, of the 13th, with a company of his
 regiment, was posted, and made a strenuous
 defence till, himself severely wounded, and with
 many casualties among his men, he was over-
 whelmed by numbers, and forced to retire to

the main laager. This success encouraged the enemy to make a deciding effort, and a heavy mass began to form where the dip of the ground sheltered them from fire. But before they could make themselves felt, Colonel Wood, with the truest military instinct, resolved to anticipate them by a counter attack. The word was passed: "The 90th are going to charge: cease firing from the laager," and two companies, magnifi-

in doubt after this episode. True, the de now only held the main laager and the r True, the Zulus, with desperate bravery, rush after rush almost up to the English but the power of the defence never while the attacks became feebler and fe the afternoon wore on. By 5.30 p.m. it evident that the Zulus had thorough heart, and were beginning to draw bac

the stern bulwarks which had defied their best efforts to brea

The Zulu attack was now r on all sides. Wearied with efforts, discouraged by their losses, their choicest warriors down by the pitiless hail fr impregnable barrier before the wonder if the brave savages w fought so well turned to flight threatening masses melted aw were soon a disorganised str panic-stricken men fleeing ac plain to distant strongholds safety was not to be easily and gained. The indefatigable Bu again in the saddle, and, at tl of the mounted men of Wood followed hard in pursuit shattered, hopeless foe. Rap the Zulus moved, the mounte men easily kept pace with maintaining a ceaseless galli and the bodies of the slain their track across the veldt. turned, with the boldness of t to essay the chance of resi but their very bravery only their fate certain, as their f little or no effect, and they v the mercy of an enemy who act with deliberation.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI: JULY 4, 1879.

ently led by Major Hackett, issuing from the defences, swept down upon the gathering foe, and opening a heavy fire, forced them to fall back. There was a heavy cross fire, however, from a westward height, to which Hackett's men were exposed, and they were recalled having suffered severely in their and effective movement. The gallant was most severely wounded, and again saw the light of day, for a bullet struck his right eye; Lieutenant Bright was seen running forward to pick up the wounded. The tank-and-file paid dearly for the victory. The issue of the day was never

The pursuit lasted for seven miles, with the fall of night ended a day of victory for Colonel Wood, a day whose issue, more than that of any other in the whole war, broke the power of Cetewayo and secured Natal from any further invasion. But the pride of victory was mixed with sorrow. Three officers were killed: Lieutenant Nicholson, R.A., shot while working his guns in the redoubt, Lieutenant White, of the Transvaal Rangers, and Lieutenant Bright, 90th; 25 men were also killed, 5 officers and 50 men were wounded. The loss that was sustained at Kambula paid the penalty for Insandhlwana, for the Zulu



RAPIDLY AS THE ZULUS MOVED, THE MOUNTED RIFLEMEN EASILY KEPT PACE WITH THEM" (p. 624).

with effect the captured rifles of the ill-fated first battalion of the 24th.

It has been told that when the calamitous news of Insandhlwana arrived in England powerful reinforcements were at once sent to South Africa. Besides those of which mention has already been made, a total strength of 387 officers, 8,895 men, and 1,866 horses was despatched from the United Kingdom, and all these had disembarked at Natal before the middle of April. Included in this force were four general officers, two regiments of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, five battalions of infantry, and strong detachments of Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, besides a due proportion of the departmental services. A gallant volunteer, the Prince Imperial of France, whose military education had been completed in the country which had sheltered his family after its fall from power, also sailed with England's soldiers to throw in his lot with theirs.

The successes at Gingihlovo and Kambula had paved the way for a definite scheme of invasion into Zululand, and the method of campaign was now entirely rearranged. The numerous columns were done away with, and the various forces already in the field, together with the lately-arrived reinforcements, were placed on a new footing. The first division, under Major-General Crealock, C.B., was to operate in the south from the lower Tugela. The second division, under Major-General Newdigate, C.B., was to advance from Landman's Drift on the Buffalo river, while Colonel Wood, now Brigadier-General, was to retain command of the troops which had fought so well under him, and which were now to be called "Wood's Flying Column," and to move from the north of Zululand. The cavalry brigade (the 1st Dragoon Guards and 17th Lancers) was attached to the second division.

With regard to the first division, it will be sufficient to say that it accomplished nothing important, though it may have, to a considerable extent, occupied the enemy's attention, and thus facilitated the operations of the remainder of Lord Chelmsford's forces. A long time was required for the final organisation of the second division and the flying column, for the newly-landed troops had to make a long and wearisome march up country, and there were many difficulties in procuring the necessary supplies and transport. When at last they did move forward, progress, though slow, was sure. There were several minor encounters with the

enemy, in one of which the ill-fated Prince Imperial lost his life, under circumstances which, alas! reflected little credit on his English comrades. The Zulus made no great efforts, and day by day General Newdigate and Brigadier-General Wood closed, nearer and more near, upon the king's kraal at Ulundi or Ondine. On the 27th of June Cetewayo opened communications with Lord Chelmsford, but as he did not fulfil the terms insisted upon, these came to nought. On the 3rd of July the second division and the flying column, now moving as one body, were in the near neighbourhood of Ulundi — so close indeed that from the English bivouac the sounds of singing in the kraals could be plainly heard, and a night attack was anticipated. The distant din of the war song died away, however, and all remained quiet. With the dawn of the 4th, Buller with his men covered the further advance. The Umvolosi river had to be crossed, and on the other side the ground was rough and covered with thick bush. If opposition had here been met, it might have been, if not effective, at least very troublesome. But the passage of the river and the movement over the rough ground were not in any way interfered with. The force, consisting of 4,166 Europeans and 958 natives with twelve guns and two Gatlings, then on issuing into the open country assumed the formation of a hollow rectangle, the troops forming the sides of which marched in fours, those forming the front and rear faces being deployed, while the interior was occupied by the Native Contingent, the ammunition and tool carts, and the bearer company. The cavalry covered the whole.

Threatening clouds of Zulus had been seen on the surrounding heights soon after the British troops got clear of the bushy ground, and were by this time advancing on all sides. An attack in force was evidently in contemplation to prevent further approach to Ulundi, now about a mile and a half distant. The cavalry fell back, and entered the rectangle. Lord Chelmsford gave the order to halt, and at once, every man facing outward, the bristling formation stood prepared to receive the onset. Possibly for the last time in war the colours of the regiments had been carried into action. They were now uncased, and, as the proud old flags spread themselves to the air, the battalions made ready to add another scroll of triumph to their blazonry.

The Zulus advanced, firing, in a great converging circle, and if their musketry had been well aimed the casualties among the British troops,

collected as they were in a dense mass on open ground, must have been most serious; but fortunately they had not mastered the use of the weapons of which they were possessed, and their wild shots were, for the most part, harmless. As soon as the cavalry had cleared the front the artillery opened fire, and while the Zulus were advancing over perfectly shelterless ground the shells exploded among them with terrible effect. But the gradually contracting circle faltered not in its efforts to close with the British force and rush it with a deadly embrace. Now the infantry volleys began, steady and well aimed, and the Gatlings vomited their showers of bullets. Nothing born of woman could advance with the *arme blanche* alone against such a fire, and, for all practical purposes, the assegai was the Zulu's sole weapon. Every side of the rectangle was threatened, but everywhere the same solid wall of infantry showed itself. The gallant savages could not but recognise that their dash and determination had failed to produce any effect. They wavered and began to fall back. Their indunas lost confidence, and the heavy reserves which were in the field were not brought up to reinforce the shattered first

line. At 9.25 Lord Chelmsford saw that the time had come to deal a crushing blow, which should complete the dissolution of the host in front of him; and he ordered Colonel Drury Lowe, with the 17th Lancers, to engage the enemy. An opening was made in the rear face of the rectangle, and the squadrons filed out. The commands rang out—"Form line!" "Gallop!" "Charge!"—and, with their lance-points down, the English horsemen, upon the tall English horses, swept upon the Zulu impis. The charge was well timed, well executed, and turned the defeat into a hopeless rout. One scattered volley was sent which emptied several saddles, but stayed not lance and sabre from slaughter. Buller and his men had followed the Lancers in their movement, and every knot of Zulus which still held together was scattered and overthrown. The last struggle of Cetewayo's army was over, and Zululand was at last at the mercy of the English conquerors. It was calculated that more than 20,000 Zulus were in the field at Ulundi, and their loss could not have been less than 1,500. The English loss was 3 officers and 10 men killed, and 18 officers and 60 men wounded.



CHARGE OF THE 17TH LANCERS AT ULUNDI.



USED as he was to splendid pageants, Napoleon III. can seldom have seen anything more impressive than his reception by the people of Genoa on the 12th May, 1859. He was welcomed as the friend of Italy, who had come to deliver two of her fairest provinces from the Austrian yoke. His troops had preceded him. Some had crossed the Alps over the pass of Mount Cenis, by a road first built by the Great Napoleon; others had been disembarked at Genoa from Algeria and Toulon. And now the Emperor of the French himself was landing, to take the command of the armies of France and of Piedmont, the kingdom of his ally, King Victor Emmanuel.

The harbour, one of the most beautiful in the world, was crowded with merchant shipping, anchored in long straight lines—perfect streets of ships; and at the breakwaters lay squadrons of French and Piedmontese men-of-war. As Napoleon left his yacht to take his seat in a gilt state barge, the warships manned their yards and thundered out the royal salute of 101 guns; the batteries along the water's edge replied; and then the forts which crown the amphitheatre of hills around the bay caught up the fire. The ships were all dressed with flags; the vessels between which he passed were gay with music; flowers were strewn upon his watery path; men swam before his barge; hundreds of rowing-boats put out to welcome him.

On shore a transformation had been effected in the narrow streets of imposing palaces through which the procession wound its stately way. Every window was a flower garden; costly tapestries fluttered in the breeze; garlands of roses were festooned from house to house; flags hung across the streets. Every window, every roof, every inch of standing-room in the densely-packed streets was occupied by

handsome, dark-eyed Italians, vociferously welcoming the chivalrous Frenchman, who, they were assured, was pledged to rid Italy for ever of the hated presence of her Austrian tyrants.

There were few Piedmontese troops left in Genoa to receive the Emperor, for Victor Emmanuel's little army was facing the Austrians in Piedmont; but enough remained to make the French soldiers familiar with the uniform of their allies. The heavy cavalry wore huge brass helmets, with brightly-coloured horses' tails hanging from their crests, dark grey-blue tunics, and grey overalls. The infantry of the line had long, flapping grey coats, buttoned back at the hip to clear the knee in marching, baggy grey trousers gathered in at the ankle, long gaiters, and a kepi. The *Bersagliers*—riflemen—were certainly the most picturesque corps in the Piedmontese service, as their successors are now in the army of United Italy. Short men, chosen for great strength, activity, and depth of chest, they were trained to perform forced marches against time, while carrying their heavy kit upon their backs; to swim with their rifles and cartridge-pouches held above their heads; to scale almost inaccessible mountains—in a word, to go anywhere and everywhere and to do anything. They were the idols of the Italians in 1859; and to this day their uniform of rifle green, with a huge round hat, worn over the right ear, and a plume of cock's feathers streaming down their backs, is the popular ideal of military beauty in Italy.

For a few days before the emperor arrived Genoa was full of French troops. They were encamped on every fairly level piece of ground within miles of the harbour. To walk through their camps was to see contingents of nearly every branch of the French army as they lived on active service. The stately Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, fresh from their luxurious

n Paris, roughed it on the dry bed
 r; their camp was always thronged
 ring Italians, for as a martial spectacle
 lt to conceive anything more attractive
 the picked infantry men of France.
 III. had revived for them the uniform
 Guard of his uncle, the Great Napo-
 e bearskins, dark blue coatees, white
 and gaiters. Splendid as was their
 e, it was equalled by the splendour
 manners—to ladies, at least, for to
 hers of the French line they were
 ding, and to all civilians, except the
 perbly insolent. To a party of English-
 visited their camp they were affable,
 rifle patronising. They exhibited the

Hussars in light-blue tunics and baggy red trousers strapped over the foot. Lean and tanned by their African campaigns, and mounted on beautiful Arab chargers, they looked the beau-ideal of light horsemen.

A mile or two away were the Algerian sharpshooters, or Turcos, as these swarthy Africans were called throughout the army. In their fantastic uniform of jacket and baggy knickerbockers of light blue, yellow leggings, red sashes and turbans, they looked picturesque, but savage to a degree. Indifferent to minor punishments, death was the only sentence they respected; and even a firing-party in the grey of the morning had little terror for them. One of them, sentenced to be shot at dawn the next day, sat



GENOA.

medals which the British Government
 buted among the French troops who
 part in the Crimean War. "Médailles
 tage" (life-saving medals) "we call
 id a grim old sergeant: "the Queen
 id sent them to us because we pre-
 e Russians from killing all her soldiers
 an!"
 tem were cavalry fresh from Algeria—

cheerfully smoking and drinking coffee with
 his friends at the door of his tent, and chatted
 in guttural tones with the sentry, who with
 loaded rifle and fixed bayonet mounted guard
 over him.

The Zouaves also camped for several days
 near Genoa. They were the very opposite to
 the Grenadiers of the Guard, except as regards
 politeness to women, in which the whole of

emperor's army excelled. The Grenadiers were spick-and-span, well drilled, correct, decorous; the Zouaves were slouching, rollicking mad-caps, who disembarked at Genoa from Algeria with a menagerie of pets attached to each battalion. As they marched along the quay from the steamers, monkeys and parrots chattered from the men's shoulders, and dogs trotted beside their masters in the ranks. Their uniform was the same as the Turcos, but of different colours; and the men were French—

At once the men piled arms, and to their knapsacks; fatigue-parties filed off the kettles carried on the march by themselves; and the little shelter-tents, the men also carried in pieces between were run up like magic. Some parties little cooking-places with stones, other lected wood and started fires; the fatigues returned; meanwhile the food had prepared, and in about half an hour the *pious* had a comfortable meal cooking in camp-kettles.

As fast as possible French troops, as they at Genoa, were pushed towards Piedmont, had already been in by the Austrians. At this time fears were entertained that the Austrians were able to reach Turin before the French columns, were pouring over the passes, had arrived but the quick march of the French, and the procrastination of the Austrians combined to save the army of Victor Emmanuel from capture.

Eight days after Napoleon landed in Italy was the first of the series of battles which culminated in Solferino. At Montebello and again at Palestro the Austrians were worsted by the allied armies. On



BERSAGLIERI.

often, it was said, young gentlemen who had exhausted the patience of their relations before they became soldiers.

Artillery was there in abundance, but the public were kept as much away from it as possible, as the French were anxious that no information as to the rifling of their new guns should reach the Austrians before the fighting commenced.

Needless to say that the infantry of the line were found at every turn—wiry, cheerful little men, who marched all day with huge weights on their backs without fatigue or grumbling, and who, like the French soldiers of every age, excelled in the art of making themselves comfortable. You would see a regiment led to a dried-up plain and ordered to encamp.

June, at Magenta, they made a gallant, but unsuccessful stand; and after this fresh retreat they retreated slowly to a strong position of the Mincio, their front covered by the river, their flanks guarded by the fortifications of Peschiera and Mantua. The Franco-Italian army, much hampered by want of transport, slowly pursued them, and on the 23rd bivouacked on both banks of the river, about fifteen miles to the west of Mincio. Short were the hours of sleep at that night to the French and their allies. At two o'clock in the morning the allied divisions resumed their march. Napoleon gave orders for the operations of the day were based upon the reports of his reconnoitring parties and his spies. These led him to believe

a strong detachment of the enemy encountered west of the Mincio, a body of the Austrians was awaiting on the eastern side of the river. But each intelligence department was badly

The Austrians had stolen a march on Napoleon. Undetected by the French they had re-crossed the Mincio, and by

of the 23rd their leading columns occupying the ground on which they were ordered to bivouac on the evening of the 24th. The intention of the Austrian, now commanding his army in person, was to push forward rapidly and fall upon the French before they had completed the passage of the river Chiese. But this scheme, like that of Napoleon, was based on defective information. The allies broke up from their bivouacs several hours before the Austrians expected them to do so; and when the two armies came into contact early in the morning of the 24th the Austrians were quite as much taken by surprise as the French.

The march of the allies was in the following order: Baraguay d'Hilliers was leading the 1st Corps from Esenta to Solferino; one division followed a country road along the foot of the hills, the other two marched across the plain. McMahon, with the 2nd Army, had bivouacked at Castiglione, and was ordered to move upon Carriana. Niel was ordered to move with his corps—the 4th—through the hills to Guidizzolo. Canrobert's corps—the 3rd—which had been encamped on the western shore of the Chiese, crossed the river on a bridge at Castiglione over in the night by the Piedmontese divisions, with orders to march to Castel Goffredo and thence to Medole. The Imperial Guard, the reserve of the army, was in rear, bivouacked west of Castiglione. The Piedmontese contingent, under the command of Victor Emmanuel, were on the left of the French, and shared their share in the day's work by making out strong reconnaissances from their bivouacs near Lonato, Desenzano, and Rivolta, in the direction of Pozzolengo.

The Austrians finding that the French had crossed the Chiese, had occupied a position which ran from north to south through the village of Pozzolengo, Solferino, Carriana, and Guidizzolo. Guidizzolo stands on the level plain of Medole; the other villages are perched on the highest points of the triangular upland which juts out like a wedge from the shores of Lake Garda for ten miles south into

the plain. To the care of the First Army, under Wimpffen, was committed the defence of Medole and its surroundings; the task assigned to the septuagenarian Schlick with the Second Army was to maintain the position on the hills.

The hill of Solferino, the key of the position, is a formidable stronghold. It stands at the head of a network of valleys, so steep that the roads along them are locally known as the "Steps of Solferino." On the dividing spurs are strong stone buildings: a church, a convent, a high-walled cemetery, an old feudal tower, all commanding the approaches to the hamlet. The village itself is well adapted for defence. The houses, built on terraced gardens standing in walled enclosures, rise tier above tier on the slope of the precipitous hill. Early in the day the Austrians occupied the place in force. Each wall was loopholed, and at every loophole was posted a picked shot, with men behind him loading and capping the muzzle-loading rifles then in use. Solferino became a series of miniature fortresses which had either to be breached by cannon or taken by escalade. Yet, formidable as it undoubtedly was, it presented a grave tactical disadvantage. The back of the hill is so steep and scarped that it can only be descended by one winding path; and consequently, when the French had succeeded in establishing their artillery on the heights commanding the flanks of the village, and it became untenable, there was no way of escape for the garrison, whose only alternative was to die fighting, or to surrender as prisoners of war.

It has been already shown that the French, marching in several columns and on every available road, all unconscious of their enemy's sudden return across the Mincio, were moving straight for the very positions on which the Austrians were encamped. Very striking was the view which met the French columns as day broke upon their march. To the left rose the broken ground, with the old grey tower of Solferino looming high against the sky-line through the morning mist. In every other direction the plain of Medole stretched away before them. Long lines of poplars marked the roads; the red-tiled roofs and white belfrys of many a town and village showed in the distance. In the foreground solidly-built farmhouses rose like islands out of a sea of vines, mulberry trees, and Indian corn. Flat as a board, the plain was eminently fitted for the action of cavalry, and in this arm the Austrians excelled;

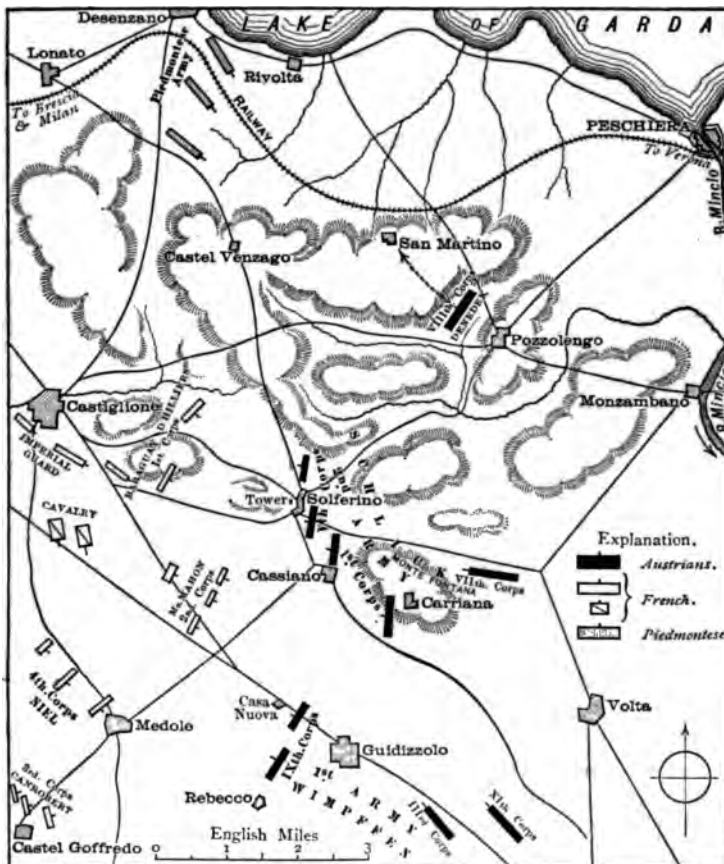
during the day they executed no grand charges they performed no feats such as live in history. Apparently the cavalry arm was demoralised by the defection of Lauingen, who, seized with panic early in the day, withdrew his whole

crushed. He wished at once to turn to his left to aid them. But if he did so, the gap, already dangerously wide, between his own army corps and Niel's would necessarily be increased. Would Niel conform to McMahon's movement

and himself move off to the left? To this Niel, like a loyal comrade, instantly assented, on the condition that he should first secure himself by taking Medole, and that Canrobert, who commanded the 3rd Army Corps on the extreme right, and who was also moving on Medole, should guarantee Niel's outer flank from attack.

But Canrobert was unable to help his colleague till late in the afternoon. Orders from the emperor had reached him to watch for 25,000 Austrians who were said to be threatening the French right from Mantua. The Austrians did not appear, but the necessity of guarding against a possible attack paralysed Canrobert. Until after three in the afternoon he took no part in the battle, and Niel was left unaided for many hours to bear the brunt of the heavy and determined onslaughts of the First Austrian Army, under Wimpffen.

Soon after Niel had stormed Medole he ascertained that Wimpffen had thrown out



SOLFERINO, — 8 a.m. June 24. 1859.

division of splendid horsemen from the field of battle, before the day's work was even well begun!

Soon after sunrise the advanced guard of Niel's army corps, the 3rd, met a strong detachment of Austrian cavalry in front of Medole. After a sharp skirmish Niel drove them off the road and took the place, though stoutly held, by storm. As he was directing his attacking columns, two staff-officers arrived at a gallop to report that about a mile and half to the north McMahon, with the 2nd Corps, was held in check by large numbers of the enemy. Some were debouching into the plain at Cassiano; others already crowned the heights in every direction; and McMahon feared that the 1st Corps, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, would be

brigades on all the roads leading to the village of Guidizzolo, that he was moving a whole division towards a farmhouse, Casa Nuova, about a mile out of Guidizzolo on the road to Castiglione, and that he was receiving large reinforcements. After a weary time of inaction, skirmishing, and distant cannonading, a welcome reinforcement of artillery reached the French general, and he at once concentrated his guns on the Casa Nuova farm. It was surrounded by trees, hedges, and ditches; its outbuildings gave a flanking fire; the Austrian engineers had improved these natural advantages and converted the homestead into a formidable work. By noon things looked very ugly for Niel: he had made no impression on the defence, and a fresh Austrian corps was seen

cing against him; but the Scotch blood he inherited with his name was not to be ed. He saw that he must either take the Nuova or retire. The farm was fiercely d. Suddenly the guns ceased, for a ent the hoarse roar of the battle was d; and then column after column of active Frenchmen sprang forward to the assault. Austrians stood well and firmly, they shot ht and plied their bayonets vigorously;

tricolor now floated where the Imperial standard of Austria had flaunted its black and yellow colours in the breeze. A detachment of sappers were hurried into the farm to loophole its walls on the side facing the enemy, and the Chasseurs were ordered to hold the farm at all hazards and against all odds.

Several times during the remainder of this hard-fought day did Wimpffen make strenuous efforts to regain Casa Nuova and Rebecco—a



"EVERY SOLDIER WHO ATTEMPTED TO SAVE THE EAGLE WAS SHOT DOWN" (p. 634).

Niel was not to be denied. The green- 16th Chasseurs, with part of the 52nd and of the line, threw down the barricades, ed in the doors, climbed through the ows, and hunted the garrison from room om. Casa Nuova was taken; and the

hamlet to the south of the farmhouse, which Niel had occupied early in the day. In spite of great gallantry, however, the First Austrian Army failed to retake them.

Among the many episodes recorded of this part of the battle is the following:—A French

battalion, surrounded by greatly superior Austrian forces, was retiring, with the eagle proudly carried in its midst by a young lieutenant. Hard hit, he fell, clasping the colours to his breast. A grey-haired sergeant stooped to pick up the standard, when a shell swept off his head; a captain, bronzed by the sun of Africa, snatched up the pole, which fell, broken by the same shot that struck him down. Every soldier who attempted to save the eagle was shot down. But the flag was not destined to fall into the hands of the enemy. When the battle ceased it was found buried under a mound of dead.

Early in the afternoon Niel's position was becoming critical. His men were worn out by fatigue, by hunger, and by the extraordinary heat of the day. His formations were broken; his troops were in great confusion, and the pressure along his line was so continuous that he had no time to restore order. Even the forty-two guns which he had in action could not obtain for him the momentary respite necessary for reorganisation. The gap between his left and McMahon's right had, by the emperor's orders, been filled with the cavalry of the Guard and two cavalry divisions; and two regiments, the 2nd and 7th Hussars, were ordered to charge the enemy and distract his attention from the infantry. The Hussars rode straight and well; the Austrians staggered under the blow; and while the enemy were recovering their formations Niel rapidly restored order in his ranks. So much did he recover himself that, on the news that Canrobert was at last about to reinforce him, he collected seven battalions of infantry, and hurled them at Guidizzolo—a gallant enterprise, but unsuccessful. The head of the column reached the first houses of the village, but there meeting masses of troops, formed up for a counter attack, the leading ranks were crushed by a withering fire, and the French retired, overmastered by superior numbers.

It is now time to trace the progress of the fight on the other portions of this straggling battlefield, of which the total length was about eleven miles. The contending armies were of about equal strength: each side numbered some 150,000 combatants.

In McMahon's march across the plain towards Carriana his advanced guard early met the Austrian outposts, and the first actual contact between the scouting parties is thus described: "A detachment of French cavalry in front observed what seemed through the mist of

the morning a giant hussar watching by the wayside. The figure for an instant disappeared, jumped over a ditch into the road, crossed it, then turned, and assaulting the French officer at the head of the detachment on his left or unprotected side, dealt him a tremendous cut across the head, followed by another equally well directed. A volley from the troops behind rattled after him, and brought him down. The echo of the fire was repeated by the hills, and was the signal that two hostile armies had met."

We have already seen how McMahon applied to Niel to assist him in aiding Baraguay d'Hilliers, and that Niel was prevented from giving his help by Canrobert's enforced idleness on the extreme right of the French line, where he was condemned to watch for 25,000 Austrians who never appeared. Thus McMahon for several hours, unable to advance, was forced, much against his will, to remain strictly on the defensive. In this part of the field the battle was for long confined to the artillery, and in this duel the French, thanks to the sound views which the emperor had instilled into the generals, were able to hold their own. Louis Napoleon was not a great captain. There were many of the secrets of his uncle's marvellous success which he had not mastered: for instance, the employment of cavalry reconnoitring parties forty, fifty, or even a hundred miles ahead of the main body was a lost art in the French army. But to do the nephew justice, he had thoroughly grasped the Napoleonic idea that artillery fire to be effectual should be overwhelming and concentrated under the direction of one commander.

The French grouped their artillery in masses; the Austrians fought their batteries independently. The result always proved the eternal truth that unity is strength. Thus a solitary Austrian battery was in action against twenty-four of the new rifled guns of the French, which were punishing it severely. To distract the French gunners, and enable the battery to retire, two or three horse-artillery batteries, supported by three brigades of cavalry, made a demonstration; but the batteries came into action singly. At about 1,700 yards range the French opened fire upon the first that opposed them, and in a very few minutes had dismounted five out of its six guns. Another battery galloped up to its help, but in the space of one minute half its guns were silenced by the weight of shells hurled against them by the French rifled cannon. While the *débris* of these two batteries were making

their way to the rear the French turned on the cavalry, and it is said of the cavalry and artillery horses in this affair, which lasted altogether four days.

The 1st Corps, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, was hotly engaged round Solferino. On the day this general received the emperor's order to take the village. Painfully, after many a check, he succeeded in winning the lower cone-like hill of Solferino. Further on he went. The Austrians, with dogged determination, fought to the crests of the spurs which led to the valleys. Foret, one of the divisions, led a fierce assault upon the French; but his columns, crushed and the fire of the enemy, who overtook them in every direction, failed to attain their object.

With equal firmness, but with less success, did the soldiers of Austria-Hungary assault the convent and the cemetery. The assaults failed, but the artillery, playing at 300 yards range, made a breach through which the French passed, and then settled matters with

the emperor now determined to reinforce the army with part of the Imperial Guard, the Mousquetaires de la Garde were thrown into the ranks and formed up in the dense columns which had survived in the French army since the battle of Austerlitz. The Great Napoleon, they awaited. The bugles sounded the charge, the voice of the colonel could be heard. He placed himself at their head, and cried, "En avant—pas de gymnastique!" "En avant! Vive l'Empereur!" burst from his throat, answered by the fierce shout of the Austrians; and in a perfect military frenzy the whole mass rushed on the hill. The thunder of the guns, the wild cries of the combatants, the groans of the wounded, made an awful sound. The men dropped cruelly fast: hundreds of the Chasseurs were marked for death by the sunbeams on their bayoneted rifles. The supporting columns

As they neared the village the Austrian smoke became less frequent. The French reached the first houses, and the column wavered; then with the Chasseurs swept the white-linen and the Tyrolean jagers before Solferino; and the edge of the village

was won." But every house, every garden, every vineyard, was a fortress, and had to be taken separately by storm. A newspaper correspondent said: "These small enclosures had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. I saw several of them which were literally covered with dead bodies. I have counted more than 200 in a small field, not 400 yards in length by 300 in breadth." It was not until 2 o'clock, after several more assaults and much hard fighting, that the French really became masters of Solferino; but once they had accomplished this, they had pierced the Austrian centre.

While this sharp work was going on at Solferino, a body of Voltigeurs of the Guard and other troops were slowly forcing their way along the heights towards Carriana. It was a series of hand-to-hand fights, in which the personal qualities of the French soldier, his courage, his intelligence, his *élan*, all stood him in good stead. Monte Fontana, a hill in front of Carriana, was the scene of a fierce conflict between the Turcos and the Austrian infantry. The Africans, who hated firing and loved the bayonet, were launched in the attack. Bounding like panthers from rock to rock, crawling like beasts of prey from cover to cover, rushing with horrid yells upon their astonished antagonists, they seized the hill; the Austrians, reinforced, took heart of grace, and after a sharp struggle hurled the assailants down the slopes. The Turcos reappeared, again drove all before them, and again the defenders by a supreme effort regained this much-disputed hill, which they held until the French, crowning the opposite height with artillery, made Monte Fontana untenable. To crown that height with artillery was no mean feat. So steep were the slopes that the gun-teams could not scramble up them. The Grenadiers of the Guard cast their usual dignity to the winds: they threw themselves on the guns and hauled them to the crest; then forming a chain, they passed from hand to hand the cartridges and shells from the waggons in the valley to the gunners on the top of the hill.

Soon after the Austrians had been shelled out of Monte Fontana, the French emperor, who had exposed himself freely to danger throughout the day, came up to a line regiment fighting to get into Carriana. The emperor, followed by his escort of Cent Gardes, splendid men in bright steel cuirasses and tall helmets, "proceeded to the head of the battalion, and the fire became warmer as the uniforms and the breastplates of the body-guard served as

points to aim at. The colonel threw himself in front of the emperor, and said: 'Sire, do not expose yourself: it is at you they are aiming.' 'Very well,' replied the emperor, with a smile; 'silence them, and they will fire no longer!' The expression gave us fresh vigour, and, I know not how it was, but at a bound we gained a hundred yards, and twenty minutes later we had taken Carriana."

A hapless Austrian cavalry regiment, in pro-

towards Pozzolengo, the village where Napoleon's orders the Piedmontese were bivouac on the night of the 24th. Very early in the morning these detachments encountered the Austrians at various points of the plain of San Martino. They attacked bravely, but haphazard, without combination and without supports, and they soon found themselves thrust backwards down the hill. By midday the Piedmontese received reinforcements, and



"RUSHING WITH HORRID YELLS THEY SEIZED THE HILL." (P. 635).

During the retreat towards Carriana, suffered heavy losses. They charged the French mounted men, and in doing so passed the 11th regiment, who were lying down among the corn. As the cavalry went by, the 11th sprang up and poured a deadly fire upon them. Two French batteries increased the confusion by firing upon them.

The Austrian left and centre were thus separated from the French, their right was engaged with the Piedmontese. This little army had been defeated at Derenzano, commanded by the Emperor's work by sending forward parties of all arms

fiercely assailed the village of San Martino which had been solidly occupied by the Austrians. At first they carried all before them. They stormed outlying farms, the church, and some of the houses; and then in wild enthusiasm, cheering for Italy and for Victor Emmanuel, they surged forward against their enemy's main line. The Austrians stood firm. A storm of musketry swept away the heads of the Piedmontese columns, and was suddenly brought up within 250 yards of their left flank, mowed them down with grape shot. There was a panic; some of the troops that were roughly handled ran two miles before they could be stopped; but to their honour be it said, they rallied sufficiently to take a distinguished part

nal capture of San Martino. On the right the Piedmontese retired, but in the confusion, and only as far as the railway line, which, while waiting for reinforcements, hastily entrenched themselves. At night in the day, came the welcome aid.

Emmanuel had promised Napoleon that a division of Piedmontese infantry should be in the French attack on Solferino; realising the desperate need of his troops, he diverted the march of this division and hurried them to the assistance of his fellow-countrymen. Again and again the heights of San Martino were assailed, and finally with success. The Piedmontese captured the village; they beat back the Austrian counter-attack by a charge of bayonets, and then, exhausted by the want of sleep and fatigue, and by the terrible heat, they dropped to sleep among the dead and those bodies lay thick upon this hard-fought field. Out of 25,000 Piedmontese engaged round San Martino 179 officers and 4,428 men were killed or wounded—a heavier loss than was sustained by any of the French army of equal strength either on the hills round Solferino or in the plain of Medole.

In the afternoon the Emperor of Austria determined to make a final bid for victory.

His centre was broken. Solferino was lost, Carriana was threatened; but his right flank was still safe, and his left was still in its own against the 4th French Corps. He counterstroke against Niel's tired men in order to retrieve the fortunes of the day. He accordingly ordered Wimpffen to hurl his corps at Niel, and to crash through the Austrian ranks. The Austrian troops displayed their heroic qualities of courage and devotion, but they were in vain. Fatigue was against them. Round the Casa Nuova, the key of the position, there was such hard fighting, and in the episode of the assault on the hill are found interesting illustrations of the value of cavalry against infantry. Prince Frederick-Graetz led a brigade against the hill while other battalions were destined to fight in front. To press home the frontal attack his columns deployed. Wave after wave of Austrians beat against the walls of the

Casa Nuova, still held by the 6th Chasseurs who had wrested it from them in the forenoon. In all the confusion of the assault the prince fell mortally wounded. He insisted on continuing to command, supported in the arms of his faithful soldiers. Suddenly, with a hoarse shout, a French lancer regiment burst from its cover behind a belt of trees, fell upon the disordered Austrians, and drove them from the farm like chaff before the wind. At the same moment the column intended to turn the farm was once more proving that cavalry may delay, but cannot break solid and unshaken infantry. The Austrian column was repeatedly charged by two brigades of cavalry, but on each occasion the infantry had sufficient time to form square, and thus beat off the French with little loss in men. But the necessity for halting and forming square had consumed so much time, that before this column had arrived near Casa Nuova the assault in which it was to have played an important part had failed.

In laconic language Wimpffen announced to Francis Joseph the failure of the counterstroke: "I have twice attempted to take the offensive, and have used my best reserves. I can no longer hold firm, and must retreat, covered by the 11th Corps." Francis Joseph received this report at Carriana, where, exposed to a heavy artillery fire, he was making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to stem the tide of French success. With great difficulty he was persuaded to give orders for a general retreat across the Mincio; with even greater difficulty did his staff induce him to leave the rear-guard, where he was furiously urging his beaten troops once more to turn and face their foe. The fighting was still continuing along the long front of this straggling battlefield when, to use Niel's words, "a violent storm, preceded by whirlwinds of dust, which plunged us in darkness, put an end to this terrible struggle, and enabled the Austrians to retreat in safety to the east of the Mincio." The victory cost the allied armies dear, however: 18,000 killed, wounded, and missing were about 18,000; the Austrian loss amounted to about 22,000 in all.





TOWARDS the end of the fifteenth century a certain Hindu religious reformer, named Nānak, founded the sect which came to be known as the Sikhs of the Punjab. Nānak preached pure Deism: his gospel was one of glory to God and goodwill to mankind; and his endeavours were consistently directed to a reconciliation between Hindu and Mohammedan.

After Nānak's death the increasing numbers and importance of his disciples raised up enemies against them, and they suffered much persecution. This in time led to reprisals on their part, and Govind, the Gurū, or Teacher, tenth in succession to Nānak, completely altered the character of their creed by destroying the system of caste (which, up to this period, had been religiously respected), preaching the doctrine of perfect equality, and advocating, as an argument, the use of cold steel, especially against their relentless enemies the bigoted Mohammedans. With this new departure in doctrine he changed the distinguishing title of his followers, from *Sikh*, student or disciple, to *Singh*, which means lion or warrior.

After the death of Gurū Govind, the Sikhs became separated into different tribes or clans scattered over the Punjab, each ruled by its own *Sardār*, or chief, but all united as equal members of the Sikh Commonwealth, or *Khalsa*, a mystical term that included salvation, perfect equality, and government according to the principles of Gurū Govind.

Early in the present century the Sikh clans were welded into a nation by one of the most remarkable men that India has ever produced—Ranjit Singh, the Lion of Lahore. In the dissensions consequent on the decay of the Moghul empire, he trained his countrymen into a homogeneous as well as a martial people, and led them to war with such success that at one time it seemed doubtful whether he would be content

to confine his conquests to the north of his dominions, or dare to dispute English the mastery of India, which he wrung from the Mahrattas. But Ranj was a sagacious statesman as well as a warrior, and he decided on a policy of friendship with his British neighbours, to which he adhered with a faithfulness not common in a sovereign.

At an early period of his rule Ranj had been vastly impressed with the discipline of the British troops, and like Madhraj the founder of the great Mahratta regiments of the previous century, the Sikh chief aimed to train and order his troops in the methods of the West. To this end he retained the services of several able European officers, among whom were Generals Allard, Court, and Avitabile. Two of them seen service under the Great Napoleon, learned the art of war and its discipline in the campaign against Russia. These experienced soldiers of fortune brought the Sikh to a state of high discipline; and more than his artillery, an arm much more cultivated in the countries of Europe than in England.

Ranjit Singh died in 1839, and when his strong controlling hand was stayed, the empire speedily fell into a state of anarchy. In less than four years four rulers had ascended the throne, the last being the late Maharaja Dhuleep Singh, then a mere child. Under this feeble form of government factions and insubordination amongst the Sikh soldiers were making alarming progress. The troops began to form *Panchāyats*, or regimental committees, whose sole orders and direction they accepted. When these came to decide questions of national policy it was plain the real power of the State had passed into their hands. One of the first acts was to increase the pay of the soldier, and before long the Punjab prince

double the amount given to the British. With an immense army to keep up, this resulted in the depletion of the Punjab, and the national troops fell into want of pay.

The reins of government were in the hands of Rani Jindan, the Rani's mother, the Rani Jindan, or Jindan, a young and beautiful but utterly spoiled woman, whose court was an open house of unbridled debauchery, and who had a great influence on Ranjit Singh, whose offspring she was not. This woman attempted to rule the Punjab in the medium of her paramour, Lal Singh, who was remarkable only for cruelty and avarice. But the army was the master of the Punjab, obtaining what it wanted by threat or force, until the time came when there was nothing left with which to satisfy its avarice.

The British had a stalwart army, equipped with every weapon, which the prudence and administrative skill of Ranjit Singh had deemed necessary; its ranks were overflowing with men, and the warriors by birth and long tradition, they thirsted for battle and plunder. The reverses of the British in the disastrous campaign in Afghanistan had shaken our prestige. The British soldier had learnt to sneer at us. He had seen the Afghan in warfare, and the British had beaten us, and the logical conclusion was that he could do it too, only better. In 1838, at a review of the British troops, some Sikh officers who were present scarcely veiled their criticisms, and boasted that their troops could manœuvre better than ours; a few days later, at a review of their own troops, they actually copied our evolutions with perfect accuracy and precision. And now this nation was possessed with a war fever.

Contiguous to their territory lay the territories of the East India Company, which had been the goal of rapine in all the past invasions of Hindostan. "To Calcutta" was the universal cry of the Sikhs—ay, and even in London," in their ludicrous ignorance of historical details. The Rani re-echoed it, and urged the soldiery to cross the Sutlej—the boundary between the two peoples—assuring them they might count on the co-operation of the British sepoy troops. Action for the time being was a priceless panacea that would keep them and keep her in peace from their enemies. Unveiled, she stood in front of the Rani, showing no other woman of gentle birth in the Punjab would have done) and pointed to the Rani. And where she pointed, thither the

army pressed, with clamorous cries and shouts. The first Sikh war was one of pure aggression on the part of the Sikh nation: and the Sikh nation was the Sikh army.

The population of the Punjab at this time amounted to three millions, of whom half were Hindus, a third Mohammedans, and only one-sixth Sikhs. How martial and masterful were these 500,000 Sikhs may be deduced from the fact that their army mustered 150,000 disciplined and irregular troops, of whom considerably more than half invaded the Company's possessions.

Sir Henry Hardinge was the Governor-General of India. On the 12th December, 1845, he received information that the Sikhs had crossed the Sutlej. British troops were immediately hurried forward from Ambála to reinforce our frontier posts at Ferozpur and Ludhiana. Simultaneously a proclamation was issued confiscating and annexing to British territory the Cis-Sutlej States, which had hitherto preserved their independence. The game of war had been thrown down, and taken up with a vengeance.

The first division of the Khalsa army, under Lal Singh, the Rani's favourite, encamped in front of Ferozpur, which was garrisoned by a force of 10,000 men under Sir James Littler. For the next week, daily reinforcements crossed the Sutlej and joined the Sikh general. On the 18th of the month Sir Hugh Gough, the British commander-in-chief, accompanied by the Governor-General, completed a forced march of 150 miles in six days, and reached Múdkí, distant about eight leagues from Ferozpur. But previous to this Lal Singh—leaving a strong force under Tej Singh, another Sikh general, to mask Ferozpur and guard the passage of the Sutlej—pushed forward fifteen miles to Ferozshah, a walled village half-way between Ferozpur and Múdkí, where he threw up a vast entrenched camp. On hearing of the approach of Sir Hugh Gough, and believing his force was merely an advanced guard, Lal Singh moved out of Ferozshah at the head of 20,000 men and 22 guns to give him battle.

It was noon on the 18th December, 1845, when the British army arrived at Múdkí, after a distressing march of twenty-one miles. Possibly insufficient use had been made of the cavalry for scouting purposes, for the propinquity of the enemy was not suspected. The order was given to rest, and the troops, suffering grievously from thirst, lay down to await the arrival of the baggage and snatch a hasty meal.

"Suddenly a scrap of paper was brought to Major Broadfoot, the Political Agent in charge of the frontier, who was with the Governor-General. He read it and said, 'The enemy is on us!' He was not at first believed, and even the cloud of dust which appeared in the direction of the enemy failed to convince the sceptical. 'That dust,' he energetically exclaimed, 'covers thousands. It covers the Sikh army!' Then,

resistance. But the manœuvre intended was liantly executed, and the enemy's line—and far outflanking ours—was turned. So the air was thick with dust, churned up by hoofs of the squadrons, until it somewhat sembled a November fog, and daylight was fading when our infantry advanced in echelon lines. The Sikhs fired with admirable rapidity and precision; but they had yet to learn



"UNVEILED, SHE STOOD IN FRONT OF THE MEN AND POINTED TO THE FRONTIER" (p. 639).

galloping up to Sir Hugh Gough, he gracefully saluted him and said: 'There, your Excellency, is the Sikh army.' It was the Political Agent making over the frontier to the Soldier."

About three o'clock the Sikh artillery began the battle. They were soon answered by our guns, whilst the troops hastily buckled on their accoutrements, seized their muskets—it was in the days of "Brown Bess," when battles were perforce fought at close distances—and formed up. The cavalry division, led by the 3rd Dragoons, was ordered out to the right and soon engaged the Sikh horse, who made a determined

dauntless resolution of the British soldier, closed in doggedly, drove them along at point of the bayonet, dislodging them from trees and jungle in which they were lurking, capturing position after position. "Night saved them from worse disaster; for this conflict was maintained during an hour and half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust on the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object."

The battle was sharp and sanguinary. It cost us 872 killed and wounded, although the English portion of the army did not exceed one-third



THE CHARGE OF THE KING'S OWN DRAGOONS AT BUNKER.

le. Generals Sir Robert Sale and Sir Caskell were killed, and amongst the dead was the late Field-Marshal Sir Patrick who died in the spring of 1895. Fifteen were captured, and "heaped round the stalwart forms of the Sikh gunners, a death's last embrace. How the native his gun was well exemplified: there were had not fallen near the pieces they bed."

was the first encounter between Sikh on on the field of Mars. Many hard were they fated to give each other during

lustre, and this trial of strength red a mutual reich was destined a rare result elve years later, od shoulder to and contested ndy and Mussul- e supremacy of an.

Singh, after his at Mudki, fell his entrenched Firozshah. On ning of the vic- Henry Hardinge, overnor-General, his services in ry capacity, as n command, to mander-in-chief.

raised considerable criticism as one ry to the dignity of his high office of British India; but it has been torted that "to lead the wing of a army against the enemies of the country ogate from the dignity or no man." nry was an experienced Peninsular a soldier of calm resolution and cool t in danger, whose genius and quick on, when yet only a young officer of hree, had in a critical moment saved the Albuera. Sir Hugh Gough was also a ar veteran, but one of another type. e gallant or dare-devil general ever , but "his only tactics were storming and carrying them at the point of the " It was by the desperate method of his infantry at them that he captured ratta guns at Maharajpur, just a year e battle of Mudki; and these tactics he

consistently adopted throughout the present campaign. An Irishman by birth, headstrong and impetuous by nature, he lacked that calmness in affront necessary in a great general. "I never was *bate*, and I never will be *bate*," he once exclaimed, when his rashness had nearly engulfed him in disaster; and these few words depict his character better than a page of analysis could do. Under these circumstances it was an enormous gain to the British arms that Sir Henry Hardinge, waiving the dignity of his high office, consented to accept command under his chief captain, and, as it were, supplied the ballast that was lacking in that man of war.

A day was devoted to the decent interment of the dead, and then an immediate assault on the Sikh entrenchment at Firozshah was decided on. The position was a formidable one, being a mile long by half a mile broad, protected with earthworks, breast-high in some places, defended by seventy-three guns of large calibre, and manned by 35,000 Sikhs, the flower of the Khalsa army. The force under Sir Hugh Gough consisted of 20,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry, with forty-



SIR HENRY HARDINGE.

two 6-pounder and twenty-four 9-pounder guns.

Orders were sent to Sir James Littler at Firozpur to move out and join in the attack with all the men he could spare, and to facilitate the junction a considerable detour was made by the main army, which carried it about four miles south of the enemy's position. At eleven o'clock on the 21st December Sir Hugh Gough called a halt in the middle of a broad expanse of level plain, much encumbered with thorn-jungle and dotted with infrequent villages. Meanwhile, Sir James Littler, leaving his camp standing to disarm suspicion, started quietly in the early morning to reach his rendezvous, without Tej Singh, the Sikh general in command of the army in front of Firozpur, being aware of his departure. But it was considerably past noon before he found himself in touch with the commander-in-chief.

Sir Hugh Gough, restless ever and impatient

for action, could not brook the delay, and shortly after he had ordered the halt, rode up to where the Governor-General was resting and exclaimed, "Sir Henry, if we attack at once I promise you a splendid victory." Hardinge at once realised the gratuitous rashness of assaulting the extended Sikh position before being reinforced by Littler. Rising from the ground on which he was seated, he withdrew, followed by the commander-in-chief, to a small grove of trees a few yards distant; and there, walking up and down, the two conferred, whilst much speculation was rife amongst the staff as to the result of the interview. Memory mechanically reverts to the days of Clive, and how he retired to Plassy's Grove to brood on the task that lay before him. The question now being discussed between Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough was fraught with almost as great importance for the British dominion in India as that which occupied the master mind of the man who laid the foundation of our Eastern Empire. "For the fate of India trembled in the balance during the eventful night of the 21st December. . . . and no moment was perhaps more critical during the whole campaign" than this, when the two leaders were discussing the advisability of an instant or deferred attack. Sir Hugh Gough, with all the energy of his fiery nature, pressed for the former, but the Governor-General resolutely refused acquiescence, and at last, after an animated discussion, terminated the conference by saying, "Then, Sir Hugh, I must exercise my civil powers as Governor-General, and forbid the attack until Littler's force has come-up."

It was the first time that such powers had ever been exercised by a Governor-General in the field, but happy it was for the welfare of British arms that Sir Henry Hardinge had the moral courage to exert his authority in a way which must have been painful to himself and galling to the gallant veteran he overrode.

Littler arrived a little before one, but much valuable time was lost in getting the troops into position, and it was not until nearly three o'clock of the shortest day of the year that the Governor-General "informed the commander-in-chief there was daylight for an action . . . it being scarcely possible to adopt any alternative than to fight the battle that afternoon."

The advice was bold. Perchance it savoured somewhat of the very rashness which Sir Henry Hardinge had but a short time before reproved. *He disregarded* the experience of Múdkí, where

a battle begun in the open plain at that hour had been robbed of the fruits of victory by the advent of night. Scarce two hours of light remained within which to conquer an army of 35,000 disciplined men, entrenched in a strong position, with one less than two-thirds of the number. It was advice which very nearly resulted in disaster as we shall see.

The British brigades advanced with some regularity, owing to the jungle which obstructed their passage. The commander-in-chief led the right wing and the Governor-General the left. Sir James Littler's division moved against the west face of the Sikh entrenchment, and Sir John Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions attacked the south-west and south, whilst the division of Sir Harry Smit formed the second line, and a reserve infantry division, under Sir Harry Smit, held in reserve.

At four o'clock the actual attack began. The artillery was ordered to the front and the infantry wheeled into line. It was soon evident that our guns were far inferior in metal to those of the enemy, on whose batteries we could make no impression in our fruitless efforts to silence them. Littler's force was the first to close quarters, receiving in the act, at a distance of not more than three hundred yards, a heavy discharge of grape and canister. His force chanced to be against the strongest face of the entrenchment, and the regiment after regiment advanced against it, only to waver and fall away under the leaden hail. Finally, the 1st (Queen's), when almost in the battery they were storming, halted and wheeled about on receiving orders from their brigadier, who conceived it necessary to withdraw them from annihilation when nearly half the rank-and-file and a majority of the officers had been killed or wounded. "They were absolutely mowed down by the fire under which they were advancing," remarked the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords during a generous defence of the gallantry, which had been called into question. And we learn from a trustworthy historian of the war that "their ranks were filled with men who had never before heard a ball whistle, and that they were but ill supported by the battalions. With this repulse Littler's force failed, and he was obliged to draw off."

Towards the centre and right matters went better. Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions pushed forward in echelon of regiments, Sir Henry Hardinge with the former, which, directed somewhat to the right, left a fatal gap be-

Littler's line. The Sikh guns were with extraordinary rapidity and precision: fantry stood between and behind them, on the ground priming their muskets and giving their pieces in the face of the on-force. Advancing under this murderous grape and ball, and led by the 9th Regiment the British line captured the Sikh batteries one at the point of the bayonet with great gallantry. Gilbert, to the further west, was equally successful, and made good his

in the Sikh where his force hattered and

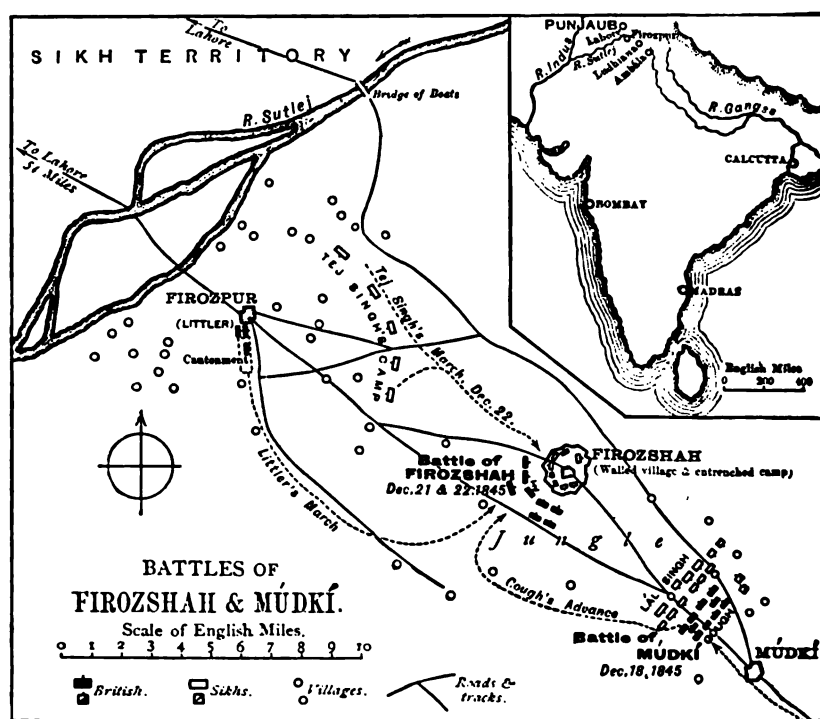
by a terrific on from several. Notwithstanding is it gallantly ground until sed by the remainder Sir Harry when the village of Firozshah stormed and of the enemy, simultaneously Dragoons discharged a charge that ended in history.

the hottest of the convey were sent a battery was playing on a ruffling line with deadly effect. In of them lay a

g trench which no man could leap. With a wild cheer they entered, the trench being soon levelled with the ground by the men and horses of the leading regiments, and over this living bridge of their comrades the rear ranks rode. The Sikh artillery were sabred fighting at their pieces, even as the Dragoons—the "Dumpty Pice," the ring of metal has sounded on many an Indian field—sabred the Mahratta gunners at Ferozshah, and then, "with a valour only equalled by the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava," the Dragoons faced the whole Khalsa army as they broke the entrenchments, swept through their ranks with loud huzzas, over tents, ropes, pegs, stores, and magazines, cutting down all that stood in their passage, and having traversed the Sikh position from side to side, emerged,

their numbers thinned, but covered with imperishable glory!"

But only a portion of the Sikh entrenchment had been carried, and the enemy still held the greater part of it. To the west they had beaten off Littler, to the south-west withstood Wallace; and now darkness came to their aid. Presently a portion of the camp, in which was stored a large supply of forage, took fire, causing many explosions: one magazine, in particular, burnt the 1st European Light Infantry in



twain." The confusion became great amongst the British. Overhead, like a Titanic pall, hung a vast cloud of smoke supported on a murky flame, throwing its lurid glare far and wide. In the fitful light and shadow men became separated from their regiments, and, unable to find them, attached themselves to others; many of the battalions were hopelessly clubbed in the confined space, whilst the Sikhs poured a destructive and demoralising fire into them, which they were powerless to return.

At length the chances of successful progress seemed more and more impossible, and it was found necessary to beat the retreat. The troops were withdrawn from that part of the entrenchment they had captured to a position a quarter of a mile to the south of the Sikh lines, and here

the wreck of Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions bivouacked, whilst Sir Harry Smith's brigades retired to the village of Misriwala, two miles to the south-west. The Sikhs at once returned to the batteries on the south face, manned their recaptured guns, and turned them once more upon our dispirited men, who crouched and huddled on the bare ground, baffled and disappointed, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, and with the cutting winter night-wind of the bleak Punjab plains chilling them to the bone.

And now they were called on to exhibit the highest and most trying form of courage—passive acceptance of suffering. Sir Harry Smith, "with admirable prudence," forbade his men to fire a shot in self-defence or retaliation, and ordered the white covers to be taken off their caps, so as not to afford a mark for the enemy, and Sir Henry

Hardinge "insisted on every man lying down and not talking." Once, and once only, when the Sikh fire from a certain battery became insupportable, the 80th Regiment and European Light Infantry were ordered to charge it, and rushing forward in the dreadful dark the gallant fellows stormed the guns and spiked them "by as brave a charge as there is on record."

Never, surely, in the annals of our conquest of India had any British army found itself in such sore plight as this. Isolated in three divisions, each cut off from the other two and not even knowing where they were, 20,000 fighting-men crouched on the bare plain all through that long December night, baring their heads and hushing their voices in their attempt to secure safe hiding, whilst the fire of the foe sent shot and shell over their wincing bodies. Soon murmurs of despondency began to be heard, and there were those who carried her Majesty's commission and yet urged a retreat to Ferozpur. But the leaders of the army were men to whom

the honour of England was dearer than safety—dearer than life—and the timid councils met with the reception they deserved. "The two chiefs met at night and decided without hesitation that the attack must be at once resumed in the morning." Nor were they blind

to the danger involved. "Sir Hugh came to me," wrote the Governor-General, "and candidly avowed the critical state of our affairs, but most cordially concurred in all my sentiments." They were sentiments worthy of a British soldier. "A British army must not be foiled, and foiled this army shall not be," was the dictum that went forth in that hour of desperate stress. And the resolute general who spoke those clarion words "delivered his watch and star to his son's care, to show that he was determined to leave the field a victor or die in the attempt."



A SIKH SOLDIER.

And we hear it from a trustworthy source that "in case of disaster, which was far from impossible, the Governor-General sent orders to Mūdki, where Mr. Currie was in charge of the official papers of the Government of India and Mr. Cust of the Records of the (Sikh) Agency, for the destruction of all State papers."

Strange as it seems, during this critical period of anxiety and dire foreboding, and when the Khalsa army almost held victory in its grasp, insubordination and licence broke out in its ranks. The Akalis—a fanatical section of the race—plundered the tents of Lāl Singh, their commander, and, a general riot ensuing, all remnants of discipline were lost. But the moral comfort of knowing this, and the confidence it would have engendered and restored, were not permitted to the British leaders.

The Sikhs during the night remained in possession of their entrenched camp, and towards morning the trampling of large bodies of men showed they were reinforcing their lines, whilst

of their guns, which had continued booming throughout the long night, as daylight enabled the gunners to aim.

Before daybreak dispositions were made for the renewal of the assault. The Governor sent his son (the late Sir Arthur, Governor of Gibraltar) to bring up his division to the attack; but without his arrival Sir Hugh and Sir Henry led themselves at the head of the force, and thirty yards in front of the British line. "The men from firing," led it to the south face of the Sikh encampment. Luck and British persistency triumphed. "Often have they not triumphed on the fields of India? The men were with fatigue, numbed with cold, and after a long, sleepless night without food or water. The despondency of some officers had been manifested to them,

Sikhs amidst the screaming of shot and shell and the shrieking of rockets that rioted through their ranks. With the indomitable courage that has ever made their countrymen proud of them, the British troops advanced. Resolute and reckless of everything but the victory they were determined to win, they carried battery after battery at the point of the bayonet, surging on with the unimpeded majesty of a storm cloud, and rolling rank after rank over and through the Sikh encampment.

It was a just enthusiasm which prompted Sir Henry Hardinge to write thus of these heroes in his despatch: "The British infantry quite reminded me of the glorious days of the Peninsula!" The regiments whom he thus honoured were the 9th, 29th, 31st, 50th, 62nd, 80th, and (honourable comrades in arms and emulation) John Company's First European Light Infantry.

Driving the enemy helter-skelter from the village of Firozshah, the British line changed



"THEY CARRIED BATTERY AFTER BATTERY AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET."

had been deserted by at least one regiment, which, during the dark hours, fled and ridden off to Ferozpur. But, by the sight and example of the two regiments who led them on, they flung themselves on to the masked batteries of the

front to the left, and swept the Sikhs out of their entrenchments, capturing many standards and seventy-eight guns, and emerging victorious on the plain to the north. It was a feat of arms worthy of the best traditions of our gallant army, and the more memorable from the rapidity with

which it was effected after the serious repulse of the previous evening.

But the day was not yet won: the most critical hour had yet to be passed. Tej Singh, the Sikh general at Firozpur, attracted by the sound of the cannonade and the arrival of a few Sikh fugitives, struck his camp, and hurried to the succour of his countrymen at the head of an army of 30,000 men, chiefly cavalry, and seventy guns. He quickly drove in the British cavalry parties, whose wearied horses could not muster a trot. "The advance of the Sikh cavalry, accompanied by their horse artillery," writes an eloquent historian, "is described as the most splendid sight of the campaign. Their horses caracoling and bounding, and the bright sunlight flashing from steel armour, sabres, and spears, they came on at a rapid pace to within four hundred yards of the British line."

Littler's brigades were immediately thrown into the village of Firozshah to maintain our hold of the Sikh entrenchment, and the other three divisions formed in line to resist this new attack from an army the strength of which was more than double their own, and whose ranks were filled with men fresh, vigorous, and eager for combat.

Tej Singh, in a strenuous effort to recapture the entrenchment, concentrated his attack on the left of the British line, which, under a heavy cannonade from his well-served guns, was compelled to change front to the right. And then came an ominous sign—our own artillery did not reply. They could not, for their ammunition was expended. It is said that out of sheer desperation an occasional blank charge was fired to keep up the semblance of fight.

Disaster crowded on disaster, and at this perilous crisis the cavalry deserted and rode off to Firozpur, followed by half the artillery. Later on the brigadier commanding averred, in explanation, that he had received an order from the acting adjutant-general "to save his cavalry, and retire to Firozpur," nine miles distant; and the artillery stated that, "wanting ammunition, they had followed the cavalry." It is but charitable to add that the officer who delivered this amazing order was suffering from sunstroke and a mind unhinged.

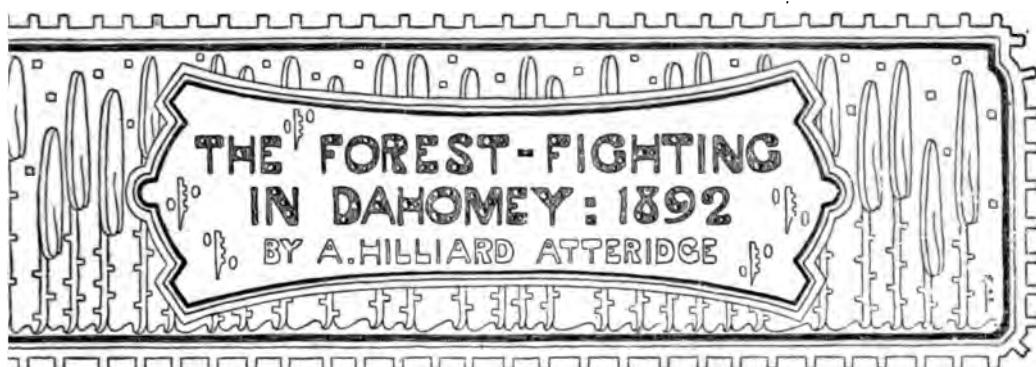
Before the cavalry retired a stampede of the camp-followers had taken place, for the sudden appearance of Tej Singh and his enormous army struck panic far and wide. "The whole ground between Firozshah and Firozpur was covered with fugitives, some running, others looking

behind them with terror depicted on the dread of the Sikhs at their heel depriving them of the power of motion. The panic spread to the rear of the arm-bearers of the Dhulis threw down the men and fled." It was *sauve qui peut* cavalry, artillery, and non-combatants.

But the "thin, red line" stood firm, glorious thin, red line whose heroism often stirred our blood in the quiet of our English homes, and thrilled our hearts till they tingled with pride. In brief phrase Sir Henry Hardinge records that at this moment the British cavalry were seen to go off to Firozpur, followed by the artillery, but the infantry with the greatest concern held their ground, and advanced as ordered. The enemy retired, afraid of the infantry, which was actually abandoned cavalry and at least thirty pieces of art. It was three in the afternoon. The battle had been in progress twenty-four hours; they were exhausted, starving, driven mad with "Recollect, men," cried their leader, "you hold your ground to the last, and trust in bayonets." Nobly was that appeal responded to. The ground was held.

Out of evil sometimes cometh good. The retreat of the cavalry carried them to the right flank of Tej Singh's army. In his haste he had left the bridge over the Sutlej, and so left his line of retreat, weakly guarded. It is to be believed that such a large force as that which he now saw in rapid motion was retreating. They conceived their movement to be a tactic to turn his flank and interpose between him and the Sutlej, whither Lal Singh had fled earlier period of the day. His apprehensions were further increased by information received of the loss and carnage in the ranks during the storm of the previous day and their defeat this morning, and they were now hopeless of driving the British out of a place they were now defending and from which they had expelled the original holders. To the extreme surprise and relief of the British he drew his army off, and Sir Hugh remained master of a field sodden with the blood of 2,400 of his brave men and of their gallant foe.

So ended the most hardily-contested battle ever fought by the English in India. At the close of the day the sun shone on the Sikhs sullenly sought the shelter of the Sutlej. The British army had stood at their shock—staggered, but stood.



ADAMA, king of Madagascar, once said that he had little fear of a European invasion, for he had always two good generals who could stop an army of men from reaching his capital, and their names were "General Forest" and "General

Not only in Madagascar, but in other notable portions of the African mainland, the soldiers have to contend with these doubtless generals; and this is especially on the west coast, as we found in Ashanti, where the French in their recent conquest of Dahomey.

Their enterprise had the same origin as most of the conquests, the European Power first occupying some point on the coast, then becoming involved in disputes with the natives of the interior behind it, and ending by annexing the country after one or two little wars. They then got their footing on the Guinea coast in such a way that they assumed a protectorate over the station of Porto Novo and the neighbourhood. A negro kinglet was left to nominally rule the place, but he really exercised no authority than the latest-arrived French

In 1862 the place had been reckoned as part of Dahomey, and the king of Dahomey made repeated attempts to reassert his right to tribute within the borders of the protectorate. In 1890 there was a short war between Behanzin, king of Dahomey, and the French; but the collapse of his army on its first attempt to capture Porto Novo led him to patch up a treaty with the white men. A temporary truce having been thus secured, he set to work to collect European weapons, breech-loading and artillery, thinking that he would be in a position to tempt the fortune of war in with better chances. He was then at the ill-defined frontier of the Porto Novo

kingdom, his chiefs were always drifting into quarrels with tribes and villages who claimed to be under French protection. They pursued fugitives across the border, and in their slave-hunts they were not very particular as to where their own territory ended. Moreover, they accused Toffa, the king of Porto Novo, of conniving at the escape of fugitives from the rough-and-ready justice of Dahomey. Then the old claim of tribute was revived, and finally, in the early summer of 1892, this state of friction culminated in a regular invasion of the Porto Novo territory. Behanzin tried to explain that he had no quarrel with the French, but only with their black neighbours; but then these neighbours were their *protégés*, and in any case the French could not tolerate the total suspension of local trade and the serious danger that threatened their small garrisons, so they took measures to clear the Dahomeyans out of the protectorate.

For a short time the situation was not unlike what it was in our colony of the Gold Coast, when King Coffee's warriors were raiding up to the gates of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle, before the arrival of Wolseley and the first reinforcements. The trading posts held by the French on the coast were Porto Novo, Cotonou, and Grand Popo; and for some days there was considerable anxiety as to their safety, for they were unfortified and held only by small garrisons. In the month of March bands from Dahomey entered the territory of Porto Novo and burned several villages, after plundering them, and carrying off hundreds of prisoners to be enslaved or slaughtered at the annual "customs." The gunboat *Topaze* went up the Oueme river to try to stop the pillaging, but was fired on from the bank and forced to retire, much as Commerell's reconnaissance on the Prah was driven back by the Ashanti ambuscade at the outset of our

own campaign in the same region. Early in April the French settlements were threatened by bands of Dahomeyan negroes, mostly armed with modern European rifles and in some cases several thousands strong. No one was safe beyond rifle range from the fortified posts. On the 4th M. Ballay, the Governor of the Benin coast, received a letter from Behanzin composed in French and couched in language of insolent defiance.

by Frenchmen, who have done good service in all the recent French campaigns in Central Africa. A shallow-draught gunboat, the *Éclaireur*, was sent out to strengthen the naval force, and shortly after a stern-wheel steamer, built for river work and armed with machine-guns, was bought from Messrs. Yarrow of Blackwall, named the *Opale*, and sent out to Cotonou. At this place a light iron pier was run out from the beach beyond the line of the surf, to facilitate



PORTO NOVO: A FETISH PLACE.

[Photo, Rev. J. T. Hanger.]

"I have never gone to France to make war against you," wrote the negro king, "and I am pained at seeing that France is trying to prevent me from making war in an African country, with which it has no concern. If you are not satisfied you may do what you please. As for me, I am ready for you."

If Behanzin had made a determined rush he could have captured some of the French settlements, for it was not till May that the reinforcements despatched from France and the Senegal began to arrive. The first troops to reach Cotonou and Porto Novo were some companies of Senegalese tirailleurs—African troops officered

the landing of troops and stores, and finally a very capable soldier who had already distinguished himself in African warfare was appointed to the command of all the forces on the coast and ordered to march on Abomey as soon as he had got a sufficient force together, and thus put an end once and for all to the power of Behanzin.

This officer held the rank of colonel, and bore an English name. His grandfather was a Mr. Dodds, an English trader who had married a native woman in the Gambia colony, in territory afterwards transferred to France. He was himself born in the French colony of Senegal, and

thus a man for whom the climate of Africa had no terrors. He had fought in campaigns on the Upper Senegal and Western Soudan. He knew the country and the people, and withal was a well-trained soldier who had received the basis of his military education in France. Colonel Dodds was on a short holiday in Paris when he was called to prepare plans for the conquest of the country, and to go out to the West Coast and "pick up" King Behanzin.

Chiefly, the information on which he had to base his plans was this: To break the power of the king it would be necessary first to clear the king's armies out of the interior district, and then to march upon Abomey, the capital. The operations, roughly speaking, were the same as that which Lord Wolseley carried out against the neighbouring kingdom of Ashanti, and which he had carefully studied in a campaign that ended in the burning of the city. Abomey is about seventy miles from the nearest point on the

region of marshy, shallow lagoons, into which the rivers empty themselves, the coast towns generally standing on narrow belts of land between the lagoon and the sea.

The chief difficulty to be faced was the unhealthy character of the coast region and the forest, the latter being only passable by means of narrow



DAHOMEY WOMAN.

paths and affording only scanty supplies. As for the forces that would have to be encountered, Behanzin, in one of his letters to M. Ballay, spoke of taking the field at the head of 40,000 men; but the French estimated that his real fighting strength would be nearer 15,000. It was composed of three classes of soldiers. First there were the famous Amazons, an army of women who were supposed to be the fiercest warriors in West



DAHOMEY FIELD-LABOURER.

coast. The distance to be traversed was thus fifty miles less than in the march upon the Ashanti capital. Abomey stands in a region of fertile undulating plains. To the northward the country is hilly. To the southward, after passing the swamps of Agrime,

Africa. In 1862 Burton, after visiting Abomey as our envoy and seeing a review of these dusky heroines, estimated their numbers at about 2,500. It was known that the population of Dahomey had decreased considerably in the thirty years since then, and it was supposed that there could not be more than 2,000 of them, if so many, in 1892. M. Chaudouin, who was a prisoner in Abomey in 1890, estimated the number of the male warriors at from 4,000 to 5,000. Besides these there would be a levy of some 6,000 armed slaves, the slaveholders being required to furnish the king with men and arms in time of war. These numbers added together would give a force of from 12,000 to 13,000, which would probably be supplemented by a few thousands more in case of a levy en masse.



DAHOMEY MUSICIAN.

to traverse a broad belt of forest, with here and there occasional clearings round the villages. Then one comes down to the coast

In the brief campaign of two years before, the warriors of Dahomey had been armed only with old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets. Their ammunition was so bad that their fire was ineffective even at a hundred yards, men being frequently hit at that range by slugs and bullets so spent that they hardly inflicted so much as a bruise. But in the interval that elapsed before the renewal of hostilities Behanzin had purchased, chiefly through traders at Whydah, a quantity of modern rifles, and some at least of his motley levies had been taught to use them. It was also reported that he had obtained artillery and machine-guns. But, in any case, Dodds felt that his real difficulty would be not so much fighting battles in the bush as keeping his men in good health during the march through the malarious coast and forest regions.

A Continental army is not like our own, ready at brief notice to send its line regiments to any part of the world, and the French Government could only draw upon certain restricted classes of its troops for the Dahomey expedition. One hundred and fifty marines from the fleet and 800 of the Foreign Legion were the European troops confided to Dodds at the outset. Besides these there were ten companies of Senegalese riflemen, each company about 150 strong, and two companies of Houssas, making altogether about 1,800 native African infantry under French officers. A company of engineers, a battery of mountain artillery, a handful of cavalry, and a transport and ambulance detachment, completed the force, which numbered in all 113 officers and 3,338 men. Under scientific advice a code of instructions was drawn up for preserving the health of the troops. A special dress and equipment were served out to them, quinine became part of the daily ration, and it was ordered that when, according to French custom, brandy was served out to the men, the quantity should be restricted to a minimum, and officers should be present to see that it was not drunk undiluted, but was mixed with a fair quantity of either water or tea. The first days of August were devoted to completing the preparations for an advance into the interior. The roads in the immediate neighbourhood of Porto Novo were improved by native workmen, and on the 9th a reconnaissance in force was made from Cotonou, a strong detachment supported by the fire of gunboats on the lagoon driving the Dahomeyan troops from their positions about Zobbo. In this first brush with the enemy the French lost

two killed and thirteen wounded. But weapons picked up on the field showed the enemy had fought with nothing than old flint-locks. The troops armed with more modern weapons, chiefly the Ar and the royal guard, were farther away interior, camped near Allada, under the command of King Behanzin.

The direct route from the coast to Allada passes by Allada, and everything was done to encourage the king to believe that this would be the direction taken by the expedition. A detachment of some four hundred Senegalese was pushing forward northwards from Cotonou in the hope that Behanzin would mistake them for the vanguard of a larger force. But, meanwhile, the real advance began from Porto Novo. Dodds had decided to follow the line of the Oueme river as far as possible, and then to turn off to the north-west for Abomey. This line of advance would enable him to pass round the east end of the Agrime swamps instead of having to cross that difficult region, and it would allow him to make use of water transport for the bulk of his stores in the first stage of the advance, the gunboats and a flotilla of sampans moving up the river while the troops marched along its eastern bank. Transport was thus not a serious question. After providing for the coast garrisons, 2,000 men were available for an expeditionary column, but they required 2,000 more native porters to convey their stores. The rest of the troops assembled on the coast were left to guard the various trading stations. For the advance from Porto Novo in the east of the colony left the rest of it open to attack until the power of Behanzin was broken by the first battles.

The advance along the lower Oueme began on August 17th. No resistance was met until Dogba was reached; but the march was slow and toilsome, so many tributaries of the river, each flowing through a swampy hollow, had to be passed, and so much hard work had to be done, widening the tracks through bush by cutting down the underwood and tall coarse grass, which was often six feet high. The same severe labour had to be carried out at each camping-ground, in order to give a clear opening of at least a hundred yards all round the bivouac. On September 14th the column encamped just below Dogba, at the point where the Badao river runs into the Oueme. Badao is the northern boundary of the kingdom of Porto Novo. Once it was crossed the French

be actually invading the territories of in. But in order to cross it a bridge have to be built, for it was ten feet deep and fifty feet wide. Close to the junction of two rivers there was a bit of rising ground, in shape, and about 300 yards long and 200 yards wide. On this knoll, which was comparable to a rough-fortified post. Below it on the bank of the Oueme a small wharf was built for landing of stores from the flotilla. North of the wharf, near the mouth of the

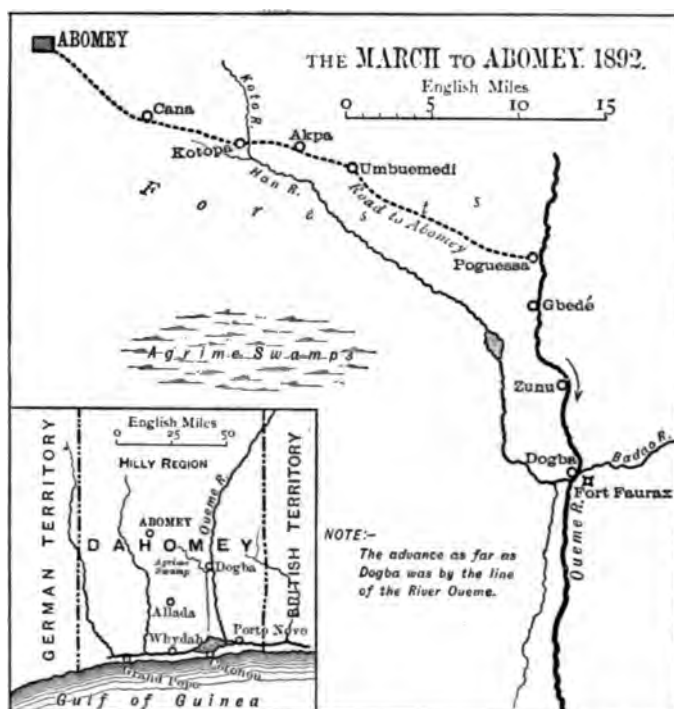
the stern-wheel gunboat *Opale*, with her machine-guns, was so placed as to sweep the front of the French bivouac. Just above the bivouac on the other bank were groups of native huts that made up the town of Dogba.

For five days of steady work nearly completed the stockaded post on the knoll. North and west the knoll and the Oueme covered it from attack; east and south there was a clearing little more than 200 yards wide, beyond which was a low bush with a few large trees growing out of it. The advanced post consisted of 600 native soldiers with two mountain-guns, and the *Badao* and pushed forward the next bivouac, established at the village of Zunu. There were no tidings of the enemy, who was to be undisturbed by this advance of his territory. But unknown to the French, who could not see it far from the ground they

held, a considerable force of Dahomeyans were moving down through the bush to the east of the line of advance, and early in the morning the camp near Dogba was attacked from the rear. It was the first serious fight of the

throughout the expedition the column always camped in a large square. The infantry under cover of tents, or improvised shelters, formed on all sides, each company having a post of three men on the look-out at a hundred yards from the front. At the angles of the square were the mountain-guns, and inside of it the stores were piled, the mules picketed, and the officers bivouacked. At five on the morning of the 19th, a sentry of the marines, in front of the north-east angle of the square, saw in the

dim light of the early dawn a number of negroes moving stealthily out of the bush in his front. "*Halte-là!*" he cried. No notice was taken of the challenge, and he fired. His comrades fired also; but the reply was a wild yell, a rush of hundreds of dusky forms, and a rolling fire of musketry directed upon the camp, the warriors of Dahomey firing as they came on without halting for a moment. An officer of the marines was killed by a bullet through his head as he rose from the ground to come out of his tent.



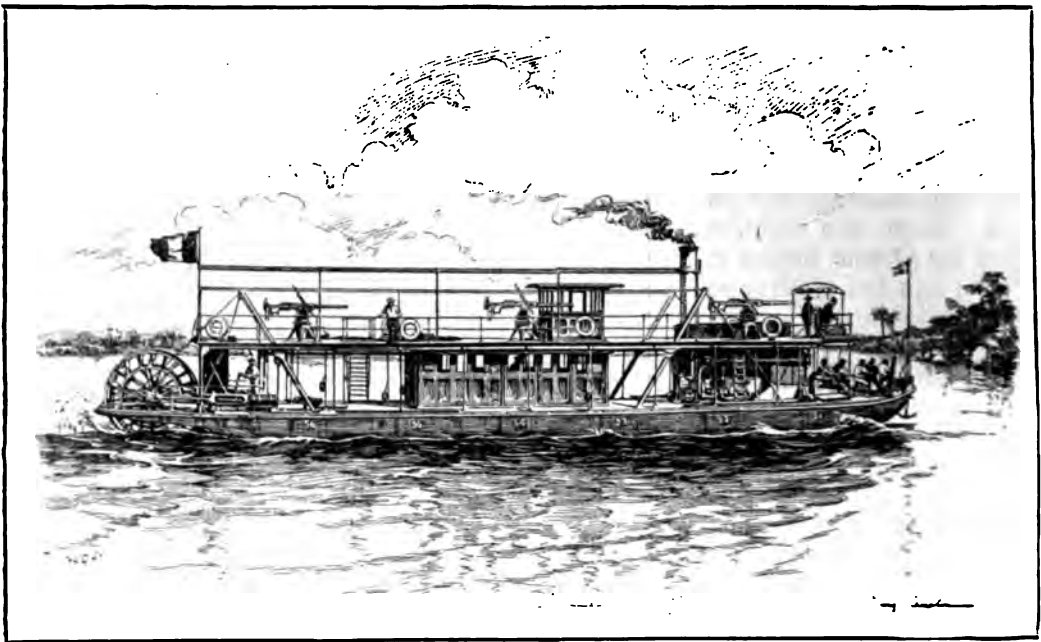
Several of the men fell as they sprang to their arms. But there was no confusion. They formed in line in front of the ground on which a moment ago they had been sleeping, and the rapid volleys of the repeating rifle checked the wild rush of the enemy, though when the first volley was fired he was within fifty yards of the camp.

But foiled in their first rush they made repeated efforts to close with the French. The light increased, and while the negroes kept up a heavy fire from the edge of the bush, their marksmen climbed into the larger trees and tried to pick off the French leaders by shots from these posts of vantage. The *Opale* now brought her machine-guns to bear, while the mountain-guns of the camp sent case shot and shell into the bush. The enemy began to

give way. Those who understood the Ewe, the dialect of Dahomey, could hear the chiefs calling out to their followers: "Is this what you promised to King Behanzin? How will you dare to face him again? Forward with you!" and then there was a final charge. But the wild onset of the enemy melted away before the fire of the French rifles, and then the Senegalese and the marines made a counter-attack, and the Dahomeyans broke and fled, pursued by the fire of the mountain-guns whenever an opening in the bush gave a glimpse of their retreat.

their way through the bush fifty yards on either side of the column, but the enemy had received so severe a lesson on the 19th that for some days he made no further efforts to disturb the march.

On the 27th the whole force was assembled at the bivouac of Zunu, and the gunboats steamed up the river to reconnoitre. At a sharp bend above Gbedé they were fired at with cannon and rifles from both banks. A few shells and a stream of bullets from the machine-guns seemed to produce no effect on the enemy,



THE OPALE.

The fight had lasted three hours, and cost the French two officers and three men killed, and twenty-seven men wounded. The enemy left 130 dead on the field, but he was seen carrying off numbers not only of wounded, but also of killed. The attacking force was afterwards ascertained to have been nearly 4,000 strong. Next day, leaving a small garrison at the fortified post on the knoll, which he named Fort Faurax, in honour of one of the two officers killed in the fight of the day before, Colonel Dodds began the advance of the main body to Zunu. The weather was rainy. The forest track became a swamp, and two wide creeks which had to be crossed on the way were in flood, so that the march was of the slowest. The advance was flanked by detachments which cut

who, entrenched in the bush on the river bank stood pluckily to his guns. The light steam-wheelers might easily have been sunk, even by the very inferior artillery thus brought into action against them. Moreover, it was discovered that the river was dangerously shallow, and the boats might ground under the fire of the hidden batteries. So it was decided to retreat. The fact was, that knowing that at this point there were several fords on the river by which the trade route from the south-east to Dahomey crossed the Oueme, Behanzin had decided that it would most likely be near here that the French would try to pass. He had therefore thrown up entrenchments and batteries along the western bank, and established strong advanced posts on the opposite shore.

the weak point of savage armies is that commanders never seem to realise that a plan can in most cases be easily turned. Stanlin felt quite sure that the French would be by the fords in his front ; but Colonel

backwards and forwards along ropes worked by the crew of the *Opale*, the operation beginning in the night between the 1st and 2nd of October under the cover of a fog, and being completed by the following afternoon. Colonel Dodds had



"HALTE-LÀ!" HE CRIED (p. 651).

no sooner heard that they were held in by the negro king than he determined to wade down at Gbedé. He camped at this place on September 30th, and in order to counteract his preconceived idea, pushed out a reconnaissance to the fords, while preparing to ferry his army over the river five miles below them. The crossing was effected with the help of rafts and boats, hauled

thus established his 2,000 men and six guns, with their convoy of 2,000 porters, on the western bank of the Oueme river, about fifty miles from the coast. Abomey, the point he was aiming at, was just thirty-five miles away to the north-west. In Europe those thirty-five miles would have meant two days, or at most three, of marching. But the way lay through a tropical forest. Hitherto he had had the river

for his chief line of supply, but he would now have to depend on what could be carried or dragged along the forest paths. Moreover, the warriors of Dahomey, both men and women, were prepared to make a desperate resistance now that the invader was in the heart of their wild woodlands. Those thirty-five miles cost Colonel Dodds more than six weeks of weary marching and hard fighting.

The first step was to break up the Dahomeyan force that had concentrated to oppose the passage of the river. A reconnaissance pushed to the northwards showed that the enemy was entrenched along the right bank of the Oueme, a little more than a mile away, and that he had artillery in position. The 3rd of October was devoted to preparations for the coming fight. To the right of the camp, at some distance from the river, a road was cut for 1,500 yards through the bush, the enemy having no scouts in this direction and making no attempt to disturb the work. Next morning the French advanced in two columns. Commandant Riou marched along the river bank, while the left column, led by Commandant Gonard and accompanied by Colonel Dodds, marched by the new path so as to turn the right of any enemy that met Riou in front. Two of the gunboats moved up the river. But the enemy did not wait to be attacked. They came to meet the French. About nine a.m. the two columns had almost closed on each other, when suddenly a heavy fire was opened on them from the bush at point-blank range. Deploying into line, the French replied, and for nearly two hours there was a sharp fight at close quarters in the trees and the long grass, the enemy bringing into action troops armed with European rifles. The French brought mountain-guns, and the fire of the gunboats which enfiladed the Dahomeyan line of battle from the river, turned the scale against King Behanzin's troops, and a little after eleven they were in full retreat. They carried off their wounded, but the victors found among the bushes one hundred and fifty dead bodies, and among them seventeen corpses of the famous Amazons. They were young women, tall, and strongly built. In every case a breechloading rifle lay beside them, and they had plenty of cartridges in their pouches. The French had lost in killed and wounded six officers and thirty-seven men, and their advance was checked for the day. The wounded were sent down the river in one of the gunboats, and the columns bivouacked, and spent next day in reconnoitring

and cutting roads through the bush. On the 6th there was another sharp fight. Marching out from their bivouac, the French soon came upon a creek, and proceeded to bridge it. Before the bridge was begun several volleys of some shells from the artillery were fired into the bush on the other side, but nothing was done there, and it was not till the first company to cross the bridge that the enemy opened fire from his ambush. It took more than an hour of steady firing to drive him from his ground. The passage of the creek cost the expedition three officers and thirty-two men. This fighting was slow work. In six days only three miles of ground had been won.

But now the prospects of the expedition seemed to improve. A mile beyond the bridge the vanguard came upon a large camping-ground that had evidently only just been abandoned. Behanzin was retiring, evidently afraid of being cut off from his direct line of retreat on Abomey. Near the village of Poguessá the enemy had bivouacked. North-westward a marked path, with numerous ruts of cart-wheels on it, led through the bush, which in places had been cleared for fifty or sixty yards on each side of the way. This the native guides recognised as the main road to the capital. No attempt was made to closely pursue the enemy. It was impossible to move rapidly until supplies had been brought up from the river. So five days were spent at Poguessá, a fortified post being established a couple of miles away on the river. A good road made up to the village, and a series of light carts organised to bring up supplies. Beyond this point they would have to be conveyed by the porters.

On October the 10th the march was resumed, and on the 11th the vanguard had covered thirteen miles, and reached the village of Umbuemedi, where the country was more open, with wide clearings giving a good view in all directions through the bush. The engineers constructed a kind of crow's-nest or look-out place on the top of a huge baobab tree, and from its summit they saw a long line of smoke in the front, and far away some large native buildings. The line of smoke was taken to indicate the fires of an extensive camp, and the guides declared that the buildings were those of Behanzin's palace at Kotopa on the Koto river, five or six miles away. All the wells in the neighbourhood had been filled up by the retreating enemy, but a downpour of rain supplied good drinking water, but at the same time

unpaved roads very difficult for both soldiers and porters.

On the 12th, in hot dry weather, the march began again. The country soon became a perfect maze of bush, long grass, and frequent thickets of large trees. Within a mile of the camp the column came upon an entrenchment dug across the road, and running into the bush on each side.

Driven from this shelter by the fire of the Dahomeyans retired fighting doggedly through the bush. So close was it, that in order to keep his men in something like a connected column Colonel Dodds ordered the bugles to sound and the drums to beat every minute. It was a battle in which little was seen either of the enemy or of comrades on the right and left, the advance was slow, because as soon as a square had been formed, and the porters and baggage animals in the rear of this cumbrous formation marched on, they were only fighting as it went, but also hacking away a good deal of the bush in order to make a passage on as broad a front as possible. Two and a quarter miles was the distance of the day's march, and a halt was made near the village of Akpa. Next day no more miles of bush fighting brought the column in sight of the Koto River.

A stream runs through a narrow valley, the hills on either side sloping rapidly to the river.

Along the river there is a densely wooded tropical forest, the trees being knotted together with rope-like creepers, and a dense growth filling all the space from the lower branches to the ground. Much of this undergrowth is made up of strong thorny plants. Until the river is reached the ground along the hollows is dry, and on the margins of the thickets are lines and masses of huge anthills. On the road to Abomey crosses the hollow a narrow clearing had been made through the bush, and beyond the bridge over the river could be seen the huts of the king's house or "palace" at Kotopa. Scouts pushed forward by the road found that on the other bank, commanding the passage of the river, there was a triple line of entrenchments. From the plateau on the higher side guns could be seen in position on the higher ground beyond. Colonel Dodds was informed by the guides that there was another entrenchment over the river a little higher up, and he ordered the column to cross there so as to turn Behanzin's army and avoid the losses that would probably result from a front attack on an entrenched position.

For once he had made a mistake that very nearly imperilled the success of the whole expedition. A direct attack on the bridge over the Koto would hardly have cost more loss of life or entailed heavier risks than resulted from the attempt to avoid it. On the morning of October 14th two guns and some 500 infantry were left camped near the road, to protect the baggage and porters, and the artillery was directed to fire upon the position beyond the river in order to keep the attention of the enemy fixed on the ground near the bridge. Meanwhile the rest of the column marched northwards through the bush, the intention being to turn to the westward after the first three thousand yards, come down on the river, and find the passage through the bush and across the water which the guides had described. The battle began on the French left near the river, the mountain-guns opening with shell against the opposite heights. The enemy's artillery replied. They evidently knew the range, and had at least some trained gunners among them, for the very first shell dropped into the French camp. It came from a modern rifled field-gun, but, luckily, the ammunition was not of good quality, and the shell did not burst. The same thing happened with most of those that followed. But the fire of the enemy's guns was so rapid and so well aimed, that although they were practically only throwing solid shot, they forced the French guns to withdraw to a less exposed position. Ammunition was not plentiful with the column. When every shell has to be brought up through miles of forest on a porter's head it does not do to throw them away; so, as he could not observe the effect of his fire, the French artillery commander contented himself with an occasional shot just to show that he was not quite silenced.

Meanwhile the column was cutting and trampling its way slowly through the bush, in an atmosphere like that of a Turkish bath. About nine a.m. they came out into a clearing where the ground rose into a kind of plateau. The sun was shining brightly, and the reflection from the arms of the moving column must have told the Dahomeyans on the look-out at Kotopa that an attempt was being made to turn their position. The French now began to march westward toward the river, but at the same time along the high ground on the other bank there rapidly marched a mass of Behanzin's Amazons and warriors, with two guns. The guns were placed in position on the higher ground, and

while the main body held the rising bank above the bush, several hundreds of picked shots, many of them hunters of big game by profession, and therefore used to making their way through the forest, descended into the tangled bush along the river, and in many cases crossed to the French side so as to hold its edge. The guides now informed Dodds that they could not find the crossing. But, still believing in its existence somewhere in the neighbourhood, he sent three reconnoitring parties into the bush. All three were repulsed by rifle fire, and in one instance some men were severely wounded with explosive bullets. It is easy enough to forbid such horrible things in civilised warfare, but they are sent to Africa for use against elephants and other big game, and it is no wonder that when the hunter becomes an improvised soldier he uses the same deadly projectile against men.

The situation was now becoming serious. The supply of water with the column was all but exhausted. There were no wells or streams on the higher ground, and the river water was on the other side of a tangled mass of bush held by the enemy. The shells of the Dahomeyan artillery were dropping both into the camp and on the ground where the column had halted. Their riflemen (and rifewomen also) emboldened by success, were stealing out of the bush, sheltering behind the "ant-hills" on its margin, and firing up the slope at the French. A few volleys would drive them back among the trees, but they soon came out again, and once they tried to rush the French position, but paid dearly for the attempt. On the road near the bridge they made another sortie from their position, and all but surprised the two guns that had been left at the camp. Unable to push on, harassed by these continual attacks, without water enough to make even a cup of coffee for the men, and encumbered with 140 wounded and 60 fever patients, Colonel Dodds felt that to remain where he was would be to risk a disaster. He reluctantly gave the order to retreat.

At the last moment, as the troops withdrew towards Akpa, rain began, and in the night there was a downpour. This, with a supply of water brought up by the cavalry from the wells at Umbuemedi, put an end to the greatest peril that menaced the expedition. Encouraged by the withdrawal of the invaders, the Dahomeyans attacked their camp the next day, only to be repulsed with heavy loss; and then for a week the two adversaries stood on their guard, without anything more than a few skirmishes.

A reinforcement of 400 men arrived from Novo for Colonel Dodds, the sick and wounded were sent down to the coast, and a large quantity of stores was accumulated at Akpa. Better a good supply of water was found within hundred yards of the village. At the end of the week Behanzin sent in a flag of truce, wanted to know what terms the French commander could give him. Dodds replied that the first step to negotiating the king must ever be the position on the Koto. He was determined that his campaign should not end with a retreat. As the king would not hear of this, Dodds moved his column in motion again on October 26.

This time he tried to turn the right flank of the Dahomeyan position. Marching off to the south-west, the vanguard soon came upon a river which the guides declared was the Koto. It was bridged and crossed without any difficulty, and in the bush beyond there was a slight skirmishing. The column was ordered to wheel to the right and advance northward, in order to strike the flank of the enemy's position at Kotopa. But soon there came in sight a hollow full of thick bush, with gleams of shining water here and there, and which looked like trenches on the higher ground beyond. The guides then confessed that they had made a mistake. The Koto river was in their front. They had only crossed the Han, a tributary of the main stream. Dodds was preparing to push on nevertheless, when a word came from the camp near Akpa. Behanzin had sent in a letter and asked for a truce. The letter declared that, being tired of war for peace, he would next morning withdraw from the Koto. The French might then have possession of the bridge and the village of Kotopa.

This was good news; and accordingly Behanzin's Han was recrossed, and the column bivouacked on the road a thousand yards from the bridge, which it hoped to cross next day. The march began in the early morning, but with some fears of treachery. But the hour when the column actually reached the bridge there was no sign of the enemy. Then from all sides in front and to right and left a heavy fire burst out, while the artillery opened from the heights. Behanzin thought to catch the French in a trap. But he was "hoist with his own petard," for, furious at this treachery, and determined to risk disaster rather than retreat, he ordered the presence of a savage foe, the French retook the position with the bayonet. There was a close and desperate struggle, but the



"THERE WAS A CLOSE AND DESPERATE STRUGGLE" (P. 836).

rest at Akpa had done wonders for the men ; and without halting for a moment, they ran forward from trench to trench, driving the Dahomeyans before them like a mob. Even the Amazons and the royal guard made hardly a stand after the first onset. They had been told that the French would be panic-stricken by the ambushade, and would never cross the river. The failure of their own treachery filled the savage warriors with dismay. The lines of Kotopa, after having delayed the French for a fortnight, were stormed in half an hour, and with only trifling loss to the victors.

The end of the expedition was now almost in sight. The main line of defence taken up by King Behanzin had been broken through. Abomey, the capital, was only eleven miles away in front. Nearer still, a little more than four miles along the road, was Cana, the sacred city of Dahomey, the centre of its religion, the favourite residence of its kings. Throughout the expedition Dodds had found that nothing was to be gained by hurrying the march. It is a principle of warfare in countries where transport is difficult that supplies must be accumulated at the front before each movement is made, so there was a halt at Kotopa till November 1st. A fortified post was constructed, a reserve of ammunition and food was collected there, and every man was given two hundred cartridges for the repeating-rifle and three days' provisions. On November 2nd the march was begun once more.

This last advance was made in a square, with the convoy in the centre. Instead of following the road, on which entrenchments had been thrown up at various points, the square marched through the bush towards Cana. If resistance was encountered, the square could move in any direction, and turn obstacles, instead of rushing them in front, and at the same time it was ready to meet attacks from any quarter. It would have to cut its way foot by foot ; progress would be slow, but it would be sure ; nothing would be left to chance.

During the next four days there was almost continual bush-fighting. The Dahomeyans, though they must have already lost several thousands of their best fighting-men and women, nevertheless harassed the advance by ceaseless skirmishing, and at least once each day tried to overwhelm the little army with a rush from several sides at once out of the dense underwood, where the flintlock musket, loaded with slugs, was almost as effective as

the rifle. In the last fight of all, at Y the attack was made partly by some hundred of prisoners and slaves who had been promised their freedom as the reward of victory. Some of them were picked up wounded after the fight, and it was found that most of them were half-drunk with gin or rum, which had been freely served out to them before the fight. So the four days went by, each day bringing the column about a mile nearer to Cana. In the afternoon of November 5th, as the king of the last fight died away, the sacred city was seen close in front through a clearing in the woods ; and along the path that led to its gates there came a party of mounted warriors with white flags. Behanzin was suing for peace.

Cana was occupied on the 6th, and the negotiations began. What Dodds demanded was really the unconditional surrender of the king, and Behanzin made desperate efforts to be allowed to retain something of his power. At last, on the 15th, Dodds, now promoted to the rank of general, decided to occupy the capital. As the vanguard advanced the country became more cultivated. Instead of forest, there were groves of palm and papaya and tilled fields between them. Away in the distance rose the first houses of the scattered suburbs of Behanzin's capital. Suddenly a dense cloud of smoke shot up from the midst of the city. Then fires broke out here and there, and several loud explosions were heard. The column riding on in advance found the suburbs in a blaze, and halted outside them. Behanzin made a Moscow of Abomey, and as he fled to the northward, taking with him a handful of faithful warriors—some four hundred in all—he left to the French only the ruins of a great city, which for a century had been a place of annual feasts little better than a vast slaughter-house.

The kingdom of Dahomey had ceased to exist. Within a few weeks the king had been hunted down and captured. Much may be admired in the dogged resistance he made to the conquerors in the almost daily fighting, and the forest tracks, no one can regret his downfall. The success of General Dodds—a success due as much to careful organisation and patient prudent leadership as to the bravery of his troops—was one more victory of civilisation over barbarism ; which, though it deprives the tribes of a nominal freedom, at the same time abolishes human sacrifice, slave-hunting, and other heinous forms of savagery.



instructive, though scarcely gratifying, note how largely the British fighting-n depends, for due appreciation of his exploits by land or sea, upon circumstances common fairness ought not to be taken into account in settling claims upon the national debt. The British public is much too prone to estimate military and naval valour by the measure of success ultimately attained by the operations in connection with which that valour was displayed. Thus, while we are at all times prone to exalt moderate achievements when they occur out of notable surroundings or leading to brilliant consequences, we often sadly underestimate really praiseworthy work because its operations are humdrum or its results disappointing. Of the latter class of injustice no more conspicuous example could be found than the case of the Walcheren expedition, the obscurity in which is shrouded much, if not all, of the genuine heroism displayed in the enterprise that forms the subject of this history. That the Walcheren expedition was sadly marred by faulty conception, imperfection of execution, and miserable delays, is habitually held to be quite sufficient reason for denying to the sailors and soldiers engaged in it the credit due to them for a notable display of energy and pluck. No doubt this is the nature of the case, and nothing will ever succeed in the future. But it is not in the eternal fitness of things that the merest hanger-on of Trafalgar should go down to posterity as a hero, while the fine fellows who manned the Flushing batteries in 1809 should be forgotten, merely because their Government and the Emperor alike were to be blamed for their inaction and ineptitude. Coming from this brief introduction into the subject of fact, it may be noted, for the benefit of those whose geography is a "negligible quantity," that Walcheren is one of a group of low-lying islands which have been

formed by alluvial deposits at the mouth of the Scheldt, and now constitute the Dutch province of Zeeland. Walcheren is separated by very narrow channels from the adjacent islands of North and South Beveland: it is about thirteen miles long by eleven broad, and lies about a hundred miles due east from the English coast. Inland it contains the considerable town of Middleburg, and on the south the important seaport of Flushing, the batteries of which in 1809 closed the passage of the western or principal branch of the Scheldt to any but the most powerful of hostile fleets. On the north of the island the fortress of Veere commanded at the same period the Veeregat, the channel separating Walcheren from North Beveland, while at the eastern extremity of South Beveland, Fort Bahtz—or, as it is now commonly called, Bath—barred the East Scheldt, and so still further blocked for an enemy's ships the water-way to Antwerp. The latter port—the key to the great estuary which, as has been justly observed, is the natural rival to that of the Thames—although fallen indeed from its former commercial grandeur, was in 1809 fast rising, under the magic hand of Napoleon, to fresh importance as a great naval stronghold. Already an arsenal and vast wet-docks had been created, and various other steps taken with the obvious intent of rendering Antwerp an excellent base for a future great attack upon England. But, owing to distractions on the Danube and in the Peninsula, these preparations were temporarily in abeyance, and in the meantime Antwerp was being quite inadequately garrisoned by about 2,000 invalids and coastguards, the majority of the French troops still remaining in these parts being thrown forward, to the number of 9,000 or thereabouts, for the manning of Flushing and other forts on the islands of the Scheldt.

The immediate *raison d'être* of the Walcheren expedition is to be found in the memorable

effort made by Austria in the spring and early summer of 1809 to stem the torrent of Napoleon's career of European conquest. Although hostilities in that connection were not actually commenced until April, 1809, the resolution of the Austrians to declare war had been communicated to the British Government in November, 1808, and simultaneously the cabinet of Vienna had impressed upon that of St. James's the desirability of a British diversion, more particularly by a land force in northern Germany.

trains, and men, went slowly forward—so slow that the preparations were not complete when news had reached this country of Napoleon's rout of the Austrians at Wagram. Thus from the outset, the expedition failed to accomplish its original object—the creation, namely, of a diversion calculated to assist a friendly Power in opposing the Napoleonic supremacy. Henceforth it was little more than a blow aimed at Napoleon's back by Great Britain on her own account, and never was blow more portentously delivered or more feebly followed up.

The expedition which sailed from the Downs on the 28th July 1809, *en route* for the Scheldt, was, from both a naval and military point of view, one of the largest and finest ever dispatched from these or any other shores. It consisted of thirty-seven ships of the line, twenty-three frigates, eighty-two gunboats, besides transports having on board over 40,000 of all arms, including two complete battering trains. The naval force was commanded by Sir Richard Strachan, the troops, and to some extent the expedition generally, being placed under the charge of Lord Chatham, the great earl and brother of William Pitt, "a respectable



FLUSHING.

But England, although fully alive to the necessity for such action, and, moreover, fully equal, as regards resources, to the part it was proposed she should play, was lamentably slow in rising to the occasion. Instead of taking the field simultaneously with Austria in April, the Government allowed itself to be at any rate temporarily discouraged by the failure of Sir John Moore's Spanish expedition, and did not even commence to take preliminary steps until quite the end of May. Meanwhile, the Austrians had been badly beaten at Echmühl, and had triumphed somewhat doubtfully at Aspern. Throughout June and July, an English expedition to the Scheldt having been finally decided upon, the work of getting ready ships, battering-

veteran, not without merit in the routine official duty at home," but "totally destitute of the activity and decision requisite in an enterprise in which success was to be won rather by rapidity of movement than deliberation of conduct." According to Lord Chatham's instructions, the object of the conjoint expeditions was the capture or destruction of the enemy's ships either building or afloat, at Antwerp or Flushing or afloat in the Scheldt; the destruction of arsenals and dockyards at Antwerp, Terneuzen and Flushing; the reduction of the Island of Walcheren; and the closing of the Scheldt, so far as possible, to navigation by ships of war.

On the 20th July the left wing of Lord Chatham's force, under Lieutenant-General Eyre Coote, arrived off Domburg, on the north side of Walcheren Island, and on the following day was landed on the sandhills in the vicinity of Fort Veere. On the morning of the 3d

deputation was received from Middleburg stating that the French garrison had retired to Flushing, and offering terms of capitulation, which were accepted. Fort Veere, after obstinate defence by a garrison some 600 strong, was captured on the 1st of August.

schooners, and fourteen gunboats—made a determined effort to recapture Fort Bath, but after a smart cannonade were forced to retire. Returning to Walcheren we find Lord Chatham's headquarters fixed from the 2nd of August at Middleburg, the troops being engaged



"SIR RICHARD STRACHAN KEPT UP FOR SEVERAL HOURS A TREMENDOUS CANNONADE" (A. 662.)

meanwhile, a division under Sir John Hope had landed on South Beveland and had taken possession of the whole island, including Fort Bath. The enemy's ships, which, when the English expedition arrived off Holland, were forced off Flushing, had by this time retired to the river, and on the 4th August were lying there at Antwerp, others at Fort Lillo, between Antwerp and Bath. On the 5th a strong detachment of the enemy's flotilla—consisting of two frigates, thirty brigs, eight luggers or

in getting guns into position and otherwise making vigorous preparations for the reduction of Flushing.

The activity and zeal of the naval force throughout the whole of these proceedings were beyond all praise. Loyally subordinating his own action to that of Lord Chatham in the first essential of getting the troops safely disembarked, Sir Richard Strachan subsequently lost no opportunity of rendering his hold upon the East and West Scheldt up to Fort

Bath as secure as he could make it both by general ubiquity and judicious concentration of force at points of importance. Nor was anything left undone that could be done in the way of useful minor bombardment, cutting communications, and preventing supplies from being thrown into Flushing. One specially fine performance was the forcing of the entrance to the West Scheldt, under the fire of the Flushing batteries, by ten frigates,* under the orders of Lord William Stuart, captain of the *Lavinia*. This squadron was under fire for two hours, and the gallant and seaman-like manner in which it was conducted, and its steady and well-directed fire, were greeted with roars of applause by the English troops which were able to watch the action from the shore. But, notwithstanding these diversions, some of Sir Richard Strachan's despatches seem to indicate that the operations were regarded as unduly extensive and complicated, and that the protracted delay caused by the military preparations for the bombardment of Flushing was producing a certain amount of naval misgiving.

It is to the delay in question that the ultimate failure of the expedition is commonly attributed; and, indeed, there is much to support this view. Lord Chatham, at the time the expedition entered the Scheldt, was in possession of authentic information to the effect that Antwerp was practically undefended. If the division which landed in South Beveland under Sir John Hope, and captured Fort Bath without striking a blow, had, after leaving a sufficient garrison for the latter, pushed on to Antwerp at once, it would probably have captured both that town and Fort Lillo *en route* without any difficulty. Such a course, moreover, if promptly taken, would have had the effect of cutting off the French fleet, for, as noted above, when the expedition arrived off Holland the enemy's ships were moored off Flushing, and would probably have remained there or returned thither had Antwerp been carried by a *coup de main* and both Forts Lillo and Bath been in the hands of English garrisons. As it was, the French squadron escaped up the river, and Sir John Hope's division remained inactive in South Beveland, being joined on the 9th August by the divisions under the Earl of Rosslyn and the Marquis of Huntley.

On the evening of the 7th August a notable sortie was made from Flushing upon the right

* *Lavinia*, *Heleine*, *Amethyst*, *Rota*, *Nymphes*, *l'Aigle*, *Euryalus*, *Statira*, *Dryad*, and *Perlin*.

of our line, the attack being directed c upon our advanced picquets, which were ported by the 3rd Battalion of the Royals 5th and the 35th—which, together with de ments of the Royal Artillery, the 95th, the eight battalions of the King's Ge Legion, engaged the enemy with great lantry, and forced him to retire. Subsequ the besieged garrison endeavoured to some embarrassment by opening the sluic Flushing and letting in the sea upon island; but adequate precautions had taken to render this ingenious attempt inundation ineffectual, and the preparation the bombardment were steadily pushed for

On the 13th August, the land batteries b Flushing being completed, and Lord Chat having duly notified the fact to his naval league, the latter caused his bombs and vessels to take up suitable stations at south-east and south-west ends of the to and at half-past one p.m. the bombard was commenced, the enemy promptly vigorously responding. At the outset we on land alone fifty-two pieces of heavy ordn and an additional battery of six 24-pou was completed the same night, the whole tinuing to play upon the town till late following day. On the evening of the an entrenchment in front of the right of line was brilliantly forced by the 14th F ment, now the Prince of Wales's Own (A Yorkshire), and detachments of the King's man Legion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nic who drove the enemy out, and effected a b ment within musket-shot of the walls of town, taking one gun and thirty prisoners. otherwise no great impression appears to been made on the gallant defenders till following day.

On the morning of the 14th August Richard Strachan, with the *St. Domi Blake*, *Repulse*, *Victorious*, *Deumark*, *At cious*, and *Venerable* line-of-battle ships, under weigh, and, ranging up along the sea-of defence, kept up for several hours a mendous cannonade, with the result that by 1 o'clock in the afternoon the town was alm everywhere in flames, and the enemy's fire for the time entirely ceased. Lord Chath who describes the scene of destruction as "p awful," hereupon summoned the place to s render, but no satisfactory reply being giv hostilities were resumed with the utmost vig About eleven o'clock at night one of the cas

and batteries was carried at the point of the bay by detachments from the 36th, 71st, and 10th battalions of the King's German Legion, owing to great superiority of numbers; and on the morning of the 15th August the British demanded a suspension of arms for eight hours. This was refused, only two being granted, when General Monnet, leading the French troops, agreed to surrender on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war. On the 16th, articles of capitulation were ratified, and the English troops took possession of the town. The return of the garrison surrendered includes 16 officers of the line, 3,773 non-commissioned officers and privates, 480 sick and wounded—total, 4,379. In addition to these the original garrison included besides the number killed during the siege, which must have been very large, upwards of 1,000 wounded who had been removed to England previously to the complete investment of the town.

With the fall of Flushing the Walcheren expedition practically came to an end, but not in the manner that might have been expected from its glorious beginning. Instead of being followed by the seizure of Antwerp and the destruction of the enemy's fleet, the siege, which, as it had been, had changed the whole of the affairs by giving to both the French and British Governments time to place Antwerp in a better state of defence, to withdraw the British to a place of security, and to assemble reinforcements within striking distance of the town.

This does not seem to have dawned on the British until, with ridiculous tardiness, Lord Wellington advanced his headquarters to Fort Bath, where he only reached on the 26th August, ten days from Flushing—barely thirty miles distant—too late to be of any use. Meanwhile the marsh fever was doing its worst to tell most seriously upon the troops, and a little short of 3,000 were in hospital. On the 1st of September a council of war was accordingly called, and it was unanimously decided that a further advance was impossible. Orders then followed indicating a complete withdrawal from the advanced position on the island of Beveland and the embarkation of such troops as remained, after providing a substantial garrison for Walcheren, which it was hoped would still be permanently retained.

The retention of Walcheren had been feasible, and the expedition might still have secured an important result by practically sealing the Scheldt, and leaving a garrison detailed—some 15,000 strong—sufficiently ample for the purpose. But fate

and fever were too strong for the "respectable veteran" and his unfortunate soldiers. The Walcheren malaria soon caught the Englishmen in its fell grip, and did not readily release its victims. By the middle of September—about a fortnight after the rest of the expedition had returned home—half the garrison were in hospital, and the death-rate was running up to two and three hundred a week. After two months of ghastly misery the final order for evacuation was given and carried out—one can imagine, with gloomy cheerfulness—after the works and naval base of Flushing had been carefully destroyed.

Thus ended "Walcheren, 1809," an expedition which cost us 7,000 British lives, not to



THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

speaking of nearly twice that number who were invalided home, and thousands more who brought back constitutions so shattered by malaria that they never fully regained their strength. What lessons are to be gained from such a colossal failure are writ sufficiently large in the foregoing simple narrative; but, at least, it is comforting to reflect that, serious as those lessons are, they involve no sort of slur upon the courage and discipline of the British naval and military services. As a great stroke of Continental policy the Walcheren expedition was radically culpable, in that it started at least three months too late. Strategically speaking, it was characterised by utter want of enterprise and sinful waste of time. But it included a very fair modicum of what Mr. Kipling's Terence Mulvaney calls "sumptuous fightin'," and there is plenty of evidence to show that in this respect the British troops engaged, as well as their gallant opponents—who for thirty-six hours maintained their hold on Flushing against one of the most terrible bombardments ever recorded—worthily upheld the best traditions of their respective nations.



IT was the early spring of 1885. Canada was still covered with her mantle of snow, pure and unsullied on the vast prairies of the west and the farms of the east; and like tufts of cotton-wool on a child's Christmas tree, it still rested on the dark branches of the pines and the hemlocks of her pathless forests, where the axe of the lumberman and the tap of the woodpecker alone awakened the silence of winter.

Less beautiful, the snow was piled and dirty in the streets of her great cities, which were just waking to trade and to the opening navigation of the mighty rivers, whose fleets of ice floes surged slowly to the sea. In the far north the tributary rivers still bore upon their frozen breasts a wealth of piled logs, to be floated to the huge saw-mills of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, or shipped as squared timber across the Atlantic from the stately old city of Quebec.

The rosy-cheeked, light-footed Canadian girls and athletic young men were getting tired of the fun and frolic of winter carnival. Snow-shoe and skate and toboggan would soon be laid aside for the canoe and tent and fishing-rod, among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or on the shores of Rivière du Loup and Tadousac. But the tinkling sleigh-bells were not yet silent, and gay picnic parties still frequented the leafless maple groves, and disturbed the stolid Habitan at his sugar harvest. The seven provincial Parliaments and the Federal Parliament at Ottawa still debated on every subject, including woman-suffrage (which the Dominion Parliament discussed at an all-night sitting), till daylight dawned upon the corpses that strewed the battlefield of Fish Creek. Though a free hand had been given by the Cabinet to the minister, no one thought war imminent, except the lonely settler on his ranche hard by the Saskatchewan, where the Indian was fast becoming dangerously insolent, and the French half-breed was sullenly nursing

his discontent at the delay of the Government in legalising their claims to the scattered huts and half-tilled prairie farms.

The pioneer white settlers were also working themselves into wrath over similar delays in granting homestead rights. The prairie Indians had no tangible grievance against the Government beyond their natural dislike to share their country with white men. They had been given ample reserves and daily rations of meat and flour, blankets, and a small sum of money annually. But with the buffalo had disappeared not only food and clothing, but happy hunting. The transition from hunter and horse-thief to a rationed loafer was too sudden. Work they would not, to beg they were not ashamed; they mounted their kyuses (ponies), and, rifle in hand, left their reserves, followed by their women bestriding the ponies that drew the travois, a trailing contrivance of tepee poles that carried tent, papooses, puppies, and cooking-pots. If the ration-issuer could not follow their peregrinations, they frequented the small towns that spring up along the Canadian Pacific Railway with the usual demoralising results. Rifles they had from the old buffalo days, ammunition they craved, though there was little to shoot but the white man or his cattle. For cartridges they would sell anything, from squaws to medicine pipes.

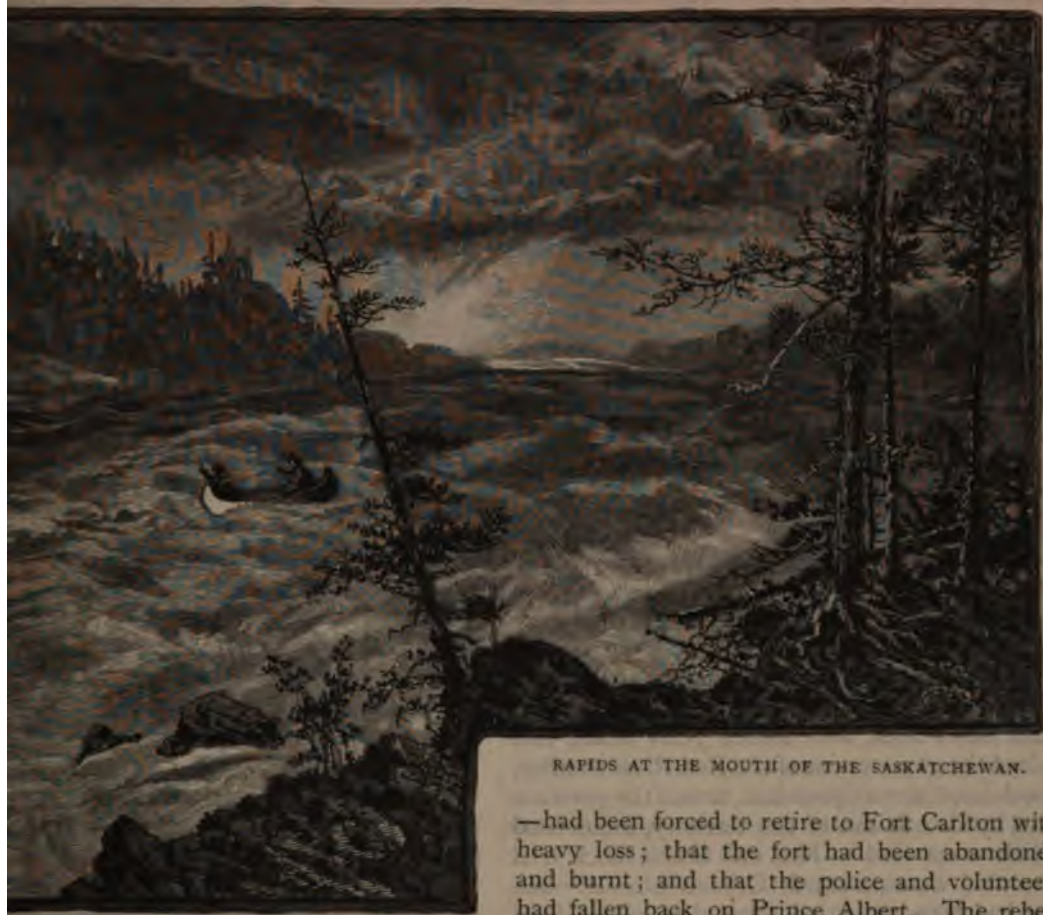
The Wood Indians, Crees, and Chipewyan in the far north, lived on fish, game, and barter of furs with the Hudson Bay posts. They also had been relegated to reserves, a system they disliked. The great chiefs "Big Bear" and "Poundmaker" had collected bands they could not feed. The emissaries of Riel were busy among them, with promises of a millennium of pork and flour from the plunder of the Hudson Bay stores and settlements—"no police, plenty of whisky." These blessings were to be obtained with the aid of their brethren from the United

and the evergreen Fenian Brigade. They also told King George's red soldiers could help the Canadians, as they were fighting Russians.

Frog Lake an Indian had been imprisoned for stealing beef (said to have been his way by the Indian agent). While going imprisonment his squaw became involved with the prosecutor. When the Indian served his imprisonment he returned, and the agent was shot, as well as two Roman

this last mute protest the Indians released all their white prisoners, and surrendered themselves and their arms.

But we are anticipating, as the Canadian Government did not anticipate. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand that hung over the great lone land suddenly spread and burst. The news was flashed to Ottawa that a detachment of North-West police—fifty strong, with a 7-pounder gun and a company of loyal volunteers from Battleford, sent out to collect supplies



RAPIDS AT THE MOUTH OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

ic priests at the mission and some equally int settlers. Three Government officials murdered, and the rest, with all the women children, taken prisoners; the church, sawnd the whole settlement plundered and by Big Bear's band, his son, "Bad Child," conspicuous. And so the curtain rose on st act of the tragedy.

r the last fight of Steele's scouts at "Loon" the squaw was found hung on a tree in e of march, also the agent's dog. With

—had been forced to retire to Fort Carlton with heavy loss; that the fort had been abandoned and burnt; and that the police and volunteers had fallen back on Prince Albert. The rebels had taken cover in a coulee, or depression of the prairie; and when the advancing mounted police and volunteers showed themselves, they were met by a withering fire from the half-breeds and Indians, under Gabriel Dumont, a celebrated old buffalo-hunter. Before the mounted police and volunteers, who were in sleighs, could properly extend, their losses became so heavy that retirement was found necessary, and, to add to their difficulties, the first shell was jammed in the bore of the 7-pounder M. L. gun, rendering it useless.

Captain Morton and eight men were killed, Captain Moore and four men wounded. The large proportion of killed, and the picking out of officers, shows the deadly accuracy of the half-breed aim. It was unfortunate that police-inspector Crozier allowed himself to take the initiative, when he knew that Colonel Irvine, commissioner of police, was within a day's march with a reinforcement of 100 men. The latter officer had marched from Regina with unexampled rapidity—291 miles in seven days, 42 miles per day, the thermometer often below zero. He had marched through hostile country and evaded Riel, who, with 400 men, desired to prevent his passage of the Saskatchewan river and junction with Inspector Crozier. Colonel Irvine got scant credit for the swift strategy with which he opened the campaign, or for the efficiency of the North-West Mounted Police, which could make such marches and yet were left shut up in Battleford and Prince Albert.

Then the fact was brought home to the Government that a police force was not sufficient to cope with so formidable an outbreak.

The long familiarity between police, Indians, and Métis had bred mutual contempt. The fact that Louis Riel, who fifteen years before had seized the government of the Red River country, proclaimed himself president, turned the governor sent by Canada out of the territory, imprisoned all those opposed to him, and after a mock trial executed Scott, a sturdy Orange Loyalist—and yet had been amnestied, allowed to return from the United States, and for many months to hold seditious public meetings, caused the half-breeds to hold the Government in profound contempt, so much so that the Indian name for the then Premier, on account of his policy of procrastination, was "Apinoquis"—"Old To-morrow." On the other hand, the Government thought that because Louis Riel had fled, and his force collapsed without firing a shot against the Red River Expedition under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, that the outbreak of 1885 would also be a flash in the pan.

It was fortunate at this juncture that a French-Canadian gentleman, Mr. (Sir) A. Caron, was Minister of Militia and Defence.

He did not hesitate, but wisely le executive to General Middleton, comm the Militia, who acted with equal prom and left for Winnipeg the day after the of the telegram of the disaster at Duck He picked up on his way to Winnipeg th Battalion Militia Volunteers (Major Mac 268 rank and file, and Major Jarvis's Field Battery. Orders were sent for the diate entraining from Quebec and King "A" and "B" Batteries Royal Canadian lery, consisting of two field-batteries (tw

of each only were under Majors Shc Peters, and a deta of gunners acting fantry, the whole manded by Colonel zambert. From (also came the (School Troop ((Turnbull), 50 sabre: Toronto "C" Infantry Company Smith), 90 rank an The Royal Ca Artillery and thes "Schools" of infant cavalry are the disciplined troop Canada, whose d peace time is to i



CREE INDIAN.

the Militia of their respective arms—an ex system, but puzzling in nomenclature.

Every province and city sent its quota 10th Grenadiers, strength 250 (Colonel Gr the Queen's Own Rifles (Colonel Miller and the Bodyguard Cavalry, 81, under (Denison, from Toronto; from Ottawa the marksmen of the Governor-General's Guards, 51 (Major Todd), the Midland Ba 340 (Colonel Williams). The French-Can rifle regiments—the 9th (Colonel Amyc 65th (Colonel Ouimet) —from Quebe Montreal respectively, were pitted again Western Indians rather than the Frencl breeds. All answered with alacrity. C and men left the law-courts, the Ho Commons, the office desk, the store, the p the workshop, the forest, with no experie war and but little training. They proved selves enduring and gallant soldiers, even

ing a force of half-breed hunters and ; as good shots as the Boers ; as brave, and as skilful as those Transvaal "com-" who inflicted upon British arms one w reverses they have sustained.

most noticeable feature of the whole n, a feature which makes its study of the value to British militia and volunteers, extraordinary facility with which the Canadian volunteers became converted ellent marching and fighting soldiers. It o be a matter of pride to young Eng- that their brothers and cousins settled ada, many of them "army competi- ilures, vied with the young Canadian. r eagerness to go to the front they ir farms to take care of themselves.

indifferent farmers, they made excellent avalry. Bolton's, French's, Dennis's,

Stuart's scouts, and the Alberta d Rifles were a mixture of young Cana- d English settlers, Western men, sur- and cowboys mounted on the toughest chos. Many of the cowboys of the 1 Column were American citizens. A y was anticipated as to their taking h of allegiance to Her Majesty, but a will swear to anything for the sake of a ge with the Redskins ; always to the ever grumbling or giving trouble to but the enemy.

ace-time Canada has no organised trans- mmissariat, or field medical department.

four weeks all three were improvised, with the aid of the great Hudson Bay y and the supervision of General Laurie entral base.

astonishing rapidity with which Canada through the campaign speaks well for her r militia system, and for the inherent qualities of Canadians. It is not impos- at in the future the martial spirit of . Dominion of Canada, and what some of : will soon be the New Dominions of asia and South Africa, may be a source ight to the Old Country and save us e need of foreign alliances.

ance at the map shows the Canadian Railway stretching across the continent, iles from ocean to ocean. The western s not completed, and ended in a wilder- untry that supplied nothing but wild beef on the hoof, Indians, cowboys, and gophers. Unfortunately, the rail- s also not finished further east. There

was a gap of 400 miles along the north shore of Lake Superior, which Riel believed would be an impassable barrier to the passage of troops at that season. Parallel to the railway, and for 800 miles, about 200 miles north, rolls the mighty North Saskatchewan. Upon it were three settlements (our objectives), surrounded by the enemy, and held by small garrisons of police :—(1) Prince Albert, with Batoche, the half-breed head-quarters of the rebels ; (2) Battleford ; (3) Fort Pitt, with Edmonton beyond it. Opposite to these objectives were our bases at Qu'Appelle, Swift Current, and Calgary, from each of which marched a column—the eastern, under General Middleton, from Qu'Appelle ; the central from Swift Current, under Colonel Otter, a Canadian officer ; and the western column, under General Strange, from Calgary.

From his own account, General Middleton concentrated his attention on Batoche, and intended to take the central (Colonel Otter's) column with him, the southern branch of the Saskatchewan being between them. He tells us he doubted the strategic necessity of considering the other objectives, and that "nor'-westers" were his pet abhorrence ! Yet the nor'-west had eventually to be taken into consideration. Perhaps it was difficult for a man who had never been beyond Eastern Canada at once to grasp the strategic geography of a new continent. He, however, believed in himself—an excellent quality in a general. Fortunately for General Middleton, Riel, who, as he naïvely wrote, "did not like war," had evidently not studied that subject at the University of Montreal, where he was educated. Riel chose to take his stand in the fork of the North and South Saskatchewan, navigable for General Middleton's armed steamers, which could take him in reverse. He also exposed his line of retreat at Prince Albert to Colonel Irvine and the North-West Police, who were to attack him in combination with General Middleton.

With a river at his back, therefore, both branches of which were navigable for his enemies' steamers, and a telegraph line behind the latter, Riel awaited the attack of the best regular troops of Canada, with field-artillery and Gatling guns. The houses he occupied were mere shell-traps, and some were not even Gatling-proof. A half-breed knows just enough to take up a faulty strategic position ; an Indian does not.

As the three columns, when once started, could not communicate till their objectives were

after the relief of Prince Albert and d. General Strange (who will have to ter on in the first person) was an ex-officer settled on a ranche near , who had volunteered his services.

himself with cutting the wire only between Batoche and Prince Albert. When a prisoner he told General Middleton: "I only wanted to cut off Prince Albert, as I thought I might want the wire, after defeating you, to communicate



VIEW NEAR CALGARY.

(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

April Major Smith, "C" School of Infantry, 40 men, overtook General a, and Major-General Laurie, a retired veteran living in Halifax, also joined, ough senior to General Middleton, ed to serve under him.

arch generally followed the telegraph h was tapped at every halt, and was eatest service, for Riel had contented

with Ottawa, and make terms with the Government." On this march the Indian "Day Star" and his people on the Indian farm were met and a "pow-wow" was held: they expressed loyalty in proportion to the tea, tobacco, bacon, and flour with which they were presented.

On the 11th the great salt plains had to be negotiated in bitter cold, through wind,

his men to dismount, and let loose their horses, some of which were immediately shot, as well as a few men, the flankers and files in front falling back on the supports, and the wounded crawling back to the line. The enemy were kept in check till the advanced guard of the 90th came up. Captain Wise's horse was shot in going back for them. Meanwhile, amid the rattle or rifle fire and the "ping" of bullets, could be heard the oaths, shouts, and jeers of the excited Métis, mingled with the vibrating war-whoop of the Indians; but the English scouts spoke only



with their Winchesters. One brave, alone, in full war-paint, dashed boldly out of cover, shouting his war-cry. He was immediately shot, and his example was not followed. When the advanced guard of the 90th came up, it was extended on the right of the scouts; Captain Clarke (in command) and several men were wounded. The main body were brought up by Colonel Houghton, and Major Mackeand (90th) and two more companies extended to the right. The two guns of "A" Battery,

firing shots himself at birds and rabbits, as my scouts have frequently reported. I unfortunately missed him; and my shot being mistaken for the signal, all my men began firing, and exposed their position before the enemy had fallen into the trap I had laid for them." It will be seen fools have their uses, even the irrepressible sporting British tenderfoot.

under Major Peters, came into action ; but as the enemy were too well covered, the general withdrew them. Subsequently they dashed into the fight at close quarters, which was necessary, as the men in the rifle-pits could not be reached from a distance. The guns took up various positions on both sides of the coulee. Captain Drury and Lieutenant Ogilvie at last ran their guns up by hand to within twenty yards of the edge of the ravine, and giving extreme depression, fired case shot into the bush which concealed the pits, whose whereabouts were only seen by the puffs of smoke, and the presence of the enemy felt as gunner after gunner fell in the act of ramming home (the guns were muzzle-loaders, and the men completely exposed).^{*} About this time the enemy's fire slackened. They were seen moving down to their right. Major Boswell (90th) was sent to seize a farmhouse on the left front, to check this movement, and the enemy fell back down the creek towards the pits.

The firing-line of infantry had in the meantime pushed up to the edge of the ravine, suffering severely, the men in their eagerness exposing themselves to the fire from below : any man raising himself showed against the sky-line, and many were shot through the head. The rebels now attempted a turning movement on our right, along the bottom of the coulee, and set fire to the prairie, to cover the movement and check and embarrass our men, the wind blowing towards us. The general had previously sent his two aides to extend three companies of the 90th, Captain Buchan and "C" School Company, Major Smith, to the extreme right, the remainder of the 90th, under Major Mackeand, were held in reserve near the field hospital, where the waggons were corralled. Things looked critical, but from general to bugler every man and boy did his duty. The plucky old general was everywhere ; a ball passed through his fur cap, his horse, "Sam," was also grazed.

His two aides-de-camp, Captain Wise and Lieutenant Doucet, were both wounded, the former had two horses shot under him ; and above the din of the battle might be heard the shrill treble of the boy-bugler, Billy Buchanan, of the 90th, as he walked up and down the firing-line : "Now, boys, who's for more cartridges ?" The band-men were busy bringing the wounded to the doctors, under Surgeon-

^{*} Some day we shall have shields for our B.L. field-guns.

Major Orton, an old army hand ; and teamsters were brought up, led by Bedford, transport officer, and under the enemy's beat out the blazing prairie with branches.

Captain Drury shelled the farmhouse buildings occupied by the enemy on the left and cleared them out. Colonel Montizambello, commanding the left column, hearing the firing brought down his force and guns to the edge of the river, though the banks were a hundred feet high, with no sort of a roadway. Unfortunately, the scow had been sent for forage was not at first available ; eventually 250 and two guns and horses were crossed over the river. The Grenadiers were immediately extended to support. By this time the enemy's fire almost ceased, and they had retired along the ravine, except a determined handful, who held the pits. Major Peters got permission to try the bayonet : he made a desperate charge, followed by a detachment of garrison gunners of the "A" Battery ; some of the 90th followed, Captain Ruttan, and Lieutenant Swinford, Colonel Houghton. After making several valiant attempts, they remained in the ravine. Ordered to retire by the general, with three killed and five wounded, including Lieutenant Swinford and a gunner, whose body was found within ten paces of the pits. The general refused to allow any further attempt, considering it a futile waste of life.

The Grenadiers were left extended along the ridge, while the rest of the force retired a mile to pitch camp—a difficult task, as a blinding snow storm had set in. As the Grenadiers were moving off, a considerable body of mounted men showed themselves on the opposite side of the ravine. They had probably been sent to bring off the gallant fellows in the pits, for the Grenadiers facing about they disappeared.

General Middleton had about 400 men actually engaged ; the rebels 280, most advantageously posted. Our casualties were fifty-killed or died of wounds. The Indians left three dead on the field, but were subsequently found to have had eleven killed or died of wounds and eighteen wounded ; about 200 of their ponies were shot, as the poor brutes were tied up in the wooded ravine. The *Northcott* not arriving as expected, the wounded were sent to Saskatoon in extemporised ambulances, the settlers taking them into their homes. Surgeon-Major Douglas, V.C., had paddled a hundred miles alone in his canoe to give his aid, and Deputy-Surgeon-General Roddick arrived



"HE SHOT THE INDIAN THROUGH THE SIDE" (A. 674)

with a complete staff, and Nurse Miller, pleasant, kind, and skilful, as nurses are wont to be.

The steamer *Northcote* had been delayed by low water, but she propped herself over the sandbanks with her long legs like a great grasshopper, as Western stern-wheel steamers manage to do, and arrived on the 5th May with supplies and reinforcements. Colonel Van Straubenzie, a veteran of the Crimea and India, Colonel Williams, M.P., commanding 100 men—"Midlanders"—a Gatling gun with Captain Howard, late U.S.A. agent of the Gatling Gun Company.

Leaving General Middleton to bury his dead, let us turn to the Central and Western Columns. The Central Column, under Colonel Otter, when organised for the relief of Battleford, was composed of: Personal staff, Lieutenant Sears, I.S.C., and Captain Mutton; Major Short, "B" Battery, R.C.A., 2 guns and 1 Gatling; garrison gunners, Captain Farley, 113; "C" Infantry School, Lieutenant Wadmore, 49; Governor-General's Foot Guards, Captain Todd, 51; Queen's Own Rifles, Colonel Miller, 274; North-West Mounted Police, Superintendent Herkmer, 50; scouts, 6; total, 543.

Their march was very rapid after crossing the South Saskatchewan: 100 miles were covered in five days, with a long waggon-train carrying the infantry, twenty-five days' rations, and wood-fuel. On the evening of the arrival Colonel Otter did not enter the settlement, and deferred doing so till daylight. The Indians utilised the delay to burn and loot the suburbs on the south side of the river. Next day he marched into Battleford, and on the 20th April learned from his scouts that about 200 Crees and Stoneys were encamped with Poundmaker about thirty-eight miles distant. It was decided to make a reconnaissance in force and surprise their camp. On the 1st May Colonel Otter marched out of Battleford with 325 of his force, including the Battleford Rifles, and forty-eight waggons to carry the men and rations, Major Short's two 7-pounder M.L.R. guns.* Halting at 8 p.m. Colonel Otter waited till the moon rose, and then pushed on through the night. Daybreak showed the Cree camp on a rise, partially surrounded by wooded coulees; Cut Knife Creek ran across the front. The advanced scouts had crossed the creek and mounted the

* At the last moment, and contrary to the wish of the artillery officer, the equipment was changed—7-pounders, the carriages of which had been rotting in store since the last Red River expedition, being substituted for 9-pounders.

rising ground before they were discovered by the alarm given. Scarcely had the scouts reached the crest of the hill than they were met by a sharp fire; the police extended on the left, and the guns, pushed forward into the line and supported by the garrison as infantry escort, opened with shrapnel on the camp. An Indian, on emergency, ran for a short toilet and dispenses even with fire, so that in a short time they were running through the brushwood coulees and all round the force, pouring in a deadly cross-fire upon our men, who at first hid themselves carelessly, but soon learned their lesson. The whole force had to be pushed up the fighting line to meet the attack, the Battleford Rifles guarding the rear and the force of police horses and waggon-train were sheltered in a slight declivity, where few casualties occurred—a waggon-horse and Short's charger being shot.

Shortly after the fight became general a desperate rush was made by the braves to the Gatling, which had jammed for the first time. The two 7-pounders had broken their trails with the recoil, and were being loaded and spliced by Captain Rutherford and detachments; but Major Short, calling the garrison gunners and police, advanced head to meet the onset of the braves, and drove them back in a hard run—a pace an Indian very seldom adopts—his back to the foe. A tall brave, slowly, turned and took deliberate aim at the major, who was about twenty feet in front of the men; the bullet passed through the side of the jauntily-cocked cap, and cut a circle from his head. He drew his revolver and fired at the Indian through the side. He rolled over on his back, staggered a few paces, dropped, and drew a blanket over his head, to die decorously as Caesar might have done. Alas! a moment later a blow from a rifle-butt in the hands of the excited French-Canadian gunner sped him to his happy hunting-ground. The major took the scalp with a scalping-knife but left him his scalp—a memento the Indian might not have returned if things gone the other way.† Repulse.

* Maxims were not then so well known for their liability to jamming.

† In this action "B" Battery had Lieutenant Sergeant Calfney, Corporal Morton, and Gunner I. severely wounded. After literally hairbreadth escapes in the battle, Major Short died doing his duty in part from an explosion of gunpowder in blowing up a pile of stores to stop a vast conflagration in the city of Qu'Appelle.

ment, the Indians strenuously tried to hold the force by working through the coulees from both flanks.* The right and left flanks were menaced, but the coulees were cleared of the Indians by a party of Battalions under Captain Nash, Ross, chief of Scouts, and individuals of other corps, for the fighting had got mixed, from the nature of the ground and the character of the attack. In a similar manner, the left rear was cleared by a party of the Queen's Own and Battleford Rifles. A few brave men remained, however, a few brave men who held their ground until outflanked by the enemy, making a long *détour*, towards the rear during the day.

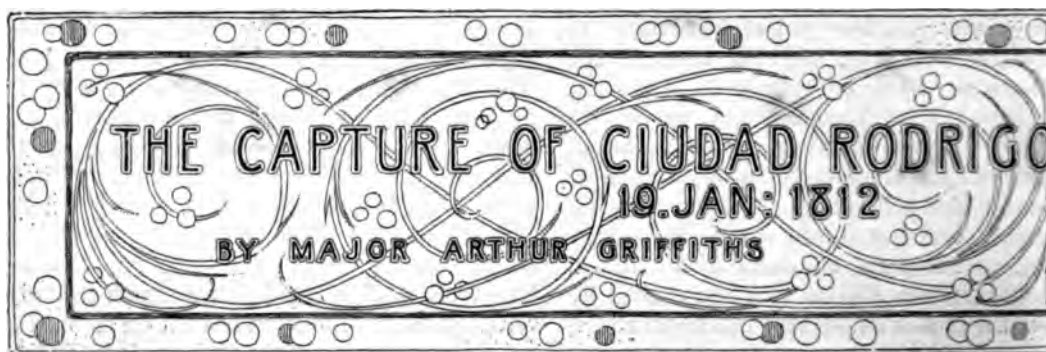
After six hours' fighting, the flank and rear were clear, but the position was not tenable during the night. The guns could only be fought by moving up the broken trails with splints after the guns. Colonel Otter had accomplished his object by handling Poundmaker and his men so roughly that Big Bear did not care to fight his discomfited friend, but preferred to try his luck with the Western Column in the swamps north of the Saskatchewan. Colonel Otter puts the strength of the Indian braves at 100 and 50 Métis.

Colonel Otter returned to Battleford the same night, fearing a counter-attack on that place. The retirement was effectually covered by the artillery, crippled though it was, Short—first in advance and last in retreat—bringing up the rear with the Gatling. The dead and wounded were brought over the creek safely—8 killed and 14 wounded. The body of Private Osgood, of the Guards, alone could not be recovered. The force made a rapid return march to Battleford. General Middleton has left on record that he did not approve of the dash made by Colonel Otter, nor, indeed, of the action of any of the commanders whom distance made it impossible for him personally to control.

So far, we have followed the fortunes of the Eastern and Centre Columns, up to the battles of Fish Creek and Cut Knife. Should the reader so desire, he may at no distant date follow also the wilderness march of the Western Column, with its fights at Frenchman's Butte and Loon Lake in pursuit of "Big Bear," and read the story of the four days' battle at Batoche, where the brave but misguided half-breeds were lured to destruction by the foolish fanatic Riel, who paid the penalty of the folly that becomes crime.



GENERAL MIDDLETON.



ALL was ready for the attack. Major George Napier, one of the three illustrious brothers whose names are now household words, stood at the head of his volunteer stormers, taking his instructions from Lord Wellington himself.

"Now do you quite understand? Do you see the way you are to take so as to arrive at the breach without noise or confusion?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," replied Napier.

Someone of the staff, who was standing by, then said—

"You are not loaded! Why don't you make your men load?"

"No," sturdily replied Napier; "I shall not load. If we cannot do the business with the bayonet and without firing, we shall not be able to do it at all."

"Let him alone; let him go his own way," remarked Wellington, interposing, and thus fully endorsing the view which Napier took of the work in hand.

A few minutes later Napier was shot down as he entered the breach at the head of his men. His arm was shattered, and hung helpless, but he disdained all assistance.

"Push on, lads, push on!" he cried undaunted, still cheering his men. "Never mind me; push on—the place is ours!"

And there he lay, till all had passed him, getting terribly bruised and trampled upon in the confusion in the darkness.

It was not till he heard the shouts of "Victory! Old England for ever!" that he gave himself up to the surgeon for the amputation of his arm.

They were true heroes, these old Peninsular worthies; and there were few finer fellows than the Napier—Charles, William, and George. But at Ciudad Rodrigo there were others who gained great fame: Generals Craufurd and Mackinnon, both killed at the breaches;

Gurwood and Mackie, who led the forlorn Hardyman, a captain of the 45th, of whom it was said so gallant was his demeanour, so his exploits, that although three general and seventy other officers had fallen, "the s fresh from the strife talked only of Hardy. The taking of Ciudad Rodrigo was indeed a splendid feat of arms.

Time was of vital importance. The French general, Marmont, was collecting his strength for its relief; the ground the besiegers depended might at any moment be flooded, as it was the rainy season, and a night's down-pour of rain would have ruined the enterprise. The only chance lay in boldly attempting an assault, without waiting till the fortifications were ruined by bombardment. Heartily as it may sound, the only solution was to save life rather than time. This is what Wellington had meant when he prefaced his final order by the announcement that Ciudad Rodrigo must be taken on a particular day. His men knew they were expected of them, and, without hesitating, they answered: "We will do it!"

It was no light enterprise, the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but Wellington undertook it on reasonable grounds. In the first place, he was bound to do something just then. A real and substantial success was very urgently required. Great dissatisfaction prevailed in England at the prolonged inactivity of his army. The Government at home was unpopular, and he passed on what it could to its general commanding in the field, finding fault, yet giving him no very generous or sufficient support. He stood practically alone—he must bear the brunt of all he did and all that came of it; not the less did he reckon up his chances and consider the various operations open to him independently of their difficulty or the attending them.

The one he chose was that which lay nearest

yet seemed almost hopeless and impossible. Marmont was really misled by the many advantages that told against the English, and he prevented them, as he thought, from attempting any serious blow. It was the depth of the winter season; the weather was intensely cold,

and for many consecutive days they had no bread; the horses of the cavalry and artillery, the mules of the military train, were half-starved—chopped straw, the only food, was exceedingly scarce; and the muleteers, upon whom much depended, had been eight months without pay. Above all, the Portuguese, Wellington's allies, were apathetic,



"NOW DO YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND?" (p. 676).

and frost alternated with heavy rains. The country around was so wasted and depopulated as to impede all military movements. The English army was in very poor case; the troops suffered greatly from ill-health, due to their long occupation of damp, low-lying ground; hundreds were in hospital, the rest were dispirited and found, their uniforms were ragged, their pay six months in arrear; supplies were scanty, brought up with great irregularity; men were put on half-rations, and for three conse-

disinclined to co-operate in any forward and decided move.

Yet Wellington, nothing daunted, proceeded to gather up the threads and weld them together for his purpose. His troubles, after all, were working to his advantage: the enemy was aware of them and magnified them greatly. The dispersing of the British troops over a vast area was taken as a clear proof of the difficulties of subsistence, and as a certainty that they could not assume the offensive. Other small matters

encouraged this false security in the French. Nothing, least of all a siege, could be contemplated, for it was firmly believed that the English had no battering-train. Again, the Quarter-master-General, Murray, was granted leave of absence to go to England. No great operations could be near at hand when so prominent an official was suffered to leave the army. When Murray afterwards reproached Wellington for allowing him to lose all share in the coming brilliant exploit, the general laughingly replied that his absence had been of the greatest service to him, for Marmont had heard of it, and was in consequence satisfied that nothing much was about to happen.

Profound secrecy was a first condition of success in an operation which, as the historian puts it, needed extreme nicety, quickness, prudence, and audacity. Wellington was careful to divulge nothing, and only a masterful, self-reliant leader could have made such extensive preparations without betraying his purpose. He had begun them really the previous autumn when he had refortified Almeida, which had recently fallen into his hands, intending it as a secure place of arms, where he might collect his siege artillery. Large detachments of infantry had been practised in the business of military engineering, in the manufacture of gabions, fascines, and pickets in the digging of trenches and earthworks. He had also set the military artificers to build a great trestle bridge to be used in crossing the river Agueda, upon which Ciudad Rodrigo stands.

By the 1st January, 1812, he had brought up half his guns, had fortunately found ammunition in Almeida, and had begun to lay the bridge at Marialva below the town. Four divisions were to be employed in the siege—the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and Light; but as the weather was bitterly cold and the army had no tents, there was no cover or protection to the troops on the north side. It was ordered, therefore, that the regiments should occupy cantonments on the south bank among the villages. They were to cross over to their work from day to day as their turn of duty came round. In this way each division was to have one whole day in the trenches out of every four, taking with them their food, cooked, and their entrenching tools. The hardship of this service was great. It was necessary to cross the icy-cold river Agueda going to and fro, wading through water sometimes to the waist. No fires could be lighted, and their wet clothes often froze on to the men during the night. One of those

who went through this siege described pieces of ice were constantly brought down by the rapid current, and so bruised the troops fording the river that cavalry were ordered to form four deep across the ford, and under the living shelter the men crossed comparatively unharmed.

The fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo stood on a high ground in a nearly open plain with a rocky surface, but to the northward there were two redoubts respectively some 180 and 600 yards distant from the ramparts. The first of these, called the Lesser Tesson, was about on a level with the walls; the second, or Greater Tesson, rose 100 feet above them. Upon the latter an advanced and palisaded redoubt had been constructed, called San Francisco, and this prevented the enemy's siege operations on this side while it was in the enemy's hands. The town itself was defended by a double line of fortifications—the inner, an ancient wall of masonry, was not particularly strong; the second, or outer, was intended to cover the inner wall. The latter is known in old-fashioned fortification as a "fausse braie." It gave but little protection, being set so far down the slope of the hill. Besides the foregoing, the suburbs of the town were defended by an earthen entrenchment hastily thrown up by the Spaniards some years previously. But since the French held Ciudad Rodrigo they had utilised the convents, large and substantial buildings for general defence, fortifying them and placing cannon in battery upon their flat roofs.

Wellington, having resolved to attack the town from the north side, was compelled, in the first instance, to get possession of the redoubt of San Francisco on the Greater Tesson. This was effected upon the night of the 8th, and was done in most gallant style by a portion of the 1st Division, led by Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, one of the most brilliant of the soldiers who were famous in the Peninsular War. Major Napier, who has been mentioned already, volunteered, but Wellington said the staff should be commanded by the first field officer for duty. Colborne's orders were given so clearly and precisely that it was impossible to misunderstand them. The storming party was to descend into the ditch, cut away the palisades, and climb over into the redoubt. At about 9 p.m., the water being "England and St. George"; and the palisades close to the outward side of the ditch, sprang on them without waiting to

own. Then they rushed on "with so fury that the assailants appeared to be at the same time in the ditch, mounting ladders, fighting on the top of the rampart, and forcing the gorge of the redoubt." Undaunted courage was irresistible. The garrison of the redoubt were all killed or made prisoners, and this with only the most trifling loss on our side.

The capture of the redoubt was the signal for "digging ground," as it is called, the digging of the first trench or parallel—the first of the series of zigzags or approaches—under cover of which the assailants creep up to a fortress which is being besieged. The work must be done steadily, and quickly. A whole brigade covered the operation, and 700 men with pick and shovel laboured to such purpose that a trench four feet deep and four feet wide was dug by the time. Once safely established at a height which gave a good view of the whole place, the engineers proceeded to lay out batteries to prove the parallel. The work was continued the next night, and so on, 1,200 men regularly employed in pushing forward the trench till a point was reached near enough to run down the walls and make a breach in the defence. Five days were thus fully occupied, the progress being always good, although the work was marked with vicissitudes which tended to retard it. The enemy's artillery was directed according to the ideas of those days—which now the heaviest would be thought a light cannon—and their fire was often most effective, both to the assailants and their

On the night of the 13th the English batteries were armed with 28 guns; one convent—Santa Cruz—was taken and secured on the right flank. Next day the French made a successful sortie at the time when the work of the trenches were being changed, and the old relief did not wait for the new, but rushed in a hasty and disorderly manner. The works being thus left unguarded, the enterprising garrison did them much mischief, and they have gone so far as to spike the guns. The sortie was checked by the stout stand made by a few of the workmen collected together by an officer of engineers.

At this the battering-guns were directed to the convent of San Francisco, and fired with great vigour till dusk, when the building was forcibly entered and captured. Next day the attack was concentrated upon the ramparts at

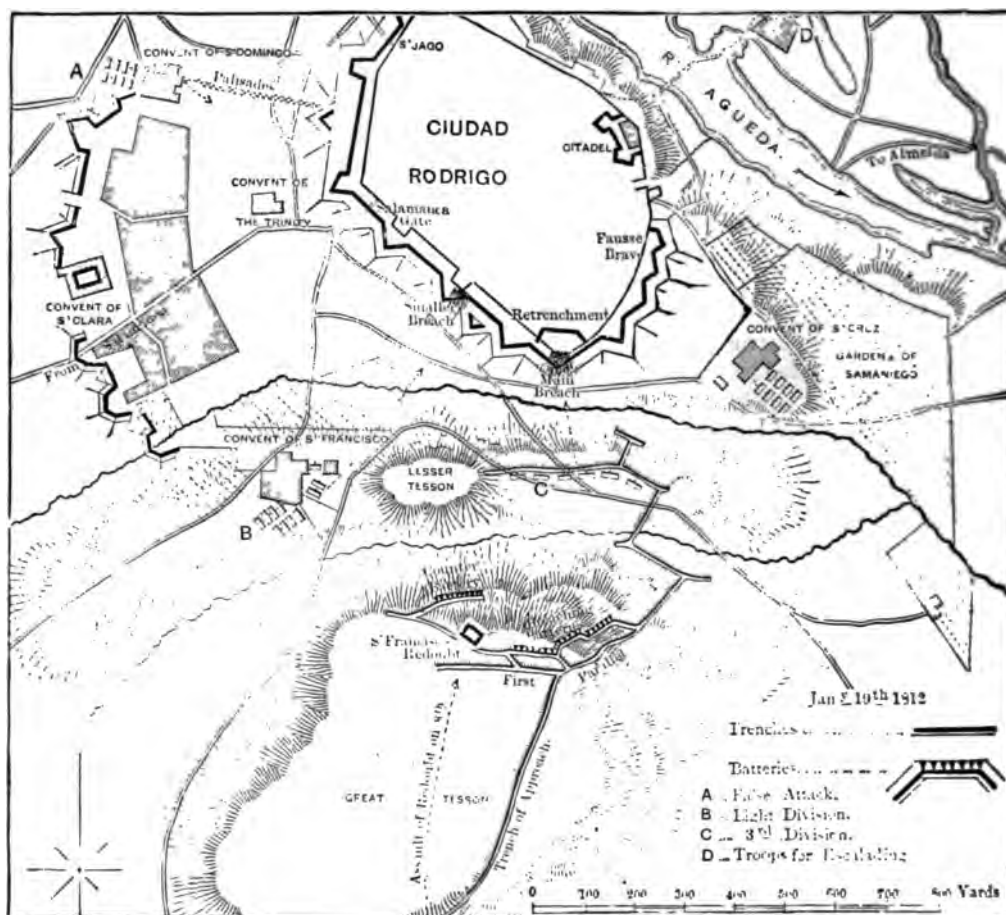
two particular points—one known hereafter as "the great breach," where the walls jutted forward at a very salient angle; the other upon a turret, within the inner line of defence, and this was called the "lesser breach." The battering continued fiercely and without intermission until the 18th January. Towards evening on that day the tower and turret were seen to be in a ruinous condition, and the opening at the main or great breach was yawning wide enough to justify an attempt to enter. This was the deadly work of just ten days. The outer wall, or "fausse braie," was greatly shaken: there were two formidable breaches in the main walls, and sweeping discharges of grape and canister prevented the garrison from repairing them.

Then Wellington, ready to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, summoned the place to surrender. The French commandant, General Barrié, bravely refused, declaring that his emperor had entrusted him with the defence of the fortress, and that he could not give it up. "On the contrary," the message ran, "my brave garrison prefers to be buried with me under its ruins." Assault became inevitable therefore, and Wellington at once issued his orders, prefacing them with the memorable words already quoted, that Ciudad Rodrigo must be attacked that evening. There is no more striking picture in our military records than that of the Great Duke seated on the reverse or inner side of one of the advanced approaches writing out his orders with his own hand, after having made a close reconnaissance of both breaches. The minuteness of these orders, the mastery of intricate details, which in such a position he must necessarily have carried in his head, his strong grasp of the situation, and his unerring decision as to the method and best points of attack, show the great British general at his best.

There were to be two principal attacks, made by the two divisions on trench duty that evening—the night between the 18th and 19th January. These were the 3rd and Light Divisions. To the first was entrusted the assault upon the main breach, to the latter that on the lesser or breach by the tower. The brigade of General Mackinnon was to lead the first, supported by Campbell's brigade; Vandaleur's led, and Andrew Barnard's brigade supported, the second. Both were to be preceded by forlorn hopes and storming parties, with others carrying wool-bags and ladders to facilitate descent into the ditch and the escalade of the walls. The eagerness, the noble emulation, among British soldiers to be

foremost in these, the most dangerous services in an assault, were well illustrated on this occasion. George Napier, who had obtained a promise from his general, the famous but ill-fated Craufurd, that he should lead the Light Division stormers, was directed to call for volunteers. The intrepid young major, addressing the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifle Corps, said :—" Soldiers, I want

94th regiments, supported by the 77th, were to cover the attack of the main breach by Mackinnon's brigade. The latter were not slow to advance : even before the signal was given, and while Wellington in person on the left was instructing Napier how to move with the Light Division stormers, the 3rd division had rushed on to the breach. First came a party of sappers



PLAN OF ASSAULT.

a hundred volunteers from each regiment : those who will go with me, step forward.' Instantly there rushed out nearly half the division, and we were obliged to take them at chance": such is Napier's own account of the affair written years afterwards.

Seven o'clock in the evening was the time fixed for the assault, which was to be led off by Pack's Portuguese. A regiment under Colonel O'Toole crossed the river and attacked the work in front of the castle, lending a hand to another column, which, issuing from behind the convent of Santa Cruz, and consisting of the 5th and

with hay-bags to fill up the ditch ; then the stormers, 500 strong, under Major Manners, preceded by a forlorn hope ; then the whole brigade. The whole space between the advanced parallel and the ramparts was alive with troops advancing reckless of the iron tempest that ravaged their ranks. Already on their right the column from Santa Cruz had made good its entrance and scoured the opening between the two walls of defence, driving the French before them. This cleared the ground for Mackinnon's men, who pressed gallantly on ; but they were met by a retrenchment, a fresh obstacle, a parapet and

structed within the breach, and behind the defenders offered a still stubborn

moment, while the assailants were trying to cross the ditch, a mine was exploded with a terrible explosion which proved fatal to many, including the brave Mackinnon. The remainder held their ground; and now the general, who led the forlorn hope, clambered over the rampart wall and dropped inside, to

hope, were formed under the shelter of the San Francisco convent, and were there addressed by General Craufurd, the divisional general, whose fiery spirit kept him always in the forefront, and who intended now to charge at the head of the attacking party. Craufurd's name will long be remembered in connection with this Light Division, which by his unwearied efforts and his stern, relentless discipline, he had trained into one of the finest bodies of British troops that ever



"POSTING HIMSELF ON A POINT OF VANTAGE." (p. 682).

an opening on one side of the main wall, which an entrance was possible. He then went back, he collected his men and led them down this road into the interior of the place. At this time they encountered and joined the Portuguese regiment, and, the whole column of attack having made good progress, established themselves strongly in the ruined fortifications, awaiting the arrival of their comrades' attack.

While the Light Division, whose goal was the lesser breach, had also got down to business. The stormers, with their forlorn

hope, fought through a campaign. This was the last occasion, unhappily, on which he was to stand at the head of his men, and his short, stirring speech to the stormers were almost the last words he spoke.

"Soldiers!" he said—and the words are so reported by one who heard them—"the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady; be cool; be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts, and in doing this keep together." A rocket was to be signal for the advance, and when its fiery track

was seen in the black sky Craufurd added briefly, "Now, lads, for the breach!" and led the way.

He did not long survive. As the columns advanced he kept to their left, and, posting himself on a point of vantage, continued to give his instructions while his men entered the ditch. His voice, raised to the loudest pitch, drew down upon him a fierce fire of musketry at short range, and his situation was of such extreme peril that, not strangely, he was soon hit, and with a mortal wound.

There were some three hundred yards to cross under a murderous fire, but the men raced forward and, disdaining to wait for ladders, jumped down a depth of eleven feet into the ditch, which was swept with a storm of grape and musketry. Here some of the forlorn hope went to the left instead of to the right; the main body of the stormers took the proper direction, but were checked at the breach because the opening was so narrow. This crushed the attacking column into a compact mass, upon which the enemy's fire told with terrible effect. Just now George Napier, its leader, was struck down. The men halted, irresolute, and, forgetting they were unloaded, began to snap their muskets. Then their wounded chief, from where he lay disabled, shouted "Push on with the bayonet!" And the wisdom of his decision in the early part of the evening was plain, for the stormers answered the inspiriting command with a loud "Hurrah!" and pressed hotly forward. The breach was carried; the supporting regiments—Vandaleur's whole brigade—"coming up in sections abreast, gained the rampart, the 52nd wheeled to the left, the 43rd to the right, and the place was won."

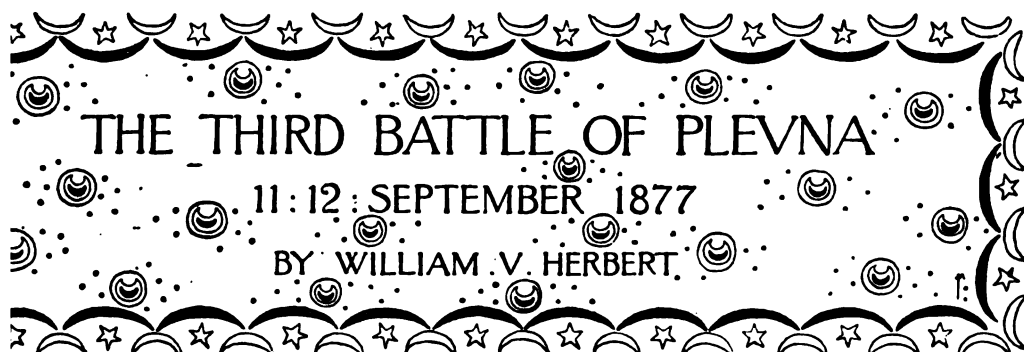
All this had occupied but a few minutes in time. The battle was thus, practically, decided, but other successes contributed to the general result. The struggle at the great breach was still being maintained when three of the French magazines in this neighbourhood exploded, and then the 3rd Division broke through the last defences. The garrison still resisted, however, fighting as they fell back from street to street; but finally the castle, their last stronghold, was captured, and Lieutenant Gurwood, who had led the Light Division forlorn hope, received the governor's sword. The attacks on all other sides had prospered equally, both O'Toole's and Pack's, the latter having entered without opposition on the south-eastern front of the fortress.

It would be well if there was no more to be

said of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo unhappily the glory of this great achievement was greatly tarnished by the shameful conduct of the victorious troops. The French garrison, it is true, were spared; there was no cruel unnecessary carnage where the men laid down their arms. This is proved by the fact that of a total garrison of 1,800 men, 1,500 were prisoners. But the town itself was plundered under the most wanton and brutal circumstances. Houses were ransacked and burnt, churches desecrated and destroyed; the wine and spirit stores were broken open, universal drunkenness prevailed, and every species of excess was perpetrated. No Englishman can forget the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo, and of other Spanish fortresses during that war, without a bitter shame at the madness which overtook the men in the hour of their triumph.

It is pleasanter to think of their dexterity and prowess or their cool courage in the face of danger. There is a story told of an old soldier who during the siege treated a live shell in a way that would in these days have earned him the Victoria Cross. A 13-inch shell had dropped into the trench, and even within reach had fallen flat upon his back. The custom was, for when shells exploded the pieces fly upwards, and a recumbent position is the safest till the danger is over. But one man ran up to the shell and knocked the still burning fuse with a blow of his fist. Then he carried the now harmless projectile to his commanding officer, saying: "Save me your honour no harm now, for I've knocked the life out of her."

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo had important consequences, for it paved the way to the more brilliant feat of ours, the taking of Badajoz. It was a triumphant vindication of Wellington's iron and unquenchable spirit, for at the moment everything seemed against him—the season, the condition of the country, the state of his army, the inferior quality of the siege material, the tools supplied by the British storekeeper as bad as the bayonets so recently held in public scorn, and the English engineers eager to pick up the enemy's implements and use them whenever they could. At the moment of the attack it was found that the army was unprovided with scaling-ladders. "Well," Wellington quietly, "you must make them out of the waggons. The transport has done its work, by bringing up ammunition supplies: cut up the waggons."



THE THIRD BATTLE OF PLEVNA

11:12 SEPTEMBER 1877

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

THE unique race in July, 1877, for the sleepy Bulgarian townlet, hitherto obscure, known by name only to scholars or travellers, now famous for all, had been won by the Turks by a short

and with his small corps, hurrying from the north, had arrived on the 19th of July a few days before Schilder-Schuldner with his army came up from the north-east.

The following day the first battle of Plevna was fought, resulting in a disastrous defeat for the Russians of the Czar. Ten days later the Turks, with two corps, renewed their attack, and General Krüdener's forces received the best that army ever had. The Russian army resolved itself into a flight of the most desperate description, but a rally was made with great promptitude. Then six weeks were spent in virtual inactivity on both sides, broken only by some fighting around Lovdcha, and by a futile sortie in the direction of Pelishat on the 1st of August. The Turks had utilised this period of tranquillity for constructing the system of redoubts and trenches which constituted the stronghold of Plevna, and which was defended by Osman Pasha, the defender of Sebastopol, characterised as an impregnable fortress.

Meanwhile, reinforcements had reached both sides. In the beginning of September the Turkish army of defence counted forty-six regiments of infantry, nineteen squadrons of cavalry and five of irregular cavalry, with twenty-two guns — altogether 30,000 men, under the command of Osman Pasha, whose chief staff was Tahir Pasha. The Russian army of assault consisted of one division and seven battalions of infantry, ninety squadrons of cavalry (including Cossacks), and a hundred and forty-four guns—a total of 30,000 of whom were Roumanians; the principal leader was Prince (now King)

Charles of Roumania, who was, however, a mere figurehead, and had no real command over any but his own (the Roumanian) troops, the actual principal being his chief-of-staff, General Sotow. Both the Czar and the Grand-duke Nicholas, the Russian commander-in-chief, watched the third battle of Plevna from one of the hills beyond Radischevo, and had invited a brilliant staff of foreign attachés, officers, and journalists to witness the Unspeakable's discomfiture and collapse.

He who pens these lines—then a lad of eighteen—was a lieutenant in the Turkish infantry, and had command of his company, whose captain had been disabled in the second battle. He himself had been slightly wounded in this action by a sword-cut across the face, and had recovered after a week's sojourn in an ambulance. He was stationed in one of the redoubts which protected the north-front of the camp of Plevna.

In the night of the 6th to the 7th of September the Russian-Roumanian army completed its march of concentration on Plevna, and with the next dawn commenced the great cannonade which was to usher in a general assault on the Ottoman lines. The shelling lasted four days, during which period some 30,000 projectiles were hurled into the Turkish camp, the effect of which, material and moral, was practically nil. The Turkish gunners returned the fire much more deliberately and slowly, but with far greater truth of aim and force of moral impression upon the foe, as the Russian historians themselves admit. In the course of these four days there was some sharp fighting south of Plevna, where the dashing Skobelev took possession of the two ridges in front of the Turkish redoubts, which the Russian writers have styled the "Green Hills."

The weather, which up to the 6th September had been splendid, had suddenly changed to rain

had set in, the atmosphere was raw and moisture-laden, the sky a uniform grey, the nights were chilly. The actual battle, on September 11th and 12th, was fought in an almost uninterrupted downpour of the heaviest and most demoralising description.

Vividly impressed on my mind is the burning of the large village of Radischevo, which the Turkish shells set aflame in the afternoon of the 10th, and which blazed for twelve hours, lighting up the midnight sky in a superb and terrible manner.

It would take too long to describe in detail our many excellent arrangements for battle. To mention only one feature: each redoubt had its own cooking, firewood, water, ambulance, and workmen's parties. Particularly in the north front, which contained our first division (of fourteen battalions, including that of the writer), and was commanded by Adil Pasha—one of the best generals Turkey has ever had, and Osman's factotum—our preparations were of the most extensive and elaborate description, and we were all quite disgusted that they were not called into play, for our wing was not attacked; in fact, my redoubt did not receive the honour of a single hostile shell, an absence of courtesy on the enemy's part which quite perturbed the equanimity of my men in the beginning, but which was subsequently compensated for in an unlooked-for manner by my battalion being withdrawn from its redoubt proper and sent to the south to confront that burning soldier Skobelev.

At dawn on Tuesday, the 11th September, the cannonade was renewed in a way that shook the ground, as if this globe were quivering in the throes of terrific fever-heat. It rained hard, and fog hung heavily over the landscape. About an hour after noon the shelling suddenly ceased, and then commenced the great assault which

was meant to end the war with one decisive tremendous blow, which was to beat the re as regards the storming of entrenched camps hitherto claimed for the seizure of the Dü redoubts in the Danish campaign of 1864; the unexpected result of which was for assailants a disastrous failure, for the defend

brilliant success—that procured commander that by which he was known amongst own people for time to come: "G—the victorious.

The Russian programme was this Turkish camp was to be attacked on points: the east corner—the famous Grivitza doubts, which the Turks called respectively Bash Tabi, Head Battery (A) and Kanli Tabi, the Bloody B (No. 1)—by the Russian right wing, consisting of a Roumanian division and two Russian divi



OSMAN PASHA.

under the command of General Krü, the man who had suffered such a disaster in the second battle; the south corner—the redoubt called Omer Tabi, the Russian centre, composed of two divisions under General Krylow; the south front redoubts, of which the two northern ones, to Plevna town, were called Kavanlik I and Issa Tabiya—by the Russian left wing Prince Imeretinski's detachment of two battalions, the real leader of which was General Skobelev, the prince's adjutant. The remaining Roumanian divisions were to the formidable Turkish north front engaged by their mere presence, and two cavalry divisions mustering a total of sixty squadrons, were to break off Osman's western line of retreat. The appointed hour of attack was 3 p.m., but for deficient arrangements wrecked the programme and in the Russian centre, through misadventure or blundering, two regiments broke up hours too early.

, then, these two regiments—Ugla
—started on their assault against
a, defended by three battalions and
d came to utter grief. Again and
harged, but the stubborn resistance
was not to be denied. In the end
t of 5,000 paid with life and limb the
remature attack, and two splendid
re, for campaigning purposes, wiped
ommander of this division, General
stuck literally to the text of his

regiments were hurled against the death-dealing
little enclosure, only to be wrecked, battalion by
battalion, until at 5 p.m. Sotow, in despair and
horror, ordered the cessation of the assault. The
Czar had been an eye-witness of this stupen-
dous struggle. How the famous gipsy warning,
"Beware of Plevna!"—uttered months before
Plevna had been heard of—must have come home
to the proud autocrat as in his agony he watched
his troops making onslaught after onslaught,
one more futile and disastrous than the other!



VE MORE REGIMENTS WERE HURLED AGAINST THE DEATH-DEALING LITTLE ENCLOSURE."

spatched no aid until after 3 p.m.
ish fellow possibly have imagined
iments could have taken a fortified
square miles in area? After Ugla
had been utterly ruined, five more

The attack on Omer Tabiya had failed, with
a loss of 6,000 men. The Turkish casualties
amounted only to a few hundred. Twenty-one
battalions had been practically destroyed by
three. Such is the value of fighting from

covered positions, however roughly made, granted that they are held by troops like the Turkish infantry, which, when on the defensive, is the most formidable in Europe. The man who commanded the little mud-bank on which seven regiments encountered their doom was Colonel Omer Bey, who was wounded in the last despairing rush of the brave Moskoflus. Not long afterwards I had a lengthy consultation with this officer—an incident of my life to which I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure.

A day after the termination of this battle, on September 13th, I was sent on burial duty to the devastated maize-fields in front of Omer Tabiya, which had been the scene of the rush and the downfall of the enemy's brigades. The sights which I encountered, and the task which I had to perform, have remained with me in their ghastly intensity during all these years. In the high corn maimed men were left undiscovered for three or four days to rot in a living body. May the reader never witness such horrors even in his dreams, much less in their awful reality.

The slopes of Omer Tabiya saw also the only cavalry attack of the Plevna campaign. It was the fine regiment of mounted auxiliaries of Saloniki (ten squadrons, each eighty men strong), which charged here into the already retreating Russian columns in a brilliant and successful manner.

Our narrative must now turn to the attack on the Russian right wing. Here the two square-shaped redoubts which I have named, defended together by three battalions and six guns, and separated from each other only by a stretch of meadow-land 300 yards broad, were assailed for the first time punctually at three o'clock. The attack failed after some fighting of the most desperate and ferocious description. At 5 p.m. the encounter was renewed, the assault being directed against the southern work alone—the world-famed Grivitza redoubt, No. 1. Once more the eager young soldiers of the embryo kingdom were hurled back. A third attack had a like result. But at seven in the evening, in the darkness and during a terrific deluge, the work was once more stormed by the Roumanians coming from one side and the Russians from the other, and was carried after a hand-to-hand conflict of the most ferocious description. The Bloody Battery was lost to the Turks for ever, and the price paid for the glory of this encounter was 2,600 Roumanians, 1,300 Russians, and 500 Turks, dead and disabled.

Before I shall invite the reader to follow the "Green Hills" south of Plevna I may add a few words as to my personal experiences and impressions during these sanguinary counters. I had been roused in the morning by the growl of cannon, and hours my comrades and I were condemned to watch idly the furious fighting on our right behind us, and to be drenched in the rain. No enemy was visible in front of the redoubt, and our battery did not discharge a single shot, since there was no one to shoot at. Again and again I climbed our signal post, and searched the misty battlefield through my telescope. How those hours of dead inaction weighed on us as we listened rapturously to the crashing of the Krupp guns in the Grivitza redoubts, the thunder of the Russian heavy ordnance, and the clatter of company fire! Around us men were playing for their lives, and all we could do was to sniff the air, which, in lazy, curling vapours of fog and mist, carried with it the smell of gunpowder. At last, past four in the afternoon, my battery was withdrawn from its redoubt, and formed into a march column in the rear. A smoke-bomb thrown by a Circassian brought an order, and we filed past our divisional general and I who bade us God-speed. We tramped for an hour and a half miles across sloppy meadows, in ankle-deep slush, in a drizzling rain, and at last we came to the hill on which the Pasha had his headquarters. There was a short delay, and then we passed before our leader, who drew my sword, and joined lustily in the shout of "Allah!" with which my men greeted their grand chief. He pointed to the south, where Skobelev and Yunuz Bey were waiting, and with all the ferocity which this well-matched couple had already exhibited in the battle, and shouted, "That is your way on, in the name of God the merciful and compassionate!"

We passed through Plevna, which was in a state of indescribable confusion, and left to take the Ternina road; and half an hour later we took part in the futile attempt to recover the redoubts which had been conceded to the enemy by the impetuosity of Skobelev.

This brings us to the attack of the Russian right wing. Skobelev's task had been to conquer four southern redoubts, which were commanded by Colonel Yunuz Bey, one of the ablest officers in Osman's army, both in bravery and in readiness of resource, and a match even for Skobelev. The works were his own construction; one—

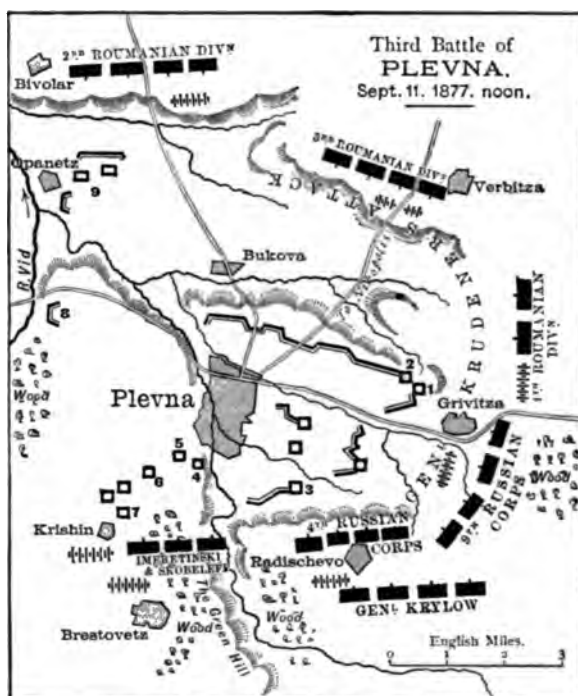
d been named after him. This last-redoubt has been accepted as a model and German writers, and is planned, measured, and described in every book on the subject of improvised fortification. The Russian general, mounted on his horse and followed by his standard-bearer, was familiar not only to his own ranks but to the Turks owing to the frequency with which he exposed himself in the very front line, headed a series of assaults, all of which were wrecked on the resistance of mere handfuls of men.

Finally, Skobeleff conceived the plan of pushing past these works, and capturing the two redoubts on the southern flank of Plevna, and thus separating Yunuz Bey from the main body of the army. He was right; Yunuz, whom he had beaten on his left flank, was strong enough to seize the offensive. The fighting was terrible, the losses enormous. The Turkish battalions of the Turkish army, to Yunuz Bey's assistance were the face of the earth; but the attack succeeded. Issa and Kavanlik fell to the white-capped, white-bearded, heavily-whiskered Muscovite. He fought bravely his way into Plevna; though he did not succeed in entering the town, the latter was so gravely wounded by his proximity that immediate decisive measures had to be taken.

The lost redoubts, to ensure the safety of the town, to relieve the heavily-wounded, and to connect the two now separated sections of the Turkish army, the brigade, Rifa'at Pasha, organised a detachment of 2,000 men, mostly dismounted. My battalion arrived just in time (5.30 p.m.) to be incorporated into the little force. With this an attack was made on Kavanlik Tabiya, which came off after furious fighting. It was only the greatest difficulty that a group of 150 men, including myself, was enabled to save the colours from the rush of pursuing and Cossacks. Rifa'at was disabled. At the close of the waning day we scampered to the ghilarbashi Tabiya (*i.e.* Battery on the left of the Vineyards), the most northerly of the Turkish redoubts. The fighting was over.

The ditch, forming part of Yunuz Bey's trenches, with the drizzling sky as a

roof, and the slush—pink-coloured by the rivers of human blood which had flown here—for a bed, I spent a night of unmentionable horrors. How the wounded in the adjoining fields groaned throughout those never-ending hours! and how the fierce blaze burst forth from the haystacks and grain-stores in Plevna which the treacherous Bulgarians had set alight! A tall spire of flame rose literally right up into the clouds, and disclosed all the atrocious sights left by the turmoil



Turkish Defences.
 1. Kanli Tabiya or Grivitz Redoubt No. 1.
 2. Bash " " No. 2.
 3. Omer " " No. 3.
 4. Isma " " No. 4.
 5. Kavanlik Tabiya. 6. Baglarbashi Tabiya.
 7. Yunuz " " No. 5.
 8. Vid Bridge Redoubt.
 9. Opanetz Redoubts.

and devilry of battle. No food, no water—except the pool-slush—no medicine or bandages for the maimed, no hope of victory, cut off from the main body of the army, and before us another day of slaughter! Little wonder that I heard men praying for deliverance from these terrors.

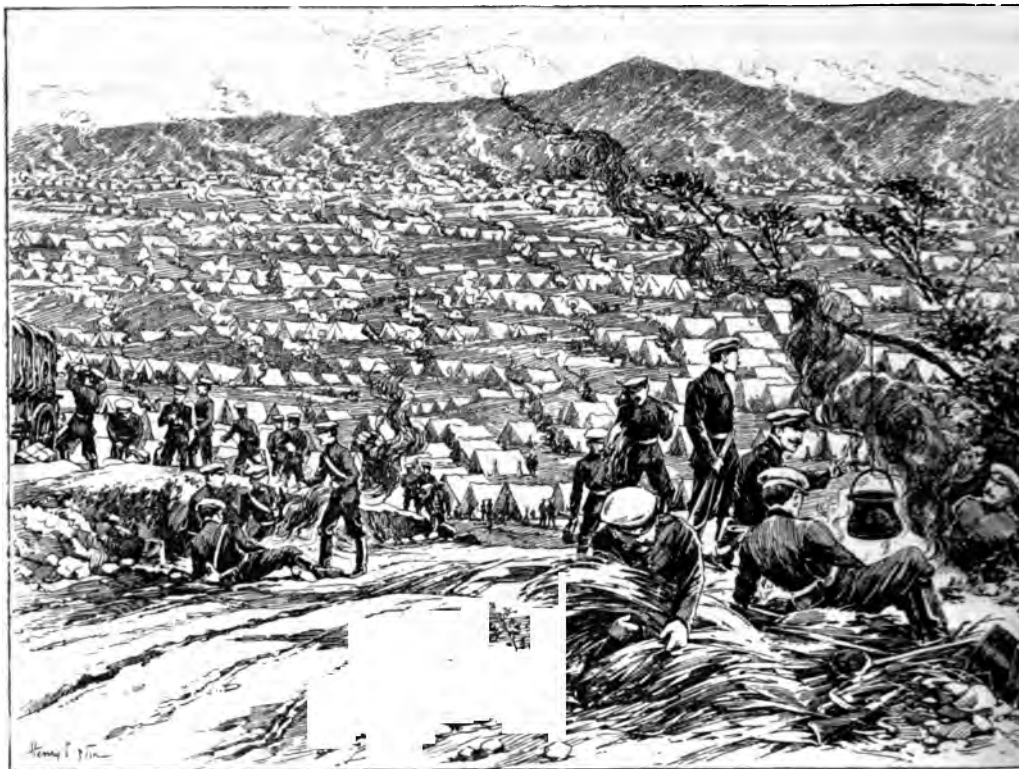
But every suspense has an end, and Wednesday, the 12th September, opened with a hideous grey dawn and a cold wind like the chill of death. Soon it commenced to rain, and the downpour never left off till nightfall.

In the Russian right wing there was again heavy fighting on this day; but all efforts of the dashing Roumanians to capture also the other

Grivitza redoubt were unavailing. In the evening Adil Pasha made a brave but futile attempt to recover the lost work.

In the Russian centre there was no engagement on the 12th. Small wonder; for the few

unique. Let the reader ponder over this: W Osman, in the afternoon of the 12th, staked very last two battalions of his forty-six, for and death, and won the game, Sotow had seven battalions idle, forty-one of which had



RUSSIAN CAMP OUTSIDE PLEVNA.

troops left here had become demoralised by the crushing defeat of the previous day, of which they had been either participators or eye-witnesses. General Sotow, also, considered the battle as lost—had, in fact, come to that conclusion already at five on the previous afternoon. Neither the capture of the Grivitza redoubt nor Skobelev's brilliant and so far successful venture could induce him to modify his opinion. We have it on the authority of the Russian historians that, when Skobelev urgently asked—nay, implored—for help during the 12th, Sotow responded: "I can send no troops, because I have none to spare: the battle is lost, and you must retreat." Thus Skobelev was left to fight out the action alone and to the bitter end. All the time Sotow had seventy-one battalions standing idle, half as much again as the entire Turkish force, but was so utterly cowed as to be unable to dispose of them. The situation is absolutely

fired a shot yet, and suffered one of the most trouous and bloody reverses ever incurred by general. These things are not surmises by the opposite side, but are facts and figures taken from the historical work of the eye-witness Russian author, Kuropatkin, then a captain in Skobelev's staff, now a general. This is the man to whom, next to Skobelev himself, the Russians owe the splendid defence of Kavanlik Tabiya against the Turkish onslaughts.

In the Russian left wing alone the action fought out to its termination by either victory or defeat. The battle turned now solely and entirely upon the recovery of Issa and Kavanlik Tabiya by Osman's forces. At half-past seven in the morning the Turks, reinforced by seven battalions despatched by Osman Pasha from other parts of the camp to the scene of conflict, attacked Kavanlik Tabiya, led by the chief of Osman's staff, Tahir Pasha. I had again the honor

ate in the fighting, and my men had reached the last trench in front of the when the whole attacking column—and a half battalions, 5,000 men approxi—was stopped and ordered back by Tahir's command. The reason for this sudden upon a promising assault has never been known. Osman was furious, deprived of his command, sent his last available two ns, and entrusted Colonel Tewfik Bey e herculean task of recovering the lost s and thus winning the battle. It is but mention that Tahir evidently vindicated acter, for he was reinstated the next day, ained the post of chief-of-staff until the he campaign.

30 in the afternoon the Turks played st stake in the great game by under-

Osmanlis. My battalion was again in the fore-most line, and my men were among the first to scale the parapet. Then Issa Tabiya was abandoned by the Russians, and at 5 o'clock, as dusk was setting in, the greatest battle of the Russo-Turkish war had been fought and won.

The sight which greeted me as I climbed into Kavanlik Tabiya utterly surpasses my powers of description. There were walls and parapets built of dead bodies, erected by the Russians to close the rear entrances of the work; there were piles of corpses and maimed men; there were brooks and rivers of blood. Skobelev had lost 40 per cent. of his force (or 8,000 men), and his division had to be broken up. Of the Turkish casualties in the battle, four-fifths (or 4,000 men) fall upon this wing.

As soon as Skobelev had been driven out of



RUSSIAN ATTACK UPON A TURKISH REDOUBT.

with every available man, a desperate on Kavanlik Tabiya. The attacking umbered thirteen and a half battalions, ag, after the losses incurred, no more than en, instead of the nominal 10,800. The ht was delivered with the utmost pre-nd vigour, and at 4 o'clock the lost fell into the hands of the jubilant

his position, the Russian army commenced a general retreat, on all points except the north-east corner, where the Roumanians retained the conquered Grivitza redoubt. Every other section of the huge semi-circle retired to a distance of six to ten miles from the Turkish front. In fact, Sotow contemplated a total withdrawal of his army beyond the Osma, and it was only the

Grand Duke's peremptory order which compelled him to abandon this idea.

During the battle the Russian-Roumanian cavalry had quietly taken possession of the western approaches to Plevna, which they held until the 24th September, when they were driven out of their positions by a reinforcement column coming from Orkanyé. Then for exactly one month the roads were open and were utilised almost daily for bringing in stores. On the 24th October the circle of investment was once more completed, and this time for good.

The Russian losses in this battle of giants, which lasted twenty-eight hours, amounted to 18,600 men (inclusive of 5,000 Roumanians); the Turkish losses to 5,000, in killed and *hors de combat*. The Turks had 2,000 Russian-Roumanian prisoners, mostly wounded, but had themselves hardly any "missing" men to record. On both sides the casualties included an exceptionally large share of officers of high rank. Of the twenty-four Turkish redoubt commanders, nine had been killed or disabled. Nine redoubts had been assailed; eight others had participated in the artillery combat; seven had remained unengaged.

The man to whom—next to the indomitable leader, Osman Pasha—the Turks owe their victory is Tewfik, who recovered the two redoubts to which Skobelev had clung with such wonderful tenacity. He was promoted to brigadier's rank, was publicly thanked in a general order read out during parade, and was ever afterwards popular with the troops. The Turkish army was in a state of indescribable confusion. It took days to restore order and cohesion. To give only one instance of the straits to which the Turks had been reduced by draining their resources towards the south to face Skobelev: the north front, seven miles long, garrisoned originally by fourteen battalions, was held by four on the evening of the 12th. It was a providential thing for us that the enemy did not attack us here. And to mention but one of the after-horrors of battle: the negotiations between the Turks and Roumanians to establish a line of demarcation in the space dividing the two Grivitza redoubts failed, and as a consequence the 2,000 corpses on this spot remained unburied, and were, under the eyes of the men in the trenches, devoured by carrion crows, vultures, and vagrant dogs.

My company had lost twenty-five in killed and disabled out of a total of 145; but on the evening after the battle quite sixty men more were *missing*, including the entire squad of my friend

Lieutenant Seymour, a young Englishman subsequently gave his life for Plevna. I had all merely gone astray, and turned up same night or next day. To make up for temporary loss I had forty or fifty strange my ranks.

Seymour and his men had somehow found their way into Plevna, and had assisted hunting down and punishing the miscreants had fired the haystacks—a most dangerous since the town contained thousands of traitors. My friend and forty men had to face and chase an infuriated Bulgarian rabble of several hundred men, women, and children.

The fact that the Roumanians conquered held one Grivitza redoubt is sometimes taken as a proof that the Czar's army was not defeated in this battle. An action is a success if the purpose for which it is fought is achieved; if this is the case, the action must be held to be a failure. The Russians had engaged their enemy with avowed intent of storming and taking the entrenched camp of Plevna, and they had conquered one small redoubt out of twenty—large and small, and that one, as all critics historians admit, of no tactical importance, possession of which did them subsequently no harm than good; the loss of which proved to be of no injurious consequences to the Turks. Add also that on all points but one the assailants retreated beyond fighting-range and left the defenders in possession of the vast battlefield, and to bury their slain, and the Turks will be deeply justified in boasting of the third battle of Plevna as one of the most brilliant victories ever won by the armies of the Crescent.

It is somewhat remarkable that not one of the Russian generals who had been defeated by the Turks received, apparently, as much as a reprimand for his misfortune. Schilder-Schuldener who was beaten on the 20th July; Krüdener and Prince Schachowskoy, who were so utterly routed on the 30th July; Krylow and Schukoff, whose forces were well-nigh annihilated on the 11th and 12th September, and the chief, Sotow, all retained their commands. As to outward appearances, the full confidence in their superiors.

One feature distinguishes the third battle of Plevna from many world-stirring actions—the enormous numerical superiority of the defenders. The Russians outnumbered the Turks by ten to one in men, and six to one in guns. And nobody will deny the wonderful stubbornness of the Russian soldiery, whilst the dash of

Rumanian infantry was the admiration of all who saw the army of the young kingdom in the field. For the display of abstruse tactical science there was neither opportunity nor inducement. The great September battle was won by the superior *morale* of the Turkish leader, by the indomitable will of one individual against which orders and numbers counted as naught.

The immediate effects of the battle were momentous, the ultimate result was *nil*. The Russians had come to the conclusion that Plevna was impregnable. Dazed and faint with slaughter, they had reeled back, all fight knocked out of them, and for many weeks Stow's army was utterly demoralised. It was only when the engineer's skill was summoned

that the troops recovered their *morale*. It fell to the lot of the veteran defender of Sebastopol to starve the victorious Pasha into submission. The Turkish spade had won two big battles (not counting the first battle of Plevna, which was fought in the open); the Russian counterspade procured the fall of the best-defended town of modern times. But this was not accomplished until three months later, and not until after Osman had struck a last and stupendous blow for liberty. Todleben's calculating genius succeeded where Skobelev's and Gourko's audacity had failed. The patient skill of the mathematician and engineer achieved that for which 50,000 soldier-heroes had sacrificed life and limb in vain.



RUSSIAN WOUNDED LEAVING PLEVNA.

SHERMAN'S
ATLANTA CAMPAIGN
1864
BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE friendship between Grant and Sherman, begun amidst the carnage of Shiloh, lasted loyally throughout and beyond the war. Staunch friends as they were, in almost every attribute save soldierly ability the two men were the opposites of each other. Grant was ever a silent and, indeed, a saturnine man; Sherman was a witty and voluble man. Grant was calm-pulsed and imperturbable; Sherman was vivacious, excitable, and, indeed, electric. For the rest Sherman, when not engaged in hard fighting, was a friendly, unaffected, genial style of man, with a quaint dash of cynical humour, and an abiding conviction, which he frequently expressed to me in his breezy, cordial manner, that all war-correspondents ought to be summarily hanged, and that he personally would have infinite pleasure in performing the operation.

From Shiloh until after the momentous battle of Chattanooga—"the battle above the clouds," as General Meigs fancifully yet truthfully called it—Sherman had been Grant's most trusted and most capable lieutenant. In March, 1864, Grant was ordered to quit the western section of the theatre of war, in which he had earned undying fame, and to betake himself to the east to assume command of all the armies of the United States, and more personally that of the Army of the Potomac. On the 18th of that month Sherman succeeded Grant in the high command of the military division of the Mississippi, embracing the departments and armies of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee, commanded respectively by Generals Schofield, Thomas, and McPherson. Sherman threw himself with characteristic energy into the arduous task of organisation and preparation which lay before him. He had to assure the general security of the vast region of the South which had already been conquered by the Union forces,

and of the routes of supply and communication with the active armies in the front. And, the most important undertaking of all, he had to organise a great army with which to penetrate into Georgia and make himself master of Atlanta, chief city of that State, coincidentally with the advance of the Army of the Potomac against Richmond, the headquarters of the Confederacy.

The Confederate army which had been defeated at Chattanooga—believed to be about 50,000 strong, and now under the command of that able commander General J. E. Johnston—was lying securely entrenched at Dalton, thirty miles south of Sherman's advanced base at Chattanooga. It was standing purely on the defensive, so that Sherman had time and opportunity to make his arrangements for the impending campaign deliberately and completely. The great problem of the campaign, he realised, was one of supplies and communication. Nashville, his principal base, was itself placed in hostile territory. Chattanooga, his advanced base, was 136 miles south of Nashville; every foot of the way, especially the mountain bridges, trestles, and culverts of the railway line between the two places, had to be strongly guarded against attacks on the part of a local hostile population and of the enemy's cavalry. Then, during the further advance from Chattanooga into Georgia, it became manifest that the railway towards Atlanta, which he relied for the carriage of his supplies, would have to be repaired and also guarded, since his march would be through hostile territory. Fortunately, the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas, was equipped with an excellent corps of engineers, railway managers, and repair parties, as well as a body of spies and provost-marshals. Sherman took the strong measure of limiting the use of the railroads exclusively to the carriage of material for the army proper, and of cutting

ilian traffic, for he realised in his masterful
y that a great campaign was impending, on
e result of which the fate of the nation
ng; and that the railroads with their
ited capacity could not provide for the
eds of the army and of the people too.

In his three army commanders Sherman had
nerals of education and experience, admirably
alified for the work about to be undertaken.

commanded, numbered 24,465 effectives, with
96 guns. Schofield, to-day the general-in-chief
of the United States army, commanded the
Army of the Ohio, 13,559 strong, with twenty-
eight guns. The grand aggregate, therefore, of
the troops under Sherman's command was 98,797
men and 254 guns. In this detail, however,
were not included the cavalry divisions of
Stoneman and Garrard, together about 8,500



CHATTANOOGA AND THE TENNESSEE, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

the Army of the Cumberland had for chief the
and old fighting soldier General Thomas, wise,
atious, and discreet. His force had a strength
60,773 effectives, with 130 guns. McPherson
s young in years, but already a veteran of
r. The Army of the Tennessee; which he

men, nor McCook's division of irregular cavalry
and Kilpatrick's small brigade, the strengths of
which are not mentioned. The cavalry was
chiefly used on the extreme flanks, or for some
special detached service.

The 5th of May was the day named for the

simultaneous advance of all the Union forces in the field. The punctual Sherman was in full preparedness. On May 4th Thomas was in person at Ringold, eighteen miles out from Chattanooga, his left at Catoosa, his right at Lee's. Schofield was at Red Clay, closing in on Thomas's left. McPherson, from Chattanooga, was pushing out towards Gordon's Mill. On the 5th, Sherman rode out to Ringold, and on Grant's appointed day the great campaign was begun. The force was stripped for fighting. The waggons were restricted rigorously to the conveyance of food, ammunition, and clothing. Tents were forbidden to all save the sick and wounded, and one tent only was allowed to each headquarter as an office. The commanding general himself had no tent, nor had any officer about him. He and his staff had merely wall tent-flies without poles, and no tent furniture of any kind. They spread their flies over saplings, or on fence rails or posts improvised on the spot.

On the 6th, Schofield and McPherson came up into position; and on the 7th, Sherman, from Tunnel Hill, looked south into the gorge of Buzzard's Roost, in and behind which the enemy was descried. Mill Creek, flowing through the gorge, had been dammed up to form a lake in Johnston's front at Dalton, with batteries crowning the cliffs on either hand. Sherman realised that Johnston, during his six months' stay at Dalton, had fortified the position to the utmost. His orders to Thomas and Schofield were that they were merely to press strongly all along the hostile front, ready to rush in on the first sign of the enemy's wavering, and, if possible, to catch him in the confusion of retreat. Meanwhile, McPherson was on the march from Chattanooga by the right of the other two armies. At Ship's Gap, well to the south-west of Dalton, he bent eastward on the 9th, passed through Snake's Creek, right in Johnston's rear, and perfectly undefended. On receiving those tidings Sherman ordered Thomas and Schofield to be ready for the instant pursuit from Dalton of what he expected to be a broken army in full retreat by difficult roads to the eastward of Resaca. But Johnston was not a man easily scared, and McPherson lost Sherman the great game on winning which the latter had been counting. McPherson reported that he had found Resaca (a town due south of Dalton) too strong for a surprise, and that, therefore, he had fallen back three miles to the mouth of Snake Creek, where he had fortified himself. Sherman was grievously disappointed. "Such

an opportunity," he wrote, "does not occur twice in a single life." With his 23,000 good soldiers McPherson ought to have "walked into Resaca," held as it was by only a small brigade; or he could have placed his whole force astride of the railway north of Resaca, and there withstood Johnston. Had he done this, Sherman was convinced that Johnston would not have ventured to attack him, but would have retreated eastward by Spring Place, in which case he (Sherman) would have captured half his army and all his artillery and train at the very beginning of the campaign.

Johnston on the 11th showed indications of evacuating Dalton, whereupon Sherman, leaving a corps of observation in front of Buzzard Roost gap, turned Johnston's left in Dalton, and marched southward through Snake Creek gap straight on Resaca. In this operation were consumed the 12th and 13th, owing to the rough waggon paths over which the movement had to be made; and when the Union forces deployed against Resaca, it became apparent, as Sherman had anticipated, that Johnston had abandoned Dalton, and was now in Resaca with the bulk of his army, holding his divisions well in hand, acting purely on the defensive, and fighting stoutly at all points of conflict. The place was covered by a complete and strongly manned line of entrenchments. On the 14th the Union armies closed in, enveloping the town on south and west; and the 15th was a day of constant fighting, which rose to the dignity of a battle. Towards evening McPherson moved his whole line of battle forward, till from a ridge commanding the town he was able to pour in upon it a heavy artillery fire. Repeated but futile sallies were made extending into the night, but the Confederates were repulsed always with heavy loss.

During the night of the 15th, Johnston abandoned the town, burning behind him the bridges over the Oostenaula, and at daylight the Federal forces entered Resaca. Their loss up to that time was 600 killed and 3,375 wounded. Sherman acknowledged that his army about doubled Johnston's in numbers, but he claimed that while the latter had all the advantages of natural positions, artificial forts, roads, and concentrated action, the Federal forces had to grope their way through forests and across mountains, with more or less inevitable dispersion. Those early successes, nevertheless, gave the latter the initiative and the usual prestige of a conquering army.

On the 16th, Sherman's whole army in immediate pursuit. On the same day Thomas and McPherson united at Dalton and on the evening of the 17th the Thomas's column, with that commander in its front, struck Johnston's army near Adairsville. The pursuit by Sherman was continued to Kingston, which was reached on the 19th. McPherson was west of Kingston, Schofield at Cassville, due east of Kingston, and Thomas reported to Sherman that he had found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on a ridge about midway between Kingston and Cassville. Sherman, accordingly, about six miles from Kingston found Thomas deployed, the enemy had fallen back, and was in superb order, into two columns. Thomas was ordered to march toward his deployed lines, and as night was falling two columns galloped forward into position between the front and Cassville. The enemy was not visible, but on the morning of the 20th it could be seen fresh troops full of men, on which Sherman's lines opened a long-range artillery fire. Stout resistance made by the enemy all along their front indicated a purpose to fight. Sherman and Thomas were at night on the ground, and orders were sent to all troops to close down on the enemy at daylight and attack the enemy wherever found. But when on the morning of the 21st a night of skirmishing, the Confederate army had departed. Sherman's army went on in pursuit reported that the enemy were beyond the Etowah River.

Sherman's army by this time was well supplied by the railway trains on which it depended for supplies, so the general determined to halt for a few days to repair the railway and restore the injured bridge at Resaca, before going further forward. In and about Resaca were found many evidences of preparation for a grand battle—among others a long line of earth entrenchments on the hill beyond Resaca extending nearly three miles to the west. Sherman also became convinced that

the whole of Polk's corps had joined Johnston, and that the latter, therefore, had now in hand three full corps—viz. Hood's, Polk's, and Hardie's—numbering about 60,000 men.

Sherman had been acquainted with the region when a young lieutenant, and had carefully noted its topography, especially that about Kenesaw, Allatoona, and the Etowah river, some distance to the southward of Cassville. His recollections



were now very useful to him. He knew that the Allatoona Pass was very strong, and would be hard to pierce; therefore he shunned it, and determined to turn it by moving by his right flank from Kingston to Marietta via Dallas, the march to begin on the 23rd. McPherson was to march wide on the extreme right, Schofield on the left by Burnt Hickory, Thomas in the centre by way of Euharlee and Stilesborough; the general rendezvous for the three armies to be the vicinity of Dallas, considerably to the south-west of Allatoona. The movement involved temporary

abandonment of the railroad, and dependence for some twenty days on the contents of the waggon trains ; and, because of the intricacy of the region and its infrequent roads, the advance



"STRUCK COLONEL TAYLOR SQUARE IN THE BREAST."

was necessarily slow. The Etowah was crossed by several bridges and fords in a broad front, with intercommunication by couriers on the cross-roads. Sherman accompanied Thomas, who had the centre, and whose command was the "column of direction." Dallas was the point of concentration of a great many roads leading in every direction. Its possession would threaten both Marietta and Atlanta ; but an attempt on neither could be made until the use of the railroad, which followed the Allatoona Pass, should have been regained. The object of the turning movement just described was chiefly to compel Johnston to evacuate his strong position at Allatoona.

On the 25th, Hooker's three divisions of the Army of the Cumberland on their march on Dallas came upon a hostile cavalry force at Pumpkin Vine Creek. It was driven off, but the bridge was on fire. The fire was extinguished, but Hooker's leading division followed the enemy's cavalry on a road leading due east

towards Marietta, instead of heading for Dallas. Four miles from the creek Hooker came into contact with a strong force of hostile infantry moving down from Allatoona towards Dallas, and a sharp battle ensued. Sherman soon came up, and ordered Hooker to secure an important cross road called New Hope. Hooker's two other divisions presently arrived, but before they could be deployed the enemy had gained corresponding increase of strength. The resistance was so strong that Hooker was unable to carry the position, although the fighting lasted far into the night. Day-break of the 26th revealed a long line of Confederate entrenchments facing Hooker's divisions, with a heavy force of infantry and guns. The battle was renewed, but without success for the Union troops. Sherman then became assured that Johnston was at New Hope with his whole army, and that point was much nearer his own objective—the railway—than was Dallas. He therefore desired that McPherson should leave Dallas and take position on Hooker's right. But McPherson also was confronted in Dallas by a heavy force, and when he attempted to fulfil his orders, on the morning of the 28th, his right was fiercely assailed. A bloody battle ensued, in which McPherson repulsed attack after attack, inflicting heavy loss on his assailants ; but it was not until June 1st that he was free to withdraw from Dallas and effect a junction with Hooker in front of New Hope.

Meantime Thomas and Schofield were completing their deployments, gradually overlapping Johnston's right and thus extending the Federal left nearer and nearer to the railroad about Ackworth, a place about eight miles distant. All this time a continuous battle was going on, fought by strong skirmish-lines taking advantage of every species of cover, both sides fortifying themselves each night with rifle-trenches and head-logs, many of which grew to be formidable defensive works. Frequent sallies and counter-sallies were made, both sides continually within musket range of each other ; yet, though the fire of musketry and cannon resounded day and night along a line varying from six to ten miles in length, one rarely saw a dozen of the enemy at any one time. Sherman, his generals, and their respective staffs were continually at the front in the musketry fire. Once a minie-ball grazed General Logan's arm and then struck Colonel Taylor square in the breast. The memorandum-book in his breast-pocket broke the force of the

he was struck down and disabled for the campaign.

On the 1st, McPherson closed in on the Sherman held himself in close contact in a hostile position at New Hope, working gradually and steadily by his left, until his infantry lines held possession of all the roads between New Hope, Allatoona, and North. He then sent two cavalry divisions to Allatoona, one by either end of the high road that place lay. It was occupied, and was at once given to repair the railroad from Kingston to Allatoona and to build the bridge across the Etowah river. The object of Sherman's detour past Allatoona was accomplished. On June 4th, drawing off from New Hope to take command of the railroad in front of Allatoona, General Johnston himself evacuated his position. The railroad was then held in force at Big Shanty, in sight of the famous Pine Mountain. Thus, during May and the first of June, Sherman had driven his army from the strong successive positions of Resaca, Allatoona, and Dallas; had added his lines in strong, compact order from Resaca to Big Shanty, over nearly a hundred miles of most difficult country; and he now prepared for a further advance. His troops confident and eager for success, as soon as the communications were complete for the opening of the necessary campaign. The Federal casualties during May had been: killed, 1,863; wounded, 7,436; missing, 9,200. On May 1, Johnston's strength was 64,450; on May 1st, his losses were 721 killed, 2,200 wounded; missing, 3,245; aggregate, 6,166. With the drawn out campaign from New Hope, and the operation by Sherman, the result was the natural

termination of the first stage of the campaign.

On the 1st of June, Sherman's reinforcements equal to the losses he had incurred from battle and sick-

ness, and by detachments; and thus the three armies of which he was the supreme commander aggregated still about 100,000 effectives. On 10th June, having garrisoned Allatoona with 1,500 men, he moved forward the combined armies to Big Shanty, whence was clearly visible the enemy's position on the three prominent hills of Kenesaw, Pine Mountain, and Lost Mountain, on each of which Johnston's people had signal-stations and fresh lines of entrenchments. Heavy masses of infantry were discerned. The Confederate commander's ground was well chosen, and he appeared prepared for battle; but his ten-miles-long front was too extended to be held adequately by his 60,000 men. One advantage he had in having a full command of vision over Sherman's operations on the lower ground; and Sherman, aware of this, proceeded with due caution.

In a day or two the Etowah bridge was finished, and the railroad repaired right up to Sherman's headquarters at Big Shanty. After three days of continuous rain there came fine weather on the 14th, and the Federal troops occupied a continuous entrenched line ten miles long, conforming to the enemy's



"ONE OF MCPHERSON'S STAFF DASHED UP TO THE PORCH" (p. 700).

position. During a reconnaissance made on that day by Sherman, he saw at a range of about eight hundred yards a group of Confederate officers observing his position with telescopes. He ordered a battery close by to

disperse this group by firing on it three volleys, one of the shots of which happened to kill General (and Bishop) Polk, the commanding-general of one of Johnston's army corps. On the 15th the Federal lines were advanced, in search of a weak point somewhere between Kenesaw and Pine Mountain; but the latter eminence was abandoned, and Johnston had contracted his front, connecting Kenesaw with Lost Mountain. On the 16th he abandoned Lost Mountain, and now held only Kenesaw, whence he covered Marietta and all the roads southward. Torrents of rain on the 17th and 18th made movements impossible; but the positions were carefully strengthened, to guard against a sally from Kenesaw against Sherman's dépôt at Big Shanty. In this work of entrenchment Sherman employed a pioneer corps of 200 negro free-men, who worked at night, while the white soldiers benefited by nocturnal sleep.

On the 19th the rebel army threw back its flanks to such an extent that Sherman supposed that it was retreating to the Chattahoochee river, fifteen miles farther south; but this movement was simply in the nature of a closer concentration covering Marietta and the railroad. On the 20th, Johnston's position was wonderfully strong. Kenesaw Mountain was his salient; both his flanks were refused, covered by parapets and creeks. Notwithstanding the abominable weather, Sherman continued to press operations with the utmost earnestness, aiming always to keep his lines in actual contact with the enemy. On the 24th he considered that it would be unwise to extend his lines any further, and in consultation with his army commanders, it was agreed that there was no alternative but to make serious assaults on the fortified lines of the enemy. The 27th was fixed as the day for the attempt. The points of the attack were chosen, and the troops were all prepared with as little demonstration as possible. About 9 a.m. of the appointed day the troops moved to the assault, and all along the lines for ten miles a furious fire of artillery and musketry was opened and maintained. At all points the assailants were met by the enemy with determined courage and in great force. McPherson's attacking column fought up the face of the lesser Kenesaw, but could not reach the summit. Thomas's assaulting column, just below the Dallas road, reached the defenders' parapet, on the lip of which Brigadier-Generals Harker and

McCook received wounds which proved fatal. By 11.30 a.m. the assault was over, and failed. This was the hardest fight of the campaign up to that date; the Federal loss about 2,500 killed and wounded, chiefly in Thomas's command. The losses in two of the three Confederate corps were stated at 800; of Hood's corps were not reported. Sherman's losses in killed and wounded during the month of June amounted to 7,530; Johnston's to 4,000 killed and wounded and about 10,000 missing, most of whom became prisoners to the Federals.

Johnston held on staunchly to the Kenesaw position. Chary of bloodshed, which he considered useless, Sherman determined to attempt driving him out of it. He gave orders to bring forward supplies sufficient to support the waggon, intending to strip the railroad to Allatoona, and make that place his base, and to turn Johnston's left, so as to re-establish the railroad below Marietta. Johnston, however, detected the movement, and promptly abandoned Marietta and Kenesaw. At dawn of July 1st Sherman, through his telescope, saw his pickets on the Kenesaw position which Johnston had just evacuated, and he ordered an immediate pursuit by every possible force, hoping to catch Johnston in the confusion of retreat, especially at the crossing of the Chattahoochee river. But Johnston was not disposed to make a disorderly retreat. He fell back to Kenesaw and Marietta on an entrenchment prepared in advance on the north bank of the Chattahoochee, covering the railway crossings and his pontoon bridges. Sherman had learned of this strong place, which was in the nature of a *tête-de-pont*, and had counted on striking Johnston an effectual blow in the confusion of his crossing the river. The Federal pursuit was necessarily by devious routes, whereas Johnston had in advance clear and multiplied good and more direct routes to his bridge-head. The same night, nevertheless, Thomas's head of column ran up against a Confederate rear-guard entrenched at Sycamore camp-ground, six miles south of Marietta. There on the following day was celebrated the Fourth of July by a noisy but not a decisive battle, maintained chiefly to hold the place there till McPherson and Schofield could get well into position near the Chattahoochee crossings.

On 5th July Sherman could report to Grant that he had driven the enemy to

Chattahoochee valley, and that his forces possession of the right bank of the river fifteen miles above, as far as Roswell, miles below to the mouth of the Sweet-Creek. It was his turn now to hold the high ground, and so overlook Johnston's movements. A hill behind Vining's station Sherman could discern the white houses of Atlanta, about fifteen miles to the south. Johnston was still in *de-pont* with his infantry, but had sent his cavalry and trains. It was open to him by crossing the river to threaten either Johnston's rear or the city of Atlanta itself, was of vital importance to the existence of Johnston's army, but even of the efficacy. The repairing of the railroad at Vining's station was being actively prosecuted. Sherman had determined to cross the river on his left, above Johnston's position, using the crossing place at Roswell for McPherson's command, and one lower down at the mouth of Sweet-Creek, by which Schofield crossed on the previous night. That same night Johnston evacuated his *de-pont* and crossed the river, burning his bridges; and so left Sherman in full possession of the right bank. McPherson crossed at Roswell on the 13th. Thomas in the centre was holding his bridges at Power's and Paice's

On the 17th began the general movement towards Atlanta. On the 18th all three armies made a general right wheel, Thomas moving to the right, forming line of battle facing Peach Creek; Schofield was on his left, and Johnston was nearer the railroad between Mountain and Decatur, when he turned towards Atlanta and at night joined Schofield at Roswell. The same morning Sherman obtained from the Atlanta newspaper of that date, containing Johnston's order relinquishing the command of Confederate forces in Atlanta and Hood's assuming that command. Hood was to be a man of great courage—bold even to rashness; and Sherman inferred that the object of command meant "fight." Sherman knew that the change was just what he needed—to fight in open ground on something like equal terms, instead of being forced to butt Johnston's heads up against prepared entrenchments. It may be remarked that Sherman's object for something like "equal terms" was a peculiar aspiration, seeing that he outnumbered his opponent two to one. He lost no time in giving the Federal troops the tone of his fighting character. On the

morning of the 19th, Sherman's three armies were converging towards Atlanta. Next day Hood made a furious sally, chiefly on Hooker's corps of Thomas's command, while the troops were resting during a halt. It was a complete surprise. The rebels suddenly came pouring out upon Hooker's people; Confederate and Federal commingled, and fought in many places hand to hand. After two hours of hard and close conflict the enemy retired slowly within his trenches, leaving his dead and many wounded in the field. Hooker's corps had fought in open ground, with a loss of some 1,500 men. He reported 400 rebels dead left on the ground, which was probably true; but his assertion that the rebel wounded numbered 4,000 was rather in Hooker's vein. It was certain, nevertheless, that a bold sally had been met successfully; and the occurrence was a useful illustration of the future tactics of the enemy. Sherman's lines were advanced in compact order, but between them and Atlanta were the strong parapets, with ditch, *chevaux-de-frise*, and abattis, prepared long in advance. It was on this afternoon that Colonel Tom Roberts, of Wisconsin, was shot through the leg. When the surgeons were about to amputate he begged them to spare the leg, as it was very valuable, being an "imported leg." He was of Irish birth, and this well-timed piece of wit saved the limb, the surgeons agreeing that if he could perpetrate a joke at such a time his vitality might be trusted to escape amputation.

On the morning of the 22nd July—the day of the Battle of Atlanta—the section of rebel parapet on the "Peach Tree line," in front of Schofield and Thomas, was found abandoned, and the Federal lines advanced rapidly close up to Atlanta. Sherman supposed that the enemy intended to evacuate, and had mounted his horse in front of Schofield's troops on open ground before the Howard House, which was his headquarter. But soon were observed the enemy preparing abattis, and the rebel line fully manned, with guns in position at intervals. Thomas was already engaged, and Schofield was dressing forward his lines, when McPherson and his staff rode up. Presently Sherman and McPherson moved to a short distance and sat down, while Sherman pointed out to McPherson on the map Thomas's position and his own. Occasional cannon-shot were coming through the trees, and presently was heard some gun-fire towards Decatur, farther back. This firing was too far to the left rear to be accounted for, and McPherson

hastily called for his horse, staff, and orderlies. McPherson, at the age of thirty-four, was in his prime—a very handsome man, over six feet high, universally liked, and possessed of many noble qualities. He gathered his papers into his pocket-book and mounted, telling Sherman he would send him word back what the inexplicable sound meant on the left rear. Then he galloped away in the direction of the firing. Not many minutes later one of McPherson's staff, his horse covered with sweat, dashed up to the

telling him of the strong sally which had just been made from Atlanta, and suggesting that the hostile lines in his front must have been weakened for the sake of making it, adding that Thomas ought to take advantage of the opportunity to make a lodgment in Atlanta if possible. Word was also sent to General Logan to assume command of the Army of the Tennessee vacated by McPherson's death.

An hour later an ambulance came through the hurricane of fire, bearing McPherson's body



"THE WHOLE LINE FROM BIG SHANTY UP TO ALLATOONA WAS MARKED BY THE FIRES OF THE BURNING RAILROAD" (p. 703).

porch on which Sherman was walking up and down, and reported that McPherson was "either killed or a prisoner." The general and his staff—so reported the messenger of evil tidings—had ridden rapidly across the railroad, the sounds of battle increasing as they approached General Giles Smith's division. McPherson had then ordered up some reserve brigades to the exposed left flank, and had hurried Dodge's corps to the same point; and then—almost, if not entirely, alone—he had disappeared in the woods behind the 17th Corps. The sound of musketry was then heard, and McPherson's horse came back, wounded and riderless. Sherman immediately despatched orders to Thomas,

to the Howard House. McPherson's wound had been immediately fatal. His dress had not been touched, but his pocket-book was gone. Its contents might have yielded matter useful to the enemy, but that it had been almost immediately recovered from the haversack of a captured prisoner, and secured by one of McPherson's staff. The enemy attacked boldly and repeatedly the whole of the Federal left flank, but met with an equally fierce resistance, and on that ground a bloody battle raged from noon until well on into the night. At 4 p.m. came the expected sally from Atlanta, directed against Leggat's Hill and along the Decatur railroad. At Leggat's Hill the rebel sortie was boldly

bloodily repulsed. Along the Decatur the rebels were more successful. Reached the Federal main line, they broke through it possession of a battery of four 20-pounder guns, killing every horse and turning the rest the broken Federals. Generals Logan and Field, after a desperate and prolonged

retrieved the situation ;

division swept away from the line at originally held Union troops.

Combined Federal ultimately drove

away back into Atlanta at two field-guns

lost, having been driven off by the rebels.

At the Battle of the most severe

of the campaign. The Union armies

officers and men wounded. The

the Confederacy nearly as many,

total losses were at nearly 10,000

maintaining the Atlanta after the

the 22nd, Sherman determined to move

of the Tennessee commanded by

Howard, rapidly

to the right the railroad below

and at the same time all his cavalry

lodgment on the road about Jones.

The movement the 27th, and next day was followed by

standing-general to the extreme right, some sharp fighting was in progress.

About 11 a.m., and lasted nearly five

A fierce attack was made by the enemy

extreme Federal right, which, however, unsuccessful.

It was the first fight in

General Howard commanded the Army of

Georgia. He very judiciously left Logan,

been his temporary predecessor, to fight

corps, but exposed himself freely, and

of the Tennessee took warmly to the

one-armed veteran. The loss in this combat amounted to 579 killed, wounded, and missing. Over 600 rebel dead were buried on the field, and the total Confederate loss was estimated at not less than 6,000. The Federal losses during the month of July amounted in all to 9,719, those of the Confederates to 10,841.



SWAMP IN GEORGIA.

In the beginning of August Sherman had ill-fortune with his cavalry, which he had sent to the south-east. McCook's whole division had been badly mauled. Sherman became convinced that the cavalry could not make a sufficiently strong lodgment on the railway below Atlanta ; and to Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, was committed the charge of this particular object. Desultory fighting, never attaining the dignity of a battle, lasted during the period from July 29th until August 31st. On the latter date Howard found Hardee's corps in an

entrenched position covering Jonesboro', which sallied from that place on the Federal 15th Corps, but was easily repulsed and driven back within its lines. On the following day, September 1st, energetic attempts were made to make a capture of the whole of Hardee's corps; but "somebody blundered," night came on, and Hardee escaped. That same night there rose in Atlanta the sound of shells exploding, and another sound resembling that of musketry. Next morning, while Hardee was being pursued to the southward, tidings came from General Slocum that at daybreak he had entered Atlanta unopposed, and that his letter was written within the place. The news soon spread to the army, and the triumph was a full recompense for the labour, toils, and hardships endured in the course of the previous three months. The glad excitement throughout the North was a heartfelt and eloquent tribute to the soldierly merits of Sherman and his gallant, staunch, and loyal men.

Sherman's earliest undertaking on entering Atlanta was to have all its inhabitants removed from the city. It was a stern measure, which has no parallel in modern times; but Sherman had the courage of his opinions, and did not hesitate to formulate his reasons. They were as follows: All the houses of Atlanta were required for military occupation and storage. He desired to contract the lines of defence, and thus diminish the garrison to the limits necessary for the defence of the city proper. Atlanta was a fortified place, had been stubbornly defended, and was fairly captured; it belonged, therefore, to the captors. The residence in it of a civilian population with inadequate food-resources would entail the alternative of having to feed that population or see it starve. "These," wrote Sherman, "are my reasons: if they are satisfactory to the Government of the United States, I do not care whether they are palatable to General Hood and his people or not."

In accepting, perforce, the arrangements for the exodus insisted on by Sherman, Hood gave his view of Sherman's measures in the following terms: "Permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity, I protest." Sherman retorted voluminously, and a bitter correspondence followed between him and Hood. But, meanwhile, in order to effect the exchange of prisoners, to

facilitate the exodus of the inhabitants of Atlanta, and to keep open communication to the south, Sherman established a neutral zone where a Federal officer with a guard and an officer similarly detailed by Hood; and they harmoniously expedited the arrangements: on by the respective commanders. There was no more fighting in the vicinity of Atlanta. Hood's evacuation of the place; and the close of the campaign, which lasted from May 6th to 15th September, could now be reckoned. Those of Sherman's forces amounted to 110,000 men; those of Hood's to 70,000. Those killed, 22,822 wounded, and 4,442 missing; total casualties reaching the aggregate of 32,264. The Confederate losses were 3,044 killed, 12,983 wounded, 12,983 prisoners captured by Federal forces. Aggregate of Southern losses 34,979.

Towards the end of September it became apparent to Sherman that Hood was moving northward with the intention of opening an offensive against the Federal communications. Sherman could not afford to have his line of railroad between Nashville and Atlanta seriously interfered with. He therefore despatched General Thomas with two divisions back to Chattanooga to meet the contingency of Forrest's operations in Tennessee, and another division to about half-way between Atlanta and Chattanooga, for the protection of his communications. Sherman left a corps in the garrison of Atlanta, and marched northward with the remainder of his forces, now reduced by detachments and discharges to about 60,000 men. Hood's army he estimated at a maximum of 40,000 men. Sherman had strong railroad guards at the points of importance between Atlanta and Chattanooga. All the principal railroad bridges were protected by good blockhouses, and were strong enough to withstand infantry or cavalry, and the railway stations were fortified with detachments and entrenchments. Sherman did not apprehend that the enemy's cavalry could damage the roads seriously, but it was absolutely necessary to keep Hood's infantry off his main line of communication and supply.

On October 4th, when at Vining's Station, Sherman learned that hostile masses had been seen marching north from Kenesaw. His objective point he inferred was Allatoona, and he promptly signalled to General Sherman at Rome to hurry to the support of the garrison holding that point. Sherman advanced Kenesaw Mountain on the morning of the 5th. To the south-west rose the smoke of camp fires, indicating the presence of

of large hostile forces ; and the whole from Big Shanty up to Allatoona, full miles, was marked by the fires of the railroad. He could plainly see the of battle about Allatoona, and hear the reverberation of the cannon. Sherman stood on the Kenesaw summit until his officer reported the message from Allatoona: "Corse is here," the first assurance to him that General Corse had received and acted on his orders, and that therefore Allatoona was securely garrisoned.

Towards afternoon the smoke of battle about Allatoona grew less, and about 4 p.m. ceased altogether ; later in the afternoon the signal-bell announced the welcome tidings that the rebels had been fairly repulsed, but that General Corse had been wounded. Next day there came from that gallant officer a very plain but profane communication : "I am cheek-bone and an ear, but am able to hold hell yet !" It had been a brisk and bright day : 1,900 Federal troops, in the open field, were engaged in redoubts, against more than 4,000 rebel soldiers. Sherman's railroad had been wrecked for a space of eight miles, every mile bent : the estimate for repairs required 35,000 new ties, and eight miles of new track.

Ten thousand men were distributed to guard the great break ; and such was the expectation that in seven days the road was again in working order. Sherman tells an amusing story of a dialogue between two rebel soldiers. One said to the other : "Well, the Yanks will get up and git now, for I heard General Sherman himself say that General Wheeler had dug up the tunnel beyond Allatoona, and the Yanks would have to retreat, because they could get no more rations."

"Hell," replied his comrade ; "don't you think that old Sherman carries a duplicate of hell along ?"

It was in September, while still in Atlanta, that Sherman conceived the idea of the famous march to the sea.

Sherman's mind. He saw his way when Hood moved to the northward ; and that the latter had gone further in that direction, Sherman disclosed his project to his men in characteristic terms.

"I propose," he wrote, "to break up the railroad from Chattanooga southward, and that we march with our waggons for Milledgeville, Macon, and Savannah. By attempting to hold the Chattanooga-Atlanta railroad, we should

lose 1,000 men per month, and gain no result. I can make this march, and make Georgia howl." This was on October 9th ; it was not until the 21st that a cipher message from General Halleck intimated that the authorities in Washington were willing that Sherman should undertake the march across Georgia to the sea. That same day he telegraphed to General Easton, his chief quartermaster, in the following terms : "Go in person to superintend the repairs of the railroad, and expedite its completion. I want it finished, to bring back from Atlanta to Chattanooga the sick and wounded and surplus stores. After November 1st I want nothing in front of Chattanooga except what we can use as food and clothing, to be hauled in our waggons. I allow ten days for all this to be done, by which time I expect to be in Atlanta. I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, and to sally forth to ruin Georgia and bring up on the Atlantic seaboard at Savannah."

On November 10th the movement for the great raid may be said to have been fairly begun. All the troops designed for the Georgia campaign were ordered to march for Atlanta, and General Corse, before evacuating his position at Rome, was ordered to destroy everything that could be useful to the enemy, should he attempt a pursuit or a resumption of military possession of the region to be abandoned. Meanwhile trains of cars were whirling northward, carrying to the rear an immense amount of stores which had accumulated at Atlanta and at the other stations along the railroad ; and General Steedman had come down to take charge of the final evacuation and the withdrawal of the several garrisons below Chattanooga.

On the 12th at Cartersville, a few miles north of Atlanta, as Sherman and his staff sat in a porch to rest, his telegraph operator tapped the wire to receive a farewell message from General Thomas in Nashville. Sherman answered simply : "Despatch received—all right—good-bye !" "At that instant of time," wrote Sherman, "some of our men burnt a bridge, the telegraph-wire was severed, and all communication with the rear ceased thenceforth." The famous "march from Atlanta to the sea" began on the morning of November 15th, 1864, and no further tidings reached the outside world of Sherman and his army until the Atlantic was reached at Savannah on the evening of December 12th.



THE lawless black flag floated on the topmost peak of the ridge of forts. A large sheet, ebon as a funeral scarf, it recalled to those acquainted with the East the curtain outside the tent of the Prophet's wife, which was only used to proclaim war, and to others the Jolly Roger of piracy—the sign that no quarter was either sought or given. Whatever meaning was to be attached to it, there it flaunted on the outer walls of Carthagena like an ugly, big pall; and every time it was struck by a splinter of shell it was lowered: but it was not down for long, because it went up again larger with a new black scrap sewn on to it. This may have been only an artifice to keep up the spirits of the besieged—it could have no other value in warfare; but the Spanish Loyalists outside chose to regard it as defiance, and made it a target with such excellent effect that they boasted that they would soon be unable to see the fort because of the ensign that covered it.

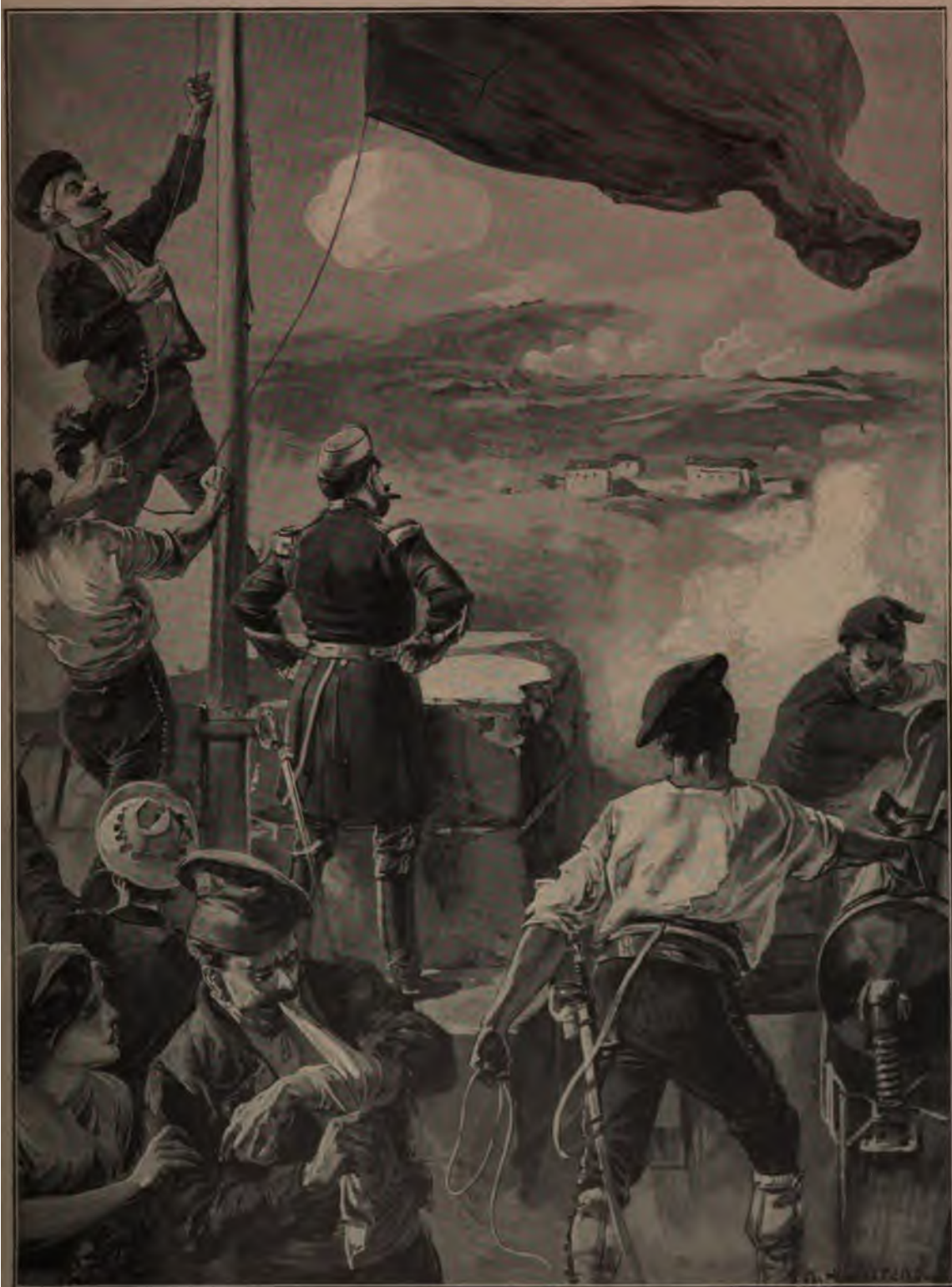
There is much virtue in a flag. The green quickens the fevered pulse in a fanatic Moslem, the blue was sacred to the Covenanters, and the white starred with golden lilies is prized as the badge of Legitimacy. To preserve its flag from dishonour or loss—to “save the colours,” as the saying is—is the dear ambition of every regiment that respects itself. That token of honour in silk or stuff is the rallying point in action; those who serve under it are proud of it, and look upon every rent in its tattered folds as subject for boast, for it is proof of genuine service.

Red and black are among the accursed colours. It was only by a touch of inspiration that Lamartine averted the disgrace from the French Republic of adopting the red flag of carnage as the national emblem. “Take that!” said the poet. “Never! Why, it has but made the circuit of the Champ de Mars smeared with the

blood of fellow-citizens. Give me the tri- for it has gone round the world, linked victory and glory.” And the Republic took its own the red, white, and blue of Bonaparte and clings to it still with affection, except in a frenzy of passing madness, when it may take the red of the Commune. It was this hue—the red—the rebels of southern Spain chose as their emblem until Saenz, the carrier, or Galvez, or Roque Barcia, or the other mediocrities who had grasped power when the revolt of the *Intransigentes*, or intransigibles, sprung into activity, had the whim to shake out the ominous black flag. That appeared to be the first and only time it was flung to the free sunlight on land in the nineteenth century. *Cosas de España*, “Things of Spain,” as what cannot be accounted for is calmly dismissed.

The reader must bear yet with a brief review of what preceded in the Peninsula before we come to the siege which was the last (for the time) of the Extremists, or *Intransigentes*. It was the final disturbance of the peace of Spain when settling down after the great storm of the Commune.

Carthagena, or new Carthage (37, 33 N. lat., 1, 5 W. long.), is an ancient and historic city in the province of Murcia, on the southern corner of the Spanish coast between Cartagena de Indias and Tinoso. Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general—killed more than two centuries before the Christian era—by whom it was founded, considered it a commodious haven for the fleet, and designed to ruin the might of Rome. In the present it is the chief naval stronghold of Spain. Its natural situation with a land-locked bay, barriered by steep sentinel heights, makes it formidable. The islet of Escombreras abuts on the port, then there is the Bay of Pormar, and to the bare dark hills, whose surface is g



"A LARGE SHEET, EBON AS A FUNERAL SCARE" (A 794).

were not incorrectly termed by a London paper a set of crazy and ferocious democrats—withdrew, and on the 18th July proclaimed Murcia and Valencia independent republics or cantons, as self-governing as the States of the American Union. Cadiz, Seville, Malaga were insubordinate, and each had set up on its own account. There was no stable Government—it was a hot-bed of anarchy, and he was the ruler who had the greatest audacity or the biggest lung-power until another with more impudence or louder voice arose to supplant him. Pi y Margall, as Premier, had been succeeded by Salmeron. Castelar the eloquent, surnamed Musica, had risen on the fall of a less dreamy statesman perhaps. It was a perfect game of cross purposes—a reproduction of the witches-scene in *Macbeth*, and from the burning fire and bubbling cauldron in the cave came forth only double toil and trouble. There were various risings got up by the more ardent and violent of the Republicans in the South. General Pavia, with such loyal troops as he had under his control, attacked Almeria, in Granada, and quieted Seville and Cadiz by August 4th; Valencia was taken by the troops on the 22nd, and the bombardment of Malaga was stopped by the English and German war-ships in the Mediterranean. But Carthagená was the headquarters of the insurgents. They had the pick of the navy in their hands. It was reported that Pi y Margall, who was of their political tinge, had managed this of *malice prepense*, as Buchanan had massed the United States ships in the South before the War of Secession. To the insurgents resorted all the unruly spirits of Europe, those who had something to earn in the division of spoil—revolutionists from Italy and Portugal, ex-leaders who had fought at the barricades of the Commune of Paris, and even one Englishman, who probably threw in his lot with his rebel comrades more to pass the time, or from the seaman's love of novelty, than from any profound political convictions or strong sympathies. He was there, and as there was likely to be some fighting, he was as good as any Diego of the lot. And so Peters, when epaulettes were going about, thought he might as well have his share as another, for could he not give as hard knocks as the best?

The fleet quietly seized by the rebels was very strong. It consisted mostly of armour-clad vessels constructed in England and France, such as the *Vitoria*, launched at the Thames Ironworks Company's yard in 1868, and the *Numancia*,

built at Marseilles, the *Mendez Nunez* and the *Duque de Tetuan*, the *Almanza*, *Fernando el Catolico*, *Arapiles*, and others.

The *Vitoria* was armoured from stem to stern with five-and-a-half-inch plates and ten inches of teak, had engines of 5,000 horse-power, and an armament of four 12-ton, three 9-ton, and twelve 7-ton guns. Its length was 316 feet, its breadth 57 feet, and displacement 7,053 tons. Only second in size to this huge machine of war was the *Numancia*, which had an armament of six 18-ton, three 9-ton, and sixteen 7-ton Armstrong guns in a broadside battery. Furnished with such fighting engines, all of which were Spanish property provided by solid Spanish gold, which was not easily to be had and did not grow on every bush, the insurgents were not to be despised. Every wound inflicted upon them was a blow dealt at the prosperity of the country at large. That is one of the beauties of civil war.

As crowds gather round the scene of a street-fight, scenting the symptoms of mischief, the armed ships of the greater part of the civilised world swarmed in and near Carthagená in observation and to safeguard the interests of those under their protection. The rebel vessels were strictly watched, and on the 1st of September the *Almanza* and *Vitoria* were captured by Captain Warner, of the *Friedrich Karl*, an armour-clad frigate with eighteen 12-ton guns, built at La Seyne, near Toulon, on a French model. They may have wished to be captured: anyhow, the German gave the two larger vessels up to Admiral Yelverton, who prepared for action against the Spaniards, who claimed them at first, but thought better of it by-and-by, and sent them to Gibraltar unmolested. They were detained in the shadow of that fortress until the 26th of September, when they were given over to the Spanish Government, and Admiral Lobo made the *Vitoria* his flagship. Two days after, the Intransigente ironclads *Mendez Nunez* and *Numancia*, with their gasconading, gorgeously-bedizened chiefs and motley, half-disciplined crews, bombarded Alicante and were repulsed.

About this period there was an immense floating force of almost all the nations, in Escombreras Bay, or in holding-ground in its vicinity. Of the British fleet there was present the orthodox Mediterranean squadron, including the *Lord Warden*, the *Triumph*, under Admiral Yelverton, the *Swiftsure*, the *Torch*, the *Hart*, the *Pheasant*, and the *Helicon*; and Campbell's detached squadron, embracing the

sus (flag), the *Endymion*, *Immortalité*, and *Aurora*; the French were represented by two ironclads—the *Thétis* and the *Blanche*, mounting six guns of seven inches; Italy had the armoured *San Martino*, with four guns of six and a half inches each, and the *theon*, a light-draught rapid boat, used for carrying despatches; the Stars and Stripes were the *Wabash*, a screw first-rater with forty-four guns, and the *Wachusett*, a third-rater of six guns. Sweden, with perhaps other Powers, were not at the muster. Altogether it was an unequal display of armed strength to be collected to witness the grotesque andrew-martins of mutinous mountebanks and their nearest opponents.

The first encounter between the Madrid fleet and the Government fleet, which was loyal to the Government and the insurgents occurred on the 11th of October. Early on that day four vessels—the *Numancia*, the *Mendez Nunez*, the *Tetuan*, and the *Fernando el Católico*—steamed out of Carthagena, and appeared off Porman Bay, to the south of Escombreras. The *Numancia*, with Contreras on board and several of the members of the Junta, took the lead and was the longest and quickest of the ships, and the *Vitoria*, exchanging broadsides and firing, and then passed quickly to the rear on the right of the line, attempting to run a paddle vessel which ran helter-skelter and was being rammed. Then, as she turned to starboard, pursued by the *Vitoria*, for some incredible cause—cowardice was attributed by Contreras to Contreras, and by Contreras to the *Vitoria*, the monster sheered off and got back to the shelter of the harbour. The *Mendez Nunez* was of long range, and did not aid the *Numancia*, which could or would have been captured by the *Vitoria*, which intercepted her retreat, had the French ironclad *Thétis* run between her and the *Vitoria*. The French officer pleaded that his machinery had broken down. The *Mendez Nunez* got away with one killed and several wounded. The *Tetuan*, whose captain was a British officer, warmly engaged and received the full compliment of some smashing shots, and when retiring she swapped broadsides with the *Vitoria* almost at pistol range, which drew a rousing cheer from the British tars who were looking on at the fight. But when the smoke cleared off, sides and spars were visible, as if blank had been fired by mistake. Indeed, so it may have been. A shell

indeed, so it may have been. A shell hit the *Mayor*, Vice-President of the Junta, and

the *Tetuan* had five killed and twenty-two wounded. The *Fernando el Católico* could not get up sufficient speed, and prudently held on the skirts of action entirely out of range. Altogether the demonstration lasted two hours. Lobo claimed the victory, having repulsed the attempt to break the blockade, and reported to the English, who proffered surgical help, that he did not need it, having only a few contused. But the insurgents, in addition to the killed, had numerous wounded.

On October the 13th the Intransigentes reappeared bold as brass, and levelled a saluting shot at Lobo; but that worthy declined the fray, and drew off in an easterly direction, when the chase was given up by the rebels about fifteen miles from Carthagena. Lobo had no desire for a brush. At all events, they were never less than three miles apart. His adherents said he was off to seek the *Zaragoza*, which was expected to reinforce his fleet.

Early on the 18th the *Numancia* collided with the *Fernando el Católico* off Alicante, whither they had gone in quest of Lobo on a foraging expedition, and the latter went to the bottom with sixty-six of her crew. The remainder were taken off by boats. Many high-handed privateering adventures were entered upon by the Intransigentes at this time. To sustain life in their cause they had to depend on raids on non-combatants. The contraband captain of the *Tetuan* brought in cargoes of 750 tons of wheat, salt fish, and live sheep. More than half a dozen barques, nationality not particularly inquired into, were coolly swept into the Intransigentes' net. But Peters, the Englishman, was a veritable amateur Red Rover. He had been chief engineer of the *Fernando el Católico*, and was saved from the accidental ram of the *Numancia*. He declared himself a plain, rough man, but he had a taking way with him. With a gun on board a little steamer, the *Darro*, he scoured the coast on flying trips, and never returned without a captured felucca. Lobo was fighting with tied hands, so to speak, and had no intention of destroying Spanish property; but he never reappeared on the scene. He was tried by court-martial at Madrid, and dismissed to private life, and Chicarro was named general-admiral in his stead.

The make-believe of a siege on the landward side was proclaimed on the 22nd of August, but there never was a regular line of investment, and it was always possible to get in or out from Carthagena by rushes in the dark, or edging

round the extremities. Ordnance and material were detained at La Palma, the last station on the railway from Murcia; sunken batteries erected on the ground behind; scouts were planted on the hill of Beaza, with signals to the cannoneers in the rear how to alter their aim at its unseen object; and a bombardment was started on the 26th November, General Ceballos in command. It was estimated that there were 700 guns in Carthagena. A very hot fire was opened on the first day, and, after the maiden surprise, as hotly returned, volleys of great guns sweeping forth until the soil in our front was dented with craters. The view, as the smoke rested or curled on the low dusty plain, studded with windmills, bushes of cactus, stunted clumps of olive, and flat stone houses with sections of infantry hid in the shadow, was stirring and theatrical.

At this epoch it was computed that the forces of the Intransigentes, reckoned roundly 3,800, thus made up—Tomaset's guerillas, 30; Galvez's Murcian volunteers, 150; the Chasseurs of Mendigorria, 300; the two mutinous battalions of Iberia, 600; infantry of the marines, 100; artillerymen, 100; Chasseurs of Carthagena, a sort of local militia, 220; volunteers of Carthagena, 1,300; released convicts, 1,000. There may be some small differences of detail, but it may be assumed that there were in all available about 3,000 efficient at the very most. The volunteers were puny, and, like all improvised troops, readily yielding to panic, given to indiscriminate firing and needless outlay of ammunition, more for the purpose of making a noise than anything else. Some of them were mere boys, no taller than the guns they carried, and had gone into the revolution as a game of holiday soldiering. There were a certain proportion of these volunteers urged by political enthusiasm, but pelf was the ruling motive with the majority of them rather than principle. They looked with patronising airs upon the regulars, who repaid their condescension with interest; but the convicts, who were despised by both, were the real withes that bound the garrison together. These were not political prisoners, but the very scum of the earth—cut-throats, coiners, forgers, highwaymen, enemies of society. They had no political convictions, but they revelled in their easily obtained freedom, and stood out pluckily, because they felt that defeat meant to go back to gaol. At large, they were somebody; they were feared if not caressed. Cast into durance they were fed, it is true, but no more content than

caged hyænas. The convicts, with their seamed brown faces and downward scowl, contrasted with the soldiers with their ruddy, frank country complexions, who joined the movement because their officers had joined it, and would fain leave it now when they found the company they were in; but they were not sure of how they would be received, as they thought they were fighting with ropes round their necks.

The normal population of Carthagena was 30,000, but all the wealthy and orderly or timid inhabitants had left for Murcia or the smaller towns in the neighbourhood. The garrison had short commons, but were not so badly off considering. What with legal raids on the larders of the rich citizens who had fled—the rebels kept up a pretence of chivalry, never taking property without leaving promise to pay to the full value—and with requisitions remarkably like free-booting by their ships, they managed to stave off hunger. They kept two steam mills going, and they stoked their furnaces with coal they indented upon from English merchants. Otherwise they were powerless to use their ships, and they argued that necessity has no law. And they were justified from the rebel point of view. Coinage was struck by the convicts—and not so badly either, for there were experts among them—and the markets were swamped with bright silver pieces of two pesetas and hard duros, massive as crown pieces—intrinsically good, for the metal was sound, but not negotiable as currency.

To capture this stronghold—which should be a second Gibraltar, impregnable if properly equipped and provisioned—the Government forces were ridiculously small, consisting of some 6,000 troops, half of whom were raw recruits. General Pasaron, who had the engineer's signs in the white band on his cap and the tower on his collar, was averse to resorting to such an extreme measure as a bombardment, and was half inclined to excuse himself to the rebel General Contreras, who was an old comrade and brother-officer.

"*Cosas de España*," he murmured; "there is hardly a leader in our army who does not owe a step of his promotion to his connection with a successful revolution. Our troops are disciplined, but the discipline is tempered with *pronunciamientos*. Those who are in the trough of the sea to-day may be on the crest to-morrow." The general was a practical soldier of the Burgoyne type, and had seen service alongside the English levies in De Lacy Evans's time, and had been

in all the minor domestic troubles since. a great respect for the man who laid out Carthage, for he knew his business and had advantage of every accident of the ground. Early were the angles of the forts arranged so that it was impossible to get ricochet shot. The

it, on a similar elevation, was the Fort St. Julian, and to our left, back towards the town, was the fort of Moros, warding the bastions to its flank and rear. Down in the hollow between the hills and the Mediterranean was the town, with its arsenal, basins, barracks, rope-walks, hospitals,



"SHE SWAPPED BROADSIDES WITH THE VICTORIA ALMOST AT PISTOL RANGE" (p. 707).

were bastioned like those of Paris, but there was no moat or covered way. Towards the sea, which does not immediately concern us here, there were several batteries. The heights of San Carlos and Despenaperros dominate the town, and on the land-side, on the extreme right, looked, was the detached fort of Atalaya on a high hill. To the left of it was the castle of San Juan on an eminence, and corresponding with

and foundries. Galeras, it was estimated, could hold 500 men, and St. Julian and Atalaya 250 each. When General Pasaron sat down before Carthage his orders were to take it. In other words, he was given a task that was well-nigh impossible to perform, bar miracles. With a weak and undisciplined force and no artillery, he was asked to overawe the greatest marine stronghold in Spain, with its ramparts, forts, and

cannon—a garrison of revolted troops and released felons, backed by the greater portion of the Spanish fleet. He shook his head at the ignorance of those who instructed him, but he stood to his post all the same. The unexpected might come to pass: this was the land of surprises, and he might achieve a feat like that corporal of the Connaught Rangers who was questioned as to how he, single-handed, had captured and brought into camp three of the enemy. "By the tare of war," was the Irishman's reply—"I surrounded them!"

The attacking Spanish force was divided into three brigades, the left commanded by Lopez Pinto, the centre by Caleja, and the right by Rodriguez de Rivera. There were 400 gunners and 500 sappers engaged in the battering and entrenching works. One hundred cavalry, civil guards and troopers, were employed as orderlies, vedettes, and in patrol duty. And yet there were but seventeen guns in this bombardment; but then No. 1 battery consisted of four rifled guns of 16 centimetres—the first occasion that rifled ordnance was employed in a Spanish siege. No. 2 (the only battery which commanded the Plaza) comprised five guns of 21 centimetres; No. 3, six guns of 21 centimetres; and No. 4, or the Windmill battery, two guns of 16 centimetres each. Detachments of the 2nd and 3rd Foot Artillery handled the siege-guns, while men from the 1st, 4th, and 8th had in the background, to repel sorties if required, some pretty guns, field-pieces and howitzers, useless in siege operations.

There had been a futile sortie on the 25th on our centre from the Madrid gate towards Alumbres, which was sent home with empty hands when its design was discovered. About 500—an insufficient force for any good—was detailed for this duty. On the eve of the bombardment they were playing *Guzman el Bueno* at the theatre. The siege was getting serious; the programme was dabbled with blood. To the interlude of humour succeeded an interruption of horror. On the first day three persons were killed in the street and forty wounded; on the second seven were killed and fifty wounded. The Governor of Fort Julian was killed. The bombardment became less fierce. If it does not succeed at the opening alarm it will never succeed. An intermittent bombardment has no effect. An armistice of four hours from midnight was given for the removal of foreigners, women, and children from the town; but many of the women handled weapons, and scornfully rejected the proposal of leaving their people.

The bombardment was becoming more dogged. Let us go to the top of the Cabeza de Beza on a bright day. This hill, which is about 100 metres above the level of the plain, is the exact centre of the line. In front, bounded by rocky heights, stretches the blue Mediterranean, with Chicarro's ships floating motionless upon it like birds on the wing at the back of Carthage. The town itself is perfectly open to the view—to the right, away back, is the ruined castle of Concepcion crowning a rising ground, and to the right of that the fort of Despenaperros, with Las Galeras frowning on a height above. Las Galeras commands the harbour on the right, and is about 220 metres above the level of the sea. Las Galeras is flanked on the side towards the sea by a fort on the harbour edge, the battery of the Navidad commanding the entrance, and of the Podadera sweeping ships on the side as they approach the mouth of the port. To the right of Galeras, and within the town, is the arsenal, and over it, but outside, and much nearer to our point of view than Galeras, is Atalaya. Atalaya is steep and loftier than Galeras. To the left of Concepcion and nearer to us on a sloping acclivity, not more than 20 metres high, outside the walls, is Moros. To the left rear of Moros is the castle of San Julian, corresponding in its efficacy for the defence of the port on that side with Atalaya on the other. San Julian is some metres higher than Atalaya, and is flanked by the forts of San Leonardo, Santa Fiorenina, and Santa Anna on the harbour's edge, in the order mentioned as they approach the sea, with the batteries of Trincabotija, upper and lower, outside. The battery of Calvario was on a hill nearer than San Julian, and to the right of it. So much for the defences of Carthage. The town itself is bordered on the left, as we look always, by the barrier of Santa Lucia, and presents a bastioned *enceinte* with the gate of St. José (leading to Herrerias) on the left, the fort of Monte Sacro about the centre, and the gate of Madrid on the right centre. To the extreme right, advanced towards the land side, is the barrier of San Antonio.

The batteries of attack commence on the left with that on the Sierra Gorda; one of the lateral hills extending from Herrerias. It is 100 metres lower than San Julian, and 65 lower than Calvario. This battery consists of four brass guns of 10 centimetres calibre, and is numbered nine, the batteries being numbered not as they occur, but by seniority. Between that and us in the open

the batteries of Ferriol (No. 3), composed of six bronze guns of 16 centimetres calibre, 3,200 metres from the walls, and the batteries of the Solano (No. 1) of four iron guns of 16 centimetres, 3,600 metres distance. Between No. 2 and No. 3 is battery No. 7, a provisional one of four guns, which does not work since the first bombardment, and appears only to have been thrown up to protect the permanent batteries from sallies. To the right of the Solano is the Solano battery (No. 1) of four iron guns of 16 centimetres calibre, 3,600 metres from the walls. It has apparently most reason to be in the plain of the Spanish artillerists, as most of the levelling screws have been thrown out of order here was a fifth gun, but it has burst, on some fault in the casting. To the right of the Solano, and exchanging shots with the Madrid and Monte Sacro, is the Piqueta (No. 4) of four bronze guns of 16 centimetres, 3,600 metres range. Between No. 4 and No. 5, and so much behind that it is out of range, is No. 6, a supporting battery of four guns. No. 5, beside the railway and in the rear of the Piqueta, fulfils the same duty. The extreme battery to the right, in the pueblo of Dolores, one of the two erected, is intended to batter Atalaya, about 2,000 metres distance from the gate. These batteries are supposed to be connected with each other and with headquarters by a telegraph wire. But the wire on an occasional holiday, like any other, and declines to work on the pretext of there is a good anecdote *à propos* of this which has the charm of being true, and will be grateful to Englishmen as proof of red-tape exists with others as with them. Captain of the Sierra Gorda battery, while upon San Julian, saw that his platform was shifting before the guns could touch the walls with precision. The alteration required very little; the artillerymen on the spot did the work in a few hours, but they dare not do it—it was not their duty, but the engineers, and the engineers are not of encroachment upon their preserves. Captain of the battery telegraphed to the commander to send the engineers to his aid, but the order was not struck work, the message miscarried, and he had to lie idle under fire at a critical moment, and all because of the omnipotence of

red-tape. While on the subject of these batteries, another instance must be mentioned of how ill they were supplied, in addition to the want of proper glasses. Bunches of esparto had to serve as wads in many cases. Plugs of "grummet" or round rope were used with our old smooth-bore guns, and served very well; but the esparto is very bad, as it is not sufficiently close in texture, and permits a waste of explosive power.

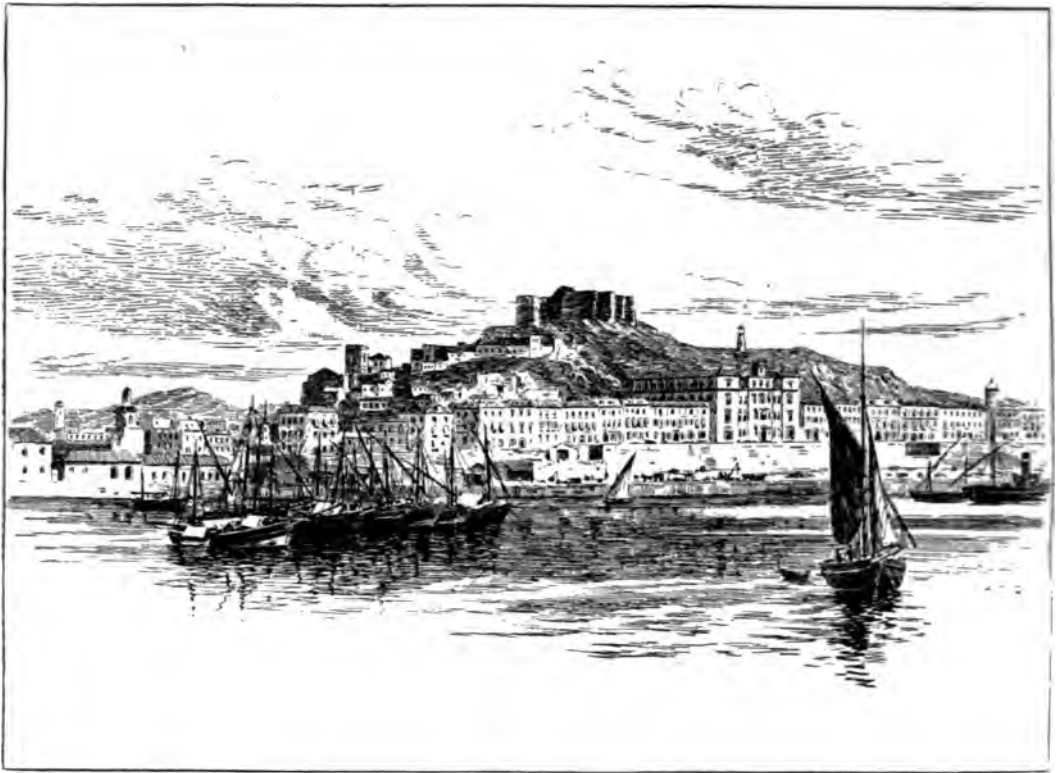
The siege was protracted for many weeks still, until the noise of cannon was monotonous. There were slight casualties daily. A pillar of flame shot up from an insurgent frigate towards the last days of the year. After burning for three hours the powder magazine exploded. The *Tetuan* was blown up. It was suspected that this was intentionally caused. At the Ferriol battery nineteen of ours were killed by an attempt to unload a shell which had been fired by the enemy.

On New Year's Day stormers from the Figueras battalion, young soldiers, assaulted Calvario with the bayonet. The insurgents had two killed, but spiked three guns before they decamped. On Twelfth Day a powder magazine in the town exploded, causing wide havoc and a panic alarm. Seventeen big guns were landed from the *Majorca* and joined our fire. The battery of Sierra Gorda silenced Calvario and shelled Fort Julian, and a few hours afterwards the San Antonio suburb was occupied, and a white flag drooped in the mists over Galeras to the mortification of Roque Barcia, the firebrand conductor of *El Canton Murciano*. It was reported that twenty-five of the besieging force had been treacherously admitted past the sentinels.

A deputation of the besieged, consisting of Benedicto, a major of the Mendigorría regiment, Rubio y Rubid, a great man of the canton, and four galley-slaves to keep an eye on the two spokesmen aforesaid, were conducted by Brigadier Carmona to the then general-in-chief, Lopez Dominguez, who was at headquarters to treat of surrender. It was an arrangement previously concluded. The high pretensions of the Intransigentes about flags flying and drums beating were not listened to, nor, perhaps, was it intended that they should, being merely meant as a cover to the Madrid authorities for the easy conditions granted. After a lot of preliminary tall talk about "the heroic defence" of Carthagena, a general amnesty to all insurgents not guilty of ordinary crimes was signed, the mutinous officers of the army to hold their

previous rank, Mendigorria and Iberia being disembodied, but distributed among other corps, no penalty being exacted, the convicts to go back to prison unreprieved; the revolutionary Junta were the only persons exempt from grace. But the revolutionary Junta provided for that by taking leg-bail before the entry of the troops,

the gates were mined, and the first to enter would be blown up. But these promises are not always realised. We went to the Gate of Madrid, which was closed and guarded. At a side postern we knocked. The lieutenant's uniform was his passport, and, challenged as to who the writer was, he replied, "A British



CARTHAGENA.

embarking on the *Numancia*, which made for the Algerian coast near Oran, accompanied by the *Darro* packed to the water's edge. Chicarro made a pretence to bar the passage of the huge ironclad, but the *Numancia*, having feinted to ram him thrice, was allowed to go her course scot-free. The *Darro* was captured at sea, and her living cargo brought back, Roque Barcia among them. It is not known what happened to him, but certainly he was not executed; nor was Peters badly treated.

The entry was fixed at eight o'clock on Monday, January 12th, when Lopez Dominguez was to make his triumphal progress through the town. The writer, together with Mr. John G. Millvain, of Newcastle, and a lieutenant of Carabineros, both of whom had houses in Cartagena, chartered a tartana, as it was reported that

consul," and as to Mr. Millvain, he replied at random, "Another British consul." We entered the Calle della Marina Española, meeting a few truculent-visaged convicts with revolvers in their belts, but were unmolested. The thoroughfares were strewn with broken glass, large bronze cannon pointed threateningly at the gate, marks of desolation were everywhere in battered roofs, dismantled houses, and the wrecked stonework of public buildings. The walls about the barrier of San José were literally pockpitted with shot. Defaced bills of the *Siege of Zaragoza* to be played by Antonio Price in the bull-ring were visible. The lieutenant's house in the quarter of Santa Luca was occupied by sixteen squatters in his absence. Mr. Millvain's pantry was looted, but none of his plate was touched. In his wife's boudoir a

and crashed through a girandole over the piano, burst through a chandelier, and out at the opposite side. The music was at *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and a "Oliver Twist" lay with upturned the dust-coated flooring. It was nine the general made his appearance. About people awaited his arrival. He was preceded by two mounted civil guards and two with drawn swords. Then came the young hero himself attended by some of the staff, brigade majors, surgeons, aides-de-camp, who went with anxious noise clattering through the deserted bounding street to the Fonda Francesca water-gate. After them came 400—civil guards, lancers, hussars, and so; then, at an interval of twenty, a mixtum-gatherum of demi-companies of civil guards, engineers, carabinieri, in line, blowing a quickstep on their infantry bugles. Some officers from the ships, those of the German frigate

Elizabeth foremost, and others from the Italian *Roma*, the French *Alma*, and some British ships, trotted briskly in their wake; Spanish officers of the revolted battalions met and embraced their incoming comrades, and there was much discourse of their valour. They were disappointed that they were not rewarded with promotion. In other armies they would have been summarily shot. By degrees the *cafés* reopened, hysterical females with pinched features peeped from lanes and alleys, a small shoeblack set up his stool at a street corner. The siege of Carthagená, which had wasted six months, during which there were forty-five days of bombardment of different degrees, and a serious prodigality of blood and money and loss of trade and reputation, was over. It had ended by a transaction. Philip of Macedon said no city that had a gate wide enough to admit a mule laden with gold was secure; and there was whisper of some wardens on the watch-tower not being proof against a bribe of ten thousand pillar-dollars.



THE OFFICERS OF THE REVOLTED BATTALIONS MET AND EMBRACED THEIR INCOMING COMRADES."



THE desperately-contested action of Firozshah, when the British army under Sir Hugh Gough snatched a bare victory from the Sikhs on the 21st and 22nd December, 1845, exhausted the resources of the conquerors, and for a breathless month reduced them to inaction. The commander-in-chief took up his headquarters at Sultán Khán Wala, a village but three miles nearer to the Sikh frontier than the battlefield, and showed no signs of advancing. There have lived few more impetuous or gallant generals than Gough, and only the most cogent reasons could have restrained him from resuming the contest. Ammunition, stores, heavy guns—all were wanting, and had to be sent up by slow-moving siege-trains from Delhi, two hundred miles and more distant. Reinforcements, too, were required, especially of cavalry (for the Sutlej campaign was fought on the level Punjab plains, where a horseman might ride for a week in a beadline), to resume the offensive against so stern and stalwart a foe as the Sikhs had proved themselves, who, despite the capture of a hundred of their guns at Múdkí and Firozshah, were still in possession of a numerous artillery and of large reserves of disciplined troops eager to give spirit to those who, in the moment of almost assured victory, had turned and retreated before that "thin, red line" which has traced the crimson border round the map of India.

After their repulse at Firozshah, the Khalsa army withdrew to the west of the Sutlej; but three small isolated Sikh outposts still flew their flag in our territories—namely, the forts of Wadni, Dharmkót, and Badhowál. The two former were captured by Sir John Grey and Sir Harry Smith, but the latter was the scene of a minor reverse which, without being of strategic importance, gave the enemy great

encouragement. It came about in this way. Finding themselves unmolested, and attributing our attitude to fear, early in January, 1846, several predatory bands of Sikhs began to cross the Sutlej again, and advanced to our frontier station of Ludhiana, which had been denuded of troops to reinforce the main army, so that only a weak garrison remained in the fort. They battered the very walls of the fort the Sikhs penetrated and burnt several bungalows in the camp, and civil lines around it. Simultaneously one of their chiefs, Ránjur Singh, at the head of 8,000 disciplined troops and 70 guns, crossed the river at another point, either with intention of reducing Ludhiana, or, as thought more probable, of sweeping down and intercepting a siege-train moving up to Delhi.

Sir Harry Smith was immediately detached by the commander-in-chief to relieve Ludhiana and watch the movements of Ránjur Singh. On hearing of his approach, he broke up camp and retired to Badhowál, a small fort which lay on the route of the relieving army.

Sir Harry Smith could easily have avoided this stronghold, and was, indeed, warned to do so. But, after capturing Dharmkót with little difficulty, he pressed on to Ludhiana, imprudently chose to beard the Sikh by taking a road that led him under the bastions of Badhowál.

Ránjur Singh immediately opened fire on the fort to which Smith did not respond; whereupon the Sikh chief, by a clever tactical movement, "enveloped one wing of his army, and completely enveloped Smith's flank." Sir Harry was compelled to withdraw, after losing the greater portion of his baggage. His retreat was skillfully covered by Brigadier Cureton, the manoeuvres of whose cavalry, and their dashing charges, were amongst the most brilliant feats of the

n. By the night of the 23rd January had effected the relief of Ludhiana, and further reinforced by Wheeler's brigade the 53rd Regiment, found himself at the head of a compact army of 10,000 men and

to wipe out the slur of his late repulse, he started from Ludhiana to give battle to Rājpur Singh, who had taken up an excellent position at Aliwal, six miles distant, on the Sutlej river at his rear. The Khalsa were jubilant over the affair of Badhowāl, withstanding the earnest advice of their officers who remembered the field action of the 18th—insisted on leaving their ranks and issuing forth to meet the English on the open plain, instead of fighting from their earthworks. Over-confidence in their prowess and their superior numbers their force had now swelled to 20,000 men with 52 guns—was fated to meet with a humiliating reverse.

On the 28th January, and the atmosphere was clear and the sky serene, when the battle of Aliwal began with a smart cannonade from the British guns, under which the British infantry moved into line. The village of Aliwal was in the hands of the enemy's position. Against this the British attack was concentrated, and it was bravely repulsed, and captured, the 53rd leading the way. As our regiments advanced, Major Lawgalloped his light battery of horse guns to within a short distance of the British line, halted, wheeled round, and with admirable celerity, and opened such a rapid and well-directed fire that he forced the British Khalsa artillerymen to quit their positions and materially assisted our capture of the village.

Major Smith now turned and fell on the British centre of the Sikh line, whilst the British acting in co-operation, delivered several rapid and effective charges, to receive the fire of which the enemy made a singular mistake. On, said to be copied from the French. In forming square, they closed up in a wedge formation, the apex to the front, so that the 16th Lancers, who on this day made history for their famous corps, broke through the head of this novel defence, they were confronted by the base, bristling with guns. But nothing daunted, and splendidly led by their officers, our troopers broke through the ranks of flame and steel—a feat seldom achieved by mounted men even against

Asiatic troops. As the impetus of their charge carried them past the dense mass, the Sikhs flung themselves flat on the ground, out of the reach of the lances, only to rise directly the squadrons had emerged and pour a volley of bullets after them. Thrice did the gallant 16th repeat this reckless charge, losing a hundred of their number in the effort, or nearly one-fifth of the total casualties on the British side during the action.

Animated by this spirited example, the infantry stormed and took the Sikh batteries one after another, notwithstanding the amazing resolution with which they were defended. Step by step the Khalsa troops fell back, true to the discipline that had been so well taught, and halting every few paces to discharge a volley into the faces of their foes. At last they were forced to abandon the last of their fifty-two guns, and, being driven to the banks of the Sutlej, crossed in confusion under a heavy artillery fire, abandoning everything to their conquerors and saving only their bare lives.

It was a brilliant battle, in which the combined powers of infantry, artillery, and cavalry were successively and successfully brought into play. To this day Aliwal is one of the most cherished memories of the 10th Lancers.

Three defeats had the Khalsa army suffered, but they still retained what Americans call their *grit*. The remnants of Rājpur Singh's force rallied at Sobraon, where the Sikh nation, represented by its warriors, was nerving itself for a great final effort. Their leaders had already resolved on another occupation of the east bank of the Sutlej, across which they had thrown a bridge of boats and possessed themselves of the village of Sobraon, situated on the British side in a deep bend of the river just below its junction with the Beas. Here they formed another vast entrenchment, semicircular in form, bristling with triple rows of guns, and much stronger in design than the earthworks of Firozshah. The plans had been laid down by a competent Spanish engineer officer, named Huerba. The *tête de pont*, covering the bridge of boats, consisted of a series of half-moon bastions connected by curtains, its front defended by a ditch and its flanks resting on the river, and further protected by batteries on the western bank of the river which could enfilade any hostile attack. These formidable works, which, for reasons never thoroughly explained, continued in progress for six weeks without any molestation from us, extended two and a half miles in length. A French officer,

Monsieur Mouton, serving under the Sikh flag, assured Tej Singh, the Khalsa commander-in-chief, that it was utterly impossible for the English to effect an entrance into Sobraon, which, defended as it was by 120 pieces of artillery and 30,000 picked troops, was an impregnable fortification compared to the entrenchments of Firozshah.

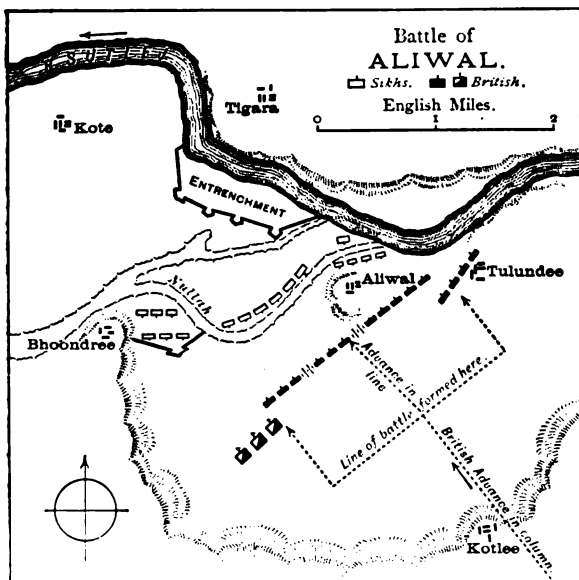
So slow was the crisis in culminating that our troops grew stale with waiting for the siege-train from Delhi. "The army was sickening for want of a battle," wrote Sir Herbert Edwards; "a malignant fever or epidemic horrors must have broken out at Sobraon had it been delayed

Sikhs after nightfall. Between Rhodawa Little Sobraon stretched one of those tr low jungle which fringe most of the rivers. It abounded with wild pig, "and one of the events of the day to watch C Gilbert—a noted 'pig-sticker' and the mander of the central division of the a riding after the boar with an enthusiasm took him pretty close to the enemy's ran without molestation." It is curious to that the love of sport, so characteristic British race, was chivalrously respected enemy who, in the heat of action and whe fury was aroused, had proved themselves merciless.

Some hesitation occurred in d upon the attack, owing to a diverg opinion amongst the engineer officer by the evening of the 9th Februar were all won over to acquiescence, a order went forth for the assault delivered on the following mornir was proposed to cannonade and then the enemy's right flank, and swe camp from right to left. To acco this we had 15,000 men in the f whom one-third were Europeans, an 100 guns. The enemy's number more than double, their artillery s and their whole front protected by midable field-fortifications as it is j to conceive.

It was a misty morning—this men 10th of February—such as is often enced during the cold weather i Punjab plains. Under cover of a bank of fog, in the cold, shivering daw British army formed up in silence, the a in an extended semicircle which embrac whole of the Sikh works within its and the infantry in three divisions support the cavalry. Sir Robert Dick's brigade on the left of the line, their left flank to the margin of the river; Gilbert comm the centre, his right resting on the vill Little Sobraon; and Sir Harry Smith's d completed the investment, his right thro towards the Sutlej. General Sir Joseph well, the commander of the cavalry divis in the rear of the left and centre divisions. Colonel Cureton's brigade supported Sir Smith and guarded the Hārīchi ghāt, on the further side of which the Sikh under Lal Singh, hovered threateningly.

At seven o'clock Grant's battery of



another week." During the fifty days intervening between the 22nd December and the 10th February, 1846, all that had been done was to advance the camp and headquarters a few miles nearer the river on three successive occasions. For the main army it was a period of absolute inaction.

On February 7th the first portion of the long-expected siege-train arrived, and on the following morning Sir Harry Smith's division rejoined the commander-in-chief. The British camp was pitched opposite Sobraon, between which and it lay a dry nullah, or river bed. Directly fronting the centre was the outpost of Rhodawala, and about two miles to the advanced right the Tower of *Chota*, or Little Sobraon. Rhodawala was the point of demarcation between the two armies, being, by a sort of tacit understanding, occupied by us during daylight and by the

artillery opened fire from Little Sobraon, and in a few moments the roll of the Khalsa drums beating to arms was heard, whilst our mortars and snatching-guns took up the salvo, and soon the cannonade thundered out from the entire line.

Sheets of flame and clouds of blue smoke flashed out and drifted slowly away before the breeze, revealing in the sunlight the grim outlines of the Khalsa entrenchments, whence evil tongues of fire began to leap out, and the serried scarlet



"COLONEL WOOD SNATCHED THE COLOURS, AND, WAVING THEM ALOFT, CARRIED THEM TO THE FRONT" (p. 718.)

Suddenly—as if the god of war, aroused from his slumbers by the crash of battle, had drawn aside the curtain that hid the scene—the bank of fog rolled away, and the Sikh entrenchments and masses of British soldiery formed up for the attack came into view. It was a great and awe-inspiring drama that was rapidly developed.

rows of the British infantry ready for action. Before long the artillery duel was in fierce progress: the air rang with the roar of guns and mortars; rockets screamed as they whirled and darted overhead; and in the few lulls of the heavier cannonades the Sikh *zamburaks*, or 1-pounder swivels, snapped out their lesser venom.

The Sikh fire was not so destructive as it had been at Firozshah, the majority of their shells bursting in mid-air, and their aim in many cases being laid too high. But, on our side, the guns made no impression upon the enemy's earth-works, and after ineffectually pounding at them for two hours our ammunition began to run short, and it became evident that, if Sobraon was to be taken, it must be at the point of the bayonet.

It was a weapon Sir Hugh Gough loved and believed in, and essentially the weapon of the older school of officers. "The bayonet is almost the only weapon that a soldier ought to trust in," wrote one of the most gallant soldiers who helped to win India for us, "and Europeans ought to recollect that the bayonet is the service required of them, and that they demean themselves by firing at the foe!" These sentiments, although expressed seventy years before, were the same as those which ever animated Sir Hugh Gough, and he now determined to drive the Sikhs out of Sobraon with cold steel.

At nine o'clock the order went forth for the infantry to advance and storm the enemy's lines. Sir Robert Dick began the attack, sending forward Stacey's brigade, led by the 10th and 53rd Foot and supported on either flank by horse artillery. Away they went swiftly, but in perfect line, whilst the guns took up successive positions at the gallop until they came within 300 yards of the Sikh heavy batteries, where, under a withering fire, the brigade was forced into a critical halt. Sir Robert Dick immediately led his reserve forward, whereupon, with a wild cheer, the leading line rallied and rushed on. The 10th, on the extreme left, effected an entrance amidst the banks and trenches of the earthworks, and news of their success, rolling down the line as if by magic, reanimated their comrades, who, chafing under the slur of the check, broke their formation, and instinctively forming themselves into wedges and masses, stormed the entrenchments with irresistible insistence and drove the Sikhs before them in confusion.

The check sustained on the left had been observed by both Sir Hugh Gough and his second in command, Sir Henry Hardinge, and, although far apart and unable to consult, they sent simultaneous orders to General Gilbert to advance. The centre division was drawn up a mile to the right of Sir Robert Dick's, fronting the centre of the Sikh defences, their attack on which had originally been intended as only a feint. But, with the temporary repulse of the left, the plan

of action was changed; and first Gilbert Sir Harry Smith, were ordered forward in earnest to storm the lines and batteries facing them.

Gilbert's leading brigade took a somewhat diagonal line with a view to assisting Stacey; it missed the objective and arrived, unsupported by either cavalry or artillery, in front of the most and strongest point of the enemy's defences. Her Majesty's 29th and H.E.I.C.'s 1st European Light Infantry were leading, and in the face of the murderous fire of grape and canister crossed a dry ravine and charged right up to the earth-works, which were too high to clamber over.

The position was a desperate one, for the earth-works rose high above the reach of the men. It was not until the 29th and the European Light Infantry attempted to scale them, and thrice were they repulsed and compelled to retreat across the ravine, followed each time to its edge by the Sikhs, who spared none and cut to pieces the wounded. At this critical moment Sir Henry Hardinge stepped out, "Rally those men!" His aide-de-camp, Colonel Wood, instantly galloped to the front of the wavering line, snatched the colour from the hand of an ensign, and, waving then with his sword, carried them to the front. The act of valour was responded to as nobly as it was performed. The line rallied, returned to the assault, and flung itself against the high embankment. The men helped each other to scramble over the top; the pioneers tore open breaches with their pickaxes, and just as Dick's division had made good its footing on the left, Gilbert's men burst in at the centre of the Sikh camp.

Smith, on the right, fared in much the same way, his men sustaining a check before they finally carried the defences: "For a few seconds they winced under a hailstorm of bullets, but it seemed impossible to weather." But, in the extremity, the cavalry were ordered to their assistance, and dashed up under General Joseph Thackwell, an ideal leader who, in a somewhat laboured phrase of the commandant-in-chief, "established a claim on this day of rare commendation of having effected much with a cavalry force, where the duty to be done consisted of an attack on field-works, usually supposed to be the particular province of infantry and artillery."

During the process of the assault the pioneers had made some openings in the Sikh earth-works, and through one of these Sir Joseph Thackwell led his squadrons in single file. "It seemed as if they were doomed to annihilation."

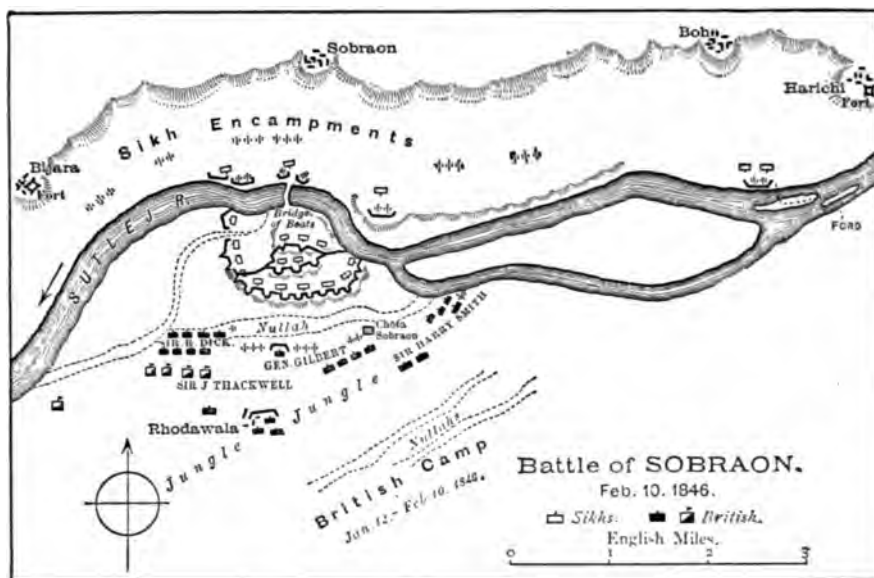
ness has recorded. This extraordinary daring was achieved by the 3rd Dragoon the same heroes who had swept through the camp at Firozshah, and "whom no one usually held formidable by horse and foot to check." The memory of their act of prowess was vivid in their recollection and gave confidence to their audacity. Through the earthworks, furrowed with fire and blocked with batteries, they re-entred the hostile camp, and then charged down the Sikhs as they served their guns and then their positions. A few minutes reinforced by the reserve brigade, Sir

Smith's had carried out his objective. With this success the weight of the British divisions was brought to bear simultaneously on the right, centre, and left, and the irresistible force of the British concentrated on the head of the

Khalsa. The British surpassing bravery and resolution, dis-tinguished by a cohesion which had never before been seen in its ranks. Shoulder to shoulder the British stood, and resisted sternly and stubbornly. Perchance they had learnt the lesson of the British soldier against whom they had fought themselves so often and so gallantly in the last seven weeks of the war; perchance the fanaticism of a crusade urged them to continue to perish. They fought with the lion-like valour their national designation claimed, and these *Singhs* of the Punjab.

Through their commander-in-chief—Tej Singh—with the characteristic cowardice of an Eastern potentate, fled at the first glint of bayonets in his camp, there remained only a leader to the Sikhs. Shām Singh was an old and brave soldier who fought under Ranjit Singh during his

warlike career. On this day Shām Singh commanded in the entrenchments, and was engaged at his devotions when the first boom of the British cannon fell upon his ears. Immediately gathering his officers and chiefs around him, he reminded them how great was the stake at issue, and bade them fight in a way worthy of the sons of Gūru Gobind, and exterminate the Feringhees. The only road to glory was the road in front of them; and that there might be no retreat from it the veteran chief commanded the two centre boats of the bridge over the Sutlej to be cut adrift. This done, he solemnly vowed to offer up his life that day as a propitiary



sacrifice to the Gurus of their race. Clothing himself in white, in token that he had devoted himself to death, he took his stand in the front of the Khalsa army, and there remained, a rallying point for his countrymen, until, covered with wounds and glory, he fell where the slaughtered bodies of his followers lay thickest.

Directly the British infantry had gained a footing in the works the Sikhs betook themselves to their swords, and a hand-to-hand struggle succeeded. Faster and more furious grew the conflict; but ever, with resistless pressure, like the contracting coils of some huge serpent wound round its victim, the red circle narrowed, as line after line of guns were stormed and taken, and the Khalsa soldiery were borne back upon the river. But there was no panic, no wild flight. The Singhs knew

disaster was at their rear, but they retreated in admirable order. At last their fire slackened, for they had become huddled into one dense mass as our three divisions closed in on the objective point of the bridge. Then it was recognised that the possibility of further resistance was over, and in a few seconds the narrow pontoon was crowded with guns, horses, and soldiery of all arms, swaying it to and fro as those who had reached the gap strove to keep back the pressure at their rear. Suddenly, with a mighty crash, the overladen bridge parted from its moorings, and the boats that composed it broke up and foundered or were swept down stream. There was no alternative left for the defeated army but to take to the river. During the flight the Sutlej had risen several inches, and the current ran strong and deep. Into it the Singhs plunged, literally in thousands, until they choked the water-way from bank to bank. Close at their heels followed the victors, whose horse artillery was galloped up to the water's edge, and brought to play upon the struggling mass of humanity. Then followed a scene of sickening slaughter. The river became a veritable hell of waters. It was packed with dead or dying Sikhs, whose writhing bodies formed a bridge across the blood-dyed stream. "None were spared, for they had spared none," writes the historian of the Punjab. "In the whole

annals of warfare no parallel can be found to the carnage of Sobraon."

The actual contest at Sobraon was short, the storm and battle only raged from eleven o'clock; but in those two dreadful hours we lost 2,383 killed and wounded. Among the former was the gallant general of the division, Sir Robert Dick, who fell at its head. "The bullet is not moulded that will kill Dick," he was often wont to observe, and in a long career of fighting he seemed to have borne a charmed life. But this veteran of a stern Peninsular battle, this Waterloo man, who had led the Black Watch against Napoleon's Guards, met a soldier's death on the plain of the Punjab.

Of the Sikhs, many thousands went to their last account. They faced their fate with the heroic fortitude of their race. Lion-hearted and brave as the land of the Five Rivers, the gales of their own frontier stream, across which they had marched so proudly to conquer, now received them back into her bosom. The death of Shām Singh Atāriwala was the signal for the extermination of the Khalsa army of 1846. The majestic instrument of war created by the ability and ambition of Ranjit Singh was shattered at Sobraon. In the glare of the sun the glory of the Sikh nation sank into the silent waters of the shining Sutlej.



"INTO IT THE SINGHS PLUNGED."



ONG the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains lies the prairie Province of Alberta, a country bigger than England and Wales, with a population 10,000 Indians and but few whites. In the immediate vicinity of the then small settlements—McLeod and Calgary there were about 100000 Indians—Bloods, Blackfeet, Peigans, and—armed chiefly with Winchesters. The few in number, were unarmed, scattered over the country, and panic stricken. The half-breeds mixed with the white men were disarmed and had already joined or instigated the Indians to plunder and ill-treat missionaries and settler ranchers. The armed force at the disposal of her Majesty's Government in these parts consisted of a police inspector and four constables already in charge of five prisoners in the now empty police barracks of Calgary, the rest of the force having marched East with General Irvine.

On the 29th March I received the following telegram from the Minister of Militia:—

Major-General Strange.

"Gleichen, Alberta.

How do you get up corps? Would like to see you to the north; trust you as ever. Arms and ammunition sent up upon a telegram from you.

"A. P. CARON."

At once I put my fastest team into my stage (a light prairie contrivance on wheels) and started for Calgary. As my ten bronchos were plunging to be led by their foreman, Jim Christie, making a gallant military salute, put a paper into my hand. It was a list of volunteer troopers, with their own horses, arms, and appointments. Heading the list were both my boys, the eldest sat by me on the buckboard, and the youngest twinkled with a merry brown eye he said, 'Right, governor; the boys will stick to

you—every man on the ranche is down.' He let go the horses, and I shouted back, 'All right, boys! Sergeant Christie, take charge.'"

On my way I was met by an Indian who handed me the following telegram:

"Gleichen, March 30.—To General Strange.—Latest report, Fort Carleton burnt. Crozier retiring to Prince Albert. Slight skirmish—2 mounted police killed, 10 wounded, 7 civilians. Not known how many Breeds. Great fright in Calgary Sunday night. Report Blackfeet going to take the town. People all assembled in hall. Great excitement. Women very much frightened. There will be a train going West to night or early a.m.—J. E. FLAHERTY, Stationmaster."

The Mayor of Calgary called a public meeting. Men, and fine ones too, were forthcoming, but of arms, ammunition, and saddlery there were not enough; of wild horses from the prairie ranches there was, of course, no lack.

Captain Hatton, an ex-militia officer, volunteered and obtained the command of the corps. A detachment of troopers, mostly cowboys, were posted on the Blackfoot Reserve to watch the braves and protect the railway. The military colonisation ranche was only seven miles from the Blackfoot Reserve. In my absence the family (until they could be taken to a place of safety) were left in the charge of my second son, only eighteen, and Jim Christie, an old hand with Indians. I left directions to put things in a state of defence, without alarming the ladies or letting the Indians see we were afraid. The six plucky fellows on the ranche were well armed. Jim Christie looped the cellar about the level of the ground, under the plea of ventilation: the house being plank, was not bullet-proof. The men's quarter—a log hut detached from ours and flanking it—was defensible. A band of Indians were camped in the

* I have been obliged in the course of this narrative to draw upon my autobiography, "Gunner Jingo," as well as upon official despatches and an article in *The United Service Magazine*.

brush near the river, without women or impedimenta, which meant mischief. They tried to run off our horses, but one of our men dropped the leading Indian; his comrades carried *him* off, but not our horses.

Major Steele's detachment of twenty police was withdrawn from the mountains. He added to this number a body of forty excellent scout cavalry, under Captain Oswald. Major Walker, an ex-police officer, was put in command of the volunteer home guards. Major Stuart raised the Mounted Rangers at Fort McLeod to patrol the frontier. But the main difficulty was transport, supplies, camp equipage, and field hospital. The first was got over by using Government survey carts and hiring settlers' waggons. Supplies were sent by the Hudson Bay Company from its Eastern branches—most of their posts in the North were already plundered. The two last, with arms, ammunition, and militia infantry, had also to come from the East, where the pressure was great—the West had to wait. General Middleton and the Militia Department at Ottawa were doing their best to meet the strain. The first troops to reach Calgary (April 12), were the 65th French-Canadian Voltigeurs—2,000 miles by rail—from Montreal, 298 rank-and-file, Major Hughes in command, Colonel Ouimet, M.P., being invalided. The majority were recruits who had never fired a rifle. It was found that few trained men could be taken from civil employ. During the week that elapsed before sufficient transport, etc., could be collected, Mr. Hamilton (Police) worked hard as supply officer. The Voltigeurs were encamped and drilled incessantly, target practice, outpost instruction, and their arms overhauled. Officers and men were cheery and active, for the French-Canadian has a touch of the *gaieté de cœur* of the soldier of Old France; they were armed with Sniders, and uniformed like the Rifle Brigade—spruce little men they looked when they started. I got the whole force supplied with the Western broad felt hat, looped to the left with the regimental button: it could be worn to the sunny side at will, and gave them a jaunty, devil-may-care aspect, except when the thermometer dropped below zero and a muffler was tied over it: anyhow, it was better than the spiked pot. Three days after the arrival of the first detachment of militia the advance was made under Lieutenant Corryell,* with fifteen mounted scouts, to escort

back the settlers who had abandoned the Deer Settlement. I armed them with the lot of Sniders received, and transformed Rev. M. Beatty (nothing loth) into a settler. The Rev. John McDougall, a Methodist missionary, born in the country, volunteered to accompany this force with four faithful Indians. He pushed on, carrying despatches to Edmonton. The Citizen Committee of Defence had sent me for help. Corryell had a rough experience there had been a snowstorm, the glare of the sun producing snow-blindness. Corryell and seven of his men were so smitten; but not daunted, he got a leading-rein attached to his bridle and was led by a trooper. He so continued his advance to the Red Deer, where he looked for the log houses and waited for the rest of the column. The few days' rest restored them. On the evening of the 17th, Colonel O'Smith reached Calgary with his newly raised Winnipeg Battalion—326 of all ranks. The men were far superior in physique to a British regiment; the officers, except the adjutant and a few others, had little military training, but all were eager to get to the front.

I sent a company at Gleichen to relieve the detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles guarding the river and workshops, and watching the trail to the North, which centre at Crowfoot. The rest of the battalion was camped at Calgary. Next morning Captain Valency's company went out to garrison Fort McLeod, a hundred miles south, from which a detachment of ten mounted police, Inspector Perry, with field hospital had been withdrawn for the Northern column.

On the 20th April the first column marched, Major-General Strange commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel Strange, A.D.C.; Scout Cavalry, Major Steele; 20 Police, 40 Scouts, Captain O'Smith, 65th, 160 men, Colonel Hughes; supply officer, Captain Wright; medical officer, Surgeon Paré (six stretchers), 175 waggons, 150 carts, with fifteen days' provisions and five reserve ammunition, tents, and the men's baggage.

As I rode out of Calgary at the head of the column, under command, an elderly man with a tired look, his face and wearing the Lucknow clasp sword medal, took hold of my horse's mane and implored me to give him one more chance of a fight before he died. He was an old Indian comrade I had long lost sight of. He had been a settler in Manitoba. I made him my boss on the spot, and as he performed his duty to Canada and the Empire: its pupils have made a red mark in the annals of the British Army.

* Corryell was a land surveyor, who was trained at the Canadian Military College, an institution invaluable

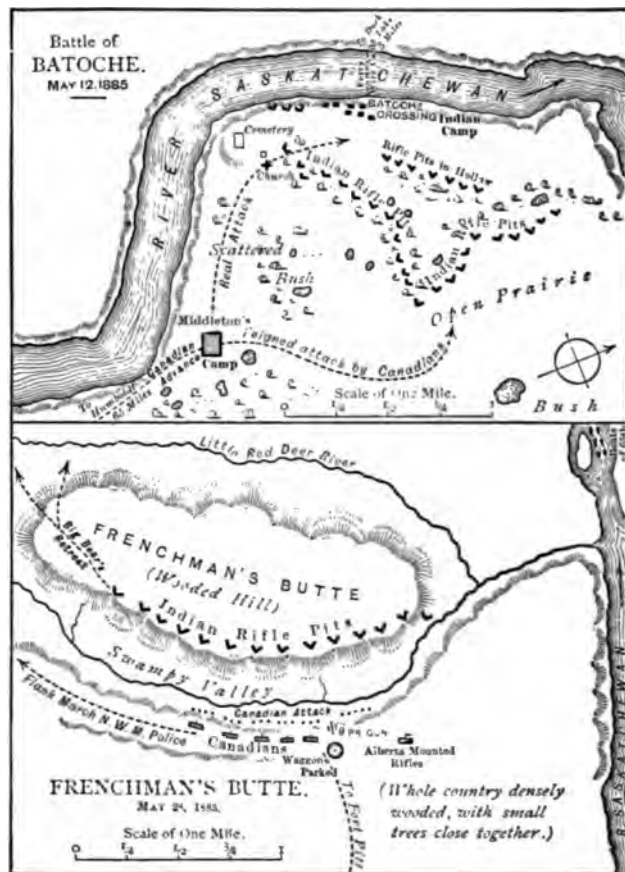
ful duties satisfactorily, and as the only icer I had was my son, who was A.D.C., nted my veteran friend, Dale, brigade During the campaign he showed ung assiduity and pluck, though his old-itish-officer habit of damning militiamen eral and Frenchmen in particular was ive of much frictional electricity, which l all my best French and most oleaginous to neutralise.

were entering a wilderness from which no supplies could n; the Indians had burned the to the Red Deer River, beyond est and swamp. The second and olumns were to march when rt was available. The early of 1885 was most unfavourable advance. A few days' warm : (as the wind from the Pacific d) melted the snows, flooded the nd coulees, and made Sloughs or d in which waggons sank to the s. Then the warm wind ceased, rmometer fell, and blizzard snow-obliterated the trail. The first : was the Bow River—three feet rith an icy current. It had to led: there was neither bridge ry. Nose Creek, its tributary, second obstacle the same day: e first march was of necessity a re.

—The column marched to and at McPherson's Coulee. A orm came on, and continued y. The tents were frozen stiff, es like rods, and the pegs had to pped out of the frozen ground es. But the march was not elayed. As we came into brush-ountry, numbers of white hares l the sporting proclivities of our medico, ad to be repressed for fear of false alarm. regimental officers were busy imparting struction was possible on the march. At hort halt they taught judging distance ing drill.

he 25th the column reached Red Deer swollen and rapid with melted snows. ad formerly been a ferry run across by a pe. It had been cut adrift by "hostiles." neared the Red Deer dense clumps of and alder clothed the north side of the the bush was too thick for cavalry to

scout with effect. The Voltigeurs were sent across in waggons raised on their axles by blocks of wood. The infantry advanced in extended order. They were not opposed, though the Indian signal-smokes (sent up in long and short puffs on the Morse system) showed they were watching our movements. They also used the heliograph. There is nothing new under the sun. An Indian brave wears a small looking-



BATTLES OF RIEL'S SECOND REVOLT.

glass on his breast, which he uses for flashing signals as well as for adornment—his vanity may be put on a level with that of Tommy Atkins wishing to captivate his best housemaid. Their vedettes on a subsequent occasion were seen on a rising ground signalling our advance by circling right and left, just as laid down in the red-book. The cavalry under Steele forded the river, then the transport waggons. A few carts were swept away, but were recovered, the provisions they contained scarcely damaged, as flour in sacks only wets to a depth of about an inch, the interior, from the caking of the outside layer, remaining

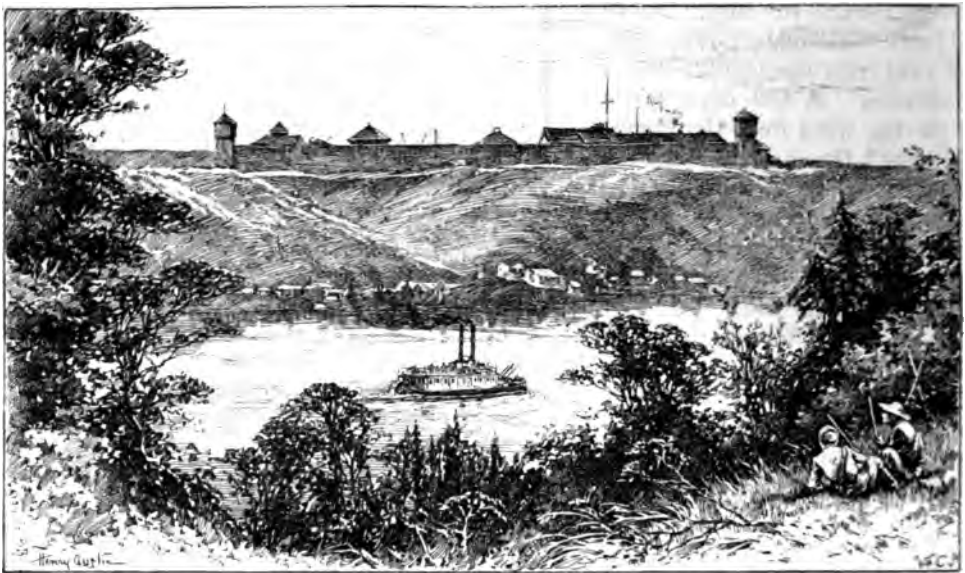
dry. The consumption of supplies had left waggons available to return to Calgary for the second column, and as the grass was sprouting, it was no longer necessary to carry forage.

27th.—The force camped on south bank of Blind Man's River, a deep but sluggish stream. The bridge had been partially burnt by "rebels," but was rapidly repaired by the pioneers. Canadians are axemen *par excellence*, and can build a house or make a toothpick with an axe.

29th.—At Battle River camp Fathers Lacombe and Scullen met us. They brought with them the now penitent thieves—"Ermineskin" and "Bobtail"—who had plundered the H.B. store

"I am sending the accompanying despatch. Please forward by first opportunity: The 'hostiles' are at Frog Lake. The white women are in their hands worse than murdered. This is the latest Indian report sixteen days since—Fort Pitt was still all right, our mission Indians at White Fish Lake and Saddle Lake loyal, and this has influenced others to be so. I hope the advance will be quick to relieve Fort Pitt and rescue prisoners. There is still a feeling of insecurity about here. My regards to the boys."

There was also a despatch from Inspector Greisbach, who was holding Fort Saskatchewan about twenty miles east of Edmonton, with the police, who wanted help. The settlers from Beaver Lake had taken refuge with them.



EDMONTON.

and Protestant mission, and who wanted to shake hands; but I put mine behind my back, saying I would shake hands on my return, provided they behaved themselves in the interim. Otherwise—I left a blank for their imagination to fill. I was told the Indians were not impressed by my little French-Canadian soldiers, who they declared were not King George's men, because they did not wear red coats, and talked French like half-breeds; but when the Winnipeg Light Infantry, in scarlet, and swearing in English, marched through their reserves, they began to feel that the long arm of the Great White Queen could reach them.

The plundered Protestant missionary families came into camp. The Rev. J. McDougall, my *avant courier*, wrote to Corryell from Edmonton on April 5th:

company of the 65th were left as garrison. As the column neared Edmonton the settlers came out with waggons for the tired soldiers, but the Voltigeurs, after their two hundred mile march, were toughening, not tiring. That little column, with its long line of waggons, reached its destination unmolested was due to the careful scouting of Steele and his men, who also guarded the horses at night. The march of two hundred miles was accomplished in ten days.

The approach to the little town of Edmonton, peeping through clumps of pine and poplar, the blue sky and brilliant sunshine gilding the grey stockades of the Hudson Bay fort, with its quaint bastions and buildings crowning the steep bank over the broad sweep of the Saskatchewan, made a picture that lingers in the memory.

As I neared the opposite bank white puffs

smoke wreathed from the little guns of the fort, and the echoes of a salute reverberated across the river. The dear old flag floated over the grim citadel of the far North, its folds displaying

was rapidly put into a state of defence, and provisions collected. The chief factor anticipated a famine in the district, as many H.B.C. stores had been raided and communications interrupted.



A HALF-BREED CAMP.

the wondrous letters H.B.C. (Hudson Bay Company), which are a history of two hundred years of British pluck and trading energy.

"Hullo! What's them letters on the flag?" asked a young English scout.

"Why, I guess that's 'Here before Christ,'" was the ready reply of his Canadian comrade.

The force crossed the Saskatchewan, and on the 1st encamped under Fort Edmonton, which

A large flat-bottomed boat, 100 feet long by 25 feet beam, and four smaller ones, were patched and strengthened, as it was my intention to float down half my force and the bulk of the provisions, the other half and cavalry marching. All transport that could be spared was sent back to assist the second column, the remainder prepared for the forward march to Victoria. While waiting for the rest of the

force incessant drill and target practice were again carried on.

On the 5th, Steele's scouts were to march ; but the teamsters refused to budge without arms. They knew that General Middleton's teamsters were supplied with rifles, and I only induced them to move by a promise (piecrusty) that arms should be given at Victoria : they had been wired for before leaving Calgary. One was sick of worrying the wire and being worried by it. It was a relief that it went no further than Calgary, with which communications were established by couriers, and kept open by detachments of the 65th at Red Deer Ferry, Battle River, and Peace Hill Farm. The trail was also patrolled by a detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles, and no convoy or courier was molested. It was otherwise with the other columns: a convoy was captured and looted by Poundmaker's men. Colonel Osborne Smith pushed forward the two remaining columns from Calgary, which marched simultaneously.

Inspector Perry arrived on the 5th with left wing of Voltigeurs and the field-gun. He had stretched a wire rope across the Red Deer and repaired the scow sufficiently to transport the gun, etc. As the artillery ammunition had been twelve years in store, it was necessary to try it and give the gunners practice. On the 8th, Colonel Hughes with the rest of 65th marched along north bank of Saskatchewan to Victoria, preceded by Steele's scouts. On the 10th, the third column arrived—Colonel O. Smith, W.L.I., Alberta Mounted Rifles, with further convoys of provisions. All the waggons and horses, except six for the guns, were sent on to Victoria under escort.

Some half-breeds from the settlement of La Boucan were arrested by Captain Constantine of the police, who knew them to have been concerned in Riel's first rebellion. Compromising letters from Riel's camp were found upon them. Half-breed pilots were the only men acquainted with the river, but such a scare was established as to the certainty of boats and men being destroyed, that it was difficult to obtain boatmen: indeed, it was evident that where the river was narrow, a few trees felled into the water, and carried down by the current to some of the numerous shallows, would effectually detain the flotilla under fire.

I made the best provision I could against plunging fire from the banks. The boats were not decked, but had a narrow platform running round. Barrels of salt pork and sacks of flour were arranged along the sides above and below

the gunwale, giving a double tier of fire, loopholes being formed by intervals between the sacks and holes cut under the gunwale. A high traverse was raised along the centre of the boat.

The gunboat and horse-boat were stouter than those for infantry, and protected by bales of pressed hay. The sketches (on p. 732) indicate the arrangements. My flour-clads, carried along by the current and steered by sweeps, did not inspire the same confidence as the steam flotilla of General Middleton. To add to my difficulties, some of my officers took to foolscap, "condemning the construction of the boats, requesting permission to try experiments on the penetration of flour sacks by rifle bullets, and finally condemning the ammunition issued to the troops, the defects of which had been brought to light by target practice." The protest against the boats was met by ordering a board of officers to take the evidence of the boatbuilders. The experiments on flour-sacks were left to the enemy, and officers objecting to the quality of ammunition were advised to restrict the fire of their men to short range.

A snowstorm delayed the embarkation till the 14th. The flotilla consisted of five infantry boats, a gunboat, a horse-berge, and a ferry scow, carrying a coil of wire rope, to span the river and establish communication, enabling the troops to act on either bank. The flotilla was preceded by river scouts in canoes, men of the type one finds on all the wilderness waterways of the West, who can navigate a log or balance a portly Englishman as he plays a salmon from a birch-bark canoe.

The weather cleared, the tall pines rustled overhead, and the swift, yellow gold-bearing waters of the Saskatchewan swirled beneath us for many a mile, for it was three hundred to Fort Pitt.

Il dolce far niente after hard marching was enjoyable, but a sharp look-out was kept, and the Winnipeg men pulled lustily at the sweeps, cheered by the lively boat songs of the French-Canadian pilots, with which one had become familiar in many a lumber camp in days gone by:

" C'est l'aviron qui nous monte qui nous mène,
C'est l'aviron qui nous monte en haut.

" Il y a longtemps que j'e t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

I had not the heart to stop them, though they might have attracted the attention of prowling Indian scouts. But the song dropped towards dusk—the men knew it was *dangerous*.

l Fort Saskatchewan on the morning of . The Metis prisoners were here handed the police. Another snowstorm, and the lged on our blankets as we slept in the ats. The refugees in tents within the were far from comfortable. Among re Major Butler, his family, and governess. adies bore their hardships splendidly, e necessity of throwing all their finery nments down a well for concealment.

Butler begged to accompany my force. ad some experience as a settler, I put harge of the road-repairing party. The lunteered as hospital nurses, but of this id not feel able to avail myself.

omposite character of volunteer service ed to by a telegram from an ex-hussar, riend Captain Palliser, who wired thus :

VA.—Minister consents. Am off to join you as ut will serve with pleasure as full private."

e his way to the front, riding courier's hich was rough on both parties, for he out six and a half feet, and rode over stone. Finally, he paddled down the ewan in a canoe with a half-breed, ored communications which had been ed, rendering important service.

urch militant was strong in the force. e leading scouts as interpreter was McKay, of the Anglican church. He,

McDougall, was born in the Indian . The son of an old Hudson Bay official, a university education and the gift es—Indian. Mr. McKenzie, a young rian minister, marched from Fort with the mounted police, and the their chaplain, Father Prevost.

ese gentlemen were well armed and , except the latter, who rode in an am-and carried no weapon but a crucifix, ch he went under fire to administer the his church to the mortally wounded. everend scouts were men as well as ries, and eagerly desired to rescue the women from the Indians.

Victoria was reached on May 16th. Set- r the Frog Lake massacre, had crowded he half-rotten palisade, and were with-

The young children looked wretched, y died. I left rations in charge of the t minister, Rev. Mr. McLachlan, and a achment of the 65th as garrison.

orse-boat sank near Fort Saskatchewan. ers swam the horses across the river hed. The boat was raised by pumping,

and towed in rear. All this caused delay. On 17th Steele's scouts were pushed on to Saddle Lake. Peccan, a Cree chief, who had not joined Big Bear, sent messengers asking the inevitable "Pow-wow." I reluctantly consented, as it was important to get some of his men as scouts. My cowboys were on new ground and in wooded country, very different from the open prairie.

Corryell's scouts had not been heard of, and must be short of provisions. There was a report of their capture, and no news of Hattan with Alberta Rifles. Peccan came into camp on the 20th, and said that his people would not consent to act as scouts, so I marched from Victoria to Vermillion Creek with the Winnipeg Infantry and field-gun. The 65th, under Colonel Hughes, embarked in the boats, and dropped down the river, touch being kept between the land and river columns by mounted scouts. To encourage the others, who objected to the boats, I had embarked in one myself with my staff, but I had no intention of being caught floating. The tussle with Big Bear I knew must come off on land, and I wanted the stiffest part of my force with me—the dogged English-Canadians.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ.

Leaving the English of the Western Column to plod through forest and swamp while the French-Canadians floated in their flour-clads, we must return to the Eastern Column, to General Middleton's steam flotilla and the coming battle of Batoché. It must be borne in mind that the two columns were operating with about eight hundred miles of wilderness between them, and as yet without communication, hoping to concentrate at Fort Pitt. After the battle of Fish Creek, General Middleton was delayed, waiting for the steamer *Northcote* with supplies and reinforcements from his base at Qu'Appelle. On her arrival she was made, as far as practicable, bullet-proof, and "C" Company went on board, fifty strong, Major Smith in command, with orders to move abreast of General Middleton's shore column, 724 strong.

Lieutenant Freer (of the Canadian Military College) was appointed aide-de-camp; Colonel Strawbenzie, brigadier of infantry; and Captain Young, of Winnipeg battery, brigade major.

On the morning of the 7th May, leaving camp standing with a small guard, the column marched on Batoché, scouts in advance. As they neared the river a rattling fire and the steamer's whistle showed she was already engaged. The houses and village church were found to be held by the

enemy, who opened fire. The part taken by the artillery is best described by the man who commanded it—Colonel Montizambert.

"On the morning of the 9th the welcome command came, 'Guns to the front!' A three-mile gallop brought us there,* and the two guns of 'A' Battery came into action, Major Jarvis's two guns being held in reserve." The enemy retired behind the church and a large wooden house beside it, from which shots were fired as the advance continued. The gatling was turned on the house without effect. A white flag was waved at a window. General Middleton stopped the firing and rode up. Within were found some Catholic priests, Sisters of Mercy, and half-breed women and children. The advance was continued without molestation of the occupants.

The scouts were checked by a fire from brushwood about two hundred yards in front—they retired behind the church. "A rush was made on the guns by the half-breeds and Indians, but Lieutenant Rivers's gatling was of service in the absence of any infantry escort, which was necessarily left far behind. Captain Howard (an American volunteer), acting as a gun number, turned the crank and poured in a fire which enabled the guns to be retired without serious loss." After the infantry came up, the guns attempted the shelling of the pits from the same point, but the nature of the ground, consisting of rolling prairie and heavy bluffs, made it necessary to come to too close quarters for effective work. "Gunner Phillips was wounded at the edge of a ravine occupied by the enemy, and rolled down into it. Gunners Coyne and Beaudry went down and brought up their comrade, who was lying in front of the rebel pits not a hundred yards off; Phillips was shot the second time and killed while being carried up; the rescuers escaped unhurt." The wounded were put in the church, where the priests and the sisters gave their aid to the doctors. On this day the casualties were two killed and eight wounded.

It was getting late, and though our men were holding their own, the enemy had been reinforced by those who had been engaged with the steamer, and the general did not think it advisable to attempt an advance through thick cover surrounding the village. He decided to retire a short distance and bivouac for the night.

*The Canadian Field Artillery are, for short distances, able to move at a rapid pace, as they carry the gunners on the off horses, gun-axle seats, and limbers, like the old *Bengal Horse Artillery*.

Bolton's scouts, with Secretan (assistant transport officer), were sent to bring up the ca. The waggons were corralled on an open space about 1,000 yards in rear. No tents were pitched, except for the wounded, as the horses were inside the enclosure. The troops were gradually withdrawn, the enemy following, checked by a fire from the waggon corral. They kept up a desultory fire till darkness fell, killed two horses and wounding one man. They lay down by their arms. The steamer's whistle not being heard, a rocket was sent up to find the whereabouts of our force.

Orders were telegraphed from Humboldt to close up the troops on the line of communications, and Lord Melgund was sent to Ouellette with special despatches. The steamer *Narvik* had three men wounded. The captain, and most of the crew lost their heads and control of the steamer: she swept on to the ferry rope, which carried away her smokestack and steam whistle.

It was impossible to steam back against the current, towing the barges. It was decided to drop down to Hudson Bay Ferry, leave the barges there, take in firewood, and return to Batoche; but they ran aground at the Hudson Bay Ferry, where they found the steamer *Marquis* with a party of police. Both steamers started with the reinforcement, but the *Marquis* machinery broke down, and the *Northcott* took her in tow. They did not reach Batoche till late on the 12th. No doubt the approach of the steamers had a dissolving effect on the rebel forces, and prevented Riel's escape across the river. On May 10th, General Middleton received valuable reinforcements—the Land Survey Scouts, 50 strong, Captain Dennis. Many of our men had surveyed the country in which the struggle took place.

When the force moved out they found the positions captured the day before occupied by the enemy, who had also made fresh rifle-pits.

During the day the guns shelled the positions occupied by the enemy. Our men constructed rifle-pits out of sight of the enemy to cover the evening retirement. When the force withdrew they were followed, but the enemy were stopped by the unexpected flank fire. They tried a few shots at long range. The casualties this day were one killed and five wounded.

On the 11th, French's scouts having reported an open prairie north-east of Batoche, General Middleton, leaving Van Strawbenzie to command the infantry, went with Bolton's scouts and the

to the right, where the enemy had rifle
the gatling, supported by dismounted
as advanced to a slight rise: the
ere too well covered to be impressed,
eneral brought the party back to camp.
his absence, the artillery had shelled
ery and rifle pits, from which the fire

two of Riel's white prisoners, brought a letter
from Riel to the effect that "if his women and
children were massacred, he would massacre the
white prisoners." An answer was sent that if
he would put the women and children in one
place and indicate the exact locality, no shot
would be fired at it. Mr. Ashby honourably



A SETTLER'S LOG HOUSE.

l. Seeing this, Colonel Williams, with
anders, rushed the Indian post at the
, and held it till the usual evening
it, which was unmolested. The casual-
e four wounded, including Captain
renadiers.

morning of the 12th—General Middle-
all the mounted men, one gun ("A" bat-
gatling, took up the former position to the
the prairie—Messrs. Ashby and Jackson,

returned with the answer. The prisoners were
shut up in a cellar, the trap door of which was
kept down by heavy weights. Mr. Jackson
declined to return. The general retired, the
gun and gatling covered by the dismounted
scouts, who here lost Lieutenant Kippen, shot
through the head. On his return to camp, the
general found to his chagrin that, owing to a high
wind blowing from the camp, the firing had not
been heard, and no simultaneous advance made.

He naively tells us he lost his temper and his head, and hurried off alone to the front. As he neared the church he was discovered, and so hot a fire opened that he had to indulge in an exercise to which he was not accustomed—running away. Fortunately, he reached one of our rifle pits, into which he dropped, till Captain Young, who had been watching the solitary reconnaissance with some anxiety, advanced a party and brought back the general. Meanwhile the men dined, and Strawbenzie was ordered to take up the old position and "advance cautiously." The latter part of the order he disobeyed. The Midlanders, under Williams on the left, again carried the cemetery with a rush, the Grenadiers, under Grasset, prolonged the line to the right beyond the church—the 90th, at first, in support. But the Midlanders and their colonel were sick of advances and retirements, and swept the enemy out of the pits right down to the river. The Grenadiers advanced and drove the enemy from the ravine.

The whole line, led by Strawbenzie, gave a rousing cheer, which brought the general from his tent with his mouth full of lunch and expletives, disgusted that there had been any fighting he had not had a hand in. He found the line had pivoted on the centre and was now at right angles to the river, having turned the whole position. The gatling and guns were blazing away at the village and the ferry by which the enemy were escaping, the steamer not having yet come up. The 90th were extended on the right, and the scouts dismounted beyond them again on the extreme right. Ashby again appeared, running the gauntlet of fire from both sides, to bring another letter from Riel, who, he said, was "in a blue funk." Outside the envelope was written, "I don't like war. If you don't cease firing, the question will remain the same as regards the prisoners." The answer was an advance of the whole line, with ringing cheers, and officers well to the front. The place was carried, and the prisoners released: resistance had collapsed. About 6 p.m. the steamers appeared. Blankets and food were sent up from camp, part of the men bivouacked in the village, pickets were posted, and the men rested content with a good day's work; but it had been paid for—five killed, of whom four were officers: Captains French and Brown, of the Scouts, Lieutenant Fitch, grenadiers, and Lieutenant Kippen, Surveyor Scouts: twenty-five wounded, including Major Dawson, Grenadiers, and Lieutenant Laidlaw, Midlanders. Total casualties

for the four days were eight killed and forty wounded. Twenty-three dead rebels and wounded were left on the field. A Roman Catholic priest gives the rebel loss during four days as fifty-one killed, one hundred seventy-three wounded.

A camp of Indian and half-breed women children was found under a cliff by the river left by their owners. They were soon camped about the bivouac. Some of the ladies seen in unparliamentary terms of the leaders had brought the trouble upon them and abandoned them. The following days the breeds kept coming in with white flags to surrender, sometimes accompanied by their prisoners. The general was given a list of the worst rebels who were made prisoners, the remainder being released with a caution.

On the 14th the force marched to Lethbridge. The search continued for Riel and Dufferin. On the 15th the former surrendered to the police scouts—Howrie, Deal, and Armstrong, producing a letter from General Middleton which guaranteed his life until handed over to the civil power. Gabriel Dumont, the wild hunter, made his escape to the States, which, it is said, he visited England and Buffalo Bill's circus. Riel, with others, sent a prisoner to Regina, and handed himself over to the civil power.

On the surrender of Riel, General Middleton's force crossed the Saskatchewan, and went on to Prince Albert in three steamers. Prince Albert was reached on 20th May, and Battleford on 24th.

FROG LAKE; FORT PITT; FRENCHMAN'S BUTTE.

We have now to return to Big Bear.

At Saddle Lake Corryell's scouts came. They had opened communication with the rebels by boats which had been fired on, and returned, but none of Mark Twain's "good Indians" were found. I was anxious to open communication with Otter's column at Battleford, and to get on with General Middleton.

Sergeant Borradaile and Scout Scott volunteered to go in a canoe down the Saskatchewan to Battleford. Hiding themselves by day and paddling by night, they duly reached General Middleton. Eventually he sent them back to me with a letter for Big Bear, demanding immediate surrender. This letter for various reasons—among others, the deficiency of piloted post boxes—failed to reach that gentleman.

The morning of the 22nd we collected all

and potatoes, plundered and then abandoned by Indians. Struck camp, and marched. The long-expected rifles having arrived, the rangers—Western men, and mostly good hunters—were at last armed, as I had promised, to their content and mine, relieving the men from guarding the convoy.

—Camp near Dog Rump Creek. The Rifles at last overtook the force.

—Camped at Moose Creek near Frog Lake, Queen's birthday, but not Queen's.

Three cheers were given for her and being Sunday, the first verse of *Hundredth* was started by some Puritan and sung by everybody, and the march continued amid terrible surroundings of massacre. The element consisted of the Roman Catholic mission, a mill, and eight or nine settlers' houses. The church, parsonage, mill, and every house was burnt and levelled with the ground.

In the cellar of the parsonage, by the terrible smell, a painful sight witnessed—four headless bodies huddled in a corner. Two of the bodies had been Father Fafard and Father Marchand, the other was that of a lay brother, and the fourth someone unknown. The corpses were mangled; all four heads were charred beyond recognition. The bodies of the men were recognised by their beads. The bodies of Delany, Quinn, and Gilchrist were found in the woods near by. A body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Gowanlock, was found in a well. Both legs were severed near the knees, and the arms above the elbows.

Following is condensed from the statement of an eye-witness, W. B. Cameron, H.B.C., the only man spared in the massacre: Views of the disaster at Duck Lake and Frog Lake, the "Bear" Indians were given their assurances of friendship; but before they came in a body to the house of an agent, Quinn, and two of them—Big Boy, "Bad-Child" or "King-Bird," and an Indian—went into his bedroom, intending to shoot him. Quinn was married to a Cree and his wife's brother, "Lone-Man," followed "Bad-Child" upstairs, and prevented him from ordering his victim. Meantime, the Indians below had taken the guns from the men and "Travelling Spirit" called out to them to come down. "Lone-Man" told him to do so. He obeyed, however, and was taken to the Indian's house. Before this the Indians had taken the Government horses.

"Lone-Man" and "Travelling Spirit" went with the others to the H.B.C. storekeeper Cameron, and made him give them all the ammunition in stock. Big Bear now appeared, and said, "Don't take the things out of store. Cameron will give you what you want."

The Indians demanded beef. It was Good Friday. The priests went to the church without hindrance, and the white people were allowed to assemble there. Big Bear and "Miserable-Man" stood near the door, while all the others knelt. During service "Travelling Spirit" entered, kneeling in mockery in the centre of the church, rifle in hand, war hat on head, and face painted yellow. Without a pause or tremor in his voice the undaunted priest continued the service. When it was finished, the people were all taken to Delany's house, where the two priests and all the men except Cameron were killed.

Cameron, the women and children were kept close prisoners. They were not otherwise badly treated. During the action at Frenchman's Butte they were taken away by Indians some twenty miles into the woods, and then left. They were subsequently found by Major Dale, and brought into camp.

While the bodies of the murdered were being hastily buried, a report came in from Oswald, scouting in advance, that the Indians were in force near Fort Pitt, and that he required immediate support. I pushed on with the cavalry, the gun, and one company infantry in waggons, leaving Colonel O. Smith to follow with the rest of his regiment and the supply train. Orders were sent to the 65th to drop down in their boats parallel to us. Starting after mid-day, we reached Fort Pitt, thirty miles distant, before evening, finding Oswald's scouts posted in a poplar bluff, where they could observe the enemy without being seen. The Indians had retired, leaving a small part of the building intact. We camped for the night on a plateau above the fort, throwing out strong pickets.

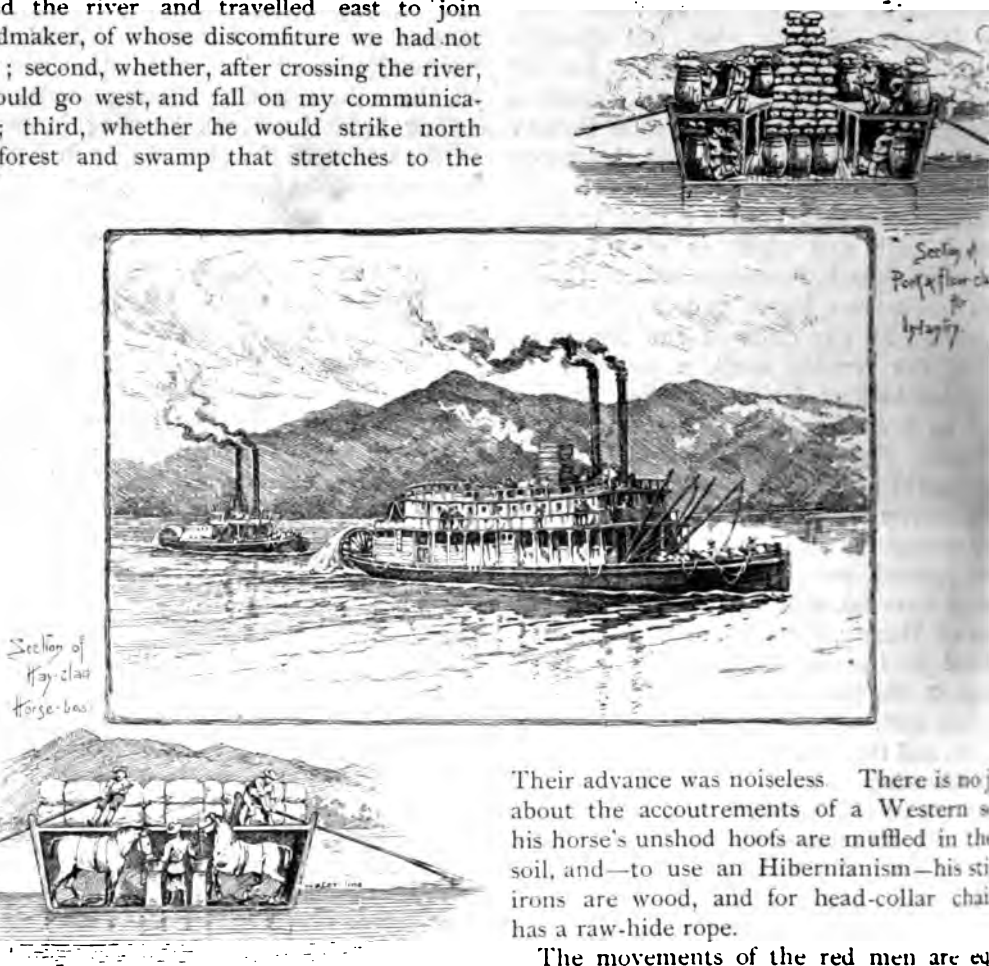
At daybreak on the 26th, working parties cleared out what remained of the fort. One large room was found knee-deep in flour; our approach had evidently interrupted a carnival of riot and waste, the whole neighbourhood was littered with the *débris* of broken furniture and articles for which an Indian has no use, a mass of religious books and tracts. Among them was a curious commentary on the Gospel: the

mutilated body of a policeman, whose heart had been cut out and stuck on a pole close by.

On 27th, my scouts had a skirmish with the Indians, and I found another commentary, written this time by a white man on a red one the body of an Indian chief bereft of his scalp lock. *À la guerre comme à la guerre.*

The whereabouts of Big Bear being unknown, it was an open question, first, whether he had crossed the river and travelled east to join Poundmaker, of whose discomfiture we had not heard; second, whether, after crossing the river, he would go west, and fall on my communications; third, whether he would strike north into forest and swamp that stretches to the

Steele, with the rest of the cavalry, was reconnoitre west and north. He found a trail, indicating the movement of a large party. After travelling about thirty miles, he hid himself at nightfall in thick brushwood on a river bank, within three miles of where the party started. Steele, six shooter in hand, was self leading, followed closely by one of his



Arctic circle. Scouts were sent in the three directions indicated.

Inspector Perry, with twenty police, accompanied by McKay and McDougall, were ferried across the Saskatchewan. They found the tracks of Cree carts opposite Fort Pitt, and the prints of white women's slippers. Perry was ordered to follow the tracks for ten miles, where I knew the trail divided into three, and report along which the white women had been taken. The half-breed scouts who followed the trail west along the south bank found it unused and returned.

Their advance was noiseless. There is no noise about the accoutrements of a Western scout; his horse's unshod hoofs are muffled in the soil, and—to use an Hibernianism—his stirrups are wood, and for head-collar chain has a raw-hide rope.

The movements of the red men are equally noiseless. Suddenly an Indian challenged in a low tone, not knowing friend from foe in the gathering gloom. Sergeant Butlin, the scout with Steele, answered in Cree, "*Kāō*" ("Wait"), but the native gentleman provoked fired at Steele, missed him, and received in return Steele's bullet and the scout's. A few scattered shots were exchanged in the twilight, and the Indians retired. Two ponies were captured.

The Indian cayuse—beau-ideal beast to a rifleman—browses while his master fights; no other sort of rest only makes him tired. The fallen Indian was the chief who had started

break at Saddle Lake: he wore the Queen's medal supplied by the Canadian Government—ornament about the size of an agricultural trophy for a prize pig. These medals are solid silver, and much valued by the chiefs, who hand them down from father to son. Some of them bear the image and superscription of good King George III. Next morning, on passing the spot where he fell, I noticed the tall, athletic figure of the dusky warrior as he lay like a bronze statue overthrown by some iconoclastic god, and clothed only with a grim smile and

river, so that the force could act on either bank. On getting Major Steele's report that he had found the enemy, I immediately marched with all available men: 200 infantry, the field-gun, 27 cavalry, leaving a company of the 65th to garrison Fort Pitt. Only three days' rations remained. We were already on a reduced scale, officers and men sharing alike. No supplies had reached us since I left Edmonton. The situation was serious, some 300 men, including teamsters, in a wilderness country, and destitute of supplies. I decided to take my three days'



"THE NATIVE GENTLEMAN PROMPTLY FIRED" (A. 734).

breech clout, the usual full-dress fighting uniform of the red man. He had lost his medal and his scalp.

In the meantime, the infantry had been busy putting what remained of the fort in as defensible a condition as possible—for the site, like that of most police posts, was chosen regardless of military necessity, and was commanded by an adjacent plateau, from which the Indians shot fire rows into the wooden roofs, their rifles commanding the path to the river, which was the only water supply. It is not surprising that Inspector Dickens and his men quitted the fort. The wire cable had been stretched across the

rations and attack Big Bear and the Indians in the hope of making them drop their prisoners.

Unfortunately, Inspector Perry, with his twenty police, who were trained gunners, McKay and McDougall, the only reliable men who knew the country, had not returned. Their absence caused me anxiety, until I heard that they had run down General Middleton instead of Big Bear. I did not know the exact whereabouts of either, not having heard of Batoche, and my couriers were like the raven sent from the ark—they did not return.

Steele told me that his half-breed scouts had

been badly scared : they fell into ambush, and only escaped by hard riding and good luck.

The waggons were corralled, and we advanced in fighting formation about four miles through difficult country. We found the enemy occupying an advantageous position on the slopes of a thickly wooded ridge, intersected with ravines. The summit of the ridge to our left was bare. Upon this we could see a number of mounted men ; some were circling and signalling our approach. The gun, which I had put in charge of Lieutenant Strange and Sergeant Conner of the police, and a volunteer detachment of Winnipeg men, opened fire : a few rounds of shrapnel cleared the ridge.

The scouts and one company of Winnipeg Infantry were extended to the left, and the remainder to the right. We advanced thus to the crest of the hill without serious opposition.

It was difficult to maintain connection in the dense bush. The gun, which had to follow the trail, was the only portion of my small army which could not break away from me in this big country. The Voltigeurs, who had dropped down the river parallel to us, left the boats and their uneaten dinners, and advanced with alacrity at the first sound of the firing. We followed the enemy's trail till dark through dense wood, where space could scarcely be found to corral the waggons, which had been brought up. After scouting a short distance in advance, we bivouacked round and inside the corral under arms. The Voltigeurs had neither blankets, greatcoats, nor rations ; their comrades, the Winnipeg Infantry, had but short rations to share with them. The fires were extinguished after cooking. The darkness of the night, and the black shadows of the forest which surrounded the corral, rendered objects invisible. The horses were brought into the corral and tied up to the waggons. In the event of attack, the men were cautioned against wasting ammunition. Night-firing, as a rule, is not effective, except on friends.

On the morning of the 28th the force was roused at daybreak without bugle, and after a scanty breakfast, again moved forward, scouts on foot extended and flanking each side of the trail. The Voltigeurs formed the advanced guard, the Winnipeg Infantry the main body, the gun following, and the supply waggons bringing up the rear. The whole column was confined by the thick wood to a narrow trail. Suddenly we came to an open space on which numerous trails converged. It was the camp-

ground where the braves had held their sun dance. The poles of the sacred lodge, leafy garlands still hanging from them, and a batch of young warriors had been lately initiated with the usual rites of self-torture. The old warriors recounted their achievements in murder and horse-stealing.

The great number of lodge fires confirmed the report of the scouts that we were opposed by about seven hundred braves. We halted and I rode on with the advanced scouts. The edge of a wide open valley, right across the line of march, we came upon a fire still at an abandoned dough-cake in the ashes. The valley stretched for over a mile in length about six hundred yards wide. Along the bottom ran a sluggish creek, widening in swamp, and fringed here and there with willow brush. The descent into the valley on our left was abrupt—a wooded slope, down which zigzags ran the trail. The opposite crest was thickly wooded, and sloped in a bare glade. The stream, a tributary to the little Red River which flows into the Saskatchewan. From the trees on the opposite crest hung streamers of red and white calico, the spoils of Fort Battleford. There was no sign or sound of movement. The banners drooped in the still morning air. The old Indian fighters were nonplussed ; they wanted a departure from the traditional Indian tactics of concealment.

Leaving Steele and his men behind on the brow, I rode down into the valley with the Patton. We reached the bottom and close to the little stream when his horse suddenly sank to the girths. I reined back, and he scrambled with difficulty to solid ground followed by his sagacious broncho. It was evident we could not cross, so we returned to the crest of the hill overlooking the valley, where some carts were seen in the distance to the left. Word was passed to bring on the gun, and it came up at a gallop, the infantry clearing the narrow trail and cheering—they thought it meant business. A round was fired at the retreating carts. Hardly had the echoes died when the opposite crest was outlined in a haze of smoke, followed by the rattle of small arms. The Indian position stood revealed.

Steele's police and scouts rapidly extended to the left ; dismounting, they descended the slope to a fringe of willows along the edge of the creek. The Voltigeurs, under Colonel Huot and Major Prevost, went down the hill in the double, and extended on the right of

ated scouts. Two companies Winnipeg, under Major Thibaudau, prolonged the line to the right; the remainder, under Colonel Cameron, formed the reserve withdrawn from the front of the valley. The Alberta Rifles, dismounted, were extended on the right flank, where the wood was very thick. The waggons were crowded up and corralled in the only space of two hundred yards in rear.

The gun was in the open, and the rifle bullets whizzed rapidly round it. The officer made his gun point down after loading, and laid the gun down. The shrapnel bullets tore through the trees, but did not seem to touch the men in the pits. But a few percussion common cartridges passing through the loose earth, exploded in the pits, and silenced some of the largest. The mangled bodies of the occupants were afterwards found hastily buried.

At the same time, the infantry were trying to cross the camp: they sank waist deep. I saw the men checked, and rode along the ridge to the left and descended to the position occupied by the men and the Voltigeurs. I saw for myself that it would be impracticable to carry the position by direct assault. Constable McRae and two of the men were here severely wounded. I ordered them to withdraw, mount and move up the ridge to find a crossing by which the enemy's line could be turned and their retreat pushed up the river up which I was hourly expecting General Middleton. After an hour or so a report came from Steele "that the enemy's position extended about a mile and a half and he could find no means of turning it." At the same time, the Indians kept moving parallel to the opposite side of the valley behind the line of trees, and so prevented his outflanking them. I had tried to join Steele, to help him or myself; but the half-breed scout led me in a circle through the woods, and I found myself in the spot whence I started. He said he had lost his way. While we were trying to turn the enemy's right, they were trying to turn our left by creeping through the thick wood which lined that end of the valley. A few rounds of shot over the heads of our skirmishers stopped them, and a heavy fire was opened by the men on the wood to our right.

It was now late in the day, and we had eaten little since 3.30 a.m., and but little for the twenty-four hours. Only one day's rations remained, and no signs of General Middleton's party. I decided to retire to open ground and the horses and cook there the men's

dinners. The advance line was withdrawn from the valley, and the force re-formed on the high ground. It was found that Private Le Mai, of the 65th, had been left severely wounded where he had fallen. Covered by a sharp fire of case shot, Surgeon Paré and a stretcher party of the 65th, followed by Father Prevost, went down. They were exposed to a hot fire. But the dying man (shot through the lungs) could not speak. He was carried to the ambulance in a stretcher.

By this time the enemy had ceased firing. The gun remained in position to cover the retirement. A party of scouts were left to watch the enemy, who did not molest us. On reaching open ground about six miles distant, the waggons were corralled, the horses left to graze, and the men to cook. Our difficulties were aggravated by the boats of the 65th dropping down the river behind an island for concealment. They could not return against the current. With them went the remainder of our food supply, and the blankets and greatcoats of the 65th. There was nothing for it but to return to Fort Pitt, five miles distant. Fortunately, our long-looked-for convoy of provisions reached us next day by boat. The Alberta field force had received its baptism of fire, and taken it well.

On arrival at Fort Pitt I sent two scouts in canoes to look for the barges of the 65th with a despatch for General Middleton. When the scouts arrived within forty miles of Battleford, they met a steamer with a large contingent of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Bedson, supply officer, and provisions, but no troops. My messengers were taken on board, and the steamer returned to Battleford.

THE PURSUIT OF BIG BEAR; LOON LAKE.

On 30th May, with a full commissariat, we again marched for Frenchman's Butte, which the half-breed scouts had been told to watch—a duty they had performed in a perfunctory fashion, for we found the position abandoned. We had to make a detour two miles to the north of the old position to avoid the swampy ground. Here we found ourselves in a *cul de sac*, surrounded by dense forest impassable for wheeled transport. The scouts found no less than seven trails on which the enemy had dispersed. They eventually converged into two. Along one of these the scouts found traces of Mr. McLean and the ladies of his family, who, with true woman wit, had knotted bits of coloured worsted to twigs, and

dropped a piece of paper saying they were all well and being carried north-west. At this juncture a message reached me from General Middleton that he had passed up the river to Fort Pitt, and would be in my camp next day with reinforcements. The Indians had abandoned twenty-five waggons and forty carts in their flight, together with tools, sacks of flour, furs, and odds-and-ends of all sorts, the plunder of Fort Pitt. As the trail could only be followed by mounted men in single file, with any prospect of overtaking them, I sent on Major Steele with all my cavalry.

They carried nothing but ammunition, tinned meat, and biscuits in their haversacks. The smaller trail was followed by McKay, H.B.C., with ten Alberta Mounted Rifles. They captured thirty-six of Big Bear's band, and released Mrs. Gowanlock (who we were thankful to find had not been barbarously murdered), Mrs. Delany, and several other prisoners. On June 2nd Major Dale brought into camp Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Quiney, Messrs. Cameron, Halpin, and Dufresne, and five half-breed families who had escaped during the attack on Big Bear's position. Next day General Middleton arrived in camp with 200 mounted men. I told him Steele had been sent in pursuit, and required support. He decided to await Steele's report, but I obtained permission to march towards Beaver River, a Chippewyan settlement, where there were large H.B.C. stores for which Big Bear appeared to be heading. At 2 a.m. a courier arrived from Steele, reporting an engagement and three men wounded. He was falling back.

The following is his condensed report:— "Marched twenty-five miles; halted at noon for dinner. While cooking, was alarmed by two shots fired by McKay at Indian scouts.* These men hid in the bush further on, and shot scout Fisk, who was leading the advance, breaking his arm. We continued our advance, and camped forty-five miles north-east on Big Bear's trail. Fisk pluckily rode on without a murmur. Marched next day at daylight. Found a note from McLean, 'All's well.' On topping a hill, came on Indian camp of previous night. Two tepees were occupied. The main body were crossing a ford about 1,200 yards off. We counted fifty-three camp fires the previous night, and knew the enemy must be too strong for us to attack. I only intended to parley with them

* Some allowance must be made for my reverend scout's eagerness. His destined bride was among the captives for whom he so freely risked his life.

through McKay. They, however, fired on and seeing them retiring to an inaccessible place on an island, the horses were put in cover; the men extended on the brow of the hill. The chief called to his men to go at us. We were very few. The Indians crawled up the hill under cover of the brush. The leader was killed by teamster Fielders within ten feet of him. No more were shot. We then fired a volley into tepees and at the Indians taking cover, charged to the bottom under strong fire, then taking the hill commanding the position, right taking the swamp along the lake. Scout Fury was shot through the breast while going up the hill. The scouts were on the brow a few minutes. We had cleared the whole in half an hour after firing commenced, driving the enemy into the ford. We then showed a white flag to parley. McKay, who exposed himself freely, told them to surrender the prisoners. The answer was a volley. A second attempt met with no better result. They shouted that they could fight and clear us out. The chief tried to rally his men to re-cross the river unsuccessfully. Three of our men were wounded and twelve Indians killed. We destroyed the ammunition found in the camp and burnt them, capturing four horses, which we brought away. We then retired twenty miles to the first feeding ground for the horses. Next day returned to camp. Fourteen of the horses were disabled. All under my command moved steadily, and were well led by the officers.

On going over the ground at Frenchman Butte 300 rifle pits were counted, and two deep trenches, 50 feet long and 8 feet wide, with loopholed logs for head cover, and a log to stand on and fire from, the whole covered by branches stuck in the loose excavated earth. These large trenches were on the left flank of their position, and formed an ambuscade commanding the trail approaching it. Here red rags were invitingly displayed to tempt the British bull. From what I saw I could not believe my half-breed scouts, who were familiar with the defenders, that many of the latter had experience in Indian wars against the United States troops, who found, as we did, that the dead Indian counts for two or more white men.

On June 6th we were nearing the Beaver River. The infantry were dead beat from incessant marching. The Voltigeurs having been the first advance had tramped the soles off their boots. Some were literally barefoot, others with muddy, blood-stained rags tied round their



NEW PERCUSSION COMMON SHELL, PASSING THROUGH THE LOOSE EARTH, EXPLODED IN THE
PIT" (A 715)

Yet Goldwin Smith (professor of veracious history) writes, "*No French regiment went to the front.*" Their commanding officer told me the men could march no more. Outwardly I thanked that officer, and rode up to the battalion: they presented a grotesque yet pitiable aspect in their tattered uniforms, "the remnants of their trousers being patched with flour sacks bearing alarming legends, such as 'patent self-raising,' etc., but a little French officer remarked, 'N'importe, mon général! l'ennemi ne voit jamais un Voltigeur par derrière.'

"Addressing the battalion in French, as was my habit, I said: 'Mes enfants, votre commandant m'a dit que vous demandez quand vous pouvez retourner chez vous? Mais je n'ai qu'une réponse—celle de votre ancien chanson:

" 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre-a!
Ne sait quand reviendra!'"

It had the desired effect. The weary little Voltigeurs shouted: 'Hourra pour le général! En avant! Toujours en avant!' And they stepped out to the refrain of their ancestors,

" 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre-a!' etc."

Queer whirligig of time, that an English general should be cheering the soldiers of New France by a couplet in which their ancestors unconsciously enshrined the memory of Marlborough! But the shade of Marlborough could not carry my exhausted infantry, to say nothing of a field-gun, through some thirty miles of swamp and forest, in time to head off the swiftly-moving remnants of Big Bear's band, who were making for the H.B.C. provision store on the banks of the Beaver River.

I left orders for Colonel Osborne Smith (whose men were in better condition than the 65th) to push after me as fast as he could, but the Voltigeurs would not be outmarched by their English comrades. Captain Perry, who had returned to me with his detachment of police gunners, said that the 65th not only kept up, but dragged the gun and horses with ropes through a long and deep muskeg.

The infantry marched all night and overtook me by daybreak at the H.B.C. store, which I reached by riding ahead with my staff and fifteen mounted men: all I had—the remainder were with General Middleton. We reached it just in time to secure eighty sacks of flour and a supply of bacon. It was nightfall when we arrived; and we saw a party of Indians making for the same goal, but they turned back into the woods. We indulged so freely in a supper

of fried bacon and dough-cakes, that I for one fell asleep on the floor of the H.B.C. store, pipe in mouth. I was awakened by my A.D.C., to whom I had set fire as well as to myself. The sentries seem to have been more vigilant, for we were not molested.

Next morning, June 7th, the infantry having rejoined, a party were left to guard the provisions and watch the trails, and I moved on to Beaver River, following the trail of the Indians seen the previous night. They crossed the river in canoes, this being their own reserve, to which they returned after Frenchman's Butte. The Roman Catholic church and mission had been plundered, and his flock had carried off Father Le Goff when they joined Big Bear at Fort Pitt. At a second H.B.C. store near the mission a hundred sacks of flour were secured and a couple of boats. On June 9th Father Le Goff came into camp to plead for his flock. I sent him back to the Chippewayans with an ultimatum for unconditional surrender "within twenty-four hours, otherwise they would see the smoke of their log houses, as I would burn every building on the reserve except the chapel, the priest's house, and the H.B.C. store." They surrendered within the time, and forty-four braves came into camp with rifles and guns, the women and children following on the next day.

On the 11th I held a court of inquiry on the Chippeweyan prisoners: Father Le Goff, and Messrs. Halpin and Cameron gave evidence. The former, with true pastoral love, would gladly have exonerated his flock, but the proofs were too strong: all the young men had fought against us. General Middleton afterwards held a "pow-wow," and told them not to do it again. The majority had acted through fear of Big Bear, and all were tempted by plunder. The most curious thing revealed by the inquiry was that the Indians were largely swayed by the belief that North-West Canada would be sold to the United States, and only those who joined the outbreak would receive any portion of the purchase money.

Scouts reported that the Wood Crees had taken the McLean family to Lac des Iles, where fish are abundant. Big Bear himself abandoned his prisoners and turned in his tracks after being pressed by Steele at Loon Lake. At this place General Middleton was obliged, by impassable muskegs, to give up the pursuit and to follow my trail to Beaver River, which he reached on the 14th with his own cavalry and mine. In the meantime my men were repairing and

constructing boats. I proposed to descend the river. Osborne-Smith volunteered, with a hundred of his men and McKay as guide, to rescue the McLean girls; but at this juncture their Indian captors released them: they had always been treated with a certain respectful courtesy, and "Tall Poplar" was *désolé* at their refusal to marry him. They were met by Hudson, who took them to Fort Pitt, where they found repose and sympathy for the courage with which they had endured their privations. Constantine had also scouted in search of them until his provisions ran short, and he made his way to Fort Pitt in a semi-starved state.

The release of the captives, the surrender of the tribes and *métis*, crowned as it was by the capture of Riel, Poundmaker, and Big Bear, enabled the citizen soldiers to turn their faces homeward with light hearts but saddened memories of the comrades who slept under the prairie sod and by the forest trail.

This campaign had been carried through without the aid of a British bayonet or the expenditure of a British shilling. Except the Winnipeg infantry left to garrison Fort Pitt, and the Alberta cavalry, who, with the Western transport train, retraced their long march to Calgary, the force was broken up and sent down the Saskatchewan eight hundred miles to Winnipeg in steamers, and thence to their homes by rail.

I accompanied them to settle the teamsters'

and farmers' claims for supplies, transport, etc. On my way down at Battleford I saw my old enemy, Big Bear, in durandce vile. His appearance indicated natural intellect; he had a massive head: his own people said of him that he had a big head but a small heart. I felt no animosity towards him for the many weary miles he had led me. After evading all the columns, and travelling almost alone, he made his way to Fort Carlton ferry, where he was arrested by Sergeant Smart, of the police—about the only man in the force who had never gone after him, as he had been left in charge of the ferry.

Big Bear was sentenced to imprisonment for life for having made war upon her Majesty's Government. I, for taking up arms in her defence, "under a Colonial Government," was deprived of a pension for thirty years' service.

Soon after, Big Bear was set at liberty by her Majesty, and the King of Kings gave him a fuller release. My pension was restored, and I also await my fuller release, when we shall both find wherein we both erred.

"The irony of fate" is a favourite phrase. The humours of a constitutional monarchy are occasionally as startling. Riel was tried, condemned, and hanged. Had he been released after a term of imprisonment, he would perhaps have been elected a member of the Canadian Parliament, where his oratorical talents might have gained him the dignity of knighthood.



BIG BEAR AND SOME OF HIS PRISONERS.

(From a Photo.)

1. Ma Chasse
("The Worm").
2. The Four Sky Bird.
3. Bad Child
(Big Bear's son).
4. "The Boy."

5. Big Bear.
6. Angus McKay.
7. François Dufresne (prisoner).
8. Stanley Simpson, H.B.C. Clerk.

The Storming of Brescia

March, 31: April, 1: 1849

By A. J. Butler

THE year 1848 has been called the "Year of Revolution." All over the Continent of Europe thrones were tottering, in some cases falling; the old arbitrary and repressive systems of government which had prevailed since the downfall of Napoleon were drawing towards their end. In Italy the movement was strongly felt. Over a great part of that country arbitrary government existed in its most hateful form, being administered by foreigners. The provinces of Lombardy and Venetia had to take their orders from Vienna; and though as individuals the Austrian-Germans are a kindly and genial race, their political system was marked by pedantic officialism, and their rule was consequently of a kind calculated to be especially offensive to a high-spirited and somewhat disorderly people, with traditions of hatred to Germans extending back over six or seven centuries. The Lombard cities with Milan at their head, and glorious memories behind them of municipal liberties wrested at the sword's point from German emperors, chafed especially under the yoke; and the sight of the neighbouring State of Piedmont enjoying, as part of the Sardinian kingdom, something like constitutional government under its old rulers, the house of Savoy, was not likely to make them more patient. In March, after five days of fighting, Milan drove out the Austrians, and almost simultaneously the Sardinian army invaded Lombardy. Venice also rose in insurrection, and even in Vienna itself matters looked so threatening that the minister, Prince Metternich, who had been the mainstay of reactionary and coercive policy, was forced to resign. Fortunately for the Austrians, their affairs in Italy were in the hands of a capable soldier. Marshal Radetzky was at this time little short of eighty years old, but he had lost nothing of his skill. Withdrawing behind the Mincio, he rallied

his forces, and issuing forth again, before the end of the summer, he had inflicted a ~~ser~~ defeats on the Sardinian army, driven it ~~it~~ Lombardy, and retaken Milan.

Among the other Lombard cities ~~now~~ so closely linked with the fortunes of ~~Mi~~ the neighbouring city of Brescia. Lying ~~;~~ very foot of the Alps, of which the ~~last~~ descend in green vine-clad undulations ~~t~~ Lombard plain, and clustered round the ~~o~~ the hill on which stands its ancient ~~c~~ known in mediæval times as "The Fak Italy," Brescia has had a chequered and ~~t~~ lent existence almost since the ~~beginni~~ history. Few cities, probably, have been frequently in a state of revolt against ~~some~~ or somebody. It was hardly to be ~~ex~~ that the Brescians would sit quiet while brethren of Milan were striking a blow for ~~dom~~ ; but their rising was soon ~~suppressed~~ all that they gained was the imposition ~~b~~ Austrian general, Haynau, of a fine upon ~~city~~ amounting to some £50,000.

During the winter Brescia was seething with revolution, but no overt steps were taken. Austrian commander seems to have thought that dissatisfaction could be removed by ~~ping~~ all outward manifestations of it, even the most childish; and edicts were issued forbidding the wearing of red shoes, velvet coats, and of a particular shape. In March, 1849, the Sardinians renewed the war, and on the 16th troops were withdrawn from Brescia for ~~se~~ in Piedmont, leaving only a garrison of 500 with fourteen guns in the castle, a few gendarmes in the town, and a great many sick in the various military hospitals, where also arms seem to have been stored. Half the fine imposed by General Haynau had been paid, and the remainder due on the 20th of this month. Half of the balance had by the 23rd been received at the municipal treasury, but no more. All for

payments were refused, and the officials of the corporation, whose duty it was to collect it, were maltreated, and ultimately sent out of the city in custody. Throughout the proceedings the deputy mayor (in the absence of the mayor himself) and the other regular municipal authorities, seeing the impossibility of a successful

A few troops, mostly deserters from Italian regiments in the Austrian service, were at the disposal of the insurgent leaders; but these, to the number of about 400, were kept outside of the city, on the slope of the hills known as the Ronchi, lying to the north of the road which leads eastward from Brescia to Verona. There



"THEN BEGAN A MURDEROUS FIGHT" (p. 743).

resistance, and foreseeing the terrible consequences which a fresh revolt would undoubtedly entail, did their best to counsel moderation and submission; but they were either not listened to or insulted as aristocrats and cowards. A "Committee of Public Defence" was formed, consisting of an engineer and a lawyer, the latter being apparently the moving spirit. A man with a turn for devising inflammatory proclamations, and no practical knowledge of military affairs, is about the worst leader that an excitable populace can have at such a juncture; and such Signor Cassola, to judge from his own account of the transactions of these days, seems to have been.

were also in the city a certain number of retired officers who were willing to cast in their lot with their fellow-citizens; but their offers of service were declined, and every parish was told to elect its own chiefs.

The first actual attack on the Austrian garrison was made on the 23rd, when a piquet of soldiers, engaged in conveying provisions to the castle, was set upon and roughly used, being chased through the town, and a few men clubbed to death. The imperial eagles were also torn down from the public buildings. An attempt was then made to get arms from one of the hospitals; but the guard opened fire, and the insurgents

retired. The commandant of the castle, however, thought it as well to withdraw into the castle such of the sick as could be moved, as well as the gendarmes, and further demanded of the town council that the officials who had, as we saw, been arrested earlier in the day, should be delivered up to him. These had been placed in the custody of the troops on the Ronchi, so that the town council were unable to comply, whereupon a few shells were thrown into the town during the night; while from every tower the church-bells hurled back defiance in the old Italian fashion. On the following morning, at the request of the military doctors who remained

over the river Sesia, had succeeded in dividing it, and forcing the great part to lay down their arms, had in turn extorted from Radetzky an armistice binding him to evacuate Lombardy at once. This ridiculous story, though wholly unconfirmed, was placarded over the town by the Committee of Public Defence, who must be held responsible for the stubborn resistance to which it excited the people, and for the terrible retribution which that resistance incurred.

On March 25th General Nugent arrived before Brescia, from Verona, bringing with him a force of 1,000 men and two guns, which reinforcements, in the course of the next few days, more than doubled. He established himself in the village of Sant' Eufemia, about three miles to the east of Brescia, after dispersing the force on the Ronchi, and on the 26th summoned the citizens to surrender and take down the barricades which by this time had been erected. On their refusal, he assaulted the Torrelunga gate, by which the Verona road enters the city, but was repulsed after four hours of furious fighting. The bombardment from the castle was now renewed, and the Committee sent a message to the commandant threatening for every shell that fell into the town to put to death ten of the sick in the hospitals. It does not appear that this atrocious threat was ever carried into execution. But by this time there was very little government or discipline in Brescia. Sorties were undertaken without orders, just at the pleasure of the commanders of the armed bands. Then, on the evening of March 28th, a body of young men, headed by Tito Speri, made a sortie from the Torrelunga gate. Falling in with a superior force of the enemy, Speri, who seems to have kept his head, proposed to retire. His followers, however, cried out upon his cowardice, and, waving his sword, he called upon them to follow him, and dashed at the enemy. As usually happens in such cases, not more than thirty had the courage of their tongues, and Speri, with his little band, were soon surrounded. After a short scuffle, most succeeded in cutting their way through; but the leader and five others were taken prisoners, and a few remained on the field. Speri presently managed to make his escape, but was in after-days recaptured and hanged at Mantua, one of the stupid pieces of cruelty which in these years too often disgraced the Austrian Government. On the final liberation of Lombardy in 1859, his fellow-citizens erected a statue of him in a square of the town through which the visitor passes on his way to



in the hospitals, the bombardment was suspended, on condition that the sick should not be molested, as in the present temper of the people it was not unlikely that they might be.

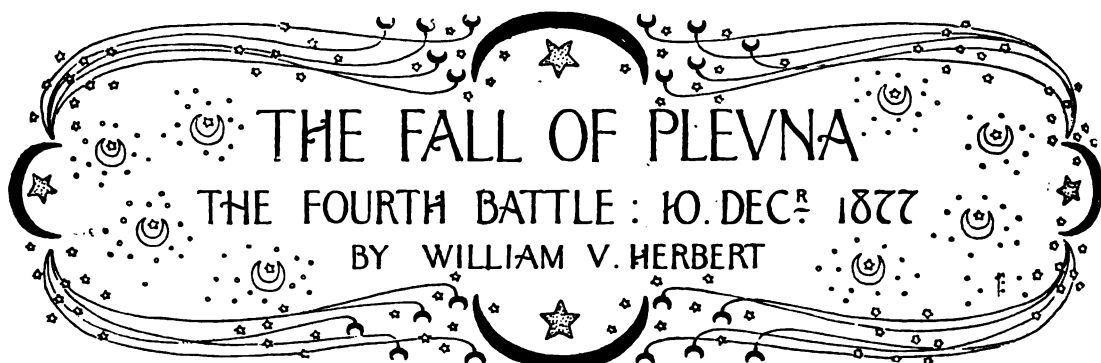
Meanwhile, the fate of Italy was being decided, at any rate for some years to come, on another field. Radetzky had met the Sardinian army under its king, Charles Albert, and overthrown it utterly on the field of Novara. News travelled less rapidly then than now, and it was not for two or three days that the result of the battle was known at Brescia, and then the true intelligence was disastrously blended with falsehood. A Polish adventurer, named Chrzanowski, held high command in the Sardinian army. A bulletin, purporting to come from this man, was spread through Piedmont and Lombardy, to the effect that, repudiating the armistice signed after Novara, he had attacked the Austrian army, and favoured by the breaking down of a bridge

t the steep lane which leads to the castle. In this adventure, sorties were forbidden, and the troops were confined for a day or two to opening up a fire of small-arms upon the castle from the neighbouring houses and barricades, in which a few gunners were killed. But the result was not far off. In the night of the 30th, General Haynau arrived and took the command. Dividing the troops in the corps, he had less than 4,000 men at his disposal, but his arrangements were quickly made. Throwing one battalion into the castle, to which at its north-eastern corner there is access without passing through the town, he divided the remainder into five columns, sending one to block each of the roads by which the city is approached. The main assault was to be delivered, as before, on the Porta Torrelunga. In the course of the forenoon he was approached by the municipal authorities; and at their request he undertook to abstain from further action till two in the afternoon, on the chance of his terms being accepted. But by this time passion ran too high for any conciliation. The people hardly knew what cause they were fighting: they had nothing to do with Piedmont—even the tricolour flag of united Italy was not displayed. For the people fought under the red flag; and even so the majority probably had no particular objection. As of old, the citizen knew no loyalty but his own city; and if Florence three hundred and fifty years before had overawed the king of France by the mere threat to ring her neck, why should not Brescia try her fortune against Austria? At two o'clock, then, the drums rang out once more, and the rattle of musketry gave the answer of the citizens to all appeals for surrender. Still Haynau, ruthless as he is reputed to have been, seems to have recoiled from exposing either his men to a street-fight or an undisciplined population to the fury of a storming army, and it was not till four o'clock that the guns of the castle opened upon the town. At the same time a detachment of 1,000 men was sent to make its way along the main rampart, and take in flank the barricade which defended Porta Torrelunga. This was done, and Nugent's column fought their way through. The general himself fell mortally wounded, but the column pressed on. "Then," says General Haynau, in his report to Radetzky, "began a desperate fight, conducted on the part of the Austrians, from barricade to barricade, from house to house, with the utmost obstinacy. I never have believed," adds the stolid

German with some *naïveté*, "that so bad a cause could have been so stubbornly defended." The troops, however, fought no less stubbornly, and though losing heavily, had before nightfall established themselves in some of the first houses.

At daybreak on April 1st the bells of Brescia rang out for the last time. Haynau, on his side, ordered a vigorous bombardment, and renewed the assault. Fighting was resumed with more ferocity than ever. No quarter was given, and every house from which a shot came was mercilessly set on fire. Discipline was bound to tell at last. Foot by foot the soldiers advanced, under pouring rain, through the narrow, barricaded streets. Flank attacks gradually cleared the gates of San Alessandro on the south, and San Nazzaro at the south-east corner (where now is the railway station), and by evening that of San Giovanni on the west was in the hands of the Austrians. Meanwhile, a force from the castle had forced the barricades which had been raised at the head of all the streets leading to it, driving the defenders back to the lower ground.

The insurgents were now cooped up in the north-western angle of the city. Their ammunition was failing. The "Committee of Public Defence," as such bodies are too apt to do, had taken steps to secure its personal safety; the municipal authorities offered the capitulation which had been demanded a few hours before; and by six o'clock the struggle was over. On the Austrian side, a general, two colonels, six other officers, and 480 men had been killed, and at least as many wounded. That the conduct of the troops, after the capture of the city, was worse than usual under similar circumstances has hardly been proved; but many brutalities were undoubtedly committed. Still, it hardly behoves us, with our memories of San Sebastian, to cast stones at others; and it must be admitted that their provocations were great. From the cowardly attack on a few soldiers and gendarmes, with which the rising began, to the murder of some alleged "police-agents" perpetrated when it became clear that the cause was lost, many acts were committed by the insurgents which could not fail to exasperate the victors. But the unhappy city had surely been punished enough, and the shootings, hangings, and floggings which earned for General Haynau the nickname of "the hyæna," were superfluous cruelties. They were not forgotten ten years later, and served to add a louder ring to the cheers with which Brescia welcomed the French and Sardinian armies within her walls in 1859.



THE FALL OF PLEVNA

THE FOURTH BATTLE: 10. DEC^R 1877

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

ON December 1st, 1877, my major summoned to his mud-hut in our redoubt the thirteen officers of his battalion who—out of a total of twenty-seven—had survived three great battles, numerous skirmishes, and the horrors of a six-weeks' siege, and asked our opinion on the following points:—

"Shall we remain in Plevna until food is exhausted, and surrender when there is nothing left to eat? or shall we make a desperate attempt to force the lines of investment?"

These were the questions which a council of war, called for that day by Osman Pasha, the Turkish commander, was to decide.

After a solemn deliberation, eleven—including myself—answered "No" to the first question, and "Yes" to the second, whilst two replied in the reverse sense.

With this message the colonel of my regiment departed to headquarters, the voting of each of his four battalions having resulted in the same finding. The council arrived at no decision.

"Let no man deceive himself," Osman had said, "as to the chances of success of such an attempt. They are infinitesimal. But the honour of our country, and the fair fame of our army, render it incumbent upon us to make a last and supreme effort."

They met again on the following day, when a sortie was finally decided upon.

Prospect of activity, eagerness to fight, and hope of success fairly intoxicated the men. Our numerous preparations, which kept us in a fever-heat of occupation for more than a week, were made in a methodical and thorough manner.

The fourth battle of Plevna—better known as the last sortie—which was fought on the left Vid plain on the morning of the 10th December, 1877, and with which this article deals, con-

stitutes the fifth act in the sanguinary drama of the defence of Plevna, which latter forms the central episode of the great Russo-Turkish War. Thrice (on July 20th, July 30th, and September 11th) had the allied Russian-Roumanian armies essayed to take Plevna by storm, and had failed disastrously. Then Plevna was invested, in order to be starved into submission; and when the position had become untenable and unbearable, when all hope of outside help had vanished, Osman Pasha, abandoned to his fate by an ungrateful country, acting upon the unanimous verdict of the council of war summoned by him, decided to strike a last and desperate blow for liberty.

Considerations of space forbid me to enter into a detailed description of the terrible sufferings we had to undergo during the investment. Ever since the middle of October snow and frost had reigned supreme. The food-stores were nearly exhausted, and the rations had been reduced to such a minimum (a quantity of maize-meal equal to about ten ounces per man per day) as was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. The clothing was in rags, and exposure to the bitter weather—we dwelt in half-open mud-huts—claimed scores of victims. Fuel was so scarce that a piece of wood was treasured as priceless. Hideous diseases raged unchecked, and did more ravage in a day than the Russian guns did in a week. The mortality from illness was appalling. It amounted to 800 persons a week out of a total of 45,000, including peaceful inhabitants, or 8 per cent. per month. The Plevna camp, twenty-five square miles in area, was a vast cemetery, with the town for its central charnel-house. Under these trying circumstances the Turkish soldiers exhibited to an admirable degree that quality which they possess in a larger measure than any troops in Europe—cheerfulness under suffering. Discipline was

and the draconic laws issued by were seldom called into play.

ded a company of infantry which luced by death, wounds, and illness ginal strength of 5 officers, 7 non- 70 men—plus a draft of 1 officer, and 20 men, giving a total of 6 n-coms., and 190 men—to 3 officers, and 80 men. My station was in the redoubt of our north front, on the nik Bair.

ations for the final battle were so

drummers, train-soldiers, and non-combatants generally, and also the gunners, received rifles.

Each man carried 130 cartridges—80 in the pouch and 50 in the haversack. Each battalion had a reserve stock of 180,000 cartridges, in 180 boxes of a thousand each. There were 300 shots per gun, and two or three ammunition-carts per battery.

Every rifle was taken to pieces, inspected, cleaned, oiled, tested. The bayonets were sharpened; the men had two each—one sword-shape and one of the ordinary kind.



THE "GIANT" BATTERY IN THE RUSSIAN LINES.

nd manifold that I can but indicate l features.

ining stock of maize-meal and biscuits ted in equal parts among the men, salt, sugar, and quinine among the The public cash was dealt out to twenty-five piastres (four shillings e) a man, and something extra for I received seventy-five piastres. To as given a small quantity of linen e as bandages for light wounds or The non-commissioned officers had ment for the same purpose.

ng an abundance of arms in Plevna, to diminish the quantity which we to leave behind (buried), the buglers,

For the transport of ammunition, water, forage, tents, tools, blankets, and baggage we had per battalion 60 pack-horses, and 12 carts drawn each by two oxen, with three oxen as reserve. The cart-wheels and those of the gun-carriages were greased and bound up with straw, so as to render their action noiseless. A redistribution of the tents was made, resulting in a share of 30 per battalion. A sufficient quantity of lanterns was dealt out to each company. A copy of the *ordre du jour*, occupying ten or twelve pages, was given to each officer down to the company-leaders, and each battalion had a separate order from its divisional general. In these orders the battalions, batteries, and squadrons were timed to a minute from the moment of abandoning their

redoubts on the evening of the 9th until that of taking up their positions in the battle line at dawn on the 10th. And, last not least, we had to burn our standard.

In silence and reverence we watched the flames devour the venerable rag which had preceded the battalion for fifty years, which bore the honoured names of Giurgevo, Silistria, Eupatoria, and Sebastopol, and had fluttered beside me in five bayonet charges.

The Turkish army consisted of 59 battalions of infantry (mustering an average of 400 men: that is, half the normal strength), 24 squadrons of cavalry (counting an average of 60 men), and 88 guns—a total of 34,000 men, including 9,000 non-combatants, convalescents, and wounded. The latter were to accompany the army in 200 carts, and only those that could not be moved—800—were left behind in town, to be slaughtered subsequently by the Christians of Plevna. The Turkish residents went also with the army, at their urgent entreaties, to escape the fury of the Bulgarian rabble, the women and children in 500 carts, the men acting as drivers and general assistants to the huge train, which, in its totality, consisted of 1,100 vehicles and 5,000 pack-horses and baggage-mules.

The Turkish army was divided for the purposes of the sortie into two divisions, each of three brigades, and an unattached seventh brigade. The first six brigades counted eight battalions each; the seventh, ten battalions, the remaining battalion acting as escort to the staff. The sortie was to be executed in a north-westerly direction, starting from the Vid Bridge and the two auxiliary pontoon bridges recently erected for that purpose. Had it succeeded, the army would have retreated to Berkovitza, and thence across the Balkans to Sofia. Cavalry and artillery were distributed among the brigades.

The first division, with two battalions of the second division, two of the seventh brigade, and the escort battalion, was to do the actual fighting, forcing its way into and through the Russian lines; whilst the seventh brigade was to serve as convoy to the train, and was to cross the Vid with the latter in good time. The second division was to act as rearguard to the general movement, occupying the fortifications recently erected east of the Vid. Its right flank was to hold the Opanetz, or northern redoubts; its left, the redoubts in the south-western section of the camp. All other redoubts and the town itself were abandoned. The second division was to follow in the track of the first, as

soon as the train had crossed the river and the first was fairly engaged with the enemy. The assailing force was to take up position in battle order on the left bank during the night, and the train was to have crossed before daybreak.

The force which actually executed the sortie by means of a bayonet charge on a scale of unprecedented magnitude consisted of 29 battalions, 11 squadrons, and 48 guns—a total of 14,000 men—and its front was two miles long. The column was arranged in two lines, each of 14 battalions. The attacking force had thus a frontage of 14 battalions and a depth of two, and each battalion was in itself a solid double oblong, each oblong being 20 men broad and 10 men deep. In front of the whole line were 14 companies of picked troops, drawn out in skirmishing order. My battalion formed the extreme right of the attacking column with another battalion, a battery of six pieces, and two squadrons of cavalry. The extreme left was composed of eight squadrons and a horse battery. Osman Pasha commanded the attacking force in person, his second being Tahir Pasha, the chief of staff. The three storming brigades were led by the three ablest fighting officers of the army—namely, Atouf Pasha, Yunuz Bey, and Tewfik Pasha; and the six regimental officers (four battalions were massed into a regiment) were also men renowned for their dash in attack. The whole of Osman's army was composed of crack battalions, with the exception of a few battalions of *Mustafiz* (*levée en masse*); and of this fine army the twenty-nine battalions of the storming force were again the pick.

The second division, which covered the movement to rearward and on both flanks, was commanded by Adil Pasha, the most accredited among Osman's generals of division and brigade. The convoy brigade and the train had for their leader the Colonel Said Bey, a man fully qualified for this difficult post.

The Russian-Roumanian army of investment consisted of 132 battalions, 66 squadrons, and 482 guns—a total of 100,000 men; and was thus four times stronger in men, and nearly six times stronger in guns, than the besieged force. It was commanded nominally by the Prince (now King) Charles of Roumania, the real leader being the Prince's adjutant, General Todleben, of Sebastopol fame. It was arranged in six sections, and that section against which the Turkish attack was delivered consisted of the corps of Imperial Grenadiers, commanded by General Ganetzki.

eben's dispositions were admirable. An intricate system for sending reinforcements to every point of the line of investment from their given point or points had been not only organised, but rehearsed, with the result that the Russian leaders knew to a battalion, within a fraction of an hour, what forces were sent, and whence, and in what time, to what portion of the circle. In each of the several brigades were kept constantly ready to assist any other section.

I had duties in town in the early morning of the 11th of December, and, when leaving it, bade farewell for ever to the personal friends among the inhabitants; to a girl, also, who had done me a womanly service when I lay wounded in an ambulance, and later, when sick and helpless, had been an inmate of that veritable hell which I cannot recall without a shudder—the hospital. Arrived in my redoubt, I had a simple meal of maize porridge, and then—

I had been commanded for the afternoon to go to my office—I accompanied my battalion's march out of town, after having bidden farewell to the redoubt which had harboured me for twenty days of slaughter and sufferings.

The place of tryst for the trains was a bare half-way between town and Vid Bridge, and there, in the afternoon of the 9th; whilst the place of tryst for the troops and guns was the same in the neighbourhood of the three bridges, at the same time the night of the 9th to the 10th.

I halted my train in its temporary bivouac on a hill-top—where there was already a vast quantity of carts, pack-horses, and baggage—just as the sun was setting in the dim, dusky west, behind the very ground which was to be the point of our attack, the possession of which meant glorious freedom after agonious sufferings and horrors of a siege. The Vid flowed beneath me, reflecting the glow of a winter sunset, and behind me the domes and minarets of Plevna were visible by the dying light of day.

The temperature for some days past had been about freezing-point—a degree or two below in daytime, a degree or two below at night.

There was slush on the ground, and a covering of dirty, dripping snow on roofs and walls. A slight frost set in as I gazed at the desolation of the scene. I, having examined, the day before, the Russian lines through my glasses when I had formed one of a visiting party, knew the attempt to break through to be hopeless. I did not deceive myself.

It was all up with us. A whole army was bent upon suicide for the sake of that phantom—the honour of the flag. And 500 families of peaceful citizens were to share the fate of the combatants; and 800 wounded, left behind, were to be abandoned to the tender mercies of a fanatical and murderous rabble, men and women who carried, locked up in their breasts, the grudge of centuries of feud, extortion, and race hatred. The air was still and oppressive, despite the cold; the sky-line murky everywhere, except in the west, where a halo of gold and orange pointed out the end and aim of the stupendous struggle that was to ensue. But the glory faded quickly, and a night black and damp set in. Weeping women near me knelt down on the wet ground to pray, and I, with other officers, joined them. I made my peace with the Almighty, and recommended to His mercy the lives of those whom I loved best in this world, my friend and comrade of many a battle, and that patient, heroic girl. But my prayer was not heard. I was spared to tell the awful and wondrous story, and they fell.

In the impenetrable darkness, guided by my lantern, I walked back to town. Battalion after battalion and battery after battery passed me in faultless order on the way to their appointed stations. In a subdued voice the men repeated the phrase "No surrender!" as they marched to their doom.

What pen is capable of describing the aspect of Plevna, once a prosperous and pretty town, during the latter part of the siege? A starving, plague-stricken, desolate, utterly ruined town—a town where a cup of coffee fetched half-a-sovereign and a piece of bread was held beyond earthly price; where sheds, styes, and stables had been turned into ambulances or fever-hospitals; where men crawled into dogs' kennels to die in awful forsakenness; where wounded rotted in a living body, and ghastly operations had to be performed on *conscious* men for want of stupefying drugs; where women raked up disgusting heaps of offal in search of edible scraps, and children cried aloud in the agony of starvation; where mortality was so great that in households and families a death excited neither comment nor feeling; where dead bodies were thrust into the gutters as the quickest way of getting rid of them, to be picked up by the carts sent round for that purpose at regular intervals.

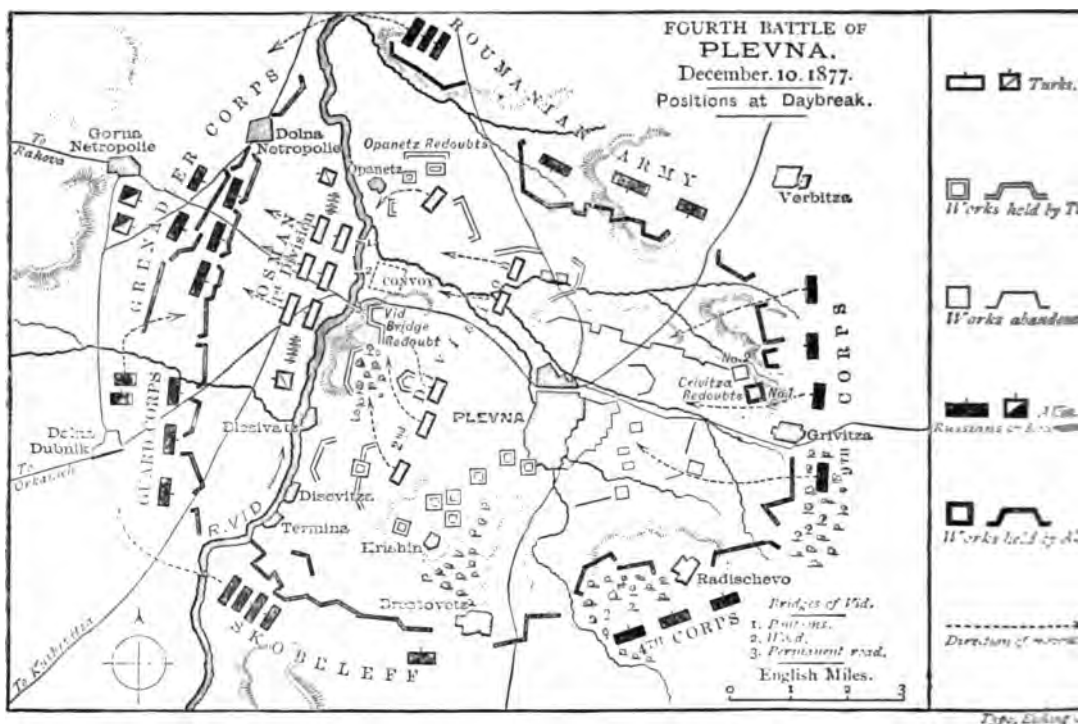
I had various duties to perform: assisting the staff in clerical labours, helping to pack up the archives and records, and pasting labels with

the inscription "There are only wounded in this house," surmounted by a cross, on the doors of the houses in which the helpless ones had been brought together. Never shall I forget the utter desolation of those dead and ruined streets in the blackness of a winter night, with the scanty snowflakes coming down lazily, and none to speak to me save a ragged Bulgarian woman, who implored me, for the love of the Saviour, to get her children something to eat. So ravenous were the people that when I was returning to the staff's office some men robbed me by

position on the extreme right of the line attack.

The snowfall had ceased, the mist cleared the morning advanced; but the sun, veiled day, never shone upon the last sortie. temperature was above freezing-point, and the tracks and roads the snow was soon turned into slush under the tread of charging battalions.

An imposing sight was that straight line—miles long—of the first division as it gradually emerged out of the morning vapours, extending as far as eyes could travel. Of 29 battalions



violence of my paste-pot, being, without a doubt, under the impression that the vessel contained food.

I met Osman Pasha in the public building, whither he had gone with some of his officers to bid good-bye to the one official who was to stay behind. After midnight we all went. I was among the last half-a-dozen soldiers to leave the town.

I slept uneasily with some comrades in a deserted boat-house by the river bank, and in the morning, before daylight set in, I met my battalion at the appointed place of tryst—the head of one of the pontoon bridges. We crossed the river just as the day dawned behind us hideously in murky grey, and took up our

every man at his post waiting but for the command to advance, every company in fault order, the whole body ready in grand and steady battle array. The dark hoods of the great coats drawn over the fezes, pointed upwards grotesquely, and the glittering steel blades of sword-bayonets reflected the sombre grey of the snow-pregnant sky in endless files. In front, two miles away from us, on the summit of the gently rising ground, the Russian entrenchments rose out of the vapours, sinister and threatening, the barriers betwixt us and liberty beyond them the misty distance meant freedom the end and goal. This was our last resource, our last appeal to arms, our last and supreme effort, and "No surrender!" went up once more.



"THE DENSE AND DISORDERLY CROWD OF THE TURKISH ARMY BECAME THE FOCUS OF A MOST AWFUL ARTILLERY FIRE" (A. 739).

into the dim heavens in a great shout, as, just after nine o'clock, the cannon on both sides commenced to play. Half an hour later the bugles sounded "Advance," and the huge column began to move. I was in the front line with one half of my company, my English comrade, Lieutenant Seymour, by my side; the second half was thirty yards to rearward, in charge of the only other surviving officer.

Up to that point the whole of Osman Pasha's grand plan had been executed without a hitch. The huge train had crossed the three bridges before nine o'clock in faultless order, thanks to the convoy brigade. The first division had been in battle array even before the dawn of day; the second had occupied already during the previous evening the positions east of the bridge assigned to it for the rearward protection of the attack. Except that the latter was commenced about an hour after the stipulated time, the programme had been gone through point by point without a single disturbance.

I had been in three great battles, but never before had I beheld anything faintly approaching in grandeur that stupendous rush for liberty. Let the reader paint the scene in his imagination: Twenty-nine battalions charging simultaneously with a two-mile front across a level gently rising plain devoid of shelter or obstacles, swept by the enemy's cannonade, and, as we came within range, by his terrific rifle fire. The men of the skirmishing line fired without stopping. We went at the quick, hurling a hail of lead before us. The troops repeated incessantly the Arabic phrase, "In the name of the merciful God!" From battalion to battalion the prayer spread, the sonorous syllables kept pace with the step of charging brigades, and in the end thousands upon thousands of human throats sent the despairing invocation up to the inexorable heavens. Deep gaps were torn into our lines. At last we approached the first Russian trench. The bugles blazed forth the command "Storm!" Down went the bayonets, the roll of 200 drums shook the air, the skirmishers fell back, and now the terrific struggle commenced. Lieutenant Seymour fell by my side with a bullet in his breast. In an incredibly short time we had the first trench in our possession, then a second, and a third; and before we knew what we were about we were amid the Russian guns, hacking, clubbing, stabbing, using bayonets and butt-ends, swords and revolvers, whilst overhead flew countless shells like an infernal gale of gigantic hail-stones, each with a hissing white trail. The

confusion was terrible. In the smoke one knew no longer who was friend and who foe. The din was so deafening that my voice, as I tried to cheer the men, was soundless to my hearing. Frantic faces streamed with blood. The air reeked with the breath of thousands of panting creatures. It seemed as if all the passion and all the iniquity of this world had been let loose; and speaking now, after the lapse of eighteen years, I can but gaze back aghast at the turmoil and the devilry of this collision. My men were amidst a Russian battery of eight pieces. The enemy's gunners got their prancing, terror-stricken horses out, and succeeded in removing five of the guns; two others the Grenadiers dragged away by hand. One piece remained in our possession. We pursued, and found ourselves in a maze of mud-huts, every one of which was fought for and won. Finally, we were clear of the Russians, having taken along our whole front the first line of their entrenchments. Five hundred yards ahead loomed a second and stronger line.

I collected my men, and found sixty of them. I was the only surviving officer of my company. Both my comrades had died the true soldier's death—face to the foe.

In the meantime, on the other side, Todleben's dispositions had commenced to work like a huge piece of machinery set into motion by the turning of a single wheel. Through my glasses I saw whole divisions coming up from the east. Before the Turkish forces—necessarily in a state of great confusion after so desperate an encounter—could be got into order and position for an attack upon the second line of Russian entrenchments, and before any part or fraction of our second division could start in aid of the almost exhausted first, the Russians commenced a vigorous counter-attack with overwhelming numbers, which threw the gravest disorder into the Turkish ranks, and caused finally a panic. In a mad torrent of horses, vehicles, and men the crazy crowd rushed back across the plain, each man fondly and foolishly hoping to find safety behind the river.

It may not be amiss to give an outline of the general course of the action up to this point.

Already an hour before midnight on the 9th the Russians had discovered the eastern redoubts to be abandoned, and had occupied them. After daybreak the southern redoubts, those on the Janik Bair, and the town itself were occupied.

The rush of the first division, headed by Osman Pasha in person, with sword in the right

hand and revolver in the left, attended by every officer of his staff, had been uniformly successful; the front line of the hostile entrenchments had been seized, with twelve guns and some hundreds of prisoners. But the Russian camp wires flashed the news that the Turks had attacked Ganetzki's corps to every portion of the huge circle of investment; from the other sections strong reinforcements started to aid the Grenadiers, and everywhere further columns were organised. The Russian counter-attack threw confusion into the Turkish ranks. Osman was grievously wounded in the leg by a shell-splinter, and Tahir took the command. The latter, though he did, undoubtedly all that lay within his power, was not able to maintain the conquered positions. The troops, seeing no longer their beloved chief, became demoralised; Tahir himself was slightly wounded, and Adil, the most trusted leader after Osman, was still on the right bank, miles away, where his brigades were so hotly engaged that the original plan—namely, to come to the aid of the first division—could not be executed. Of the three brigadiers who had taken part in the charge, two (Atouf Pasha and Yunuz Bey) were wounded, and the six regimental officers were all either killed or disabled. So great was the number of casualties among the officers that several battalions were in charge of junior-lieutenants.

The result of this combination of circumstances was the crazy flight across the Vid plain, which would have terminated, there and then, in the annihilation of the army, had not Said Bey, the commander of the convoy, thrust some of his battalions—led by Lieutenant-Colonel Pertev Bey, who was wounded in this encounter—between the retiring columns and the pursuing enemy. On all points the Turks retreated across the river, and on the other side they made their last stand.

Meanwhile the Roumanians had brought about by a ruse the surrender of the six battalions which held the Opanetz redoubts: they had sent a *parlementaire* to the commander, Edhem Pasha, with the message that Osman had laid down his arms; whereas, in fact, Osman surrendered at least two hours later than Edhem. Thus the right Turkish flank was bared. Reinforcements reached the Russian lines from all points; and the narrow confines of the locality which now harboured the dense and disorderly crowd of the Turkish army became the focus of a most awful artillery fire. To rearward and on the left flank the Russians began to press so hard

that Adil Pasha's remaining two brigades could maintain their positions only at the cost of terrible sacrifices. The confusion, caused principally by the cumbersome train, was so great, the exhaustion of the men so complete, that further resistance seemed impossible, and yet the Turkish forces had still a good deal of fight left in them.

On the right Vid bank Osman Pasha's army made its last stand. It was not attempted to restore the tactical formations; the men organised themselves voluntarily into columns and took up position along the bank, whilst the guns deployed on the slope of the hills. The carts were sent to the rear. When dense columns of Russian infantry came within range the Turks were ready for them, and for the last time the clatter of rifle-fire aroused the echoes of devastated vine-slopes. The cannonade became simply infernal. It is said that even the Balkan outposts of the so-called "Army of Relief," recently organised in and around Sofia, heard the growl of the distant thunder, forty miles away, and that they whispered to each other, in awe and wonder, that Osman the Victorious was making his last stand. The earth trembled, as if convulsed by the spasms of the dying Empire of the Crescent; and a great event, that was to shape the course of European politics for decades to come, was born amidst such labour and travail as history has rarely witnessed.

Osman had been carried to a shed on the bridge road, and thither came orderlies and aides-de-camp from every quarter with this one message: "It is all up with us. In another hour the Russian guns will have annihilated us." I, having been sent by my major with a request for help to Osman after the first successful Turkish attack, had been drawn into the vortex of the panic, and the mad torrent of humanity had carried me back across the river; and on my way to regain my battalion I came among the five hundred carts with the women and children, which the Russian shells seemed to single out for their aim. Such scenes as I witnessed there, such sounds as I heard then, I trust the reader will be mercifully spared from ever seeing or having to listen to. Then I passed by the shed to which Osman was brought just as I lingered there for a moment, and the terrible expression on his tortured features haunted me long afterwards. I did not stay to witness the hoisting of the white flag: this did not take place until an hour or more after I had left the neighbourhood. I learned later that Osman

had obstinately refused to give way to the entreaties of his officers to stop the slaughter by consenting to a capitulation, until the continued arrival of messengers from all sides, imploring for a cessation of hostilities, induced him to give, broken-hearted, the order to hoist a white flag on the roof. Numerous messengers were despatched to stop the firing. *Parlementaires* sent to the Russian general (Ganetzki) commanding the troops that were now coming up from all sides in serried ranks towards the Vid, asked for a capitulation with certain conditions; but Ganetzki demanded unconditional surrender, to which Osman had to agree. Tahir Pasha and General Ganetzki met

on the battlefield and concluded the capitulation.

Thus was accomplished the fall of Plevna, after a defence which had lasted 143 days, which embraced four great battles, twenty-five minor actions, and numerous skirmishes; which involved a cost in life and limb of close on 100,000 human beings, and which, to quote the Czar Alexander II., "is one of the finest things done in military history."

The Russians give their losses in this, the fourth and last battle of Plevna, at 2,100 in killed and disabled, of which figures 1,700 fell upon Ganetzki's corps of Grenadiers. The

Roumanian casualties were only a hundred or so. The Turkish losses amounted to 5,000 (of which 3,000 in the first division, 1,500 in the second, and 500 in train and convoy); 200 peaceful inhabitants, mostly women and children, had

been killed or wounded, and the Christians of Plevna massacred at least 500 invalids, convalescents, and residents. Thus in this action nearly 8,000 human beings were slaughtered or disabled.

General Ganetzki, as the man to whom Osman Pasha actually surrendered himself, is of course entitled to a share of the glory; but to call him the conqueror of Plevna, as has been done, is absurd. The Defender of Sebastopol is the Conqueror of Plevna; for



THE SURRENDER OF OSMAN PASHA.

this proud title is fully due to General Todleben, who had brought about the fall of the best-defended town of modern times by the patient, calculating skill of the mathematician.

I had joined my battalion just in time to take part in the last stand made against overwhelming numbers of Roumanian infantry coming towards us from the north. Then a messenger brought the order to cease fire, and half-an-hour later I surrendered myself and the sad remnants of my company (forty men) to a Roumanian colonel, as the dusk, sullen and threatening, closed over the fall of Plevna.

APPENDIX.

GENERAL LIST OF ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

COMPILED BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

1801: DENMARK having joined league of Northern Europe against England, Hyde Parker and Nelson attack Copenhagen; British victory.

1801. British Expedition to expel French. March 18: Crombie lands at **Aboukir** in spite of French opposition. March 21: Battle of **Alexandria**; French retreat; they agree to evacuate Egypt.

1802.—Mahratta War: British victories: Aug. 12, **Assaye**; Sept. 23, **Assaye**—Wellington's first victory; Nov. 1, **Laswaree**; Nov. 29, **Argaum**. 17, **Furruckabad**.

1803.—Napoleon's plans for invasion of England are frustrated by his failure to obtain command of the sea; him employed on Continent England forms alliance with Russia and Austria; Austria declares war on France; Russia is ready, August, 1805.

1805: Nelson destroys French and Spanish fleets at **Trafalgar**.

1805. BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—Aug. 27-Sept. 3: French Grand Army under Napoleon marches from France into Germany; Mack with Austrians advances in Bavaria; French close on Ulm and cut Mack off from Austria, defeating Austrians (Oct. 8) at **Wertheim** (Oct. 9) **Günzburg**; (Oct. 11) **Haslach**; (Oct. 12) **Ingolstadt** (Ney commands French); and (Oct. 13) **Ulm**. On Oct. 17, Mack capitulates at Ulm.

Nov. 5: Napoleon advances on Vienna, Austrian auxiliary corps retiring before him and fighting rearguard actions at **Ried**, **Lambach**, **Steyer**, and **Enns**. Nov. 8: Davoust's victory at **Maria-Zell**. Nov. 13: Mortier defeated at **Dürrenstein**. Nov. 13: French destroy bridges of the Danube by stratagem. Nov. 18: Napoleon enters Vienna.

1805. IN SOUTH OF AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.—In Italy Napoleon opposes Archduke Charles. Oct. 30-31: Battle of **Caldiero**, indecisive; Archduke retires into Tyrol. On news of Ulm, Austrians under Archduke Charles evacuate Tyrol, retiring eastwards and fighting rearguard actions, all claimed as French victories—Nov. 2, **Wald**; Nov. 4, **Scharnitz**; Nov. 11 and 12, **Gries**. Nov. 13: Austrians under Rohan surrender to St. Cyr at **Castelfranco**.

1805. BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, against Russians and Austrians. Nov. 11: Russians under Alexander I. and Austrians unite with Austrian army at **Olmütz**. Nov. 28: Surprised by Russian vanguard at **Wischau**. Dec. 1: Battle of **Austerlitz**; decisive defeat of allies by Napoleon. Dec. 4: Armistice between French and Austrians. Dec. 15: Peace of **Pressburg**; Austria abandons Russia, and cedes extensive territories to France and Prussia.

1806: **Bhurtpore** besieged by Lake.

1806. SOUTH AMERICA.—June 27: **Buenos Ayres** taken by British under Popham.

1806. GREECE.—British expedition to South Italy. July 1: British defeats French in Calabria, and (July 4) defeats French

under Reynier at Battle of **Maida**, but, failing to excite the Greeks to rising against French, retires to Sicily.

1806. CENTRAL EUROPE.—Campaign of Jena and Auerstadt. Napoleon tries to make peace with Russia at expense of Prussia; Prussia mobilises her army, and Russia breaks off negotiations. Napoleon strikes at Prussia before Russia is ready to help her. Aug. 9: Prussia declares war. Aug. and Sept.: Concentration of the armies. Oct. 10: Lannes defeats Prussians at **Saalfeld**. Oct. 14: Battles of **Jena** and **Auerstadt**; complete defeat of Prussians. Oct. 25: Napoleon enters Berlin. Prussians pursued northward by Murat; Oct. 28, surrender of Hohenlohe's army; Oct. 29, fortress of **Stettin**; Nov. 7, Blücher's army; Nov. 8, fortress of **Magdeburg**. On Nov. 30, French occupy **Warsaw**. Dec. 24: they defeat Russians at **Czarnowo**, in Poland.

1807.—Jan. 1: French go into winter quarters. Jan. 18: Russians march into East Prussia to help remains of Prussian army holding **Königsberg**. Jan. 25: They defeat Bernadotte at **Mohrungen**. Napoleon marches against Russians. Feb. 3: French victory at **Bergfried**. Feb. 7 and 8: Battle of **Preuss-Eylau**, claimed by French as victory, by Russians as drawn battle. Feb. 16: French return to winter quarters. May 25: **Danzig** surrenders to French. Russians retire towards their own frontier pursued by French. June 10: they check French pursuit at **Hellshagen**. June 14: They accept battle at **Friedland**, and are completely defeated. July 9: Treaty of **Tilsit**; Prussia loses half her territory; the Grand Duchy of **Warsaw** formed out of part of old Polish kingdom.

1807. SOUTH AMERICA.—Feb. 3: Whitelock takes **Monte Video**. July 5: but is defeated at **Buenos Ayres**.

1807. DANISH WAR.—In consequence of information that Napoleon and the Czar had planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, the British Government demands surrender of the fleet to England, and, on refusal, (Sept. 2-5) Cathcart attacks and bombards **Copenhagen**, enforcing surrender.

1807. NAPOLEON'S INTERVENTION IN SPAIN.—Oct. 29: Treaty of alliance signed between France and Spain against Portugal, in virtue of which a French army under Junot marches through Spain, seizes **Lisbon**, and expels Portuguese royal family. Other French troops, entering Spain nominally to support Junot, treacherously seize fortresses of the North. Result, Spanish risings against the French and Peninsular War of following year.

1808.—May: risings against French in Spain and Portugal. July 15: Battle of **Medina del Rio Seco**; defeat of Spaniards. July 20: Battle of **Baylen**. Spaniards force 18,000 French under Dupont to surrender. July 24: Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed King of Spain.

1808. RUSSO-SWEDISH WAR.—Feb.: The Czar declares war against Sweden, and Russian troops enter Finland. March 2: They take **Abo**, the capital. March 8: They besiege **Sveaborg**. April 6: The fortress surrenders. May: **Åland** and **Gothland** retaken from Russians by Swedish fleet supported by British squadron. May 11

- and July 7: Swedes under Klingsporr defeat Russians in **East Bothnia**. July 29: Russian fleet driven into harbour by Swedes and British. July 17: Finland ceded to Russia by a convention, confirmed by formal treaty of peace next year.
- THE PENINSULAR WAR** begins August.—British under Wellesley land in Portugal (at Mondego Bay). Aug. 17: they defeat French under Laborde at **Rorica**. Aug. 21: Battle of **Vimiera**; Wellesley defeats Junot. French agree (Convention of Cintra) to evacuate Portugal. Sept. 30: Evacuation completed.
- Nov. 30: Spaniards defeated at **Tudela**. British army under Sir J. Moore advances from Portugal into Spain. Dec. 22: It joins a force under Baird from Corunna, but not being properly supported by Spaniards, and being threatened by superior force under Napoleon and Soult, Moore retires on Corunna.
- 1809**.—Jan. 16: Battle of **Corunna**; British beat off French and secure re-embarkation of the army (for Lisbon). Feb. 21: **Saragossa** taken by French. April 22: Wellesley again in command at Lisbon. May 12: Passage of the Douro. He enters Spain with mixed British and Spanish force. July 27, 28: He defeats French at **Talavera**. Not receiving reinforcements he retires on Almeida. July and August: Walcheren expedition. Nov. 20: Spanish defeat at **Ocana**; French overrun South of Spain. In the winter Wellington forms the fortified lines of Torres Vedras to cover Lisbon and provide a secure base, resting on the sea, for his army. Meanwhile Napoleon's difficulties in Spain encourage Austria to renew the struggle with France.
- CAMPAIGNS OF ECKMÜHL AND WAGRAM**.—April 9: Austrians defeat Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, at **Pordenone**. The Austrian main army under Archduke Charles invades Bavaria, and on April 16 defeats Bavarians (French allies) at **Landshut**. Austrians under Archduke Ferdinand invade Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and on April 19 defeat Poles and French under Poniatowski at **Raszyn**. April 20: Ferdinand enters Warsaw. Napoleon re-occupies Landshut on April 21, and on April 22 defeats Archduke Charles in battle of **Eckmühl**. Austrians retreat by Ratisbon; Napoleon advances on Vienna, which he occupies on May 13. The Archduke Charles having approached Vienna from northwards, Napoleon crosses the Danube to meet him. June 21 and 22: Battles of **Aspern** and **Essling**; French defeated, re-cross the river. June 14: The Viceroy Eugene defeats Archduke John at **Raab**. July 4 and 5: Napoleon having been reinforced, crosses to north shore of Danube. July 5 and 6: Battle of **Wagram**; Napoleon defeats Archduke Charles, who retreats to Znaim. July 11: Battle of **Znaim**; Archduke again defeated. July 12: Armistice, followed by Treaty of Schönbrunn.
- Aug.—Dec.**: **TYROLESE WAR**.—The Tyrolese under Hofer and other leaders rise against French and Bavarians. Aug. 14: Hofer enters **Innsbruck** in triumph. Eventually the Tyrolese are everywhere defeated, and Hofer is captured and shot.
- WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY**.—Sept. 26: Turks defeat Russians at **Silistria**. Failure of Russian attempt to invade Bulgaria.
- 1810**.—**PENINSULAR WAR (continued)**.—July: French under Massena again invade Portugal. July 11: They take Ciudad Rodrigo. Sept. 27: Battle of **Busaco**; Wellington defeats French. After the battle he retires slowly on lines of Torres Vedras. Nov. 14: Massena, unable to attack the lines, or to maintain himself longer in front of them for want of supplies, begins to retreat towards Spanish frontier.
- 1811**.—Feb. 19: Battle of **Gebora**; Soult defeats Spaniards; he then takes Badajoz. March 5: **Battle of Barossa**, Graham defeats Victor; Wellington having been reinforced, follows Massena. April 3: Battle of **Sabugal**; Massena is defeated and retires from Portugal; Wellington besieges Almeida. May 5: Battle of **Fuentes de Oñoro**; Massena, advancing to relief of Almeida, is again defeated by Wellington; Almeida surrenders. Wellington then besieges Badajoz, but fails to reduce it. May 16: Soult marching to relief of Badajoz is defeated at **Albuera**. Sept. 10: Battle of **Almeida**; Spaniards defeat French. Oct. 28: Hill defeats French at **Merida**.
- 1812**.—Jan. 4: Battle of **Albuera**; Suchet defeats Spaniards. Jan. 19: Wellington takes **Ciudad Rodrigo** by storm. April 6: He takes **Badajoz** by storm, and then advances into Spain. April 6: Defeat of Soult at **Llerena**. July 12: Battle of **Salamanca**; Wellington defeats French under Marmont. Aug. 12: Wellington enters Madrid. Unable to maintain himself here through Spaniards failing to guard his communications, he retires to borders of Portugal.
- FRENCH INVASION OF RUSSIA.—CAMPAIGN OF MOSCOW**.—Russian jealousy of French alliance with Austria, and refusal of Czar to join Napoleon's "Continental System" against England, leads to war between France and Russia. In the early summer Napoleon concentrates the Grand Army, 600,000 strong, on western borders of Russia. June 24: He crosses the Niemen, near Kowno. July 23: Battle of **Mohilev**; Davoust defeats Russians. July 25 and 26: Russian defeat at **Ostrowno**. Aug. 12: Schwarzenburg, with right of Grand Army (Austrians, etc.), defeats Russians at **Gorodeczno**. Aug. 18: Napoleon defeats Russians at **Smolensk**. On same day St. Cyr wins battle of **Polock**. Aug. 19: Rear-guard action at **Valutinagora**, fought by Russians to cover their retreat on Moscow. Sept. 7: Battle of **Borodino** (or of the **Moskova**); Napoleon defeats Russian main army under Kutusoff. Sept. 15: French enter Moscow, the Russians retire along the Moscow-Kaluga road. Moscow is set on fire by the Russians. Napoleon, after attempting to dictate a peace to the Czar, finds he cannot maintain himself in such an advanced position for the winter. Oct. 15: French march out of Moscow south-west, by Kaluga road, in order to retire by a line of country not laid waste in the advance. Oct. 18: Battle of **Winkowo**; Murat surprised by Kutusoff. Same day Second battle of **Polok**; St. Cyr, guarding left of French communications, defeated by Russians. Oct. 24: Battle of **Maloi-Jaroslavetz**; indecisive on actual field, but resulting in Napoleon's giving up attempt to retreat by a more southerly line, and falling back through country already wasted. Kutusoff moves parallel to him a few miles off; Cossacks harassing French. Nov. 3: Battle of **Wiasma**; Russians repulsed. Heavy snow begins. Nov. 15, 16, and 17: Battle of **Krasnoi**; repeated attacks by Kutusoff on French columns, final attack repelled by Napoleon at head of the Guard. Nov. 21: Tchitchagoff seizes bridge of Borisov, by which Napoleon hoped to cross the Beresina. Nov. 23: Battle of **Borisov**; Oudinot surprises the town, but the Russians burn the bridge and hold opposite bank. Napoleon secretly prepares a bridge at Studianka. Nov. 27 and 28: Battle of the **Beresina**; Napoleon crosses at Studianka and gains the Wilna road with heavy loss. He then resigns command to Murat, and hurries back to Paris. Dec. 15: Murat reaches Kowno with 5,000 men, and then re-crosses the Niemen. Dec. 18: Russians enter Wilna, with army reduced to 40,000 men.
- NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR** begins (arising out of American resistance to English claim of right to search United States ships for British deserters). Oct. 13: Battle of **Queenston Heights**; Americans defeated by Canadians.

1813.—PENINSULAR WAR (*continued*).—April 13: Battle of **Castalla**; Murray defeats Suchet. June 21: Battle of **Vittoria**; Wellington defeats King Joseph. July 28–Aug. 2: Battles of the **Pyrenees**; Wellington defeats Soult. Aug. 31: **St. Sebastian** stormed by Graham. Nov. 10: Wellington defeats Soult at **Nivelle** and enters France. Dec. 9–13: Passage of the **Nive** by Wellington.

UPRISING OF EUROPE AGAINST NAPOLEON.—CAMPAIGN OF LEIPZIG. Jan.: Remains of various corps of Grand Army retreat into Prussia slowly followed by Russians. Feb. 17: Prussia allies herself with Russia. March 6: French evacuate Berlin. April 15: Battle of **Möckern**; Eugene defeats Russians. May 2: Battle of **Lützen**; Napoleon defeats allies and occupies Dresden. May 19: Battle of **Königswartha**; Ney defeats Russians. May 20 and 21: Battle of **Bautzen**; Napoleon defeats allies. May 30: Armistice. June and July: Unsuccessful peace negotiations. Aug. 11: Armistice ends; Austria joins allies. Aug. 21: Battle of **Löwenberg**; and Aug. 22: Battle of **Katzbach**; Napoleon twice defeats Prussians. Aug. 23: Battle of **Gross-Beeren**; Reynier defeated by Prussians. Aug. 26: Second battle of **Katzbach**; French defeated by Prussians. Aug. 27: Battle of **Dresden**; Napoleon defeats the Austrians. Aug. 29 and 30: Battle of **Kulm**; French under Vandamme defeated by allies. Napoleon defeats Blücher (Sept. 4) at **Hochkirch**, and (Sept. 5) **Markersdorf**.—Sept. 6: Ney defeated at **Dennowitz**. Oct. 3: Bertrand defeated at **Wartenberg**. Oct. 14: Great cavalry action at **Liebertwolkwitz**; Murat fails to prevent junction of allies near Leipzig. Oct. 16, 17, and 18: Battle of **Leipzig**; Napoleon defeated by allies, and retreats westward. Oct. 30: Battle of **Hanau**; Napoleon defeats Bavarians, who try to intercept his retreat to the Rhine. Dec. 21: Austrians and Russians cross the Rhine.

NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR (*contd.*).—Jan. 22: French Town taken by Americans. May 27: They take Fort George. June 6: Americans defeated at **Burlington Heights**. Oct. 26: Action at **Châteauguay**. Nov. 11: Battle of **Chrystler's Farm**, Canada. Dec. 8: Battle of **Black Rock**.

1814.—NAPOLEON'S "CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE."—Jan. 1: Blücher crosses the Rhine. Jan. 25: Napoleon takes command of the army at Chalons (only about 50,000 men). Jan. 29: He surprises Blücher at **Brienne**. Feb. 1: He defeats allies at **La Rothière**. Feb. 7: Victory of allies at **Bar-sur-Aube**. Napoleon defeats Blücher at (Feb. 10) **Champaubert**, (11th) **Montmirail**, (12th) **Château-Thierry**, and (13th) **Vauchamps**. Feb. 17: He defeats Russian vanguard at **Mormant**. Feb. 18: He defeats allies at **Montereau**. March 7: Battle of **Craonne**; French victory. March 9: Marmont fails in attack on Prussians at **Laon**. March 13: Napoleon surprises Russian corps under St. Priest at **Rheims**. March 21: He makes unsuccessful attack on Schwarzenburg at **Ardis-sur-Aube**. The allies now take advantage of their superior numbers to oppose Napoleon with a portion of their forces, while they push on to Paris with the rest. Napoleon leaves Marmont and Mortier with 30,000 men to cover Paris, and tries to operate against communications of the invaders. March 25: Battle of **La Fère Champenoise**; Marmont and Mortier defeated; they retire to suburbs of Paris. March 30: Allies storm French positions in the suburbs (Battle of **the Barriers**). March 31: They enter Paris. April 30: Napoleon assembles a force at Fontainebleau to attempt recapture of Paris, but is persuaded to accept armistice already signed by Marmont and Mortier.

WELLINGTON'S INVASION OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.—February 27: He defeats Soult at **Orthez** and (March 30)

at **Tarbes**. April 10: Battle of **Toulouze**; final defeat of Soult by Wellington.

May 30: Peace of Paris; Napoleon, having abdicated, is given island of Elba. Bourbons restored in France.

NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR (*contd.*).—

May 4: Battles of **Longwood** and (July 6) **Chippewa**; British defeats. July 25: Battle of **Lundy's Lane** or **Wigara Falls**. British victory. August 15: British repulse at **Port Erie**. August 24: Battle of **Bladensburg**; General Ross defeats Americans and captures Washington. Sept. 12: British victory at **Baltimore**.

INDIA.—NEPAUL OR GURKHA WAR begins this year. British unsuccessful at outset.

1815.—CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.—Feb. 26: Napoleon leaves Elba. March 1: He lands in France. March 20: He reaches Paris, the army declaring for him. The allies declare war against him. Murat, King of Naples, begins a war against the Austrians, but is defeated at **Ferrara** (April 12) and **Tolentino** (May 2).

• June 15: Napoleon marches into Belgium. June 16: Battle of **Ligny**; he defeats Prussians under Blücher. Same day: Battle of **Quatre Bras**; British hold their own, but on hearing of Prussian defeat, retire to position of Waterloo. June 18: Battle of **Waterloo**; Napoleon defeated by allies under Wellington and Blücher. Same day: Battle of **Wavre**; French under Grouchy defeat Prussians under Thielmann. On hearing of Napoleon's defeat, Grouchy makes good his retreat to France. June 21: Napoleon abdicates. July 3: Paris surrenders to Wellington and Blücher.

SECOND AMERICAN WAR (*continued*).—Jan. 8–15: British repulse at **New Orleans**.

INDIA—GURKHA WAR continues. Battle of Malaun.

1816.—INDIA.—GURKHA WAR ends with Ochterlony's victories in Nepal.

MEDITERRANEAN.—Aug. 20: Pirate stronghold of **Algiers** bombarded by British and Dutch fleets under Exmouth.

1817.—SOUTH AMERICA.—Feb. 12: Battle of **Chacabuco**; Spaniards defeated by revolted Chileans.

INDIA.—Nov. 5: Battle of **Kirkee**; defeat of the Peshwa. Dec. 21: Battle of **Mehadpore**; defeat of Holkar.

1818.—SOUTH AMERICA.—April 5: Decisive victory of the Chileans at **Maipo**.

1819.—SOUTH AMERICA.—Aug. 7: **Boyaca**; Bolívar defeats Spaniards.

1820.—Nov.: Dundonald's blockade of **Callao**.

1821.—INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENTS AGAINST THE TURKS IN GREECE AND THE BALKAN PENINSULA, with aid of Russian and other foreign sympathisers.—May 27: Battle of **Valtezza**; Turks defeated. June 19: Battle of **Dragaschan**; Greeks under Ypsilanti defeated. October 5: **Tripolitsa** stormed by Greeks.

1822.—July 13: Greeks defeat Turks at **Thermopylae**. Sept. 16: **Corinth** taken.

1823.—French intervention in Spain against the Liberals. Capture of the **Trocadero**.

1824.—WEST AFRICA.—Jan. 21: Battle of **Accra**; Sir Charles Macarthy defeated and killed by the Ashantees.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Dec. 9: Battle of **Ayacucho**; Peruvians defeat Spaniards.

INDIA.—FIRST BURMESE WAR begins.

1825.—May 28: Battle of **Rangoon**.

1826.—INDIA.—FIRST BURMESE WAR ends with annexation of Assam, Tenasserim, and Aracan.

Jan. 18: British capture **Bhurtpore**.

AFRICA.—Aug. 7: British defeat Ashantees at **Accra**.

1827.—GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. May 17: **Athens** taken. Oct. 20: Battle of **Navarino**; Turkish fleet destroyed by united fleets of England, France, and Russia. Dec. 18: Czar publishes a manifesto announcing armed intervention in Turkey.

- 1828.**—**RUSO-TURKISH WAR.**—Jan.-March: Russian armies under Wittgenstein concentrating in Bessarabia. May 7: They cross the Pruth.—June 8th: They cross the Danube at Satunovo, below Galatz, meeting with little resistance, and march on Varna. July 11: Battle of **Bazardjik**; Russians defeat Turks north of Varna. July 12: Battle of **Koaludja**; Sortie of Varna garrison repulsed. Oct. 10: Varna surrenders. Russians go into winter quarters.
- 1829.**—Diebitsch takes command of Russian field-army; he besieges Silistria. May 17: Battle of **Eski Arnautlar** (near Varna). June 17: Battle of **Kulevcha** or **Marasch**; Turks defeated. June 17: Silistria surrenders. July 1: Battle of **Kainly**; Russians defeat Turks, and then cross Balkans near the sea, keeping touch with their fleet. July 25: Battle of **Ajtos**; 31st, **Jamboli**; Aug. 12, and **Slivno**; Russian victories south of Balkans. Aug. 50: Diebitsch enters Adrianople with only 15,000 men. Pestilence in his army. Threatened by an army of 40,000 Arnauts, and unable to advance or retire, Diebitsch is extricated from a dangerous position by diplomatists, who (Sept. 14) induce Turkey to conclude a peace. This is followed by a formal treaty, acknowledging independence of Greece and semi-independence of Danubian principalities.
- 1830.**—**NORTH AFRICA.**—July 5: **Algiers** taken by French.
- POLAND.**—Nov. 29: Successful insurrection at Warsaw. The Grand Duke Constantine takes to flight.
- 1831.**—Jan. 23: Polish Parliament decrees deposition of Russian Imperial family from all rule in Poland. Feb. 5: Diebitsch with Russian army enters Poland. Feb. 17: Poles defeated at **Dobre** and **Kaluszyn**; retire towards Warsaw. Feb. 19 and 20: Russians force Polish position at **Wawer**.—Feb. 25: Battles of **Bialolenka** and **Grochow**; indecisive.—April 10: Poles defeat Russians at **Seidlice**. May 26: Battle of **Ostrolenka**; claimed by both sides as a victory. June 8: Diebitsch dies of cholera, which ravages both armies. July: Russians under Paskiewitch march down north bank of Vistula to Prussian frontier, bridge it with Prussian help, and in August march on Warsaw by the south bank. Aug 15: Battle of the **Bzura River**; Poles driven back on Warsaw. Sept. 6 and 7: Polish positions in suburbs of **Warsaw** captured after hard fighting. Sept. 8: Paskiewitch enters Warsaw. End of the war.
- 1832.**—**FRENCH INTERVENTION IN BELGIUM.**—A French corps under Marshal Gérard marches into Belgium to expel the Dutch from Antwerp, their last stronghold. Dec. 23: Citadel of **Antwerp** surrenders to French and Belgians after an obstinate defence.
- WESTERN ASIA.**—Egyptians under Mehemet Ali invade Syria. Turks defeated by Egyptians (July 8) at **Homs**, (July 29) **Beylan**, and (Dec. 21) **Koniya**. Result: Syria ceded to Mehemet Ali by the Porte.
- 1836.**—**FIRST CARLIST WAR.**—Disputed succession to Spanish crown. Civil war between adherents of Don Carlos (Carlists) and supporters of Queen Christina, as regent for her daughter, Queen Isabella II. (Christinos). The latter are assisted by a British Legion, organised with approval and help of British Government. May 5: Battle of **Hernani**; Carlists defeated. Oct. 1: Carlist defeat at **St. Sebastian**. Dec. 24: Siege of **Bilbao** raised.
- TEXAN INSURRECTION.**—Siege of **Alamo**. April 2: Battle of **San Jacinto**; Mexicans defeated by Houston.
- 1837.**—March 16: Carlists again defeated at **Hernani**. May 17: British Legion defeats Carlists at **Irun**. July 15: Fighting at **Valencia**. Aug. 24: Battle of **Herrera**; Don Carlos defeats Buereno.
- NORTH AFRICA.**—Oct. 13: French take **Constantine**.
- NORTH AMERICA.**—**CANADIAN REBELLION.**—Dec. 14: Battle of **St. Eustace**; rebels defeated.
- 1838.**—Nov. 17: Battle of **Prescott**; Canadian rebels defeated.
- CARLIST WAR.**—June 22: Battle of **Penacerrada**.
- 1839.**—Jan. 19: Aden taken by British.
- FIRST AFGHAN WAR.**—July 23: Storming of **Can** Aug. 7: Cabul occupied.
- SYRIA.**—Mehemet Ali (believed to be encouraged by France) renews war against the Porte. June 23: of **Niab**; Complete defeat of Turkish army of the Syro-Egyptian army.
- 1840.**—Quadruple alliance of England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia formed to secure *status quo* in the East and check progress of Mehemet Ali. British under Napier is sent to the coast of Syria. **Seydun** taken by Napier. Oct. 10: Allies defeat Egyptians at **Beyrout**. Nov. 3: **Acro** stormed by allies.
- INDIA.**—Battle of **Kotriah** (Scinde); British victory.
- 1841.**—**CHINESE WAR.**—Jan. 7: English victory at **Chau** Jan. 26: **Bogue Forts** (Canton) taken. Aug. 27: taken.
- AFGHANISTAN.**—Rising against British towards end of year.
- 1842.**—Jan.: Destruction of British army retiring from **Can** March 10: Afghans defeated at **Candahar**. April 6: **Khyber Pass** forced by Pollock. Sept. 6: A defeated at **Ghuznee** by Nott.
- CHINESE WAR (continued).**—March 10: Chinese defeated at **Ningpo**.—July 21: **Chinkiang** taken.
- 1843.**—**INDIA.**—**SCINDE WAR.**—Feb. 17: Napier's army defeated at **Meane**.
- MAHRATTA OUTBREAK AT GWALIOR.**—Dec. 29: British defeats Mahrattas at **Maharajapore**.
- 1844.**—**NORTH AFRICA.**—Aug. 14: Battle of **Ialy**; British defeat Abd-el-Kadr.
- 1845.**—**INDIA.**—**FIRST SIKH WAR.**—Gough defeats (Dec. 18) at **Mudki** and (Dec. 20 and 21) **Ferozshah**.
- 1846.**—Jan. 28: Smith defeats Sikhs at **Aliwal**. Feb. 22: Gough defeats them at **Ferozshah**.
- NORTH AMERICA.**—**UNITED STATES INVASION OF MEXICO.**—May 8 and 9: Battle of **Palo Alto**. May 21-23: Battle of **Monterey**; American victories.
- 1847.**—Feb. 22: Battle of **Buena Vista**. Aug. 19 and 20: Battle of **Ozontero**; United States victories.
- SWITZERLAND, CIVIL WAR OF THE SONGBERGERS.**—Nov. 23: Battle of **Gialikon**.
- 1848.**—**WAR AGAINST AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.**—March: Revolution in Vienna. March 18-22: Revolt of **Radetzky** (Austrian commander) retires to **Vienna**. March 22: Revolution at Venice. March 23: **Radetzky** storms **Malegnano**, where insurgents try to cut off retreat. March 28: Charles Albert and Sardinians enter Lombardy to support insurgents against Austria. April 8: Battle of **Goltio**; C. Albert defeats Austrians and crosses Mincio. April 30: Austrian defeat at **trengo**. May 6: C. Albert fails in attack on **Lucia**. May 9: Nugent, advancing with Austrian reserve army, defeats Italians at **Poderobbio**. May 10: Battle of **Vicenza**; indecisive. June 2: **Peschiera** renders to C. Albert. June 10: Italians under **Dur** defeated at **Vicenza**. July 24-29: Battle of **Custoza**. C. Albert defeated by **Radetzky** in three days fighting about **Custoza** and **Somma Campagna**. Italian retreat into Lombardy pursued by Austrians. Aug. 1: **Radetzky** re-enters Milan. Aug. 6: Armistice.
- SLESWICK-HOLSTEIN WAR.**—Prussia asserts claim of many to Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, and marches into the territory, the invasion being preceded by a large number of German sympathisers against the Danes. April 23: Prussians defeat Danes at **Dannewerke**.
- CROAT CAMPAIGN IN HUNGARY.**—The Croats under **Jellachich** (incited thereto by Vienna Government) march into Hungary, but (Sept. 27) are defeated at Battle of **Vod** by Hungarian national army.

- INDIA.—SECOND SIKH WAR begins with outbreak at **Mooltan** in 1848.
- 49.—Gough defeats the Sikhs (Jan. 13) at **Chillianwallah** and (Feb. 21) **Goojerat**.
- WAR IN ITALY.—March 12: C. Albert gives Radetzky notice that armistice will end on 20th. March 20: Austrians enter Piedmont. March 21: Italians defeated at **Mortara**. March 23: Battle of **Novara**; complete defeat of the Italians. March 26: Armistice between Austrians and Piedmontese. March 29: **Brescia** (which has not heard yet of **Novara**) rises against Austrians, but (March 31) is recaptured by Haynau. April: Austrians under D'Aspre drive revolutionary Governments from Modena, Parma, and Florence. April 30: French under Oudinot defeated by Garibaldi near **Rome**. May 19: Garibaldi defeats Neapolitans at **Velletri**. July 3: **Rome** taken by the French. Aug. 24: Venice surrenders.
- WAR IN HUNGARY.—Feb. 27: Battle of **Grau**; Hungarians defeat Austrians. After numerous defeats the Austrians call in Russians to help in destruction of the national Government at Pesh. Austrian and Russian armies (250,000) march against Hungarian national army (about 130,000). Hungarians defeated at **Pered** (June 21) and **Acs** (July 2 and 10). July 17: Russians take **Waltzen**. July 31: Battle of **Schassberg**; Russians defeat Hungarians under Bem. Aug. 10: Austrians under Haynau defeat Hungarians at **Temesvar**. Gorgei's capitulation ends the war.
- 50.—DENMARK.—Battle of **Idstedt** (Sleswick-Holstein); Holsteiners and Prussians defeated by Danes.
- 50—54.—Kaffir War in Cape Colony.
- 52.—INDIA.—SECOND BURMESE WAR.—Mar. 7: Donabew. April 12-14: Capture of **Rangoon**; Pegu annexed.
- 53.—Beginning of the war between RUSSIA and TURKEY, arising out of Russian claim to custody of places of pilgrimage in Palestine, and to right of protectorate over Russo-Greek Christians in Turkish Empire. Western Powers subsequently intervened to check Russian progress, hence the CRIMEAN WAR of 1854-56.
- July 2: Russian army enters Moldavia. Nov. 4: Battle of **Oltenitza**; Turks defeat Russians. Nov. 30: Battle of **Sinope**; Russians destroy Turkish squadron in Black Sea.
- 54.—Battle of **Citate**; Turks defeat Russians.—May 17: Russians besiege Silistria.—June 22: Russians, menaced by Austrian concentration in their rear, raise the siege and evacuate the Danubian principalities. July 20 and 30: Russians defeat Turks at **Bayazid**, in Asia Minor. Aug.: The allied army (British, French, and Turks) at Varna ordered to invade the Crimea. Sept. 1: Embarkation at Varna begins. Sept. 14: Landing in Crimea begins. Sept. 20: Battle of the **Alma**; Russian defeat. Oct. 9: Siege of **Sebastopol** begins. Oct. 25: Battle of **Malacjava**; claimed by both sides. Nov. 5: Battle of **Inkerman**; Russian defeat.
- AUSTRALIA.—Dec. 3: The **Eureka** stockade.
- 55.—Sardinian force joins allies in Crimea.—Feb. 17: Russian attack on Eupatoria repulsed. June 18 (Waterloo day): Unsuccessful attempt of allies to storm **Sebastopol**. Aug. 16: Battle of the **Tchernaya**; Russian defeat. Sept. 8: French storm the **Malakoff**; English attack the **Redan**. In the night the Russians abandon south side of **Sebastopol**.
- Asia Minor.—Nov. 27: Russians take **Kara**.
- 56.—Treaty of Paris ends the war.
- PERSIAN WAR.—Dec. 10: British defeat Persians at **Bushire**.
- 57.—British defeat Persians (Feb. 8) at **Kooshab** and (March 26) at **Mohammerah**.
- THE INDIAN MUTINY.—May 10: Sepoy Mutiny begins at **Mearut**. May, June, and July: fighting in and near **Delhi**. June 27: Massacre of **Cawnpore** garrison.
- June 29: **Lucknow** besieged by the rebels. July 11: Havelock defeats rebels at **Futteeypore** and marches on **Cawnpore**.—Aug. 15: Battle of **Pandoo Nuddes**: Neill defeats rebels. Sept. 14-20: Assault and capture of **Delhi**. Sept. 26: Relief of **Lucknow** by Havelock and Outram. Nov. 16: Second relief of **Lucknow** by Campbell. Dec. 6: Campbell defeats rebels near **Cawnpore**.
- 1858.—Jan. 2: Campbell's victory at **Futteeypore**. Feb. 4: Inglis defeats rebels at **Calpi**. Jan. 12 and Feb. 21: Outram defeats rebels near **Lucknow**. March 9-15: Colin Campbell drives rebels from **Lucknow**. Victories of Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) in Central India. Battles of (April 4) **Jhansi**, (May 11) **Koonch**, and (June 17) **Gwallior**. June 7: **Bareilly**. Sept. 15: Battle of **Bajghur**; defeat of rebels under Tantia Toppe by Mitchell. Nov. 24: Battle of **Dhooodea Khara**; Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) defeats rebels.
- 1859.—Feb. 10: Horsford defeats the Begum of Oude and Nana Sahib. What remained of the rebel bands was broken up in the course of the year.
- WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—After Crimean War Napoleon III. plans with Sardinian minister, Cavour, a French intervention in Italy, to drive out the Austrians and substitute French for Austrian influence south of the Alps.
- April 23: Austria, provoked by French and Sardinian war preparations, sends ultimatum to Turin; French troops at once enter Piedmont and land at Genoa. May 20: Battle of **Montebello**; Forey defeats Austrians. May 26: Garibaldi makes unsuccessful attack on Austrians at **Varese**. May 30 and 31: Allies defeat Austrians at **Palestro**. June 1: French advance against Austrian position on the Ticino covering Milan. June 3: action at **Turbigo**; MacMahon crosses the Ticino. June 4: Battle of **Magenta**; defeat of Austrians. June 7: French enter Milan. Austrians retire to the Mincio. June 8: Bazaine defeats Austrian rearguard at **Malegnano**. June 24: Battle of **Solferino**; defeat of Austrians. July 8: Armistice of Villafranca, followed by peace of Zürich. Lombardy given to Piedmont, which cedes Savoy and Nice to France.
- CHINA.—June 25: English gunboat flotilla repulsed in attack on the **Taku Forts** (Pai-ho River).
- 1860.—SPANISH WAR WITH MOROCCO.—Spaniards under O'Donnell defeat Moors (Jan. 11, at **Castillejos**, (Feb. 4) **Tetuan**, and (March 23) **Guad-el-Ras**.
- WARS OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.—Garibaldi, with secret support of Sardinian Government, raises insurrection against Bourbons in Sicily. May 15: He defeats Neapolitans at **Calatafimi**. May 27-31: He takes **Palermo** after some street-fighting. July 21 and 22: Defeats Neapolitans at **Milazzo**; Sardinian troops march through Papal States into kingdom of Naples, defeating Papal troops under La Moricière (Sept. 18) at **Castelfidardo**, and besieging and taking **Ancona**. Oct. 1: Battle of the **Volturno**; Garibaldi defeats Neapolitan royalists before **Capua**. Oct. 17: Battle of **Isernia**; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans in the Abruzzi. Nov. 3: Battle of the **Garigliano**; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans.
- CHINESE WAR.—Aug. 21: Allies (British and French) capture **Taku Forts**. Sept. 13: Battle of **Chan-hiawan**, and Sept. 21: Battle of **Pa-li-chao**; Chinese defeats, as result of which Peking is taken.
- NEW ZEALAND.—Maori insurrection.
- 1861.—ITALY.—Gaeta surrenders to Victor Emmanuel. Hill fighting against Neapolitan Royalists in Calabria and the Abruzzi in this and the two following years.
- TURKEY.—October and November: Unsuccessful rising of Montenegrins.
- NORTH AMERICA.—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR (War of Secession) began. April 12: the Confederates bombard

- Fort Sumter** (Charleston). June 10: Federal defeat at **Big Bethel**. July 5: Confederate defeat at **Carthage**. July 21: Battle of **Bull Run** or **Manassas** (first big battle of war); defeat of Federals. Aug. 10: Federal victory at **Springfield**. Sept. 20: Confederates take **Lexington**, and (Oct. 21) win battle of **Ball's Bluff**.
- MEXICO.—England, France, and Spain intervene in Mexico in interest of Mexican bondholders, and occupy Vera Cruz in December without resistance. England and Spain soon retire from the enterprise, but France tries to found an empire in Mexico under an Austrian archduke.
- 1862.—ITALY.—Garibaldi tries to organise a movement against Rome, but on August 29 he is wounded and his volunteers dispersed by the royal troops at **Aspromonte**.
- AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—Feb. 16: Federals take **Fort Donnellson**. March 9: Battle of **Hampton Roads**; first fight of the ironclads, *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. April 6 and 7: Confederate victory at **Shiloh**. April 27: Farragut takes **New Orleans**. Confederate successes at (May 5) **Williamsburg** and (25th) **Winchester**. May 31 and June 1: Battle of **Fairoaks**. June 25-July 1: Battles of the **Chickahominy**. Aug. 9: Confederate victory at **Cedar Mountain**. Aug. 23-29: Fighting on the **Rappahannock**. Aug. 29 and 30: Second battle of **Bull Run**; Federal defeat. Sept. 17: Federal victory at **Antietam**. Dec. 13: Lee defeats Federals at **Fredericksburg**.
- FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO.—April 28: Mexicans defeated at **Acultzingo**. May 5: French repulsed at **La Puebla**. June 13 and 14: Battle of **Orizaba**; French victory.
- 1863.—POLAND, UNSUCCESSFUL RISING AGAINST RUSSIA.—Numerous small battles and skirmishes, chiefly near Galician frontier. Battle of **Brody**.
- AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—May 3: Battle of **Chancellorsville**; Lee defeats Federals and attempts invasion of the North. June 14: Confederate victory at **Winchester**. July 1, 2, and 3: Battle of **Gettysburg**; Lee defeated by Federals under Meade. July 4: Grant, after long siege, takes **Vicksburg** on the Mississippi. (Gettysburg and Vicksburg decided the war against the South, though it dragged on till 1865.) Sept. 19 and 20: Confederate victory at **Chickamauga**. Nov. 23 and 25: Federals victorious at **Chattanooga**.
- MEXICAN WAR.—May 17: **La Puebla** taken by French after desperate resistance. June 10: Marshal Forey enters Mexico; Juarez and Mexican republicans keep up a guerilla warfare. Dec. 29: Battle of **Uruapan**; Mexican defeat.
- INDIA.—UMBEYLA CAMPAIGN.—Oct.-Dec.: Fighting in the pass. Dec. 15-16: Chamberlain captures Umbeyla.
- 1863-64.—CHINA.—Gordon's successful campaign against Taiping rebels, in which he wins more than thirty battles.
- 1864.—DANISH WAR. Austria and Prussia unite to enforce German claim to duchies of Sleswick-Holstein and Lauenburg. Feb. 1: Allies cross frontier. Feb. 3: Danes defeated at **Jagel** and **Overselk**. Feb. 5: they evacuate the **Danneverke**. Feb. 5: Danes defeated at **Oversee** and (Feb. 8) at **Viele**. April 18: Prussians storm **Düppel**. May 9: Danes win naval fight near **Helligoland**; armistice. Unsuccessful peace negotiations. June 28 and 29: Prussians force passage of strait into **Island of Alsén**. July 21: **Rendsburg** taken; armistice, followed by Danish surrender of the disputed territory.
- AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—Grant and Meade advance against Confederate capital, Richmond. May 10-12: Battles of **Spottsylvania** and the **Wilderness**. June: Federals begin siege of Confederate lines of **Petersburg** (the defences of Richmond). June 19: *Alabama* sunk by *Kearsarge*. Sept. 2: Sherman occupies Atlanta, from which he marches through Georgia to the sea at Savannah. Confederates defeat at **Winchester** (Sept. 19), **Cedar Creek** (Oct. 19), and **Franklin** (Nov. 30). Dec. 14-16: Thomas defeats Hood and last Confederate army in their western territory at **Nashville**.
- MEXICO.—Guerilla warfare continues in the provinces; Maximilian proclaimed Emperor.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—In 1864 Spain became involved in a dispute with Peru; Chili joined Peru as an ally. The only fights were attacks on coast towns by Spanish fleet.
- NEW ZEALAND.—MAORI WAR.—April 27: Fight at the **Gate Pah**.
- 1865.—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. Feb. 17: Confederates evacuate Charleston. April 1: Lee defeated at **Five Forks**. April 2: Confederates evacuate Richmond. April 6: Action at **Farmville**; final defeat of Lee and the Confederate cause. He surrenders a few days later.
- MEXICO.—Feb. 9: Capture of **Oajaca** by the French.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR begins (lasts till 1870). Paraguay, under President Lopez, holding out against a league of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. Sept. 18: Battle of **Santayuna**; allies victorious.
- 1866.—WAR IN GERMANY AND ITALY.—Immediate cause a quarrel about the Danish duchies; real cause the struggle between Austria and Prussia for the headship of Germany. Italy acts as ally of Prussia; Hanover and most of the South German States join Austria. June 14: Decree of German Diet against Prussia begins the war. June 18: Prussians occupy Dresden and begin march into Bohemia on 22nd. June 26: Battle of **Podol**; indecisive. June 27: Austrians defeated at **Nachod** and **Trautenau**. Hanoverians repel Prussian attack at **Langensalza**, but are subsequently forced to capitulate. June 28: Austrian defeats at **Skalitz**, **Rudersdorf**, and **Münchengrätz**. June 29: Austrians defeated at **Gitschin** and **Königinhof**. July 3: The two Prussian armies (King and Crown Prince) unite on battlefield of **Sadowa** or **Königgrätz**; crushing defeat of Austrians and Saxons; Vienna hurriedly fortified. Prussians defeat South Germans at (July 10) **Kissingen** and (July 14) **Aschaffenburg**. July 15: Austrian defeat at **Tobitschau**. July 22: Battle of **Blumenau**; stopped by news that armistice had been signed.
- THE CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—June 23: Italians cross the Mincio. June 24: They are defeated at **Custoza** and recross the river. July: Garibaldi and Medici fail to penetrate into the Tyrol. July 20: Italian fleet defeated by Austrians at **Lissa**.
- At end of war Prussia becomes head of German federation and Italy obtains possession of Venice.
- MEXICO.—Withdrawal of French troops is followed by rapid spread of rising against Maximilian.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Feb. 25: Battle of **Paso de la Patria**; indecisive. April 16: Battle of **Parana** and (May 2) of **Estero Velhaco**; allies victorious. July 16 and 18: Battle of **Tuyuty**; allies defeated. Sept. 17, 19, and 22: Battle of **Curupaity**; allies defeated. October 30: third battle of **Tuyuty**; allies victorious.
- SPANISH WAR WITH PERU AND CHILI.—March 31: Spaniards bombard **Valparaiso**.
- 1866-68.—INSURRECTION IN CRETE.
- 1867.—ITALY.—Garibaldi invades Papal States, and (Nov. 3) is defeated at **Mentana**.
- MEXICO.—May 15: **Queretaro** surrenders to Juarez. June 19: Maximilian shot.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR.—June 13: Peruvians take **Corumba**.
- 1868.—REPUBLICAN REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.—Sept. 27-28: Prim defeats royalists at **Alcolea**. Isabella leaves Spain.

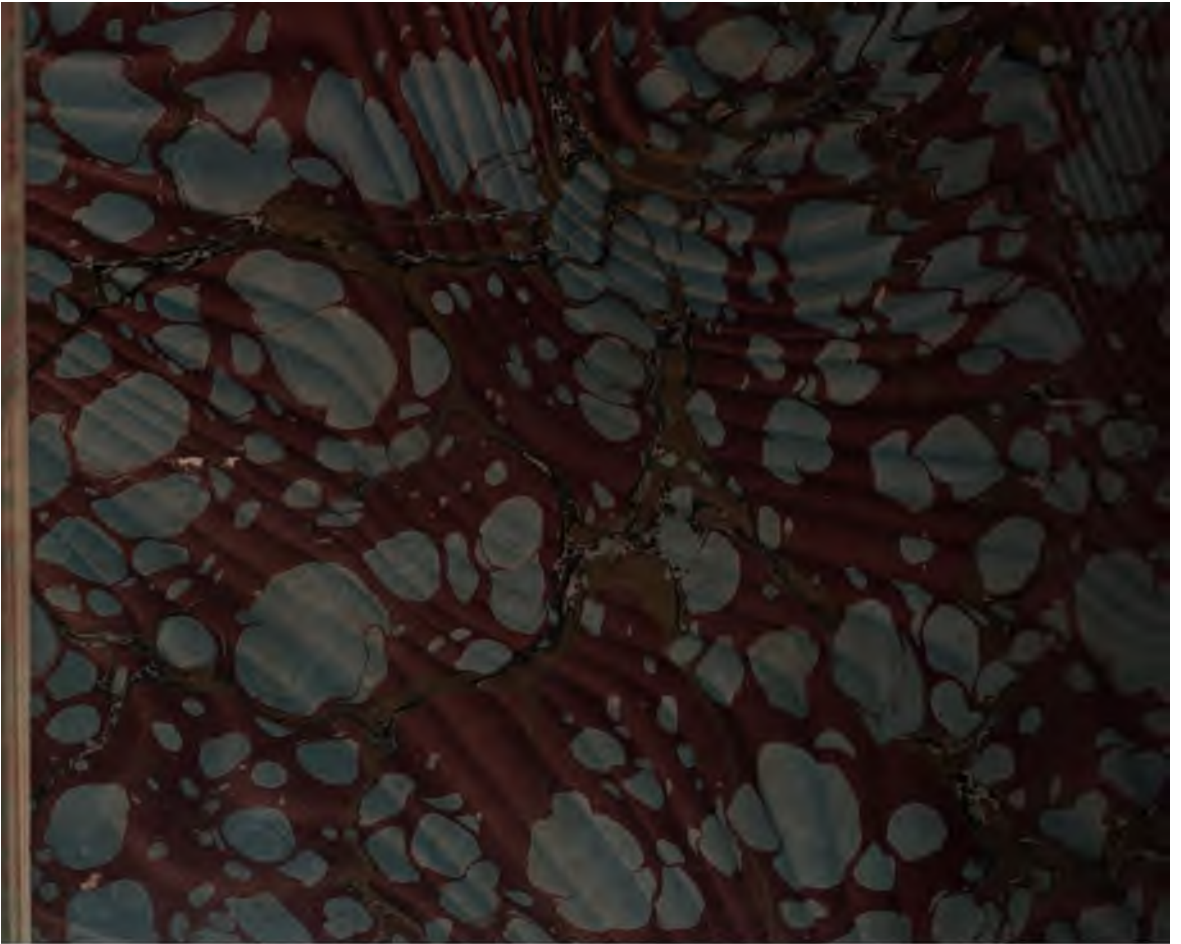
- AFRICA.—British expedition to Abyssinia.—April 10: Defeat of Abyssinian army at **Aroghoe**.—April 13: Storming of Magdala.
- ASIA.—May 25: Russians take **Samarcand**.
- AMERICA.—CUBA.—On news of Spanish revolution, a rebellion began in Cuba, which was not suppressed till 1878.
- PARAGUAYAN WAR.—December 11: Battle of **Villeta**; defeat of Lopez by Brazilians.
- 1869.—Aug. 12, 16, 18, 21: Repeated defeats of Paraguayans under Lopez.
- 1870.—March 1: Battle of **Aquidaban**; Paraguayans defeated by allies; Lopez killed; end of the Paraguayan War.
- FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—Immediate cause, candidature of a German Prince for Crown of Spain, but rivalry of Prussia and France since Sadowa the real cause. July 19: Declaration of war. Aug. 2: Battle of **Saarbrück**; French success. Aug. 4: Battle of **Wissemburg**; Douay's division surprised the Crown Prince's army.—Aug. 6: French right defeated at Battle of **Wörth** (or **Reichshoffen**) and left beaten at Battle of **Forbach** (or **Spicheren**). French retire on Metz (MacMahon's troops to Chalons). Battles round Metz. Aug. 14: Battle of **Borny** (or **Colombey-Nouilly**). Aug. 16: Battle of **Mars-la-Tour** (Vionville or Rezonville), and Aug. 18 Battle of **Gravelotte** (or **St. Privat**). The two first claimed by both sides, but resulting in delay of French retreat from Metz; the last a great German victory, shutting up Bazaine and French Army of the Rhine in Metz. End of Aug.: MacMahon with Army of Chalons tries to march to relief of Metz by the north. Aug. 30: De Failly's corps of MacMahon's army surprised and routed at **Beaumont**. Aug. 31: Bazaine makes a sortie from Metz; first day of Battle of **Noisseville**; indecisive. Sept. 1: Second day of Battle of **Noisseville**; French retire into Metz. Same day, Battle of **Sedan**; MacMahon wounded, and his army cut off and surrounded by the Germans. Sept. 2: Capitulation of Sedan. Sept. 4: Republic proclaimed on news reaching Paris. Sept. 9: **Laon** taken by Germans. Sept. 19: Battle of **Châtillon** (South of Paris); French defeat. Sept. 20: Siege of Paris begins. Sept. 23: **Toul** surrenders. Sept. 27: **Strasbourg** surrenders. Oct. 10: Battle of **Artenay** (or first battle of **Orleans**); Army of Loire defeats Bavarians under Von der Tann. Oct. 18: Battle of **Chateaudun**; French defeat. Oct. 20: Unsuccessful sortie west of Paris. Oct. 27: Surrender of Metz; Bazaine and the French Army of the Rhine made prisoners. Nov. 8: Surrender of Verdun. Nov. 9: Battle of **Coulmiers**. Nov. 27: Battle of **Amiens**; French Army of the North defeated by Manteuffel. Nov. 28: Battle of **Beaune-le-Rolando**; right of the Loire army defeated. Nov. 30: Great sortie from Paris; Champagne and Brié captured, but further progress checked (known as Battle of **Villiers**, or first battle of **Champigny**). Dec. 2: Battle of **Champigny**; French hold villages captured on 30th, but retire into Paris next day; Battle of **Loigny**; defeat of Army of the Loire. Dec. 3 and 4: second battle of **Orleans**; French defeat; Germans retake Orleans. Dec. 16: Surrender of Rouen. Dec. 23: second battle of **Amiens**.
- 1871.—Jan. 2 and 3: Battle of **Bapaume**; French claim victory, but after two days' fighting fail to advance on Amiens. Jan. 6: Battle of **Vendôme**; defeat of Army of Loire.—Jan. 9: Battle of **Villeneuve**; victory of Bourbaki in the east; his further progress checked by hurrying reinforcements to Germans from the north. Jan. 12: Chanzy and Loire army defeated at Battle of **Le Mans**. Jan. 16-17: Bourbaki defeated at **Héricourt** and **Montbelliard**; his army retreats into Switzerland. Jan. 19: French Army of the North defeated at **St. Quentin**. Same day, last sortie from Paris; Battle of **Buzenval**; French defeat. Jan. 26: Paris surrenders; armistice. (Peace concluded, France ceding Alsace and part of Lorraine to Germany and paying a heavy indemnity.)
- CIVIL WAR OF THE COMMUNE.—Second siege of Paris. March 18: Insurrection in Paris. March 27: Commune proclaimed. May 20: Army of MacMahon enters Paris; street-fighting continues till the 27th.
- AFRICA.—News of French disasters, and partial withdrawal of French garrisons, lead to a native rising in Algeria, which was not suppressed without much hard fighting.
- 1872.—SPAIN, CARLIST WAR: Don Carlos (grandson of first Don Carlos) raises rebellion against the Republic in North of Spain, but is defeated (May 4) at Battle of **Croquieta**. Later in the year a Carlist guerrilla warfare breaks out in several of the northern provinces.
- 1873.—CARLIST WAR continues.—Aug. 5 and 6: Battle of **Elgueta**.—Oct. 6: Battle of **Puerto de la Reyna**; Carlist victories.
- July: SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA. The city and forts held for six months by Red Republicans against the Madrid Government.
- ASIA.—Dec. 11: French capture **Nam-dinh** in Tonkin.
- 1874.—AFRICA.—British expedition against Ashantees. Jan. 29: Battles of **Borborassie**; Jan. 31: **Amoaful**; Feb. 1: **Bocquah**; Feb. 2: **Fommanah**; Feb. 4: **Ordashu**; Coomassie, the king's capital, occupied by Wolseley.
- SPAIN, CARLIST WAR (*continued*).—May 2: Concha defeats Carlists near **Bilbao**. June 26-27: Battles of **Pena de Muro** and **Estella**; Concha defeated by Carlists and killed. Nov. 10: Laserna defeats Carlists at **Irun**. Dec. 7 and 8: Carlists defeat Loma near **Tolosa**.
- 1875.—ASIA.—Sept. 4 and 21: Russians invade **Khokand** and defeat the Khan's troops. War begun between Dutch in Sumatra and Sultan of Achim—continues till 1879.
- AFRICA, ABYSSINIA.—Oct.: Egyptian expedition defeated by Abyssinians.
- 1876.—SERVIAN WAR.—Servia and Montenegro, assisted by Russia, make war on Turkey. July 1: War begins. July 2 and 3: Indecisive actions at **Zaitchar**. July 6: Turkish victory at **Novi-bazar**. July 28: Montenegrins defeat Turks at **Urbitsa**. Aug. 5 and 7: Turkish victories at **Gurgusovatz**. Aug.-Oct.: Servians holding entrenched camp at **Alexinatz**, receiving reinforcements and supplies from abroad, and trying to hold on till they are strong enough to assume offensive, or till Russia moves; continual fighting round Alexinatz, much of it mere skirmishing, ending with (Oct. 31) Battle of **Alexinatz**; Russo-Servian army defeated and the camp stormed; armistice follows.
- CENTRAL ASIA.—Battle of **Assake**; decisive Russian victory in Khokand.
- AMERICA.—June: Battle of the **Little Big Horn**; destruction of Custer's force by Indians. ("The Red Man's Last Victory.")
- 1877.—RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. (Intervention of Russia on behalf of Bulgarians.) April 24: War declared. Russia enters Roumania. June 26: Passage of the Danube at **Simnitsa**. July 7-18: Gourko's raid across the Balkans; he captures the **Shipka Pass**. July 16: Russians take **Nicopolis**. July 20: first battle of **Plevna**. Defeat of Russians. July 30: second battle of **Plevna**. Russians defeated by Osman Pasha. Aug. 17-23: Suleiman's attacks on **Shipka Pass** repelled by Russians. Sept. 6-12: Joint Roumanian and Russian attack on Osman Pasha; third battle of **Plevna**; Turkish victory; regular siege of Plevna begun. Dec. 4: Russian defeat at **Elena**. Dec. 10: Fourth battle of **Plevna**; Osman fails to break out, and surrenders. Winter march of Russians across Balkans.
- THE WAR IN ASIA.—Oct. 14-15: Mukhtar Pasha, after having driven Russians back to the frontier, is defeated

- at the **Aladja Dagh**. Nov. 17-18; **Kars** stormed by the Russians.
- 1878.**—WAR IN EUROPE (*continued*).—Jan. 2: Gourko occupies **Sofia**. Jan. 3: Battle of **Itchimian**; Turks defeated. Jan. 9: Turkish army surrenders at the **Shipka**. Jan. 16-17: Fighting near **Philippopolis**. Jan. 18: Russians enter **Adrianople**. Jan. 30: They reach the shore of the Sea of **Marmora**, near **Constantinople**. [Treaty of **San Stefano** (revised by Treaty of **Berlin**) ends war; Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro secure independence; Principality of Bulgaria and tributary State of Eastern Roumelia created; territory ceded to Russia in Europe and Asia; Austria occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina, meeting with some armed resistance (1878-79). England occupies Cyprus.]
- AMERICA.—Cuban rebellion (begun in 1868) suppressed.
- ASIA.—AFGHAN WAR.—Nov. 22: **Ali Musjid** (entrance to Khyber Pass) taken. Dec. 2: Battle of **Pelwar Kotal**; victory of Roberts.
- 1879.**—April 2: Battle of **Futtehahad**. Oct. 6: Battle of **Charasiab**.—Dec.: Fighting about **Cabul**.
- ZULU WAR.—Jan. 22: British force destroyed at **Isandhlwana**; defence of **Rorke's Drift**. July 4: Decisive defeat of Zulus at **Ulundi**.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—Chili declares war against Peru and Bolivia. Oct. 8: Capture of Peruvian ram **Huascar** by the Chilians. Nov. 21: Battle of **Dolores**; defeat of the Peruvians.
- 1880.**—AFGHAN WAR (*continued*).—April 19: Stewart's victory at **Ahmed Khel**.—July 27: Ayub Khan defeats Burrows at **Maiwand**.—Sept. 1: Roberts completely defeats Ayub near **Cabul**.
- 1881.**—TRANSVAAL WAR.—Jan. 28: Battle of **Laing's Nek**; Feb. 8, **Ingogo River**; Feb. 26, **Majuba Hill**; British defeated by Boers.
- CENTRAL ASIA.—Jan. 24: Turkoman stronghold of **Geok Tepe** taken by Russians under Skobelev.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—War between Chili and Peru continued. Jan. 17: Battle of **Miraflores**; Peruvians defeated. June 21: **Lima** taken by Chilians; end of war.
- NORTH AFRICA.—French occupy **Tunis**; chief fighting at **Sfax**.
- 1882.**—EGYPTIAN WAR.—July 11: Bombardment of **Alexandria**. Aug. 24-25: Fighting at **Tel-el-Mahuta** and **Masameh**. Aug. 28 and Sept. 9: **Kassassin**. Sept. 13: Battle of **Tel-el-Kebir**; decisive defeat of Arabi by Wolseley.
- 1883.**—CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE MADHISTS.—Nov. 3-5: Battle of **Kashgal** in El Obeid; Egyptian army under Hicks destroyed by Madhists. —Nov. 6: Egyptians defeated at **Tokar**.
- ASIA.—French expedition to Tonkin; Admiral Courbet blockades the coast and forces Court of Hué to accept French protectorate. Dec. 11-16: Capture of **Son-tai**.
- 1884.**—AFRICA.—Mahdist War.—Feb. 4: First battle of **Teb**; Baker's Egyptian army destroyed. —Feb. 29: Second Battle of **Teb**; and March 13: Battle of **Tamal**; Sudanese under Osman Digna defeated by British under Graham; Gordon goes up to Khartoum, where he is besieged by Mahdists during latter part of year; rescue expedition under Wolseley is sent up the Nile. Sept.: Advance begins. Nov.: Second Cataract passed. Dec.: Desert Column under Stewart organised to march across desert to Metemneh, while another column under Earle follows course of river.
- FRENCH WAR WITH CHINA.—Aug. 24: French fleet destroys Chinese flotilla, and bombards arsenal at **Foo-chow**.—1884-5: French occupy **Formosa**.
- 1885.**—AFRICA.—MAHDIST WAR (Nile Expedition continued). —Jan. 17: Battle of **Abu-Klea**; Desert Column defeats Mahdists. Jan. 19: Battle of **Gubat**; Mahdist defeat. Jan. 26: Mahdists take **Khartoum**; Gordon killed. Jan. 28: Wilson with steamers arrives in sight of Khartoum; too late. Feb. 10: Battle of **Kerbekan**; River Column defeats Mahdists; Earle killed. Second Expedition to Suakim. —March 20: Battle of **Hasheen**. March 22: Battle of **Tofrek**; Mahdist defeats.
- CENTRAL ASIA.—March 30: Russians attack and defeat Afghan force at **Ak Tapa**.
- AMERICA.—CANADA.—SECOND REVOLT OF RIEL.—Canadians defeat rebels at **Fish Creek** (April 24), **Battleford** (May 3), and **Batoche** (May 9).
- ASIA.—THIRD BURMESE WAR.—Oct.: Ultimatum to King Theebaw. Nov. 15: British force under Macpherson crosses Burmese frontier and ascends the **Irrawaddy**. Nov. 28: **Mandalay** taken; **Burmah** annexed. (Country not completely pacified for two years, during which there is desultory fighting with the Dacoits.)
- SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR.—Nov. 14: Servian troops cross Bulgarian frontier. Nov. 17, 18, 19: Bulgarians defeat Servians in three-days' battle at **Slivnitsa**. Nov. 21: Bulgarians storm **Dragoman Pass**. Nov. 24: They defeat Servians at **Zarlbrod**, and (Nov. 26) enter **Servia**. Nov. 27: they take **Pirok**. Nov. 28: Armistice enforced by Austria, and followed by peace.
- 1887.**—AFRICA.—Battle of **Dogall**; Italian force destroyed by Abyssinians.
- 1888.**—AFRICA.—Dec. 20: Mahdists defeated near **Suakim** by Anglo-Egyptian force under Grenfell.
- 1890.**—AFRICA.—SOUDAN.—July 2: Battle of **Arguin**; Wodehouse defeats Mahdists. —Aug. 3: Battle of **Toakt**; Grenfell defeats Mahdists.
- AFRICA (EAST).—Oct. 27: Storming of **Witu**, near **Zanzibar**.
- 1891.**—AFRICA.—Feb. 19: Battle of **Tokar**; Mahdists under Osman Digna defeated.
- SOUTH AMERICA. CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.—Aug. 28: Battle of **Placilla**; the dictator **Balmaceda** defeated by the Congressists, who take **Valparaiso**.
- INDIA.—Dec.: Hunza-Nagar expedition; storming of the **Nilt Forts**.
- 1892.**—AFRICA.—Jan.: Italians defeat Mahdists at **Agordat** in the Soudan.
- FRENCH EXPEDITION TO DAHOMEY.—Nov. 17: **Abomey** occupied.
- 1893.**—AFRICA.—French occupy **Timbuctoo**.
- BRITISH INVASION OF MATABELELAND.
- ASIA. FRENCH DISPUTE WITH SIAM.—July 3: French gunboats force entrance of the **Menam River**.
- 1894-5.**—WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.—Aug.: War declared. Sept. 16: Battle of **Pin-yang** (C'orea). Chinese defeat. Sept. 18: Naval Battle of the **Yalu River**. Nov. 21: Japanese take **Port Arthur**.
- 1895.**—Feb. 14: Japanese take **Wei-hai-wei**. April 16: Peace concluded.
- BRITISH EXPEDITION TO CHITRAL.—April 3: Storming of the **Malakhand Pass**.
- INSURRECTION IN CUBA begins on Feb. 24th.
- MAHDIST AND ARAB RISING on the Upper Congo.
- FRENCH INVASION OF MADAGASCAR.—Sept. 30: **Antanarivo** taken.
- ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.
- BRITISH INVASION OF ASHANTI.
- 1896.**—THE TRANSVAAL.—Jameson's raid. Jan. 1 and 2: The raiders defeated near **Kruger'sdorp**.

NOTE.—A number of small expeditions in Africa and India, and much revolutionary fighting in South America, are not included in the foregoing list. A. H. A.

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